

Helen

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 39



Drawing by Frank Murphy

RETURNING TO COLLEGE

From Here and There

On the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary, September 1, the Prohibition party held in Chicago a momentous celebration of the glorious victory of the dry forces.

Turks and Tartars are moving upon the Armenians from three sides, says a Paris report. They have cut off the American relief supplies and threatened all the Armenians with extermination unless additional military protection is afforded.

Before the war there were in the United States 232 styles of pneumatic tires. Now there are 9. Solid rubber tires have been reduced from 100 styles to 15; steel pins, 700 to 300; china and crockery, from 1,696 pieces to 330; 5,500 styles of rubber footwear were discontinued.

The official opening of Spain's first subway is set for October 1. This is only one of the changes being made in the city of Madrid in order to give it an up-to-date appearance. Whole blocks are being torn down to make room for wide thoroughfares, and along these are erected six-story office buildings and residences of the most approved type.

The most ardent searcher for "thrills" ought to be satisfied with that offered in jumping from a burning airship from a distance of more than one thousand feet above the ground, even though he is provided with a parachute, especially if that life-saving device refuses to spread out until a brief journey of seventy-five feet or more has been made through the air.

It is not known whether the fire of the great dirigible that recently fell in flames through a Chicago bank building was caused by defective wireless, a spark from the big rotary engines, or static electricity; but whatever the cause, it is conceded by many that airships in their present state of development and insecurity should not be allowed to fly over cities.

The blunders of schoolboys are alike the world over, yet they are perennially amusing. Here are some definitions that recently found their way into print: Piscatorial, the Episcopal Church; achromatic, a peculiar smell; shagreen, to feel shy; laity, half awake; charter, to burn to a crisp ash; guitar, a disease of the head; perfunctory, organs of body; sapient, having sap; ocher, money; juggler, a vein.

Prof. Bruce Fink, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, congratulates himself, and justly too, on having a son who went through college and came out free from the use of tobacco, and then served in the army overseas and returned home still free from the poisonous habit. We wish there were more young men who had backbone and grit enough to keep themselves free from the health- and character-destroying habit, despite the temptation to smoke that persistently comes to them.

Sixty-five tons of knitting yarn, originally purchased by the American Red Cross for the making of socks and sweaters for American soldiers, has been manufactured into 78,000 yards of cloth and 33,000 shawls, fifty inches square, and shipped abroad to help provide for the destitute war sufferers of Europe. The shawls are especially heavy. The cloth consists of 50,000 yards, all wool, for blankets and heavy garments, and 28,000 yards, eighty inches wide, with a cotton warp.

The arrival at Warsaw of three freight cars full of sweaters made by chapter members of the American Red Cross for distribution among the destitute of Poland east of the River Bug was recently reported to national headquarters. The sweaters were a part of the eighth trainload of relief supplies sent by the organization to the devastated country, the entire shipment being valued at \$1,000,000. The train consisted of 46 cars, 9 containing food, the others clothing, medicines, and hospital and other supplies, including one whole car filled with American sewing machines and another loaded with cloth for garments to be made on the machines by native women.

Mrs. Frances Gee, of Eagle Rock, California, earned for herself during the war the title, "Champion letter writer of the U. S. A." She wrote an average of twenty-two letters each week to fifteen service men, making a total of 880 letters in forty weeks. In every letter she inclosed a five-cent package of chewing gum. She also prepared a home edition of "a trench newspaper" for free circulation among the soldiers. It was typewritten and contained news notes, stories, snapshots, and pen sketches.

Teachers and preachers are the poorest paid and the best paid of the world's servants. They receive less in dollars than do other professional people, and they receive most in satisfaction, in the consciousness of having added to the world's worth and joy. A strong educational or inspirational campaign is now being conducted to secure higher salaries for teachers. We trust it will be successful, for they are entitled to be among the best paid as well as the best satisfied of public servants.

Few people associate the idea of Arabs, Moors, or Turks with the picturesque cities of the Spanish main, yet there is a flourishing colony of these Orientals in Venezuela, hailing from Northern Africa and Asia Minor. They maintain among their foreign surroundings all the customs of their brethren in the Old World except that of plural marriage, on which institution the Venezuelan government has put a ban.

More than half of the 3,456 students who attended George Washington University during the last academic year earned their own way through school, working to pay for their tuition as well as for their board and room, according to Dr. William Miller Collier, president of the university. Those who went through a year of college in this way numbered 1,769.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Gospel According to Me

EUGENE C. ROWELL

SHARP eyes has my neighbor just over the way
As I meet with him now and again.
"I'm not much for books," he will oftentimes say;
But I know he's a reader of men.
"I haven't the time," he will kindly maintain
When I tell him the message is free.
Yet I know he is reading in sentences plain
The gospel according to me.

The God-sermon preached on the mountain of old
To hungry hearts yearning above,
Does my neighbor in me see its beauty unfold?
Does he get its great message of love?
Does he see the grand life of the Sinless who trod
In meekness by desert and sea?
Does he learn to adore the Begotten of God,
In the gospel according to me?

Does he hear the calm voice stilling tempests that break
On his soul in temptation's dark hour?
Is he healed of distress? Is he led to forsake
Sin's weakness for glory and power?
All these could he find in Luke, Matthew, or John,
Or Mark, where recorded they be;
But what does he find, as the seasons move on,
In the gospel according to me?

O Thou who of old wert in darkness a light,
Give me of thy blessing, I pray,
That my word and my deed and my living be right
As they're read by my neighbor today.
Give wisdom and vision, give grace as my needs;
May I bear such record of thee
That the soul of my neighbor be saved as he reads
The gospel according to me.

Success (?)—No. 1

R. B. THURBER

HE started out to win success, with naught but head and hands; a pewter spoon had been his lot, and not what wealth commands. He set one aim before his eyes,—a dollar sign it stood; and as he toiled it brighter grew, and nothing else looked good. Reverses came (they always do); he fought to break them down, for no headpiece appealed to him except a yellow crown. The gaping maw of strong desire soon gobbled up his health; his wife's content, his children's good, were sacrificed for wealth. His home became a boarding house, his wife a steady cook; his children once a month or so would get a pleasant look. The Book says, "Seek and find,"—forsooth, he got his heart's desire. But then he was too tired to rest, too restless to retire. Attempts to give away his wealth were quite misunderstood; and every cent for charity did harm as well as good. He offered half his fortune for a stomach that would work; and said he'd give his living if his liver wouldn't shirk. And in his public speeches when the crowd would call his name, he used to say the way to wealth and world-applauded fame is trodden by the man who scorns side-stepping work, but *does* it. They labeled what he'd won Success; but, tell me frankly, was it?

He had a mind for statesmanship, and studied books on law; he took a legal attitude toward everything he saw. He cultivated beaming smiles, and shook your hand with vim. No matter if your clothes were patched, it made no change in him. For every town improvement he became a prime promoter. Soon mass and class were friends of his,—especially every voter. He pulled the wires of politics, and fought the plutocrats. When workmen met him on the street, they bowed and doffed their hats. He ran for office, met defeat; but loss would never daunt him. Explained he didn't want the place if people didn't want him. He rose and smiled and ran again, and won the race in time; and then the way was easy on a steady upward climb. At last he sat in comfort on a senatorial chair. But when he looked to find his wife, behold, she wasn't there. His oldest son he didn't know;

his daughter feared her dad; and long ago he'd starved to death the love he thought he had. The church that used to touch his heart, had lost its lure for him. Ideals set with youth's clear eye were swiftly growing dim. But he's a man, they said, who sees his life's great work, and *does* it. And so they called his fame success; but, tell me frankly, was it?

"Behold, the conquering hero comes!" The bands blare forth the strain; and in the streets with deafening roar, men shout with might and main. He sits with unassuming air upon his prancing steed, and takes the plaudits of the crowd,—a man of mighty deed. Upon his military coat a score of medals rest; and when he writes his name in full, ten titles show their best. And who will say he hasn't earned the right to great renown, when yesteryear he crushed for aye an autocratic crown? He led his men through steel and blood to fight for Freedom's cause. He trod her enemies to dust to justify her laws. But oh, if men must fight, and death must come, since sin exists, then why a million innocents be placed upon the lists? This noble conqueror's passing fame is measured by the men who shrieked in dying agony, and swore revenge, and then—He has the eulogies of men, the flattery of earth; but on the pages white and fair how little is it worth? And even now, if we could read his hidden inmost ken, he'd sacrifice it all to have his boyhood back again. The world bestows ungrudging praise, uproariously does it: they call his life a grand success; but, stripped of glitter, was it?

