

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 26



GETTING READY FOR "THE FOURTH"

From Here and There

A camel can drink twenty gallons of water at a time.

Cars are not run in Siam at night, for fear of the elephants.

Uruguay has sent five of its leading women to this country to study the prohibition question.

Dr. Howard Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University, says that the medical profession stands against alcohol both as a drug and as a beverage.

The world's largest airship, the R-34, is a British dirigible, which required a force of one thousand men to hold the huge ship to the ground preparatory to its flight.

Commander John H. Towers, whose machine was injured on its way to the Azores, estimates that a crew of one hundred men for three months will be required to put the machine in order.

Dr. C. G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution, has succeeded in baking bread and roasting meat in a solar oven amid the eternal snows of Mt. Whitney in California. Only the heat of the sun was utilized.

The "Instructor" list now numbers more than 19,200, an increase of 2,191 during the first six months of the present year. It can soon climb to 25,000 if all Missionary Volunteer workers determine to make it reach that point.

The Department of Agriculture has issued warnings, country-wide, against the European corn borer and the European wart disease. The former has appeared in Massachusetts and New York, and the potato wart pest, though now confined to a part of Pennsylvania, is likely to spread rapidly.

A bit that will bore a square hole, which had heretofore been considered a mechanical impossibility, has been invented by a Peoria, Illinois, mechanic, after fourteen years of effort. But square holes are not the limit of its capabilities. It will bore stars, crosses, hexagons, ovals, triangles, and holes of many other shapes.

Some one has said that "everybody knows that Solomon had numerous wives, but very few can recite any of his wonderful proverbs." This statement was made to show that the human heart takes a peculiar interest in gossip and scandal. One of the best ways to overcome this natural trait is to memorize the proverbs, together with other scriptures. David said: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Europe Remodeled

PUBLIC announcement of the peace terms to be imposed upon Germany has brought to light astonishing changes in the map and governments of Europe wrought by the recent Great War. The old-time governments in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Greece, have been entirely overthrown. Sweeping governmental changes have occurred in Montenegro, Portugal, China, Luxemburg, and Serbia. Five new nations have assumed definite shape under the names Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia, Poland, Finland, and Hedjaz.

Education Bill Before Congress

WE are told that "there are a million and a half native-born whites and two and a quarter million native-born colored citizens of America, who cannot read or write.

"An American soldier of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, whose parents and grandparents were born in America, when asked why he had never learned to read and write, replied, 'Captain, I never had no chance.' What American is not humiliated by the fact that, nearly a century and a half since our fathers gave to the world our charter of liberty declaring all men created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, millions born in this country cannot read that charter nor the Constitution which they are sworn to uphold with their lives. If this be a national disgrace, it establishes a national responsibility."

There is now before Congress what is known as the Tower Educational Bill, which creates a Department of Education, with a secretary in the President's Cabinet, and appropriates \$100,000,000 to aid the States in the promotion of education. This bill is sure to command attention as one of the most constructive measures before this Congress.

Other Friends

ELDER R. W. MUNSON, chaplain of the Glendale Sanitarium, says of the INSTRUCTOR:

"Although nearly sixty years of age, I still read the INSTRUCTOR with as great interest and pleasure as any of the young folks. It is a valuable publication. In crossing the Pacific from Australia in 1913 there was a fine old gentleman who was organist at the cathedral in Sydney. He one day picked up one of several copies of the INSTRUCTOR we had brought along to read on the voyage, and read it for a long time. Then on another day he read another, and when he laid it down he said: 'That is the cleanest, most wholesome paper I ever read.' He greatly appreciated it. He was a fine old gentleman, with a face so cheery and bright, and a spirit so like the Master's that he has never gone out of my memory."

Mrs. H. T. Purvis says: "I really think the INSTRUCTOR is ahead of any publications for youth, such as Sunday-school papers put out by other denominations. I am not biased, as I spent the greater part of my life in the Methodist and Congregational Churches."

The Youth's Instructor

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The Christian's Rest and Strength



The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest again.

My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees,
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let the Master lift thy load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do,

If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.



— Author Unknown.

Our Annual Festival

JENNIE R. BATES

DID you ever pick wild flowers in Colorado? If you have, you will never forget the exquisite coloring or the profuse numbers. But queen of all the flowers is the Rocky Mountain columbine. One writer has thus described it: "Waving on the top of a stem two feet high, surrounded by buds fully two inches and a half in diameter, the inner petals stainless white, the outer one brilliant blue, and a sheaf of golden-anthered stamens in the center." I well remember my delight when I first held a bouquet of these in my hands, and thought of a friend's tribute to it, "That's the *gladdest* flower I ever saw."

Do you ask what is the "gladdest" time of all the year? Why, camp-meeting time, of course. Any boy or girl will tell you that. Have they not already been selling papers or books, doing errands, and have visions of ripening berries they may pick, any honorable thing to help earn money to pay their fare?

Excuses for Not Going to Camp-Meeting

Did I hear some one say, "It is too expensive to travel, and it would be better for us to save the money, and give it for the advancement of the work where it is so much needed?" The Lord has told us some would feel this way, and so the answer follows: "Do not reason in this way; God calls upon you to take your place among the rank and file of his people. Strengthen the meeting all you possibly can by being present with your families. Put forth extra exertion to attend the gathering of God's people."—*Testimonies to the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 39.

In the early days the Lord called his people together three times in a year. Surely we will not neglect his invitation to gather *once*.

Why should we go? Well, I have heard people say that they wanted to go to get their religious life revived by association with the large company; and perhaps they could. But did you ever notice that often the most spiritual ones on the grounds are the lonely ones who have the privilege of attending Seventh-day Adventist meetings only once a year—at camp-meeting? Where did they get their zeal?—Why, in trying to "pass on" this wonderful truth. Who knows but this fire would be kindled in your heart if you should go to camp-meeting and find that the secret is to help the one next to you? I know of persons who have had this experience. Those who

have found the joy of giving are not among the lean Christians.

Decisions for Service Made

Eternity alone will reveal how much has been accomplished by decisions made at camp-meeting. An incident comes to my mind of my having tried unsuccessfully to persuade a friend to engage in a certain line of work. I invited her to come to camp-meeting, but she said that it was impossible. I wrote again while on the grounds, saying, "You *must* come." I did some praying after sending the letter; but days passed. One night she walked into my tent, saying, "You said I must come, and here I am." Still I did not mention my great desire. I just prayed and waited. On our way back from an early morning meeting she remarked in her quiet way, "Well, Aunt Jennie, I have decided to do what you asked me to do; this meeting has made me feel that it is high time." The years that have passed have found her faithfully doing this work, and many have been blessed by her ministry. Did it pay to have that camp-meeting? Just a few weeks ago a lady said to me, "I am so glad I could go to camp-meeting; there I found my Saviour, and that has changed my whole life."

Reading Books Displayed

Have a camp-meeting? Why, how could we get on without one? How could we show all our people all the nice books they will want to take home to show to their neighbors? How would all those young people get a glimpse of the wonderful array of new Reading Course books, and read those titles, "On the Trail of Livingstone," by our own Elder W. H. Anderson; "The Hand That Intervenes," "Red, Yellow, and Black;" "Comrades from Other Lands;" "Jack of All Trades;" or the dear little primary books, "The Doers" and "Boys and Girls of the Bible"?

This very annual festival may determine where you will spend eternity. Coming? I am sure you will say, "Yes."

Those wonderful Bible and Testimony studies, the helpful sermons, and even the singing—some of the words ring in my ears even yet:

"Then you bring the one next to you,
And I'll bring the one next to me;
In no time at all we'll have them all,
Yes, win them, win them one by one."

It is almost time for the Lord to come, and I am sure that every parent should feel as did Moses when he was about to go out of Egypt: "We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters, with our flocks and with our herds." Ex. 10:9. Would that every son and daughter in our homes could see that father and mother wanted their salvation enough to sacrifice every earthly possession, if need be, that they might be saved! It is too late to count of any value whatever, our beautiful homes, bank stock, or our lands.

"The old ship of Zion is moored at our shores."
"Let the shore line go."

Come to camp-meeting.

Out of Catholicism

I WAS born and reared a Roman Catholic, and I never saw a Bible until I became acquainted with the Seventh-day Adventists in Sacramento, California, where I was working.

After I was married, I bought a large house in the city of Sacramento, which I planned to make my home throughout life. But one year later, I began to think concerning my soul's salvation; my heart longed for something better than this world's goods. I began searching for the way of life, and the Lord was good in directing me to his Holy Word.