Problems of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance

PERHAPS none of the fourteen thousand workers in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, at Washington, D. C., have such peculiar and complicated tasks as do the file searchers. In this branch of the Treasury Department are recorded the names of nearly five million men who were called to military service during the great World War. Thousands of inquiries come in daily regarding the status of the

insurance taken out by these different persons, and it is the work of the searchers to locate in the files the cards bearing this record. Frequently it is more difficult to do this than would be imagined. For instance:

An inquiry came in concerning the insurance of James Hall (3,721,505), McCall, South Carolina. The beneficiaries named were Mrs. Ella Stalks (wife) and Mrs. Fannie Stalks (mother). A search through the inventory of the thousands of Halls failed to disclose one from McCall, South Carolina. Neither could he be identified among the Stalks. Obviously something was wrong. "Well," remarked the searcher charged with producing the information, "his name must be some kind of Stalk, since his wife and mother bear that name, but *what* kind? Corn stalks, bean stalks, and cabbage stalks are the only kind I know anything about. But I'll just look them up." And sure enough she found him — James Cabbagestalks. Some one had blundered when the original card was made out.

A clerk in some demobilization camp evidently thought he was displaying a keen sense of humor when he sent notice to the bureau of the discharge of Private Charles E. Fliver, of Pushmataha, Alabama. The files seemed to fail again, for an examination of the cards of all the Flivers, Fleavers, Fluvers, and Pfluevers failed to help in locating Mr. Fliver of Alabama. Then the searcher had a happy thought. "A fliver is a Ford! I'm going to look up the Fords." And sure enough, there he was — Charles E. Ford, Pushmataha, Alabama, right where he ought to be in the index.

Then there is the "Divis mystery" case. A type-written letter came to the bureau from an army camp, ending

"Respectfully,

"Private Divis Spruce,

"Hastings, Pennsylvania."

This person wished certain information concerning the standing of his insurance, but neither imagination nor deduction nor searching served to identify him. No such man as Divis Spruce was listed. Finally light broke. Spruce Division! Of course! That was a part of the American army. The clerk procured a roster of the Spruce Division from the War Department and searched through the 40,000 names for a man who lived at Hastings, Pennsylvania. The list showed only one from that town — Herman Miller. His card was readily found in the file, and when he wrote to the Bureau expressing his gratitude for the desired information, he admitted that he had neglected to sign his name to his first letter. But how much time and trouble his oversight had cost!

The Latin custom, still followed to some extent, of adding the mother's last name when signing any official document costs hours of search. For instance, Jose Colozan y Sepulveda is listed. But in writing a mere letter of inquiry he will probably call himself Jose Colozan. What a problem for the searcher!

Another interesting but confusing custom from overseas is the Scandinavian idea of the son's taking the first name of his father as his last name with the addition of "son." For instance, a young man in the army bears the name of John Thompson. His beneficiary is his father, Thomas Johnson.

Familiarity with foreign languages is a great help to the searcher, especially in cases where foreign names are Anglicized. Fraize in French means Strawberry in English. A man entering the army might

correctly sign the English version, but his parents seeking information might as justly claim his name to be Fraize.

And whoever would think of pronouncing Wawyzyn as William? But the War Risk Bureau has learned this from a man whose last name is Adameczyk.

Handwriting experts are employed to decipher many of the signatures which come in to the bureau. Foreign names are often spelled incorrectly because the soldier is unfamiliar with the English language, and then if his relatives or friends write in to make inquiry about his insurance each spells it in a different way more likely than not. This is a source of much worry to the file searchers.

Not long ago the name of Andrew Good came in for identification. The files failed to produce his name, and finally the matter was turned over to one of the cleverest searchers. His address was North Dakota. Remembering that many Indians were listed from that State, she finally added Thunder to his name, and found the record card at once. His name was Andrew Good Thunder.

The girls employed as searchers in the War Risk Bureau come from every part of the country, and in selecting them an effort is made to get the best educated, and those who have had previous business experience.

The names in the files of the bureau, placed end to end, would make a line more than five miles long. There are 53,200 Johnsons on the list. Two thousand one hundred thirty-eight of these were christened John and nothing more. More than two thousand answer to the name of William. And this is only one illustration. The Smith, Brown, and Jones families are close rivals. It is interesting to know that 170 of the Williams family are named just William, and 280 of them are known as William Williams. There are 900 John Andersons, twenty-eight of whom use the name Jack. Five hundred of these Anderson boys are named James, and one hundred twenty-five of them have no other name or initial.

Still Shakespeare inquires, "What's in a name?" But then he lived long, long ago, before the days of airships and blimps and automobiles and submarines and the Great War, and War Risk Insurance!

The Two Roads

IT was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward their inevitable goal — the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his anguish: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossways of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven for which they lived. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and, with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young, his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth return! Oh, give me back my early days!"—*Gems for the Fireside.*

Ever Carry a Contagion Card?

A SALESMAN was visiting each house along a crowded residence street of a Western city, when he came to an attractive bungalow with a beautiful green lawn about it. He stopped quickly, although his foot was already on the first step of the veranda.

He looked at the door, then at the side of the door by the bell, and without ringing he hurried down the walk and hastily went up the street.

What so suddenly stopped him at that attractive home? Oh, he had seen a large, yellow card that bore the words in red type, "Scarlet Fever Here," and he realized that it would be dangerous for his own personal happiness to go into that house.

There are young people who are attractive of feature and dress, but who have certain habits, manners, or characteristics that shout to all about them a warning stronger than a contagion card. People shun them, and stay away from them, for they do not wish to be contaminated by their way of living, speaking, or acting. Oftentimes people who might be friends—valuable friends—are warned by the conspicuous contagion card which tells of some thoughtless habit.

For instance, there are the habits of disrespect for the feelings and opinions of older people; if not expressed in plain language, then thinly veiled in look or action. "Old-fashioned," "out-of-date," "old-fogy," are some of the milder terms that designate such disrespect.

Then there are some who cannot hold in confidence the most trivial things. Such young people are always anxious to tell something—to gossip. Their life is that of the talebearer that revealeth secrets and parteth chief friends.

Men and women who are seeking to accomplish great things in carrying forward our message have no time to talk about the petty affairs of others. They are not expected to associate with those who thoughtlessly speak of others.

These are but two of many habits that act as warning contagion cards, carried about by unthinking young people. People soon discover the card and instinctively say, "I don't want to be friends with anybody like that."

Suppose we stand off and look at ourselves and discover if we have a warning contagion card hanging without. Should inspection reveal it, we may purge our lives from the disease, through prayer such as was offered by David when he cried, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I know my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me." Ps. 51:2, 3. After the cleansing and the purifying we will say, "My tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. . . . My mouth shall show forth thy praise." Ps. 51:14, 15. We shall then be useful, active workers carrying a living gospel of hope, and our friends and coworkers and associates will be those who are tried and true; who keep the commandments and have the faith of Jesus.

UTHAI V. WILCOX.

The Shantung Question

THE "Shantung question" is thus explained briefly by the *Youth's Companion*:

"Twenty years and more ago two German missionaries were murdered in China. The kaiser immediately sent a fleet under his brother, Prince Henry, to exact reparation, and China, helpless and overawed by German power and threats, made a treaty that gave Germany full control for ninety-nine years of Shantung, including the great ports of Kiaochow and Tsingtau, and extensive mining and railway concessions; but the treaty stipulated that without the consent of China, Germany should not transfer to any other power the rights that the treaty conferred. That was in 1898.

"On Aug. 23, 1914, Japan entered the war just ended. Having directed Germany to evacuate all its possessions in China, it attacked, and ten weeks later captured and occupied, Tsingtau. With Tsingtau went the rest of the territory occupied by Germany.

"The Entente Allies made a secret treaty with Japan in which they promised to uphold the right of Japan to succeed to the rights of Germany in China. It was the price they paid for the support of Japan in the war. Japan nevertheless publicly announced that its purpose in expelling Germany from the peninsula was to restore the province to China. In May, 1915, it made an agreement with China by which it was to make the restoration, on terms that Japan itself had prepared and dictated; but the terms were expressed in language so vague that, interpreted as it will be by Japan alone, it can be made to leave Japan in almost if not quite as strong a position in Shantung as it would have had if it had not nominally restored the territory to China.

"The settlement by the Peace Conference leaves the whole matter in the hands of Japan."

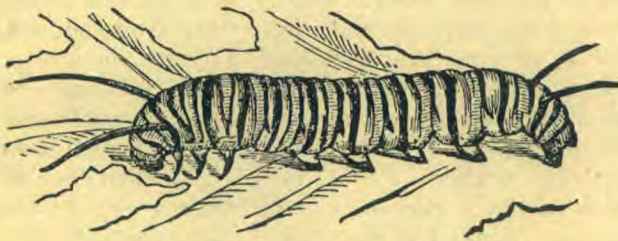
Nature and Science

Anosia's Adventures

ONE day late in spring, on looking out of my window, I discovered a tall milkweed growing outside, which seemed to have sprung up overnight, for I had not noticed it before, and on one of its leaves, swaying comfortably with the breeze, was Anosia plexippus, commonly known as the milkweed caterpillar.