At first when I read the Bible, my mind was so darkened with false doctrines that I did not understand what I was reading. It was quite a while before I could fully see the need of Christ in my life. I thought I was to be saved by works. I read the *Signs of the Times*, and tracts, telling all about the gospel message for this special time, and in my reading I saw where God's commandments called for the seventh-day Sabbath to be kept holy. Then my inner man tried to fight off the Sabbath, but the message was there in the heart to stay. I could not resist it.

When I read the writings of Mrs. E. G. White, especially "Early Writings," my heart rejoiced, and I promised God that I would keep his commandments if he would help me.

I attended tent-meetings and camp-meeting, and finally took my stand for the truth of God's Word. When the Friday before the first Sabbath I observed came, I went to my foreman, and explained the matter to him; but before I approached him, I went before God, and asked him to work upon the mind and heart of the man so that he would not oppose me. When I went to him, he was kind, and willing to listen to what I had to say. When I finished my story of how wonderfully God had saved me, and how he had put into my heart the desire to keep his commandments, he smiled and said, "Well, Joe, I am glad to see you trying to follow your convictions. Now you ask to get off on Saturday, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you mean to say you are not going to work any more on Saturday?" he asked.

"Sir, I could not serve God if I were to work on his holy day. He demands his Sabbath to be kept holy, and I must obey that command if I wish to receive of his favor and blessings."

He considered the matter for a little while and then said, "Yes, you may get off every Saturday; I shall not come between you and your God. Your work will be all right,—you may work here as long as you wish to stay."

The following day I went to church with my heart full of joy and thanksgiving to God for his goodness to me.

Two months later, after I had fully surrendered my life to God, and by his help had given up all evil habits, I was baptized and received into the church. When my friends learned that I was a baptized Sabbath keeper, they tried their very best to have me give up adherence to such a faith; but my heart was fixed.

I had given myself to Him who had died on the cross for me that I might be saved from eternal death. These friends called me a crazy Jew, and all kinds of hard names which they thought would hurt my feelings; but I was as friendly and kind to them as I had always been. Finally they felt ashamed of themselves, and no more was said against my religion. They began to think that I was right in doing that which the Lord demands of every man, woman, and child.

In my study of God's Word, I discovered that the gospel message must be given to others that are in darkness, before Christ can come the second time to take us to his kingdom. One Sabbath I heard one of our ministers telling about the need of missionaries to go to the foreign fields to work for souls for the kingdom of Christ. That day I gave myself to God for his work in the foreign field; but I learned that before I could go out for him, I must have an education in order to be able to present this truth to others in an acceptable way. The next day I put my house up for sale. After a few months it was sold for cash. Then my wife and I began at once to plan to go to one of our schools that year, to get a preparation for service in the foreign field. Two weeks before the opening of the school, I told my foreman that I was going to leave my work within two weeks. He wanted me to stay, but I told him that the call was an urgent one, and I must answer it.

J. J. GOMES.

Memories

THE glories of a newborn day,—
God's gift to man,—
Rich set in waves of cloudless blue —
The heaven's span;
Great mountains towering
In strength sublime,
The rippling of the falling stream
In nature's rhyme;
The grandeur of the snow-capped peak
Above the vale,
The shimmer of the columbines,
The pine trees' wall;
Faint rustle of the aspen trees,
Then hush of night —
The peaceful, brooding dark
Bereft of sight;
The shadows of grim mountains
In the sky,
The laughing of the distant stars —
The night bird's cry;
The breath of evening air —
The softened sound
Of waters from the land
Where snows abound;
And then the rising moon
With beams of light,
Dispelling in a flash
The pall of night,
Breaks the enchantment —
Light as ocean's foam;
The vision was of you —
My mountain home!

EVELYN M. PARR.

"A GOOD workman learns skill by his mistakes."

The "Seventeen-Year Locust"

HELEN ROSS

FOR some time we had been reading in the daily papers, and other periodicals, that about the middle of May we might look for the appearance of the "seventeen-year locust." Our minds conjured up visions of vast swarms of insects flying over the land, darkening the sun, and devouring the crops and those pet gardens which mean so much to the country now. We remembered the plague of locusts that afflicted Egypt and wrought so much havoc in that land. One benighted individual seemed to think the coming scourge were first cousins to the scorpion, stinging with their tails and spitting "tobacco juice" like the grasshopper.

They have arrived! A week or two before the time designated by different authorities, a few hardy pioneers were seen coming from their holes, and scurrying across the walks, looking for a good moulting place. At the present writing, the first of June, the most of them are out of their pupa cases, and are flying among the trees, while the air resounds with the hum of their song.

Their Distribution

According to Circular 127 of the United States Department of Agriculture, both the seventeen-year and the thirteen-year broods appear this year. The States infested by the seventeen-year brood are Alabama, District of Columbia, Delaware, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. There are three regions of greater occurrence; one covering New Jersey, Maryland, and eastern Pennsylvania; another covering all of Indiana, the greater part of Ohio, and southern Michigan; the third covering western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and northern Georgia. Five States are affected by the thirteen-year brood: Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee; but it touches only limited areas of these States. Overlapping of the two broods occur only in four States; namely, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama.

We might profitably devote some time to the study of this sturdy fellow, and consider the strange cycle of his existence, for he is one of the most interesting of insects.

The proper name of the seventeen-year locust is cicada (*Cicada septendecim*), and it belongs to the

genus known especially in Great Britain as "harvest flies." It is a true bug, and is not related to the grasshopper or our common field locust.

His Underground Life

In the North the cicada remains as larva and pupa underground for seventeen years. In the South it develops in thirteen years. The eggs are laid in the small twigs and branches of trees which it pierces with the ovipositor. These twigs generally die and are broken off by the wind, and forests thus infested present the appearance of having been blighted by a frost. The leaves die, giving a sorry appearance to trees that are otherwise uninjured. However, the insects may be seriously injurious to young trees; but in old trees they only cause unsightliness.

The young antlike larva hatches a few weeks after the eggs are deposited, falls to the ground, and burrows quickly out of sight. It forms a little underground cell near the root of the tree, where it remains seventeen or thirteen years. It moults four times during its stay in the earth. At the fourth moulting the insect assumes the pupal state. The fifth and last moult takes place after the insect has burrowed its way out of the ground.

The Cicada Towers

One of the most interesting things in nature is the fact that in spite of their slow growth in their subterranean cells, all the millions of cicadas attain maturity and come from the ground at the same time.

Sometimes the pupa comes to the surface before it is quite ready to transform; or, when the surface is reached, it finds weather or other conditions which retard its change to the winged form. In this case it builds an addition to its burrow aboveground, forming a little turret about twice the length and thickness of a man's thumb. This is known as the "cicada tower." With his strong forepaws and his mouth he brings up little balls of mud from his burrow, and places them one on top of another, in a circle. These he moistens

with saliva, and tamps down with all the skill of a mason. The inside of his tower is smoothed, the top closed, and there the little craftsman awaits nature's call to come forth, which he accomplishes through the top or side.

The Transformation

Our rear yard seemed to be a popular resurrection



Male Cicada



Red-eyed Cicada, or "Seventeen-year Locust" in Three Stages of Development

ground for the cicadas this spring. By actual count seventy exit holes were found in one area a foot square. On emerging from the ground, the pupæ by common consent headed for a certain large tree standing in the lot. Climbing this, they hooked their feet in the rough bark and became stationary, and soon the tree trunk as far up as one could see, was a mass of pupæ in all stages of transformation. Barrels, fences, weeds, and grass received the overflow, while, strange to say, but few sought refuge on a companion tree near by.

The pupa is a clumsy-looking, horn-colored object about an inch long, very slow in its movements, and possesses strong front claws, well adapted to digging. When ready for the change it fastens itself by its claws to any rough support; then the hard outer shell begins to crack along the dorsal line of the thorax, and the insect pushes its way out. As it first appears it is soft, white, and plump, but in a few moments there takes place a swift and striking change. The head becomes jet black; the body darkens, and the skin gradually toughens. The two little winglets on either side of the thorax, close up to the head, gradually expand, at the same time pushing downward, until they reach the full proportion of the insect's wings. As the wings expand, the body diminishes, and becomes of normal size.

Now he is a full-fledged cicada, and a handsome creature, too. He has a heavy, plump body, wide, blunt head with prominent red eyes on the outer angles, bristle-shaped antennæ, and three beadlike ocelli arranged in a triangle in the middle of the cranium. His wings, of which he has two pairs, are transparent, shining with a golden glow in the sunlight, and silvery in the shade. The outer pair of wings are long, the tips extending beyond the body, and each one is marked on its lower outer edge with black bars forming a letter W.

Tragedies

After the insect has completed his form, another period of rest follows. It is during this time of transformation and rest that many dangers beset the cicada's path, for Mother Nature has ways of eliminating when she has too many children. Many are maimed and die in coming out of the pupa cases. The sparrows like the fat, soft bodies, as do also the cats. Then there are the human foes who go on the war path with all kinds of exterminators, for this is the psychological time to use insecticides, etc.

On a tour of investigation in the rear yard one day, I discovered dozens of cicadas walking in the grass with their heads neatly amputated. A little further investigation, and I caught the bandits in the act. They were the red ants. Holding the unhappy creature's head down to the ground, they calmly ate it off. Why they should eat the hard head and leave the plump body with its rich juices is a mystery. However, I have since found a number of cicadas picked as dry and clean as their empty pupa cases. These were attacked by a different species of ant.

The tenacity of life of these unfortunate victims of the head-hunters is almost unbelievable. One specimen which I kept under observation lived more than thirty-six hours after decapitation.

Then, later on the cicada is attacked by a fun-

gus which commences to breed in its body during hot weather. Says W. H. Ballou, in the *Scientific American*:

"This fungus belongs to one of the most peculiar groups called *Entomophthoraceæ*, because they are minute parasites which inhabit bodies of small flies and other insects. . . . The fungus, however minute, grows larger and larger on the host's food, while the host grows thinner and thinner, until its vital organs are destroyed."

The cicada's days, like man's, are few and full of trouble.

The Cicada's Song

We now come to the most interesting phase in our study of this insect—the cicada's song. It is not in the throat that the organs of sound are placed, but in the abdomen. On examining the abdomen of the male, one sees on it two horny plates, just

under the third pair of legs, which are not seen in the female. Each plate has one side straight, and the rest of it is rounded. They are like little shutters, being fixed by the rounded side, and they can be raised by the aid of two spinelike processes, which at the same time prevent them from being raised too much and cause them to fall back immediately.

Upon turning these plates back upon the thorax a most interesting appearance is presented. These horny plates cover two deep cells. In the bottom of each cell is what looks like a tiny mirror. It is a membrane, but it shines like glass, and looked at obliquely, it reveals all colors of the rainbow. In the top of the cells are two little kettle drums, which are pulled inward by the action of two strong muscles lying back of them, and on being let loose their vibrations cause a loud, sharp tone.

"It is clear," says Réaumur, "that when the muscle is alternately contracted and expanded with rapidity, one convex portion of the kettle drum will be rendered concave, and will then resume its convex form by the force of its own spring. Then the noise will be made, this song of which we have so long been seeking an explanation, because we wished to find out all the parts by means of which He, who never made anything without its use, willed that it should be produced."

"Let us add to complete what has already been said on this subject, that if the kettle drums are the essential organs of the insect's song, the mirrors, the membranes, and the exterior shutters contribute largely, as Réaumur pointed out, to modify and strengthen the sound."

When the cicadas first begin to fly, after coming out of the pupa cases, their song closely resembles the humming of a telegraph pole when the wires are vibrating in a strong breeze. As the insect becomes stronger and the hot days come on, the song grows louder and more strident. In the individual insect the sound is like a clear, loud whistle with a rapidly descending note at the end. In concert this effect is lost, though often the descending note is heard. It is sometimes likened to the ringing of bells. The song begins at daybreak, increasing in volume until it reaches its climax at noon, and dies away at sunset.

So the little minstrel sits on his leafy branch, rolling his drums, calling his mate to his side, and we see the flash of his gauzy wings as he flits happily from tree to tree, though any moment his life may be cut short by the sting of a wasp, who will carry him off and seal him up in a cell as food for her grubs.

Never So Bad but It Might Be Worse

When we grow weary of the cicada's song, let us console ourselves by the thought that it might be worse. The cicadas of Africa, it is said, may be heard half a mile off; and the sound of one in the room will



The Seventeen-year Cicada

put a whole company to silence. Thunberg asserts that those of Java utter a sound as shrill and piercing as that of a trumpet. S. Wells Williams tells us that the Chinese boys often capture the male cicada of their country, and tie a straw around the abdomen, so as to irritate the sounding apparatus, and carry the creature through the streets in this predicament, to the great annoyance of every one, for the noise is almost deafening.

What if our cicadas had such voices! I fear our sanitariums and hospitals would be filled with patients suffering from "yell shock."

On the other hand, the sound of the cicada and that of the harp were called by the Greeks by one and the same name, and a cicada sitting upon a harp was the usual emblem of the science of music. To excel the cicada was the highest commendation of a singer, and the music of Plato's eloquence was compared to the voice of this insect.

The Mute Wives

As we have before said, the female cicada does not possess the organs of sound. It was Xenarchus, the Greek poet, who rather ungallantly remarked:

"Happy the cicadas' lives,
For they all have voiceless wives."

But though Mrs. Cicada is deprived of the organs of song, she has an instrument less noisy but more useful. This is an auger, lying along a little groove in the last segment of her abdomen. It is furnished with three instruments: In the middle is a piercer, which is run into the branch supporting the insect; and two stylets, having teeth like a saw, one on each side of the piercer, and moving up and down upon it.

With this instrument she obliquely cuts the bark and wood until she has almost reached the pith. The male sings while she works. When the cell is of the proper depth, she lays in the bottom of it from five to eight eggs.

At length, exhausted by her labors, she falters and falls, and soon dies. Like a good mother, her last care has been for her offspring.

A month or six weeks of sunshine and song, of happy courtship and busy preparation for the next generation, and the life of the cicada is ended. The rolling of their drums is heard no more, and peace settles upon the groves.

The Anti-Saloon League Convention

THE nineteenth annual convention of the Anti-Saloon League was held in Washington, D. C., June 3-6. There were present one hundred fifty representatives from fifty countries outside of the United States. Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Peru, Korea, Japan, China, Siam, Syria, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Italy, France, Hungary, Norway, Great Britain, New Zealand, and Australia were among the foreign countries which had a part in the proceedings of the convention. Without exception these representatives, after setting forth the great need of prohibition in their respective countries, appealed to the United States to come over and help them in their fight with the great evil that has thoroughly entrenched itself in every country on earth.

The Macedonian Call to the United States

It is fitting that the United States should meet this great Macedonian call, for it is the American brewer and distiller who have done much to enslave other nations to King Alcohol. We rejoice that we are to be freed from the great alcoholic curse, but it is dis-

heartening to know that prohibition for us means more trouble for other countries.

Distillers have already waited upon the president of Mexico with a view to obtaining concessions for establishing their infamous business in that land. Representative native Christian men from Mexico plead with us to help to save their country not only from its own liquor dealers, but from the outlawed American brewer and distiller.

Cuba is the land of no license of the liquor traffic. There are no saloons in Cuba, but alcoholic beverages are there treated the same as groceries, being dispensed freely at grocery stores and restaurants. During the war Cuba has prospered financially as has no other country. Every one has made money, and the people have suffered for nothing. This abundance of money has led to increased drinking, gambling, and prostitution. The American brewer, with his ear ever alert to the news of opportunities of debauchery, heard the clink of the coin in Cuba's till, and at once determined to transfer a huge proportion of this to his own. He hastened to invest large sums in the drink business in Cuba. This nation, with Mexico, appeals to us to save her from the outlawed American brewer.

Korea has ninety-six breweries, only four of which are run by Koreans. There are but four manufacturers of soft drinks in the country. Korea ardently appeals to us to help her free herself from the liquor traffic.

The people of Siam do not call their country Siam, but a name which means "free," for they claim never to have been under subjection to another nation. Siam is a progressive country. Its king spent nine years in England getting his education. But notwithstanding these things, Siam has been subjugated by the alcoholic dynasty. She therefore pleads with us to help her secure freedom from the autocratic body-and-soul-destroying liquor traffic.

China has long trusted the United States, since this country has never defrauded her or taken one foot of her land, and because this Government returned the Boxer indemnity of fifteen million dollars, to be used in educating her sons and daughters in this country, and because the United States helped her in an effort to rid the nation of the opium traffic.

China's Appeal Through an American Missionary

While the Arabs probably introduced opium into China, England did much toward fastening the opium trade upon the Celestial Empire. The evil effects of opium were early recognized by the Chinese government, so an edict prohibiting its importation was made by the emperor in 1736. Most of the opium came from India, and soon after this edict the East India Company secured the monopoly of the opium cultivation. Despite the Chinese law forbidding the importation of this drug, the annual importation was soon increased 500 per cent, and before the close of the eighteenth century, 2,700 per cent, and later, by 25,000 per cent. The Chinese government, having made several unsuccessful attempts to put down the opium trade, finally appealed to the British government, but the petition was disregarded. The students of China then said: The British are interested in education, so they will listen to us, China's students. They therefore wrote a petition and signed it with their lifeblood, and yet the British government did not heed this appeal. The Chinese then said: We have one more hope. We will appeal to the United

States for help. They appealed, and through Secretary Hay the British government negotiated with China.