He was going through strange contortions, and on making a closer inspection I found him just in the act of casting off his old clothes. With a last convulsive wriggle, he pulled his hind feet loose, and stepped forth in a brand-new spring suit, leaving his old one in a disconsolate little heap behind him.

Anosia's new suit was a series of bright black, green, and yellow stripes. There were two horns on the



The Milkweed Caterpillar, Anosia Plexippus

front part of his body, and two on the rear part. His head was small and rather flat, and he had three pairs of true legs, and five pairs of prolegs, or claspers.

Anosia needed no spring tonic to create an appetite—he already had one of ferocious proportions. He would station himself near the end of a leaf, and beginning at the edge, gradually eat his way to the stem, not scorning the ribs, and when there was no longer standing room he would move on to the next leaf and set up housekeeping there.

The upper side of the leaf was his dining-room, and the under side his sleeping quarters—so long as the leaf lasted. Every evening at sunset, and always about half an hour before a storm, Anosia would retire to his bedroom and there, rocked in his leafy cradle, he would rest through the dark hours of the night, or until the storm was over.

As the summer days sped by he grew large and fat, and molted at least two more times before reaching maturity. I knew when the molting time was approaching, by his dull, lusterless skin and sluggish actions, but was not fortunate enough to be there when he again shed his old clothes.

He Came Back

One day I was overcome with the desire to see what Anosia would do if deprived of his milkweed diet and home. Would he be satisfied with some other weed of different flavor? or would he wander aimlessly about and finally die of starvation, if so permitted?

Picking up a stick lying near by, I struck the milkweed a sharp blow. The astonished caterpillar flew through the air and landed in the tall grass and weeds several yards away. For some time he lay curled up in a round ball, whether stunned or merely meditating on his hard luck, I could not tell. Finally, cautiously unrolling himself, he began to look around, to see in what strange wilderness he might be.

Now, I had always imagined that a caterpillar's head was much too small to harbor brains, but Anosia's

head must certainly have contained a fragment of one, or at least a good substitute. Selecting the tallest weed, he climbed to its very tiptop. Then balancing himself by his claspers, he reared his body in the air and viewed the landscape o'er. There was his beloved milkweed home! Hastening joyously down, he started in the direction of the milkweed, but soon grew confused in the tall grass. Climbing another weed, he got his bearings again, and proceeded on his way.

After two hours' hard effort and numerous climbings of tall stalks of millet or other high-growing grasses, Anosia at last arrived at the foot of his milkweed. Never did animal of higher intelligence betray delight in more marked manner than did this lowly creature. Running swiftly up the stalk he wended his way unerringly to the very leaf on which he had been feeding before his adventure, and too exhausted to eat, he retired to his sleeping-room, where he stayed the rest of the afternoon.

Another Outrage

One day the milkweed home suffered foreign invasion. On going out to see how Anosia was getting along, I found a number of large, fierce-looking black ants running around on the ground, and a scout going up the milkweed. He ranged around until at last he came to the leaf on which Anosia was peacefully feeding. He looked at Anosia, but Anosia seemed unaware of his presence. Hastening down, he informed his pirate crew that there were some nice, juicy caterpillar steaks up aloft, and invited them one and all to the feast.

They swarmed up the milkweed stalk, and soon, cheered on by the leader, some of the more brave were nipping Anosia's tender skin. Poor Anosia writhed and reared his head in agony. Just then your humble



The Milkweed Butterfly, Anosia Plexippus

servant took part in the fray, and overcome by superior force, the enemy were soon in retreat, with great loss to their numbers.

Anosia retired to nurse his wounds and brood on the hardness of life in general.

The Tragedy

As the time of pupation grew near, I anticipated watching the process, and of some day seeing the beautiful butterfly (the Monarch), with its orange-brown wings with black veins and borders, come out of its prison. But alas! One morning on going out as usual, I found a torn and broken milkweed. Beneath it lay the mangled form of Anosia, victim of the thoughtlessness of boys who had passed that way!

HELEN V. ROSS.

The Development of Language

THE power of thought transmission has not always been so well in hand as at present. Like some other now common systems of principles, fulness of language has risen to its present height of excellence through many rudimentary stages. Without hesitation, one is quite ready to declare that spoken words by which to convey mental impressions, are the prominent line of demarcation between human and animal existence. Yet it is a matter of common knowledge that some animals, notably parrots, have vocal cords, and speak, in some instances, quite distinctly.

Passing backward in the stream of time, original specimens of melodious thought are found expressed in the Mosaic writings, which reveal that very early in history, the art of uttering in tuneful harmony imaginative thought began to be quite common. Indeed, one finds in the ancient book of Job the first known mention of writing (chap. 19: 23, 24), and, moreover, sacred history reveals in the Mosaic laws striking examples of letters applied to public documents.

The study of Egyptian history uncovers the theory of physics, by which the people of that country attempted to explain material changes noted in nature. Babylon also excelled in the science of astronomy, as may be seen by the fact that Greek astronomers, under the Ptolemies, made use of Babylonian observations, rather than those of the Egyptians. Yet the wonderful art of alphabetical writing does not seem to have been the invention of either of these empires, although quite commonly used by the countries between Assyria and Egypt.

The difficulty of inventing an alphabet does not lie so much in fixing *signs of things*, as in *analyzing sounds*, and thus harmonizing speech with their several elements. The history of alphabet invention is drawn from the ancient forms and names of the old Phœnician letters. The process consisted of turning the figure of an ox or house, from signifying the animal or dwelling, or even the names of these, to denote merely the *initial sound* of those names. Thus the figure of a house, as an alphabetic character, was no longer to indicate the house itself, or even the house name, *Beth*, but simply the *initial sound* of that character.

The supposed reason for fixing the choice on *Beth*, by which to represent the letter "B," was that it was the most frequent object appearing, the name of which emitted that particular sound. After the same order, also, the letter "A" found its place from *Aleph*, the character which stood for ox or cow, and the letter "G" from *Gimel*, the camel.

The formation of an alphabet was apparently forced upon ancient nations, because of coming into association with foreign peoples, whose local names for things could not be expressed by native hieroglyphics. Characters indicating sounds rather than things, therefore, became a fixed necessity. But early language sounds must have been crude expressions, as they were probably uttered in monosyllables, since the open and distinct sounds of vowels were at first lacking, but were supplied at a later date. With this necessary addition, written words assumed more definiteness of meaning.

The Phœnician alphabet is supposed to have been communicated to the people of Greece by one Cadmus, of whom reliable history has little to record. Upon its receipt by the Grecians, they gradually accommodated it to the needs of a more copious and me-

ludious language, destined to be handed down to unborn generations, through allied peoples. Through it the poems of Homer have been preserved, and the wars of early Grecian heroes have found a place in permanent history.

The English language is of Celtic origin, coming through Greek and Latin roots, with added German and French derivations. In fact, through the early control of England by the Romans, English official language was Latin for nearly four hundred years. About 600 A. D., however, the Angles and Saxons succeeded to prominence in English affairs, when the speech of that people became quite strongly mixed with German, thus forming what was known as the Anglo-Saxon tongue. But near the close of the ninth century, through Danish triumphs, the Scandinavian dialect became a strong factor in the composition of the English, and it was not until about the middle of the fourteenth century that Parliament was first opened with English speech.

This was in the days of the Reformer Wycliffe, a reputed scholar of his generation. A sample of English, as it was then spoken and written, will serve to show the great improvement of utterance between that time and ours. One expression reported in his writing runs thus: "I knodlich to a felid and seid pus." Were he alive now to express such sentiment, he would say: "I acknowledge to have felt and said thus."

The beauty of English language is nowhere more elegant than in the Bible itself, and though new customs and inventions bring forward new words, yet the King James translation cannot be excelled for simplicity of expression and directness of thought. It should be our daily study and contemplation.

J. O. CORLISS.

News Items of Scientific Interest

It is proposed to commemorate the work and sacrifice of the American soldier in the Great War by planting shade trees along the roads through our whole country, making them all "roads of remembrance."

Mrs. Louisa K. Thiers, now one hundred four years of age, remembers the opening of the Erie Canal, and how wonderful it was to be able to travel four miles an hour. Now we may fly at the rate of one hundred sixty-three miles an hour.

It may interest those who wear artificial silk stockings to know that they are made of guncotton. One of the most difficult problems that Count de Chardonnet, the inventor of artificial silk, had to solve was to make it nonexplosive; but he succeeded in doing so, and during his experiments with artificial silk he made discoveries about manufacturing high explosives that won for him the cross of a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Plating by compressed air promises to be of great service in the industrial world. The surface to be plated is cleaned with chemicals and then a thin sheet of the plating metal such as lead, tin, zinc, aluminum, copper, nickel, and their alloys, is blown on with a device resembling a hand torch. This torch contains a small electric furnace which reduces the plating metal to a liquid, and through the connection with a tank of compressed air the molten metal is sprayed on to the surface.

The Correct Thing

Some Little Hints

DO not speak out your impressions of people; not only is it often unkind to do so, but it frequently leads to much embarrassment. Two young women were waiting in one of our college chapels for an entertainment to begin, when a young man entered the room and stood for a few moments near the radiator, for the night was cold. "Who is that queer-looking young fellow standing there by the radiator?" remarked one of the young women, who was a stranger in the school. "And look at his pink cravat," she went on to say. "That is my brother," quietly answered the young woman at her side, not in the least ashamed of the good-looking young man.

Don't be ashamed of the simple customs of your home. Cordially share its hospitality with your guests and make no apologies for its simplicity. A young school-teacher had invited another teacher to take supper with her at her home. At the table she asked, "What will you have to drink?" expecting the young woman to answer that she would take a glass of water. Now the members of that family were as abstemious as a drunk neighbor of ours insisted he was when a cup of strong coffee was urged upon him in the hope of sobering him, and he emphatically insisted that he never drank anything stronger than water. Hence, as the house afforded no other beverages than milk and water, our young school-teacher was at a loss to know what to do when her guest replied that she would take a cup of tea. Had this young hostess simply said, "We have delicious cold milk, would you not like a glass?" or placed a glass of water near her plate and said nothing, she would have saved herself and her guest embarrassment.

Don't worry elderly people by constantly doing things that remind them of their approaching feebleness. I remember in my school days one young woman about whom I can never think without remembering her ostensibly polite ways. At one time it was remarked what good manners Miss — had, because on a crowded street car she had actually arisen and offered her seat to an old gentleman. But I feel sorry for the old man yet. I have in mind a dear old man whom I have allowed to go puffing along with my suitcase when I much preferred to carry it myself; I should be sorry to see the expression on his face should some young woman rise in a crowded car to give him a seat. However, circumstances alter cases of this kind; but the point is, don't follow *rules* of etiquette so closely that you will overlook the principles underlying them.

A contributor to a leading magazine says: "The only social qualifications necessary for any occasion are instinctive kindness and perfect naturalness. These two things are legal tender anywhere among really intelligent people." This is worth remembering, but "instinctive kindness" will cause us to desire not to offend in any way and lead us to acquaint ourselves if possible with the usages of the best society.

A certain young woman, whose name I prefer not to mention, though reared in a very simple home, was early taught the fundamentals of true politeness by a Christian mother; and though she was often admonished to study for herself books on good form, she considered this entirely unnecessary.

She was employed as the secretary of a minister and his wife, and upon one occasion, was invited with them to take dinner in a wealthy Southern home where a colored servant waited on the table. The hostess was a perfect lady, and the dinner was a pleasant informal affair, planned with a view to please the tastes of her guests, and should have been altogether enjoyable for this young woman as well as the others. However, she was rather disconcerted by the servant at her elbow, and unwittingly manipulated her side dishes in such a way that they were promptly removed by the servant when she had scarcely tasted them. A quicker-witted, less self-conscious person would not have allowed more than one dish to disappear in this way, but one after another they were carried away until the hostess finally remarked that her guest was not very hearty. The truth of the matter was that the young woman was exceedingly "hearty," and had she been a little more familiar with table manners she would have enjoyed the good dinner immensely. How much better it would have been had she laughingly apologized for her ignorance and said she was not ready for the dishes to be removed, that she was enjoying them very much, and at a word from the hostess, they would have been promptly replaced. Here is where the "perfect naturalness" to which our writer refers, should have been put to use.

On another occasion this same young person was taking supper out, and iced tea was served with the long-handled spoons to stir it with. In that young woman's home iced tea was never served, and they were fortunate, especially when entertaining company, if there were enough of the common dessert spoons to go around. So this girl had never used this kind of spoon before, and as there was no other by her plate, when the time came to partake of her dessert, despite the inconvenience of it she in some way managed to convey it to her mouth with that long-handled spoon. The hostess, who at the time the proper spoons should have been supplied was engaged in conversation, seeing the strange feat her guest was performing, sought to do likewise in sympathy.

These are little things to be sure, and not worth worrying about for an instant after a blunder of that kind has occurred, but let me assure you that books of etiquette took on an added importance to that young woman after she had passed through a few experiences of this kind.

If one has no opportunity to obtain a knowledge of what is good form, he is not to be blamed, and should, when he finds himself in places where he does not know what the rules of etiquette demand, make a few rules for himself right then, founded on common sense and good will to his fellows; but let him who has opportunity to become familiar with these things and fails to do so, expect embarrassment and "confusion of face."

VIDA V. YOUNG.

The Mistreatment of Words

THERE are no exact synonyms. If one word is not distinguished by at least a shade of meaning from another, they do not continue side by side. One or the other is driven out. The Saxons had names for food animals but none for their meat. Beef and mutton came with the Norman French.

The art of English composition consists in selecting the right word. The first editor of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, thirty years ago, issued a galley

proof of instructions to correspondents in which he used this illustration: "Shakespeare, in expressing the transitory character of human life, wrote the line — 'out, brief candle.' Suppose he had written, 'out, short candle.'"

John Bright, in delivering a eulogy over a dead member in the House of Commons, said: "The angel of death is hovering over us. We can almost hear the beating of his wings."

A newspaper reporter changed the word "beating" to "flapping." Here literal exactness destroyed a beautiful simile. Sails flap idly in a calm; heart beats measure human life, and drums beat to victory.

I knew a young woman who, when anything went wrong, insisted in the most vivacious manner that it was "scandalously outrageous."

The editor of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, previously quoted, upon leaving the office for a vacation instructed the subeditor to cross out the word "very" wherever it appeared in the copy.

You will remember the story of the Southern planter who, meeting one of his field hands, asked, "Sam, how is your wife?" "Powerful weak this mornin'," he replied.

A good English word can seldom be made stronger by adding superlatives, and there is always the danger of running into absurdity. How many is "quite a few"? The only answer is that "quite a few" is "upward of considerable."

The tendency of the day is to spread the condiment so thick that the meat is spoiled. What are we to think of the high school girls who declare that something is "awfully sweet"? They do not respect even the word "love," but have taken to loving everything from pet dogs to chewing gum.

It has come to be the fashion to jump from the positive to the superlative. That is why we speak of the "prettiest" of two. Frequently a positive word is strong enough without even the comparative form. Barnum advertised "the only greatest moral show on earth." During the world's fair in Chicago a baking powder manufacturer almost covered the city with signs declaring his product "the most perfect made."

Perhaps the two words most frequently warped from their intent are "balance" and "secure." The word "balance" should never be used without the image of the scales. It is a figurative word. The bookkeeper's balance is perfect, but all remainders are not balances.

The reporter wrote, in describing a fire that "the balance of the roof fell in." It must have lost its balance or it could not have fallen.

We read that the man "secured" a pistol and shot himself; but if he had actually secured the weapon, he could not have committed the deed. Why is everything "secured"? What has become of the good old words "obtained" and "procured"?

Why is it the newspapers insist that every mad man is "demented"?

Why should we permit the railway people to steal our good word "traffic"? It does not mean transportation, but trade.

Why do people remove and never move? How does it happen that every man who talks to a reporter "states" when he made no formal written statement at all? Why don't they "say" something occasionally?

It seems strange that injuries are always "sustained." Why not have wounds received or inflicted?

For what reason do we write that Mr. Wilson was

given a dinner, when the fact is that the dinner and not the President was given? Why not use the word "purpose" instead of "propose," when no proposition is involved?

Demean is a much-abused word. Demeanor means behavior, which can be good, bad, or indifferent.

The word "commence" is an unwelcome French orphan which has not displaced the Anglo-Saxon "begin," the curious use of "commencement" by the schools to the contrary notwithstanding. This ill-digested word always suggests the story of the German employed as a teamster. He mounted the wagon, grasped the lines, thought a moment, and yelled "commence."

Charles Dickens has been severely criticized for his wrong use of the word "mutual" in the title of his famous novel, "Our Mutual Friend." If together we enjoy the friendship of a man, he is our common friend. Mutuality, like love, implies reciprocity.

There can be no more interesting study for writers of matter for type than the differences in the meaning of the so-called synonymous words.

There is an old illustration in the words "apt, prone, likely, and liable." Apt is a good word with an upward tendency, prone lies on its face, likely is an intermediate term, and liable implies something impending. The example is as follows: Thomas is an apt scholar, but prone to study too hard, and therefore liable to get a headache.

The word "radical," which means from the root up, has been applied to vicious extremists until we no longer can employ the word in a good sense.