Now China has a grievance against us. She therefore appeals to us to right the great wrong our country is allowing to be perpetrated upon her by the American brewer. A speaker in a recent brewers' convention said that it mattered little how soon prohibition came to this country, for the American Brewers' Association was going to China. And to China it has gone. Already in Nanking an American brewery has been established. The machinery and men went over on a vessel floating the Stars and Stripes, and the men who went over with the machinery to establish work in China sailed under United States passports. Has China not a right to appeal to our Government to forbid the business that has been outlawed in this country to fasten its deadly grasp upon the throats of her people?

Anti-Saloon League Becomes a Foreign Missionary

So came the appeals from every part of the earth. The Anti-Saloon League in response to these has laid large plans for helping temperance forces in these countries to organize for absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic. The league, composed of the leading ministers, lawyers, business men, physicians, and statesmen of this country, has known but one thing since its organization, and that is the annihilation of the liquor traffic. Beginning with the elimination of the traffic from the smallest political unit, the league has kept enlarging its program as it succeeded till now its aim is to secure world-wide prohibition through its affiliation with the temperance forces that are gathering strength in every land.

The Brewers' and Distillers' Threat

The liquor dealers have threatened to make the national prohibition law of this country ineffective. This is pronounced by the league as treason. It is the first time in history that a large army of men have banded together to defy the Constitution of the United States. We are assured that it is no time for the temperance forces to become scared or cowardly, but it is time to do everything possible to educate people to see that the law of the country must be obeyed, to see that there can be no compromise with the forces of evil. Prohibition is right, and by the law of the land and the will of the people it must stand inviolate. He who tampers with the constitutions of the people is a traitor. Let us arouse ourselves as never before, and have part with the forces of right which are seeking to clear the future of our own nation and every other from the withering curse of the liquor traffic.

F. D. C.

Love

Love in the morning,
Love all the time;
Love going with us,
As upward we climb.
"Love of the Father,"
"Comfort of love;"
Love that to deeds
Of kindness doth move.

Love that to neighbor
Gives love as to self;
Love ever helpful,
With hand or with pelf.
Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear,
Forbearing each other
With hearty good cheer.

"Love everlasting"—
"Resting in love;"
Loving his precepts—
Our treasures above.
His banner flung over,
Drawn by his bands;
"Labor of love"
Reaching all lands!

Love for our foemen.
Seeking to save,
Giving to lost ones,
As Jesus once gave.
"For love's sake beseeching,"
With tenderest cry,
That they to their Saviour
For safety may fly.

Love e'er abounding,
Love that o'ercomes;
Through love we can triumph,
Through love reach our home.
Spirit of love,
O let it be thine!
That in thee and through thee
Christ's image may shine.
S. ROXANA WINCE.

Would You Be a Leader?

WHEN a good man gets hold of a good thing, he wants to share it with others. The grateful patient goes out from the sanitarium, restored in health, and recommends the institution to others. The successful student from the Christian school does the same.

And this is true the world round. Here is a picture of six boys who are in the Honan (China) Intermediate School. The two boys in front influenced the four boys standing behind them to come to school this year. The work was done through the corre-



Six Members of the Honan Intermediate School

spondence band of the Missionary Volunteer Society in the school.

Shall not our English-speaking young people be as zealous for the cause of Christian education? Perhaps you did not, when in school, write to your acquaintances about the importance of getting into school, but you can do so now that school is out. You will also see many young people this summer.

Doubtless, most of you students dream of being leaders in some part of God's work some day. Endeavor to develop your ability for leadership by leading some young people back to school next autumn.

M. E. K.

The Correct Thing

Don'ts for Girls

DON'T whistle or call on the street to a young man some distance ahead of you. In his heart the young man of good breeding resents such liberties. And to the young man and all chance observers the young woman belittles herself. A young woman did this very thing recently. The young man finally stopped and waited for her, but he did not appear overjoyed at the privilege of walking the rest of the way with her, but the young woman appeared oblivious of what was plain to an observer.

Don't be loud in your conversation with young men. You make them ashamed to be in your company, and you make the well-bred observer ashamed of you. A young girl was recently heard speaking in a loud, almost masculine, voice to a young man not more than three or four feet from her. Save your voice for emergencies.

Don't expectorate on the street. In some cities it is against the law for any one to do this. What an innovation it would be for a news item to appear in the morning paper that Miss B. had been arrested for expectorating on the street. Her arrest would be for sanitary reasons, but this appeal to girls is from the esthetic viewpoint.

Don't chew gum in public. Just recently one of our young girls, a young woman in size, boarded a street car with a quid of gum in her mouth. She chewed loud enough to be heard easily several seats ahead of her. She was a pretty girl, but her physical attractiveness was forgotten while I wondered how it was that a young girl of such good parentage as hers could do such an unbecoming thing as to chew gum so vigorously and openly as she was doing.

Don't save up all the week's happenings to talk about in church while waiting for the services to begin. How displeasing to the Lord must be the buzz of animated conversation and laughing, the unnecessary passing back and forth in the aisles, and the general lack of reverence that can be heard and seen in our churches on Sabbath. Certainly the impression made on the "stranger within our gates" cannot be wholesome.

Don't put refuse of any kind in lavatories. They are meant to hold nothing more formidable than soap and water. One who uses a lavatory as a receptacle for loose hair, orange peel, and other waste matter proclaims oneself greatly lacking in good breeding, besides being unfamiliar with the character of plumbing bills.

Don't be too positive about large or small matters. There is no such thing as infallibility in human beings. The mind of the best is likely to play its owner false at times. On the other hand, don't be too distrustful of one's knowledge. Know some things for a certainty.

Girls, don't whistle on the street. The whistling artist is to be envied; but there is a time and place for everything; and a girl whistling on the street and in other inappropriate places attracts attention to herself unnecessarily, which is always accounted vulgar. A gentleman asked me to pass this counsel on to you.

Girls, why not get a reliable book on good form and study it if you are unfamiliar with the conventions of the well-bred? With the present means of

self-education at one's command, why should any young woman saunter along the street with both hands on her hips; and not only that, but do it when three men are walking just behind her; and not only that, but meanwhile turn her head aside and expectorate? Neither paint and powder nor good clothes, will atone for any such unbecoming conduct. F. D. C.

For the Finding-Out Club

Part I

IF you are a student of current events, you can easily answer the following queries:

1. What city has been chosen as the seat of the League of Nations, and thus becomes the capital of the world; that is, if the League materializes?
2. What are pogroms? and what protest and threat did they recently call forth from the United States?
3. Identify the following: Harry Hawker, Mackenzie Grieve, Albert C. Read, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, Archangel, Versailles, Azores, NC-4.
4. Give the correct pronunciation of Fiume. Why is this port of special interest to the Peace Conference?
5. Name five countries in which the old-time governments were completely overthrown during the four years of the Great War.

Part II

Solve the following according to the last stanza:

1. Four giant chiefs whom David's warriors slew,
Dwelt in one city — bring its name to view.
2. Last of eight officers in David's court,
One the chief ruler stood — his name report.
3. Second of twelve who furnished a king's table —
Tell me his father's name if thou art able.
4. When three old sages failed to answer one,
This youth adventured, and the task was done.
5. An oak, a wine press, and an angel's visit,
An altar, and a grave — behold! where is it?
6. Think of a Levite chief consumed by fire —
Of his next brother's name I half require.

The initials downward, make his well-known name
Whose steadfast faith and dauntless courage claim
To be by all remembered evermore:
His sword Israel put mighty foes to shame;
His victories still Jehovah's power proclaim,
Who still defends his people as of yore;
The finals, upward, mean the humble fame
Of one, the faithful servant of the same,
Who did, with him, the hostile camp explore.
— "Curiosities of the Bible."

Answers to Questions Printed May 20

Part I

1. The Ægeans. 2. They lived on the islands of the Ægean Sea and on the coasts of Greece and Asia Minor. 3. The capital city was Cnossus, on the island of Crete.

Part II

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma.

"THE Lord will fit men and women — yes, and children, as he did Samuel — for his work, making them his messengers."

Adventures of the Honorable Michael Dowling

The Making of Mike

MIKE was born in Huntington, Massachusetts, in 1866. As a boy he was profoundly disinterested in books. He knew which was the prettiest girl in school, and which boy had the best jackknife, and such items of information, but he rarely knew his lessons.



"Profoundly Disinterested"

At ten he could read and write and cipher, and while his knowledge embraced other things,—such as the shape of the earth and the names of the Presidents,—these latter items were, he thought, largely decorative and unnecessary. He never ran away from school, but he had a truant mind. It generally rode a pony and indulged in the pleasure of roping steers and shooting Indians. He wanted to be a cowboy. He had

read all about it in a paper.