Something might be said about the words that have lost caste through getting into bad company. "Dissipate" means to scatter, and, perhaps, when the prohibition law is enforced it will come back to its own. "Addiction" may not be so fortunate if drugs are to take the place of whisky.

Words are an illustration of the old adage about "evil communications corrupting good manners."

There is a fine vein of satire in the farce of Charles Lamb, entitled Mr. H—. You will remember that Mr. H— bought a country estate and began to entertain lavishly. He was voted by all the women to be a charming man, and his popularity was enhanced by the mystery regarding his name. One evening as the genial Mr. H— was entertaining the society of the countryside a carriage drove up, and a man rushed through the rooms and grasping the host by the hand exclaimed, "My dear Mr. Hogflesh, how are you?" The ladies were horrified, and thereafter the social prestige of Mr. H— declined to such an extent that he was compelled to petition Parliament to change his name to Bacon.

Juliet was in love or she would not have said "that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

It is a mistake to overlook slang. Here we have language in the making. Suppose a new word does begin in Latin and end in Greek, only the academic fossils should object. Our language, as I have said, is confessedly a medley of foreign tongues.

Slang is seldom used in ignorance. It is virile, sententious, and effective. In one of the earlier British books moralizing about American slang the term "carry on" is quoted as applied to the tantrums of a bad child. How the boy "carries on." Today we have the British term "carry on" which exemplifies the undaunted spirit which will make the English people of 1914-18 live in song and story as long as the

world endures. Not in a thousand years will any hypercritical lexicographer dare to point a manicured finger of scorn at this enrichment of our language.

We owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Rudyard Kipling for putting blood and bones into our literature after it had been rendered almost invertebrate by the Oscar Wilde school of writers.

There should be some limit to the twisting of nouns into verbs. If a man "Sundays" in Boston, why cannot he "Tuesday" and "Wednesday" here also? If it is correct to "summer" at Atlantic City, and "winter" at Palm Beach, may we not, with apologies to President Wilson, "spring" in Boston?

In this connection how comes it that we "stop" at hotels? Stopping is a short and quick operation, if we don't happen to have brake trouble, but we may "stay" at even the best hotel if we have the money to pay the bill.

We have never been able to understand how a man can be "well posted" unless he happens to be one of those peripatetic creatures called "sandwich men."—*Epworth Herald*.

Making It Hard for Forgers to Operate

MR. WILLIAM PINKERTON, the famous detective, advises those who have check accounts to make it less easy for the forger to impose upon them by being more careful how they write and handle their checks. He counsels:

1. Don't throw your signature on a canceled check in the wastebasket at the bank. There are persons who make it a business to frequent banks and collect signatures.

2. Do not write checks with a pencil. These can be easily changed by a forger into whose hands they may chance to fall.

3. Canceled checks must be kept under lock and key, lest they fall into the hands of strangers.

4. Never make a check payable to "Bearer" or to "Cash."

5. Keep your check book in a safe place. Sometimes a person removes a few checks from the back of an-

other's book, and when he has obtained the desired signature, it is an easy matter for him to deplete that person's account.

Prohibition Drouth in New York City

THE *Literary Digest*, in a recent number, quotes at length from a man who has reason to know the situation, to the effect that prohibition greatly decreases the patronage of New York's cabarets and other such questionable places. He says:

"There cannot be a reasonable doubt that the ordinary café of preprohibition days is done. There is a possibility that some substitute stimulus for liquor will be found, but I doubt it. We are seeking that now. But, generally speaking, it was and is, the stimulative effect of liquor that made the cabaret and the dance attractive. Not that sober persons do not dance, but the difference between those who do and those who don't means financial ruin to the average Broadway café with an overhead expense equal, or nearly so, to that previous to July 1. It costs as much to serve lemonade as it does to serve a highball. The difference is that while a highball calls for several drinks one lemonade usually is enough.

"Our hotel is hit hard, but an even better example perhaps is that of the — Hotel near Times Square. The bar, which includes the service bar catering to the several dining-rooms and the roof garden of this hotel, did an average business previous to July 1 of \$3,200 a day. The net profit on this business in the course of a year averaged \$600,000. The same bar now does between \$200 and \$250 worth of business daily. The profit per dollar is less. It means that the manager of this hotel, if its normal earnings are to be maintained, must find some way to make his eight hundred rooms account for approximately a \$600,000 deficit. The remedy nearest at hand is a raise of food and room rates. But the public will have to be educated to that, and the great majority of the traveling public believes it is paying enough now."



CALIFORNIA CHILDREN ENJOYING THE NOVELTY OF RIDING REAL, LIVE ALLIGATORS

Just for the Juniors

The Ruined Merchant

A COTTAGE home with sloping lawn, and trellised vines and flowers,

And little feet to chase away the rosy-fingered hours;
A fair young face to part, at eve, the shadows at the door; —
I picture thus a home I knew in happy days of yore.

Says one, a cherub thing of three, with childish heart elate,
"Papa is *tomin'*, let me do to meet 'im at te date!"
Another takes the music up, and flings it on the air,
"Papa has come, but why so slow his footstep on the stair?"

"O father! did you bring the books I've waited for so long,
The baby's rocking-horse and drum, and mother's 'angel song'?"

And did you see —" but something holds the questioning lips apart,
And something settles very still upon that joyous heart.

The quick-discerning wife bends down, with her white hand to stay

The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his forehead lay;

To ask, in gentle tones, "Beloved, by what rude tempest tossed?"

And list the hollow, "Beggared, lost,—all ruined, poor, and lost!"

"Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune's hour,
And prove how better far than gold is love's unfailing dower.
Let wealth take wings and fly away, as far as wings can soar,
The bird of love will hover near, and only sing the more."

"Lost all, papa? why here am I; and, father see how tall;
I measure fully three feet four, upon the kitchen wall;
I'll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such lots of fun;
I'm big enough to work, papa, for I'm the oldest son."

"And I, papa, am almost five," says curly-headed Rose,
"And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly's clothes.
But what is 'poor,'—to stay at home and have no place to go?
Oh! then I'll ask the Lord, tonight, to make us always so."

"I see here, papa; I isn't lost!" and on his father's knee
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby boy of three.
"And if we get too poor to live," says little Rose, "you know
There is a better place, papa, a heaven where we can go."

"And God will come and take us there, dear papa, if we pray;
We needn't fear the road, papa, he surely knows the way."
Then from the corner, staff in hand, the grandma rises slow,
Her snowy cap strings in the breeze soft fluttering to and fro;

Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,
Counting in every little face, her life's declining sands;
Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises are sure;
For every grievous wound, my son, he sends a ready cure."

The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns aside,
The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear, to hide;
Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er and o'er
That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew before.

"May God forgive me! What is wealth to these more precious things,
Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor flings?
I think he knew my sordid soul was getting proud and cold,
And thus to save me, gave me *these*, and took away my *gold*."

"Dear ones, forgive me; nevermore will I forget the rod
That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to God.
I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love remain,
And, Heaven helping, never more shall blindness hide the chain."

—Cora M. Eager, in "*Gems for the Fireside*."

Another Little Slave Girl

R. W. MUNSON

[Is not the following incident worth clipping by Sabbath school teachers, and pasting in scrapbooks for future use?]

IN his book entitled, "*Elisha*," Dr. Krummacher relates the following tale which will give added comfort and help to every true believer.

On Mt. Caucasus, in Georgia [between the Black and Caspian Seas], there is a people anciently known as Iberians, who, early in the fourth century, when all around them spiritual and moral darkness hovered like the shadow of death, became possessed of the blessings of the gospel in the following remarkable manner: The Iberians having been successful at war with a neighboring people, among whom Christianity had gained some ground, brought away a young captive Christian maid, and sold her into slavery. The child was purchased by a reputable family, who as little suspected as did Naaman's wife, the value of the purchase they had made. For the maid was a vessel of divine mercy, and, profusely as her tears may have been shed in secret, she found consolation in her Saviour, and quietly and willingly performed all her tasks, doing even more than was required of her. By her obliging disposition and great fidelity, which were rare qualities among the Iberians, she soon gained the confidence and affection of those around her.

One day it happened that, according to the custom of the country, a sick child was carried about the neighborhood from door to door, in the hope that some

one might be able to suggest a remedy for its disease. But none could render the least assistance, and most people wondered that any hope of the child's recovery should be entertained; so that the poor parents, with their dying infant, proceeded on their melancholy round with increasing despondency and fear. At length it occurred to them, owing to a superintending providence, to show the child to the amiable stranger; they thought it possible that in her country a cure for its complaint might be known, and that she might be acquainted with it. As no other resource appeared, it was resolved upon as a last resort.

The bed was immediately carried to the house where Nunnia, the Christian maid, lived as a domestic slave. On hearing their desire, she remarked, with some embarrassment, that she was but a poor girl, and quite unable to advise them; but, she added, with a smiling countenance, "I can direct you to One who is able not only to restore the child to health, but who, were it already dead, could even recover it to life." The afflicted parents eagerly inquiring who the person was, and where he might be found, she replied, "He is a great and mighty Lord who fills the throne of heaven, but he willingly humbles himself to those who seek him, and he is all compassion and love."

They implored her to fetch him. The maid immediately retired to her closet to bow the knee before her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom she prayed: "Manifest thyself, O Lord, for thine own glory; show

thyself, and grant thy help!" And on returning to the child, with joyful assurance in her heart that the Lord had heard her petition, lo, the child opened its eyes, smiled, and was immediately restored to health. In transports of joy, the happy parents returned home with their treasure, and related to every one they met what a great and glorious event had taken place. But to him who had wrought this miraculous cure, the honor was not ascribed; it was given exclusively to the little slave, whom they now regarded as a supernatural being.

The report spread quickly through the country, and soon reached the ears of the queen, who, not long afterward becoming ill, thought immediately of the little slave girl. She sent messengers to request that she would visit her, but Nunnia declined the invitation, for she was greatly distressed that they should persist in ascribing to her an honor that belonged to her Lord alone. The queen, however, determined to visit her in person, and ordered her servants to convey her to the house where Nunnia served.

The maiden was greatly affected at seeing her. But she prayed again, and the queen likewise was restored to health. Miraus, the king, was overjoyed when he saw his beloved consort return in health, and made instant preparations to send the richest and most costly presents to her who was thought to have performed so great a miracle. But the queen dissuaded him from doing this, assuring him that it would afflict the mysterious child, who despised all earthly wealth, and could only be rewarded for her services by their worshiping her God with her. The king was not a little astonished; but the circumstance made, for the time being, no further impression upon his mind. Apparently the flash of celestial light which these two extraordinary cures had brought into the darkness of Iberia, produced at that time no lasting effect.

It happened, however, not very long afterward, that the king was on a hunting party, and, following his game with unusual ardor, lost himself in the depths of a wood. In this situation he was surprised by a dense fog, which quite separated him from his train, and every effort to extricate himself only served to entangle him more and more in the solitary wilderness.

Evening approached, and his embarrassment became extreme. He sounded his horn, but the only answer he received was the echoes from the surrounding cliffs, which increased his feeling of loneliness. It was then that he remembered what the foreign maiden had said of the power of her great, invisible King, whose throne and habitation were on high, but who was everywhere present with those that sought him. If this be true, thought Miraus, what is there to prevent his appearing for me? As the thought arose, he bent his knee in the solitary wilderness, and prayed, "O Thou whom the stranger calls her God! Jesus, if thou art, and art almighty, O show it now, and recover me out of this perplexity! If thou openest for me a way of escape, my heart, my life, and all that I have shall be thine."

The words were no sooner uttered, than the dark mist began to disperse, the heavens appeared serenely blue, and the astonished king, having proceeded a few steps, regained his track, and recognized the place where he was. He returned home in safety, but deeply affected. He related his adventure to the queen, and they no longer doubted that the God of the little slave girl was the living and true God, for they had experienced and felt him to be so.

The next morning they repaired to Nunnia, for they thought that she, before all others, ought to hear what great things had come to pass. With considerable emotion the king related to her the wonderful event, and then both the king and queen took the maiden by the hand, and entreated her to tell them more of Jesus. From that moment the royal pair were seen sitting like teachable children at the feet of the lowly slave, and Nunnia proclaimed to them, with unaffected simplicity, all that she herself knew of her Saviour, and of his wonderful works. They listened to her words with eagerness, and their hearts melted and burned within them as they heard the story of the cross.

Nor was it long before a still more interesting sight presented itself; the king and the queen thought they could not confer a greater benefit on their people than to proclaim to them the blessed gospel, which taught them of God manifested in the flesh. The king, therefore, preached to the men, and the queen to the women and maidens. The Lord blessed the message, and the people received the good word with gladness. Jesus entered the hearts as well as the habitations of these savage hordes, and a new creation sprang up in the gloom of their moral desolation.

On the ruins of their idolatrous altars were erected cheerful Christian edifices, which loudly resounded with the praises of him who had here searched for his own sheep, and sought them out.

Surely the life and example of this captive maid is worthy of our imitation. She was faithful and would not take honor that belonged to her Lord. She was given to prayer, and it would be well if we all prayed more. She had the faith of a little child, and we must have a like faith. She did a great work because she was humble and truly loved her Saviour.

May God kindle in our hearts the same devotion and faith that made her life so useful, and no doubt God will use us also in some wonderful way.

Glendale, California.

Suffer Little Children!

THEY lay by the trodden roadside, thin and pale, ragged and dirty, snuggled in each other's arms and sleeping as heavily as if *camions* and ambulances and transport wagons were not constantly rumbling past—sleeping in just the way any other little boy sleeps at night in his good comfortable bed, or any other little girl in what is still not much more than a crib.

The Red Cross nurse who spied them lying there in the dusty grass and took them back to the hospital with her, wrote home a few days later:

"They do not know what has become of either father or mother! Can you imagine it? Two little children, eight and six, no bigger than Paula and Bobby, with no home, no people, facing in their baby way the problems of existence which have discouraged grown men. I tell you, my dear, here in France the agony of the wounded and the groans of the dying are not so hard to bear as the suffering of the little children.

"As to Victor and Yvonne, if I can find nobody to claim them, I shall label them 'Mine'! They are so brave, so good! And I shall keep them both, for they must not be separated. That would be too cruel."

But even as she wrote a Greater Power ruled otherwise. Within the week, she died in the influenza

epidemic. Her friends in America never heard from her again, and no one has been found to tell the fate of little Victor and Yvonne.

To get a real picture of war, unaffected by adult pragmatism, one should be able to look into the brain of the little French child. Many of the little brains have, of course, given way under the terror, shock, and privation, and today humane people, through special schools in France, are trying to bring back reason to the hundreds of twelve- or thirteen-year-old children who have been reduced to the mentality of four years. But the other little children, those who have come through the terrible experiences, who have passed through bombardments, slept in cellars, in dripping mines, by the roadside; who have lost their fathers, watched their mothers carried away into Germany, been part of the tragic procession of refugees over and over again; who have been hungry, cold, homeless, friendless — what do these little minds think about, what questions do they ask themselves?

Brought up to go to church and pray to God, to honor their fathers and their mothers and believe in human kindness, what effect must all this horror, only partly understood, have on their attitude toward God and the world?

There was little Jeanne Dupres, for instance. When the enemy captured the town in which she lived, and carried away every boy baby, she was dragged from her gocart by a burly soldier, who, finding her to be a girl, dashed her to the pavement. She was permanently crippled. What thoughts does little Jeanne conceal behind the smile with which she still manages to brighten her pretty face? To be sure, she has a grandmother to care for her — a grandmother whose face bears the marks of terrible memories: who has seen war take away the father of her little grandchild, and has watched her daughter marched away into Germany never to return. And though they are poor as poor can be, yet to have a grandmother is a big piece of good fortune when one remembers how many little girls have nobody to care for them.

What would the little children of France do without the grandmothers? In every village we see them, slow of hand and foot, sad of heart, confused of brain, taking up again the cares of motherhood. They cannot do much, and — this we should not forget — what they can do will be for only a little time. Little children — grandmothers! on these two are built much of the hope of France; for 53 per cent of all the male population of France under 31 years of age died in the war.

Victor and Yvonne are only two of thousands of little fatherless French children of similar experiences. On the lists of the Fatherless Children of France, an American organization co-operating with a similar one in France of which Marshal Joffre is the head, there were 60,000 needy little children at the time of the armistice, for whom aid had not been found. Some of them had mothers or were being sheltered by some needy female relative, but the fathers of all had died fighting for the peace of the world.

This American organization has for more than three years been seeking to supplement with an additional ten cents the tiny pension of 10 cents a day granted by the French Government to its war orphans at the time of the early disasters. There have been many warm-hearted Christian men and women who have been willing to pledge \$36.50 a year (10 cents a day) to care for a child, and such a pledge has immediately

constituted such man or woman the "godfather" or "godmother" of a child assigned by the headquarters of this organization. Letters have then begun to pass back and forth, and soon the sad heart of the little protégé has grown warm and happy again. Fortunately, children forget!

With the war "over," other interests have seized upon the world, and these little hungry homeless children are in danger of being forgotten. Their faith in God, their whole attitude toward the world in whose government they will some day have a part, — if they live, — depends upon the spirit of that world toward them now. Is it to be the spirit of Christ which said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," or the spirit of the Pharisee who passed by on the other side?