His mother died when he was ten. That set him free. He went West with the definite purpose of becoming a rich cattleman. He was big and strong for his age.

When he was fourteen he got a job as a cattle herder in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota. They gave him a good pony and a herd of five hundred cattle. He knew a lot about cattle and the arts of the cowboy. He bought a big revolver on credit at the herders' store and went to his task. At first he thought it was great fun. The prairies lay flat and green till they seemed to touch the rounded dome of the sky. For a week or so they interested him. But he was all alone with his herd on that vast floor of the heavens. It was like a great silent room. He felt very small and lonely there. Sundry little animals lived beneath, like rats in a cellar, but they would have nothing to do with him. They seemed to distrust his character and demand references. Winds hurried by, hissing in the tall grass, and birds rode upon them.

These were his only companions,—these and the cattle,—save when he went to the store for supplies, and then he was always in a hurry.

Now cattle—even five hundred cattle and a revolver—are poor company for a human being. Mike grew weary of them. He did brave deeds. His devotion to duty had been quite heroic one day when the herd took to flight in a storm, but there had been nobody to see and applaud him. He was homesick, but too faithful to desert his task. The whistle of locomotives came faintly to his ear now and then from a four-league journey through the air, and seemed to be calling him. The herd drifted back and forth through a range some ten miles in diameter, and there were three rude shacks in which he lived.

Buckling the Blizzards of the Eighties

It was probably good for Mike. It gave him an excellent chance to enlarge his acquaintance with himself. He began to explore his own mind. It seemed

to be about as empty as the sky. He found there the list of the Presidents and the multiplication table, and such simple furniture. He tried to interest himself by looking them over. He reminded himself of the proportions of land and water and the shape of the world, but as an entertainer Mike decided that he was no good. If he had only known the Declaration of Independence it would have been a great comfort to him, I have no doubt. He saw that he didn't know enough to be good company. October came, and cold winds out of the north, and time dragged as the end of his solitary confinement drew near. He got rid of his charge on the fourth of December.

Canby was the business center for the farmers whose stock he had herded. There he received his pay. Two farmers had driven to the little village that afternoon in a lumber wagon. Mike was to ride with them to a farm where he had left his pony, six miles away. He held their team in the cold wind while the two men were having a good time. Mike had sat for hours in the wagon. He and the horses were chilled to the bone. But men do not worry about boys and horses when they are having a good time. They are too busy. It was growing dusk. The horses had begun to rear and plunge. Mike shouted for help.

The men buttoned their overcoats, hurried out, quieted the horses, and took the spring seat in the wagon. Mike was only a boy. He sat cramped on a shoe box behind them.

The winter of the great snows had arrived—the winter of 1880. The old settlers have never ceased to talk about it. The storms came like a resistless army, spreading their white tents on the roofs of other tents, until Minnesota was buried to the tops of its telegraph poles. The lumber wagon and its party was going out to meet the first battalion in



As Cattle Herder in Minnesota

this great army. It hurried, for the sky was black and the wind struck hard. Soon a gale was blowing. It seemed to be trying to push them back. It rushed straight upon them off the level plains and whistled in the leather of the harness and the timbers of the wagon. The men on the front seat quickly turned

their heads when the first missiles of icy snow struck them. Leaves and wisps of grass were flying in the wind. There were strange noises before and above them.

The dusk had thickened. They did not see the great white, rushing, swirling, diluted avalanche until it fell upon them. It checked team and wagon with a jolt, for the air had suddenly thickened.

It was as if the skies had fallen.



Meeting "the Ice Dust in the Fling of a Seventy-mile Wind"

Away northward great banks of wet air, a league deep at least and belike a thousand miles wide, had frozen suddenly. Their moisture had gone hurtling toward the earth. It struck the current of an Arctic hurricane. This had hardened the soft snow and



mittened hands. One shouted to the other, but was unheard. They could see only the tails of the horses. The driver gave up trying to steer them. Mike bowed his head, his ears feeling for shelter. His hands were so cold that he could no longer feel the box to which he clung. He felt a sense of being smothered by the stinging sky dust.

The wagon began to jump. The horses had lost the road and were crossing a plowed field. Suddenly they quickened their pace. A big jolt broke the hold of Mike's numb hands and pitched him out of the wagon. He picked himself up and shouted. His voice sounded to his own ears like that of a man calling from a distance. The wagon had gone out of sight, but he could faintly hear the rattle of its wheels. He ran toward it, eager as the sprinter in a race. That little straw of sound was his only hope of safety. When he stopped to get his breath he could no longer hear it. The storm had so darkened the air that he could not see the wheel tracks even if he were near them. Then Mike knew that somewhere in the darkness of that night his life was likely to end. He had heard that a man lost in a Minnesota blizzard had as good a chance of living as at the bottom of the sea.

He was chilled to the bone. The ice dust in the fling of a seventy-mile wind had sored his eyes and rubbed the skin off one side of his face. He could hear their smite as they struck his cheeks and forehead. Sheaths of ice kept forming over his eyes. But Mike didn't give up. He knew that he must keep moving or that his blood would turn to ice, like water in a frozen pipe. So he pulled down his cap, turned the side of his head to the wind, and hurried on. Slowly the push of the storm faced him about until he was going with it. Often he had to stop to get his breath. The effort of breathing sored his nose. He had hard work to stop enough of the speeding, snow-filled air to satisfy him.

Signs of a Habitation

Hour after hour he labored in the noisy, flying dungeon of the blizzard, seeing nothing. Now and then he would brush the ice and snow from his eyes and then imagine for a moment that he saw lights ahead. It was when he was wading in a drift that he decided that he would lie down and rest for just a minute. The strangest of all emotions, self-fear, came on him. He trembled and ran a few steps, as if he hoped thereby to get away from it. He grew angry. But the thought of rest kept stealing back upon him. Often it begged and pleaded for a moment's stop, but Mike drove it away as one would drive a thieving dog from his pantry. Suddenly he

whipped and churned it into pin points of ice. These were massed thickly by the pressure of the blast. There were probably thousands of them in a cubic inch of air. The men on the front seat covered their faces with

looked ahead and lo! the sun was shining on green fields, and it was a still summer day, and there was his home, and his mother and father on the doorstep. They saw him coming and were waving their hands. What a long sleep he would have in that little bedroom upstairs! Then the iced darkness fell roaring over the scene.

His breast bumped against something in his path and awoke him. He was still traveling in the storm. What was it that his mittens touched? It gave as he touched it. He felt it over carefully. It was stove wood, corded breast high. There must be a house; but where? Ten feet would be as bad as a mile if he went wrong. How could he find the house? He called again and again, but got no answer. He climbed to the top of the cord and picked up a stick of wood and threw it into the darkness as far as he could, hoping to hit some one of the buildings.

The stick fell silently. He threw the wood in all directions, but it seemed only to hit the air. He gave up, got off the cord and went on. In a moment he ran into a heap of straw. He could not resist its invitation. He began to burrow into it. He was like a fox driven to its hole with baying hounds close behind him. He flung the loose straw aside and burrowed fiercely with his hands, and crept headfirst deep into the straw pile and rolled to his back.

His will to sleep came strong and cunning as a wolf in sight of its prey. Desperately he fought against it. The enemy would overcome and drag him into slumber, and then he would drive it away. For hours this lonely struggle of life against death continued.

By and by he began to creep out of the straw. Thank God, he could see light! What? Yes. The sun was shining. The storm had passed.

Deep snow glistened in the light. There was the house not a hundred feet from where he lay, and smoke was coming out of its chimney. The smoke had a friendly look. No, he was not dreaming now. It was real sunlight, real smoke! He got to his feet and fell sidewise. His legs felt like a pair of stilts. He rose and fell again. He couldn't stand. He began to creep toward the house on his hands and knees. He imagined that the snow felt warm on his wrists. Near the door he felt something hard under one of his knees. It had hurt a little. He stopped and looked. It was one of the sticks of wood that he had thrown into the darkness. He tried to pick it up and toss it aside, but his hand would not obey him. His thumb and fingers refused to work. He got to the door and struck it with the back of his hand.

The sound was like that of a stone striking the timber. He looked at his hand. It was as stiff as if it had been stuck full of needles. He heard footsteps and voices, and then the door opened. He felt the warm air of the room



He Put Five Years' Effort into One



and saw a kindly faced man standing in the doorway.

"What's the matter?" asked the surprised man.

"Been out all night in the storm," said Mike.

The man leaned over and looked into his face.

"Don't you know you're froze, boy?" he exclaimed.

"I know it. I'm just a chunk of ice," said Mike.

The man and his wife lifted the boy to his feet and helped him through the door and sat him down.

Then they ran out of the room like a pair of scared rabbits. One brought a wash boiler full of snow, the other a pail of water from the well. The woman poured the water upon the snow while the man tried to remove Mike's boots.

"He's shot full of frost and the leather is nailed to his legs!" said he. "We'll have to cut these boots off, Mary."

He slit boots and stockings from top to toe with his knife and stripped them off, and put Mike's legs in the icy water. Meanwhile the woman had pulled off his mittens and immersed his hands. Then she began to rub his face and ears with wet snow. Mike writhed and groaned as the frost coming out formed a sheath of ice on his feet, legs, and hands. It was like pulling needles. Then nature had its struggle in trying to reconnect its countless nerves and channels so long clogged and cut off. The boy bore it bravely, and all that day the man and woman worked upon him. They succeeded in drawing the frost, but his hands and feet were swollen and powerless. The blizzard had begun again and they could not go for the doctor, who lived nine miles away. So they put Mike to bed. It was all they could do for him.

Three days passed before they could get the doctor. They were days of great agony for poor Mike. The doctor said that he was beyond help. His hands and the lower ends of his legs were already dead. There was a chance that an operation would save the rest of him. That, however, depended on his vitality. The doctor had brought his instruments and all the ether and chloroform that he had been able to buy in the little town where he practiced. He had not enough, however, for the big task ahead of him. It was hard on Mike, and it exhausted the doctor and the man and woman who helped him. But the boy went through it bravely and clung to his life, and passed the danger point and waxed strong.

Mike's Novel Proposal

His father was poor and Mike would not permit himself to be thrown upon him. He insisted that the State should take care of him. Both feet and one hand were gone, but the doctor had saved the thumb and the main part of his left hand. He could get about somewhat in the fashion of a monkey. The charity commissioner arranged for his keep at a farmhouse.

Now the whips of pain and loss and pride had had a remarkable effect on the boy. His brain was awake. His spirit began to feel its strength. He made a plan and then a proposition to the commissioner. If the State would give him a set of artificial limbs and a year in school, he would release it from all further liability. The proposition was accepted. They took him to Chicago, where he was fitted with new feet and a right hand. Soon he was able to walk as upright and as steadily as ever.

A Study in Minutes

His schooling began. With his one thumb he could hold a pen or a pencil and turn the leaves of his books. Mike had been stripped pretty bare. He had his brain

and one year in which to make it a useful possession. He sat one night thinking of these two assets. He took his pencil and began to make figures. His brain was as good as ever; the year had only three hundred sixty-five days, but there would be more than half a million minutes in it. Most boys of his age would need at least five years for an education—that meant, say, two and a half millions of minutes. There were fourteen hundred forty minutes in a day. He figured out how boys generally spent their time. It was about as follows:

540 minutes in bed.

180 minutes in eating, bathing, dressing, and undressing.

180 minutes in play.

120 minutes in sheer idleness.

210 minutes in school dalliance.

210 minutes in study.

1,440

Mike decided to spend

420 minutes in bed.

50 minutes in eating, bathing, dressing, and undressing.

970 minutes in study in and out of school.

1,440

This schedule would enable him to put five years of the average boy's effort into the one year ahead of him. Thereafter that year became in his view a collection of minutes. Of course he would need exercise, but he could be going over his lessons while he walked to and from school and did the chores.

The teacher, seeing the boy's eagerness to learn, spent many evenings helping him in his arithmetic and algebra. Mike strode ahead of his classes. He was the wonder and the talk of the neighborhood. He began to enjoy one by-product of which he had never thought—the fruit of good advertising. The intensive method of study that he had adopted had advertised him as a unit of power in the community. That puts it in rather plain, commercial terms, but they clearly express the fact. Mike did not pose as a born phenomenon. He laid it all to hard work.

At the end of the year the value of that advertising began to show itself, and he got a license to teach. He taught seven years, the last three as head of the Renville High School.

He was elected to the lower house of the State legislature in 1900, and served for two sessions as its speaker. In his political work he won the friendship of William McKinley, who sent him to the Philippines as a special commissioner.

Soon after his work began there he went to see the sultan of Sulu to engage his interest in the cause of education. The sultan was bored. He wouldn't listen. Something had to be done to catch the attention of the barbarian monarch. Mike removed his right hand and threw it on the floor between them. In half a moment he had taken off both his feet and tossed them before the astonished sultan. He caught his head between his elbow and left hand and began to turn it as if intending to add that to the pile. The sultan ran to his side with a look of delight, saying:

"Keep your head on! I want to talk with you and learn the secret of your magic."

Mike held up his one thumb and told his story to the sultan, who learned what a man may accomplish in America with one thumb and a brain and the will to make the most of them.—*Irving Bacheller, in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Is This Your Station ?

THE train was on time as it pulled into the station. We were riding in a crowded coach, and as it was nearly midnight most of the passengers had been trying to sleep. Just before we reached the station the conductor spoke to each one, saying, "You must change cars at this station." When we alighted, we learned that the train we were to take from there to our destination was two hours late, and as it was too cold to remain outdoors, we knew it meant a wait in the station for that length of time. This was not a pleasant thought at that late hour.

As I went into the station I looked for something to read, and was glad to find several tract racks hanging on the wall. These were filled with papers and tracts. Knowing there was a Seventh-day Adventist church in that place, I eagerly looked to see what our people had for the public to read. I found that the Christian Scientists, Baptists, Methodists, Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Catholics all had racks, and each contained literature. There was a small rack without any name, and I said to myself, This must belong to the Seventh-day Adventists. I was disappointed, however, to find no evidence of its ownership, for, like old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, it was empty. Perhaps it had been filled during the day and the people had taken the literature to read, or it may be that the rack had been neglected.

As there was no Seventh-day Adventist literature to read, I went to the Baptist rack and took out a paper which seemed to be devoted to missionary work, entitled "Home and Foreign Missions," from which I read the following interesting experience entitled "Plow Work:"

"Our minister is always talking about sacrifice. I am getting tired of it. He expects us to give, give, all the time. He seems to think the church is the greatest institution in the world."

"Perhaps he is right. But I agree with you that we can't always be giving to the church. There are other things that we must think of. I am afraid our minister is visionary rather than practical."

"The first speaker was a wealthy business man, and the second was a successful lawyer. Both men had large incomes; they lived not only in comfort but in luxury, and denied themselves nothing that they felt it desirable to have. They were church members and gave 'generously'; but neither of them really knew the meaning of the word 'sacrifice.'"

"A few months after this conversation the two men joined a party that was going round the world. Before they started, their 'visionary' minister earnestly asked them to observe and remember any unusual and interesting things that they might see in the missionary countries through which the party was to travel. The men promised, carelessly, perhaps, to do so."

"In Korea one day they saw in a field by the side of the road a boy pulling a rude plow, while an old man held the plow handles, and directed it. The lawyer was amused, and took a snapshot of the scene."

"That's a curious picture! I suppose they are very poor," he said to the missionary, who was interpreter and guide to the party."

"Yes," was the reply. "That is the family of Chi Noui. When the church was being built, they were eager to give something to it; but they had no money, so they sold their only ox and gave the money to the church. This spring they are pulling the plow themselves."

"The lawyer and the business man by his side were silent for some moments. Then the business man said: 'That must have been a real sacrifice.'"

"They did not call it that," said the missionary. "They thought it was fortunate that they had an ox to sell."

"The lawyer and the business man said no more; but when they reached home, the lawyer took that picture to his minister and told him the story."

"I want to double my pledge to the church," he said. "And give me some plow work to do, please. I have never known what sacrifice for the church meant. A converted heathen taught me. I am ashamed to say I have never yet given anything to my church that cost me anything."

I have been obliged to pass that station several times since, and every time I get off the train I look at the

"little tract rack." The others are always full of reading matter. For a long time I could not learn to whom the small one belonged, as it was always empty; but recently I found the little tract rack filled with our good papers and tracts, so I know it belongs to the Seventh-day Adventists.

M. LUKENS.

"NEVER see the face of man until you have seen His face."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

DO you consider the popular high school games, as basket ball, and the parties of young companions and friends profitable and safe recreation for Adventist young people attending high school?

A READER.

In answering this we should have to say first that we regard as most unfortunate any Adventist young person who is attending high school. This for three reasons: First, the purposes, ambitions, ideals, conversation, and dress of many of those with whom he is constantly associated are almost wholly for this world, while his are for the life to come. It is hardly possible that this association should not have a more or less serious influence upon him. Often it is disastrous.

Second, he is constantly subject to more or less of that influence of evolution and other erroneous teaching tending strongly toward paganism, which is especially dangerous at the sensitive, impressionable high school age.