These children should not be considered the children of any one country, — even if it were as rich as France is poverty-stricken after the terrible destruction of war, — but wards of a world made safe through their fathers' sacrifice.

For information as to donations and adoptions, write to Mrs. Walter S. Brewster, chairman Special Campaign Committee, Fatherless Children of France, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago. A little booklet of letters from French children will be sent to any one interested who will inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

ALICE MANNING DICKEY.

Our Junior Society

A Dialogue

MRS. BARKER: I wonder what keeps the children. They should be home by this time. O, here come callers. [A knock is heard and Mrs. B. goes to the door.]

MRS. MONG: How do you do? Is this Mrs. Barker?

MRS. B.: It is.

MRS. M.: My name is Mrs. Mong, and this is Miss Lane.

MRS. B.: Come in and be seated.

MRS. M.: We learned of your coming to our little city, and that you have three children, and it is especially in their interest that we are calling. I am the Junior superintendent of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and Miss Lane is my assistant. We are anxious to interest every boy and girl in our Junior society.

MRS. B.: This is something new to me. May I ask what the Junior society is?

MRS. M.: The Junior society is an organization of boys and girls from the primary age to the age of fourteen. The society meets every Wednesday afternoon for an hour for religious instruction and encouragement in missionary endeavor. All in all, it is one of the best organizations for the development of Christian character of which I know.

MRS. B.: That is just what I have been looking for. Just this afternoon my children insisted on going somewhere, and not a place did I know for them to go. I find there are many influences which are not good, and I do so want my children to become Christians with noble aims in life. Here they come now, and they are bringing company.

MISS LANE: Yes, I see some of our Junior boys with them.

MRS. B.: Come in, children. You have callers — Mrs. Mong and Miss Lane.

[Mrs. M. and Miss L. rise and greet the children.]

MISS LANE: I am glad to see that George, Frank, and Eugene are with you, for they can help us tell about the Junior society.

EDWIN: Do you study just as you do in school?

MRS. M.: We do not actually study a great deal, but I am sure our boys and girls gain a good outline knowledge of the Bible. George, suppose you tell us some of the things we have learned about the Bible this year. What are some of the different names for the Bible?

GEORGE: The Scriptures, the word of God, the Old and New Testaments.

MRS. M.: And what are some of the different kinds of literature found in the Bible?

GEORGE: History, poetry, sermons, and letters are found in the Bible.

MISS LANE: I know they would like to hear you give the names of the Old Testament books.

[George names them.]

MRS. M.: It isn't fair to have George do it all. Frank, suppose you name the books of the New Testament.

[Frank names them.]

EUGENE: We learn something about each of the first five books in the Bible, too, and why each book is named as it is. The first book is full of the first things, and is called the book of beginnings, or Genesis. Some of the first people were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Jacob, and Joseph; and the first things were the creation, the flood, the beginning of the chosen family, and the beginning of the chosen nation.

MRS. B.: That sounds good.

MISS LANE: Then we have an excellent Reading Course for the boys and girls, made up of four clean, helpful, interesting books. Frank, have you read this year's course?

FRANK: I have read "Jack of All Trades" and "Stories of Brotherhood," and they are fine. I am just beginning "Stories Worth Rereading."

MRS. B.: I do like to have my children read good books. I find that not all the books from the public library are to be depended on.

MISS LANE: For the smaller children, like your little daughter, we have a primary Reading Course of two delightful books. I will send them over for you to examine.

EDWIN: Do you do anything for others besides yourselves? Mother has always taught us that if we really want to build Christian character we must do something for others as well as for ourselves.

MRS. M.: I am glad you mentioned that. I have seen many evidences among our boys and girls of loving thought for others. A year ago our larger boys carried May baskets to many of the sick and aged. Recently our boys and girls made some very pleasing scrapbooks, and when they were told of an orphanage in Lake Bluff, Illinois, they voted unanimously to send their books to these boys and girls, who have no fathers and mothers to think about them and plan for their pleasure. For the last three months our Juniors have been saving their pennies and nickels for a Chinese boy, Ching Lang, so that we may keep him in school a part of the year.

HAROLD: Yes, but what about the good times the boys have been telling us of?

EUGENE: Why, I told you we have outings some-

times, and we get so hungry playing games that sometimes we think that the lunch that goes with them is the best part of all. It doesn't stay around very long, that's sure.

ALMA: I think I should like the stories best.

MISS LANE: Well, Mrs. Barker, may we expect to see your children next Wednesday?

MRS. B.: What do you say, children?

HAROLD: You couldn't keep me home.

THE OTHERS: We'll be there too.

MRS. M.: Boys, shall we give our motto before we go? [Give motto together.]

[Mrs. Mong and Miss Lane rise to depart, bidding Mrs. Barker good afternoon.] — *Adapted.*

Pabanyana and the Great Great

PABANYANA was a bright, happy, laughing, young granddaughter of an African king. The king was mighty, and ruled a large section of country. Pabanyana had never seen any one with a white face, or one who had ever worn clothes. If your ancestors and mine had never seen the letter "a" nor a bit of cloth, can you possibly think what sort of people we would have been? Pabanyana's house was of thatch grass. There was nothing at all in it but the ground, an earthen pot, a mortar for pounding corn, and a hoe with which to dig. She had a bit of blanket made of the bark of a rubber tree, and this was also her bed. She never rode in a carriage, nor on a horse, nor in a car, for she had never seen them.

When her mother was ill, they did not call the doctor until she was dead, and then only to find out who had induced some evil spirit to bewitch her. When a lion or hyena carried off some unguarded child, this most unlearned witch doctor came in to discover which particular evil spirit was displeased with the family. Pabanyana had never once heard of any good spirit; always evil spirits. She had seen her many relatives, one by one, sicken, grow helpless, and then be carried off to some secluded spot to die alone, and their bodies to be eaten by the wild beasts.

Now it happened that Pabanyana had an aunt named Custom House. This aunt had seen a missionary who had visited those parts, and she was greatly stirred up over his story of a future life. None of her people had ever heard of such a thing. They believed that good people, if there were any such, were extinguished, as a small and fluttering flame is blown out, and the bad were made over into snakes, lions, leopards, and crocodiles, and left to torment people.

Pabanyana's Aunt Custom House took care of her, clothed her in a little strip of bark cloth, and made cornmeal porridge for her every day.

When Pabanyana was eight or nine years old, her aunt brought her to the mission station to give her over to the school to be taught and clothed.

The missionary was busy, and could not so much as listen to Aunt Custom House, though the good auntie was well known to him. He told them there was no food and clothes in the house, and then told them to go home and wait. Poor things! They sat down on the African chairs,—that is, on their heels,—and soon the tears were coursing down Pabanyana's cheeks. The missionary could not endure that; so, even if the meal was low and gowns were wanting, he repented, and took Pabanyana into the school. She was given soap, and some girls took her down to the river,

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The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II — The Organization of the Church

(October 11)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Acts 20: 32.

Organization of the "Church in the Wilderness"

1. Whom did God appoint to lead his people out of Egypt? Ex. 3: 7-10.
2. How great was the work that Moses had to do? Ex. 18: 13.
3. How was the work organized that the responsibility might be distributed? Ex. 18: 25, 26.
4. How many elders were chosen to assist Moses? Num. 11: 16.
5. How did the Lord prepare them for their sacred work? Num. 11: 17.
6. What instruction did Moses give the rulers regarding their work? Deut. 1: 16, 17.

Organization of the Christian Church

7. What officers did Titus ordain in all the churches in Crete? Titus 1: 5.
8. What officers did Paul and Barnabas ordain in all the churches in Asia? Acts 14: 23.
9. What other officers are recognized? 1 Tim. 3: 8.

Qualifications of Church Officers

10. What are the qualifications of an elder, or bishop? Titus 1: 7, 8, 9, first part; 1 Tim. 3: 2-7.
11. What are the qualifications of a deacon? 1 Tim. 3: 8-13; Acts 6: 3.

Duties and Responsibilities of Church Officers

12. Why is it necessary for an elder of the church to have these qualifications? Titus 1: 9, last part.
13. What are the duties of the elder? 1 Peter 5: 2, 3; Acts 20: 28; Titus 1: 13; Acts 6: 4.
14. What are the duties of a deacon? Acts 6: 1-3.

Duties of Church Members to the Officers

15. How should the church members regard the officers of the church? 1 Thess. 5: 12, 13. Note.

Our Reward

16. What reward awaits the faithful church officer? 1 Peter 5: 4.
17. What reward awaits those who faithfully co-operate with the church officers? Acts 20: 32.

Note

Every man and woman, young or old, and every child who has identified himself with the body of Christ, owes it to Christ to "esteem very highly" the various officers of the church. The Lord's disapproval of Miriam when she criticized his servant Moses (though Moses was her own brother) was shown in afflicting her with leprosy. Num. 12: 10.