Third, and most serious of all, he is deprived of that daily study of God's Word, which is his life, and which forms the basis of teaching in our own schools.

We mention these things because it is in view of these considerations that we must decide the question asked. Even in our own schools, with all their Christian exercises and influences, we are warned and instructed about the importance of guarding the association, recreation, and amusement. It seems to us therefore that one could not safely join with worldly young people in recreation unless he has the definite motive of soul-winning. It is always right for Christ's followers, like their Master, to mingle with sinners on friendly social terms when their hearts are burdened for the salvation of their friends and their motive is to draw them to the Saviour. This will mean prayer before, during, and after such social intercourse.

But to mingle with the world on intimate terms of social life and amusement merely for the pleasure of it we believe to be a most dangerous thing. Resolve by God's grace to be an instrument in winning one of your high school friends to the truth and you will have entered the most fascinating enterprise in the world.

M. M.

Just for the Juniors

How Bob Changed His Mind

I WISH, mother, I lived in the city like Cousin Jay," said Bob regretfully, as he slipped the letter he had just been reading into its envelope and threw himself down on the grass beside his mother. She glanced up from her sewing inquiringly, but said nothing; for she knew that by waiting a few moments she would soon hear his reasons for this apparent dissatisfaction.

"It isn't that I don't like this place, you know," he continued after a pause. "I like to live on a farm and have mountains to climb and places to go swimming; but, mother, I want to earn some money, and I can't earn any out here. You know a boy likes to have some cash of his own and not depend on his father for every cent. Now look at Jay. He says here that he has a paper route, and mows three lawns a week, besides doing odd jobs that he picks up between times. But what's a fellow like me to do, living seventeen miles from the nearest railroad station and with no way to get to town but walk!"

His mother couldn't help smiling at the woebegone expression which accompanied this outburst; yet it was a wholly sympathetic and understanding smile, and it said plainer than words, "I know how you feel, and perhaps I can help you." At the end of a half-hour's talk Bob jumped to his feet and hurried away to the barn, with a transformed countenance. His face was beaming now, and any one with half an eye could see that there was a plan on foot that bid fair to be interesting.

It was a beautiful section of country in which the Wingate farm was situated, and during the summer months many an auto load of city people passed the house daily.

The day following Bob's conversation with his mother a neat little stand might have been seen beside the road near the giant maple which shaded the house. It was artistically covered with green paper, and upon it was displayed a tempting array of shining apples, and little scalloped cakes of maple sugar. At either end of the improvised table were dewy bouquets of roses and asters tastefully arranged with wood ferns. It was really an attractive sight, and no wonder that before the morning was very far advanced several automobiles stopped beside the road to patronize the courteous boy who tended the stand. One old gentleman bought five of the little maple sugar cakes to take to his grandchildren in the city, and several ladies purchased bouquets of the fresh flowers. "How lovely!" more than one exclaimed delightedly. The apples, too, disappeared as the day advanced, for country air gives one an appetite which makes a rosy apple appear especially tempting.

"Well, Mr. Salesman, how is trade?" said a cheery voice at Bob's elbow just before supper. He looked up to see his mother standing beside him, viewing with a pleased expression the few remaining apples on the table. She needed no answer to her question; she could see for herself; but Bob's face would have told her anyway.

"Mother, you're a jewel. I thought your suggestion yesterday was worth trying, but I never supposed things would turn out quite so fine. After I pay my tithes, how much do you suppose I'll have left? \$1.25 from one day's sales! And you can put it down on

paper that this isn't my last day at it. I want to raise \$5 for our Honan Mission goal, and after that there are other things I'm going to do. O mother, you won't hear me again say that country boys can't earn money!"

E. I.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II — The Sower

(July 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 13: 1-9, 18-23.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He that received seed into the good ground is he that heareth the word, and understandeth it; which also beareth fruit, and bringeth forth, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty." Matt. 13: 23.

Questions

1. Where was Jesus when he taught the people many things in parables? Where was the multitude? Why had they gathered at the seaside? Matt. 13: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. What was the name of Jesus' first parable? Verse 3. Note 2.
3. Into how many places does this parable represent the seed as falling? Name them. Verses 4, 5, 7, 8.
4. In how many and which places did the seed begin to grow? Verses 5, 7, 8.
5. Which seed did not even start to grow? What became of the seed that fell by the wayside? Verse 4.
6. How long did it take the seed that fell on stony places to spring up? Why? Verse 5.
7. What soon happened to the young and tender plants? Why? Verse 6.
8. What became of the seed that fell among thorns? Verse 7.
9. What different yield did the seed produce that fell into good ground? Verse 8.
10. When Jesus had finished the parable, what did he say to emphasize its importance? Verse 9. Note 3.
11. What is represented by the seed sown? by the place where it fell? by the birds that immediately devoured the seed? Verses 18, 19. Note 4.
12. What kind of person is represented by the stony ground? Name the six points mentioned. Verses 20, 21. Note 5.
13. Describe the character, the environment, and the experience of those who are represented by the ground infested with thorns. Verse 22. Note 6.
14. What three things are said of those who are represented by the good ground? Verse 23.
15. In the different conditions represented in the parable of the sower, which of the following are the same—the seed, the sower, the soil? Where lies the responsibility of the harvest—with the seed, with the sower, or with the soil?
16. What experience is necessary if one bears much fruit? John 15: 2, 5.

Notes

1. "By the Sea of Galilee a company had gathered to see and hear Jesus—an eager, expectant throng. The sick were there, lying on their mats, waiting to present their cases before him. It was Christ's God-given right to heal the woes of a sinful race, and he now rebuked disease, and diffused around him life and health and peace.

"As the crowd continued to increase, the people pressed close about Christ until there was no room to receive them. Then, speaking a word to the men in their fishing boats, he stepped into the boat that was waiting to take him across the lake, and bidding his disciples push off a little from the land, he spoke to the multitude upon the shore.

"Beside the sea lay the beautiful plain of Gennesaret, beyond rose the hills, and upon hillside and plain both sowers and reapers were busy, the one casting seed, and the other harvesting the early grain."—"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 33, 34.

2. The parable of the sower and that of the tares, with a few others, were given not long after Jesus had ordained the twelve apostles on the mountain where he had preached that wonderful sermon called the Sermon on the Mount. By the use of these and other illustrations he sought to prepare them for the great work of sowing the gospel seed throughout the world.

3. Among the multitude were those who did not want to be taught of God. They had their own ideas and they were unwilling to heed the words of truth which the Saviour spoke. Their ears were "dull of hearing" and their eyes they had closed. These had no "ears to hear." But there were others whose hearts longed for the simple, saving truth of God. The

formal, spiritless teachings of the priests and scribes, of rabbis and rulers, had not satisfied them. These, having "ears to hear," heard and understood.

4. Wherever God's word is spoken, Satan is there to catch it away before it can take root. "With an earnestness equaled only by his malice, he tries to thwart the work of the Spirit of God." If he cannot accomplish his wicked purposes by keeping us away from the preaching of the word, he distracts the mind while the word is being spoken. Carefully he watches the sowing of the spiritual seed, and at the very time when some saving truth is about to find its way into the heart, he diverts the attention. It may be only to observe a new hat or dress, a pleasing, attractive little child, the entrance of some one through a door in the rear of the church, some one who passes out of the room, the work of the janitor in adjusting a window or a light—anything that will catch away the seed sown. How careful we should be that we ourselves be not entrapped by his sly devices! Let us be among those who, having "ears to hear," hear.

5. The words "forthwith" (verse 5), "anon" (verse 20), and "by and by" (verse 21), are variations of the same word in the original, and mean "immediately." It is sometimes translated "straightway."

The word "offended" here, as usually in the Gospels, means "caused to stumble," or more literally still, "entrapped," "ensnared."

The young person who has "root in himself" will not be "entrapped" by the sneers or adverse attitude—the "persecution"—of a companion. To allow oneself to be thus easily influenced and led into the wrong path is to show a weakness of character represented by the one who has "not root in himself." In the great day of God each one must stand or fall for himself, and only those who are rooted and grounded in the truth will be able to stand. Now is the time to "gather out the stones" from the soil of the heart, so that the seed may take deep and abiding root.

6. To young people attending school, the daily work of the study-room may be "the care of this world" to "choke the word" and make them "unfruitful."

"The Lord says, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.' Matt. 26: 41. 'Watch,' lest your studies accustom to such proportions and become of such absorbing interest to you, that your mind is overburdened, and the desire for godliness is crushed out of your soul. . . . When education in human lines is pushed to such an extent that the love of God wanes in the heart, that prayer is neglected, and that there is a failure to cultivate the spiritual attributes, it is wholly disastrous."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 412.