When Israel rejected Samuel and demanded a king in his place, the Lord showed his disapproval by saying, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me." 1 Sam. 8: 7.

When little children mocked Elisha, the prophet of God, the disapproval of God was shown in the withdrawal of his protection from them, so that they were destroyed by wild beasts. 2 Kings 2: 23, 24.

Intermediate Lesson

II — The Story of Jeremiah

(October 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Jeremiah 36 to 38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live." Jer. 38: 20.

LESSON HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 432-439, 452-458.

"Oh, where are kings and emperors now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet
A thousand years the same."

Questions

1. What attempt did the Lord make to save Judah's king and people in the time of Jehoiakim? Jer. 36: 1-3. Note 1.
2. To whom did Jeremiah dictate this message? When the roll was written, what did he say Baruch should do? Why did Jeremiah not read it to the people? Verses 4-6.
3. What did Jeremiah hope might be the result of hearing the message read? Verse 7.
4. Upon what occasion was the roll read? Before whom was the scribe then summoned? Verses 9, 10, 14, 15. Note 2.
5. What question did the princes ask Baruch? What was his reply? What warning did the princes give him? Verses 16-19.
6. When the king learned what had been done, for what did he send? Where was he when the words of the Lord were read to him? Verses 21, 22.
7. How did he receive the Heaven-sent book? How did the king and his servants show their indifference to the message of the Lord? Verses 23, 24. Note 3.
8. What did Jehoiakim seek to do with God's ambassadors? When contempt is shown to an ambassador, to whom is insult really given? Verse 26. Note 4.
9. What personal message was now sent to Jehoiakim? Verses 27-31.
10. What word did the Lord send to Israel when Zedekiah was king? How certain were the Chaldeans to destroy the city of Jerusalem? Jer. 37: 6-10.
11. What did the princes do with Jeremiah? Verses 15, 16.
12. Why did the king take Jeremiah out of prison? What did the prophet tell him? Verse 17.
13. What plea did Jeremiah make for himself? What privilege was then given to him? Verses 18-21.
14. When the wicked princes heard that Jeremiah still said that Jerusalem would be destroyed, what did they tell the king? What permission did the king give? Jer. 38: 4, 5.
15. Describe the dungeon into which Jeremiah was now cast? Whose heart was moved with pity for him? What did he have the courage to do? Verses 6-9.
16. How was Jeremiah rescued from the pit? Verses 10-13.
17. Of what did Zedekiah confess he was afraid? What earnest appeal did Jeremiah make to the king? Verses 19, 20. Note 5.
18. While Zedekiah did not turn to the Lord, what did he permit Jeremiah to do? Verses 24, 28.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

- Why were all efforts to destroy the Word of God in vain?
- How may we in our own experience, cut out parts of the Bible?
- Why is it unsafe to disregard the warnings of the word of God?
- How is the truth stated in Ecclesiastes 8: 11 illustrated in this lesson.

Notes

1. After the death of good king Josiah, the time drew near for the punishments which the Lord had said would come upon the children of Israel because of their sins. But in his great love and mercy the Lord gave the people still another chance to repent, by sending a written message by Jeremiah.
2. "When the writing was completed, Jeremiah, who was still a prisoner, sent Baruch to read the roll to the multitudes who were assembling at the temple on the occasion of a national fast day. . . .
- "Baruch obeyed, and the roll was read before all the people of Judah. Afterward the scribe was summoned before the princes to read the words to them. They listened with great interest, and promised to inform the king concerning all they had heard, but counseled the scribe to hide himself, for they feared the king would reject the testimony, and seek to slay those who had prepared and delivered the message.
- "When King Jehoiakim was told by the princes what Baruch had read, he immediately ordered the roll brought before him and read in his hearing."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 433.
3. "Yet they were not afraid." This expresses the writer's astonishment at the depth of depravity, the intense hardness of heart, the mental blindness and dulness of the king and his attendants, as if they imagined that burning the roll would destroy the word of God, or shutting their eyes would ward off the lightning stroke."—Peloubet.
4. "A wrong done to an ambassador is construed as done to the prince that sends him."—Matthew Henry.
5. "Thus even to the last hour, God made plain his willingness to show mercy to those who should choose to submit to his just requirements. Had the king chosen to obey, the lives of the people might have been spared, and the city saved from conflagration; but he thought he had gone too far to retrace his steps. He was afraid of the Jews, afraid of ridicule, afraid for his life. After years of rebellion against God, Zedekiah thought it too humiliating to say to his people, 'I accept the word of the Lord, as spoken through the prophet Jeremiah; I dare not venture to war against the enemy in the face of all these warnings.'"—"Prophets and Kings," p. 457.

They Need Your Prayers

Do you hear them pleading, pleading,
Not for money, comfort, power,
But that you, O Christian worker,
Will but set aside an hour
Wherein they will be remembered
Daily at the throne of grace;
That the work which they are doing
In your life may have a place?

Do you see them seeking, seeking
For the gift of priceless worth,
That they count of more importance
Than all other gifts of earth?
Not the gold from rich men's coffers,
Nor relief from any care;
'Tis a gift that you can give them,—
'Tis the Christian's daily prayer.

—Selected.

The Frank Korean

A MEDICAL missionary from Korea, Dr. T. E. Fletcher, tells of a visit he made with one of his helpers, a converted native, to this man's birthplace. As soon as the native greeted one of his boon companions of other days with the usual salutation, "Are you at peace?" he would hasten to say, "I am a new man. I have been converted and am now a Christian."

The doctor admired this young man's evident determination that all should early know of his changed life, so congratulated him on his zeal for the gospel of Christ. Then the native explained that when he was living in that community he was a heavy drinker. If he did not tell his friends of his conversion, they would insist on his drinking with them as in the past, so he meant to forestall such temptation by an immediate announcement of his changed habits of life.

Is not this a good rule for us all? Instead of inviting temptation by placing ourselves in questionable company and circumstances, let us the rather place ourselves beyond the temptation by holding aloft the banner of truth and refusing to go where the Christian should not go, and by refusing to do what the Christian should not do.

F. D. C.

War and the Children

THE story of Russia's deserted children is one of the most pathetic written on the pages of history. Thousands of these children were taken out of the cities to be saved from the suffering to be endured under the threatened sweep of Bolshevism. Later when their teachers and guardians sought to return with them, they were refused admittance. Maddened or driven insane by this refusal, they deserted the children, who then fled to the Ural Mountains and lived on berries and whatever else they could find to give them sustenance until death came to release them from their suffering. These little wanderers ran wild after their desertion, and when rescued suffered terribly from fear at the approach of a human being.

Now the American Red Cross has picked up 1,200 of these starving children, and is caring for them in a little colony at Lake Turgoyak in western Siberia. They are being fed, clothed, and educated. This colony is situated seven miles from a railroad, and is bordered by a number of houses whose owners have fled. Through the co-operation of the Russian authorities, the site and the houses have been secured for the use of the children. The blue waters of the lake have been shimmering lazily in the sunshine in this uninhabited spot, just awaiting the chance to reflect beauty

in the faces of little children and splash about them as they swim in its depths. And now its time has come! Henceforth, we shall hear no more of the "lost children of the Urals," for they have become the new citizens of Lake Turgoyak.

There are even now said to be 75,000 homeless children in Petrograd, Russia. In Poland the children are suffering for the simplest garments, as well as for food. Jerusalem has many little Armenian waifs who were driven from their homes by the Turks. It is claimed that the growth of the children in the devastated regions of France has been retarded four or five years, due to the suffering from shock and deprivation. In Central Europe there are seven millions of starving children. How cruel the war has been to the world's children!

F. D. C.

Pabanyana and the Great Great

(Concluded from page fourteen)

scrubbed and rubbed her, cut off all her hair to get her head clean, and put on her a nice calico dress, of which she was exceedingly proud.

She began at once to pray, and was eager to learn. She was at every service, and, of course, in a little time she had learned that the Great Great created her, and that he watched over her. Of course she was very happy, and wished to know what she could do to praise the Great Great. She thought it must please him to have her go home to tell her grandfather, the chief, all about it. So she went; but the chief would not listen to her. He said she was turning "white man," that none but white men could read. "Black men could not learn to read."

Years later he changed his views, and said: "Yes, my child, I know you are right; I know the Great Great will finally rule my country. I am glad you believe him; but I, alas! I am too old ever to turn." But her grandmother turned, and the king let her. Now her relatives are all within the fold, and that chain of salvation has only forged its first few links as yet. None can tell its length. We have only just begun to save souls in Africa. Save her children and you save Africa. "A little child shall lead them."—Abridged from "Child Life in Mission Lands."

True

THE ability to do hard work
And keep at it day by day,
Is the highest order of talent,
Though spelled in a different way.

—Rev. Robert H. Washburne.

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