"Students are in danger of becoming engrossed in their studies to such an extent as to neglect the study of that Book which gives them information as to how to secure the future welfare of their souls."—*Id.*, p. 416.

Intermediate Lesson

II — The Kingdom Divided; The Disobedient Prophet

(July 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 12; 13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Every way of a man is right in his own eyes: but the Lord pondereth the hearts." Prov. 21: 2.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 87-108; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 119-122.

"Far sadder sight than eye can know,
Than proud bark lost, or seaman's woe,
Or battle fire, or tempest cloud,
Or prey-bird's shriek, or ocean shroud,
The shipwreck of a soul."

Questions

1. At Solomon's death which of his sons reigned in his stead? Where did all Israel go to crown Rehoboam? 1 Kings 11: 43; 12: 1.

2. For whom did the people send? What request did Jeroboam and the people make of King Rehoboam? 1 Kings 12: 2-4. Note 1.

3. How much time did the king desire to consider the matter? Of whom did he ask advice? What counsel did the old men give? Verses 5-7.

4. What did the king's young companions advise him to say in reply? Verses 8-11. Note 2.

5. When Jeroboam and the people came before the king, how did he answer them? Verses 12-14.

6. What was the result of the unwise course taken by Rehoboam? Verses 16, 17, 19, 20. Note 3.

7. What did Rehoboam decide to do? How was he hindered in his plans? Verses 21-24.

8. Where did Jeroboam have his capital? How did he lead Israel into sin? Verses 25-31.

9. How did the Lord send a message of warning to Jeroboam?

How did Jeroboam receive the messenger? How was he punished for stretching out his hand against the prophet? 1 Kings 13: 1-5.

10. What great mercy did the Lord show to the king in answer to the prophet's prayer? What did Jeroboam then invite the prophet to do? How did the prophet respond to this invitation from the king? Verses 6-10.

11. Although the prophet successfully withstood the first invitation to disobey the Lord, how was he entrapped by the second one? Verses 11-19.

12. What message came from the Lord while he was eating the forbidden dinner? Verses 20-22.

13. In what manner was this prophecy speedily fulfilled? Verses 23, 24. Note 4.

14. How was word of what had taken place brought to the false prophet who led the man of God astray? What did the false prophet say? Verses 25, 26.

15. Where did the false prophet go? How did he seek to show honor to the dead man? Verses 27-30.

16. What request did he make of his sons? In what way did he bear witness to the truth of the message the man of God had spoken? Verses 31, 32.

17. What shows that the king did not profit by the warning nor by his experience? Verses 33, 34.

Something to Do

Study the map in your Bibles showing the kingdoms of Judah and Israel.

Redraw the map in outline, locating the capital city of each.

Notes

1. Jeroboam during Solomon's reign had been known as "a mighty man of valor." A prophet of the Lord had given him this message: "Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee." Solomon, hearing this, had sought to kill Jeroboam, and for safety Jeroboam had fled into Egypt.

"The tribes had long suffered grievous wrongs under the oppressive measures of their former ruler. The extravagance of Solomon's reign during his apostasy had led him to tax the people heavily, and to require of them much menial service. Before going forward with the coronation of a new ruler, the leading men from among the tribes determined to ascertain whether or not it was the purpose of Solomon's son to lessen these burdens."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 88, 89.

2. Rehoboam "made a fatal omission in seeking advice. There is no mention of his praying to God, like his father, for wisdom, nor of going to the temple for guidance, nor seeking the help of God's prophets."

3. "The breach created by the rash speech of Rehoboam proved irreparable. Thenceforth the twelve tribes of Israel were divided, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin composing the lower or southern kingdom of Judah, under the rulership of Rehoboam; while the ten northern tribes formed and maintained a separate government, known as the kingdom of Israel, with Jeroboam as their ruler."—*Id.*, p. 91.

4. "The penalty that overtook the unfaithful messenger was a still further evidence of the truth of the prophecy uttered over the altar. If, after disobeying the word of the Lord, the prophet had been permitted to go on in safety, the king would have used this fact in an attempt to vindicate his own disobedience. In the rent altar, in the palsied arm, and in the terrible fate of the one who dared disobey an express command of Jehovah, Jeroboam should have discerned the swift displeasure of an offended God, and these judgments should have warned him not to persist in wrong-doing."—*Id.*, p. 107.

Three Mystic Sums

A MYSTIC sum: Add diligence, intelligence, kindness, and cheerfulness together. You will get a result that will surprise you.

A mystic sum: Two hours for fun; from that subtract one hour of helpfulness; your remainder will be greater than your minuend.

A mystic sum: Divide your joy with others, and your share will be more than you had at first.—*Sel.*

Reading and Thinking

FOR my own part, I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.—*Julius Charles Hare.*

The "Biblers"

ON October 18, 1918, the Czecho-Slovak Republic was recognized in Paris. Notwithstanding the determination of Austria to keep the Bible out of the hands of the Czechs, the British and Foreign Bible Society established stations where the people could obtain it.

In 1852 Austria seized the contents of three Bible stations, and drove the agents across the border; but these men did not give up in discouragement. They found ways of getting many Bibles into the hands of the people.

After the death of the old emperor, Francis Joseph, the government allowed the soldiers to be supplied with Bibles; but the people were held under the same prohibition. Under the present régime we shall expect these "Biblers," as the Czechs are dubbed by the Austrians and Italians, to receive the Bible freely.

In its declaration of independence the new government announced that "in constant endeavor for progress it will guarantee complete freedom of conscience, religion, science, literature, art, speech, the press, and the right of assembly and petition. The church shall be separate from the state." This is a great step in advance for the Czecho-Slovaks and these are the very things they have been denied under the autocratic Catholic rule of Austria. The people of Bohemia, the home of John Huss, have long loved the Bible, and now they are to have free access to its wonderful truths.

F. D. C.

Service Cross for "Cher Ami"

WHY not? It was Cher Ami who brought the news of the lost battalion of the 77th Division in the Argonne Forest. This battalion had been cut off from the rest of the American forces, and was surrounded by the Germans.

The officer in charge made repeated attempts through soldier messengers to get word to the American headquarters of their whereabouts, and to ask for food and re-enforcements; but the messengers were always cut off by enemy guns.

The Germans demanded the surrender of the battalion on the ground that it was inevitable that the division would be completely wiped out if they did not surrender. The Americans refused to surrender while one of their number was left alive.

But when hope of rescue was all but gone, help came, and it was in response to Cher Ami's message. The bird returned to camp with a leg off, but the message tube was hanging from the stump. There was also a German bullet wound on his breast.

Since this incident Cher Ami has been counted as a hero, and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross "for valorous services far in excess of the call of duty."

General Pershing stopped to see the bird hero, and stroked his feathers gently. He said to the commander of the pigeon company: "The United States cannot do too much for this bird. I want him to go back to Washington the best cared-for bird that ever was. Keep him in your stateroom if it is necessary for his proper care."

But Cher Ami pined in the stateroom, so Captain Carney returned him to the pigeon coop. Cher Ami is to be attached "for life to the office of the chief of the Signal Corps, with unlimited rations and only voluntary duty."

F. D. C.

Character Hints

Reaping What We Sow

NO truth does the Bible more clearly teach than that what we do is the result of what we are. To a great degree the experiences of life are the fruition of our own thoughts and deeds.

"The curse causeless shall not come."

"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him; . . . unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

"Hear, O earth; behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts."

"Terrible is this truth, and deeply should it be impressed. Every deed reacts upon the doer. Never a human being but may recognize, in the evils that curse his life, fruitage of his own sowing. Yet even thus we are not without hope."

God's Discipline

"All who in this world render true service to God or man receive a preparatory training in the school of sorrow. The weightier the trust and the higher the service, the closer is the test and the more severe the discipline."

One Evil Cherished

"No truth does the Bible set forth in clearer light than the peril of even one departure from the right,—peril both to the wrong-doer and to all whom his influence shall reach. Example has wonderful power; and when cast on the side of the evil tendencies of our nature, it becomes well-nigh irresistible."

Censure Not Helpful

"In our efforts to correct evil, we should guard against a tendency to faultfinding or censure. Continual censure bewilders, but does not reform. With many minds, and often those of the finest susceptibility, an atmosphere of unsympathetic criticism is fatal to effort. Flowers do not unfold under the breath of a blighting wind."—*"Education,"* by Mrs. E. G. White.

This Is the Way

THE lexicographer of the *Literary Digest* gives the pronunciation of camouflage and pacifist as follows:

Camouflage, ka'mu'flaz', a as in artistic, u as in rule, a as in art, z as in azure. *Pacifist*, pas'i-fist, a as in fat, i as in habit, i as in hit.

"A PRAYING heart is the one thing Satan cannot counterfeit."

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