

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 41



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PRESIDENT WILSON DISCUSSING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING WITH GOVERNOR SPROUL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

From Here and There

Two hundred fifty miles of British war medal ribbon are to be issued to the men and women entitled to these decorations.

The giving away of one copy of the Harvest In-gathering *Watchman* resulted in thirteen persons ac-cepting the gospel message for this time. Was it worth while?

It is claimed by religious and philanthropic or-ganizations that there are 12,000,000 children in this country that are absolutely without religious instruc-tion of any kind.

On August 21 Herr Ebert took the oath as "im-perial president" of Germany under the new consti-tution at Weimar. The ceremony was marked, accord-ing to dispatches, with great popular enthusiasm.

Princess Parhata Hiram, eighteen-year-old daugh-ter of the sultan of the island of Jolo, and Carman R. Aguinaldo, daughter of the former Filipino bandit, are now enrolled as students in the University of Illinois, Chicago.

"Haig" and "Pershing," two old English sheep dogs that were sent from California to the war, were detained in London for training; and after graduation they were sent to France and connected with the am-bulance work. They saved the lives of 1,062 soldiers.

Springfield, Massachusetts, is carrying on a six months' courtesy campaign in which every person is going to try to be polite to all he meets. At the end of six months the promoters hope that every one will be convinced that it ought to be a permanent feature of the city's life.

A Russian who got a job in a New Jersey shipyard about two years ago proved to be an unusually com-petent rigger. Attracting attention only by his skill, he remained at work until April, 1919, when he took off the overalls of an American workman and donned the uniform of a Russian rear admiral. He was Othon, Baron de Richter. He had commanded a Russian battleship squadron in the Baltic and had lost his flagship in battle at Riga Bay. After he came to this country in 1917 the Bolsheviki confiscated his fortune; so he supported himself and his wife by working at a trade until the Omsk government called him back into service.

Mr. Davis, an American dentist who has spent many years in Berlin, and who had the royal house-hold as patients, says that in Germany before he left there in January of 1918 there was a great lack of fats. "A fat person in Germany today is regarded with suspicion," says Mr. Davis. "I saw a stout woman being followed by at least twenty boys who were jeering at her and making slurring remarks about the manner in which she had retained her avoir-dupois." In the absence of cotton thread Berlin tailors, during the latter part of the war, worked the seams of their garments with a material that looked like paper string. This string was also used by the department stores in wrapping bundles, but the people were warned not to attempt to carry their bundles by the string.

Billboard and roadside advertising have been un-der criticism for many years. The weight of adverse criticism has increased and many advertisers have taken note of the trend of popular opinion, while public authorities and all persons interested in the sightliness of highways and the preservation of scen-ery have taken their stand against these forms of advertising. In Pennsylvania the State highway de-partment is reported to have issued a general order to all the county road superintendents directing that more than ten thousand miles of State roads "be stripped of advertising signs of every description."

The great Krupp firm of armament manufacturers has begun to center its attention on preparations for government contracts for the construction of loco-motives and railway cars, according to German trade journals. The firm has agreed to give the government part control of the superintending. One of the first contracts calls for 100 locomotives and 2,000 cars. Directors of the Krupp works are also endeavoring to obtain contracts in other branches of iron construc-tion in order to bring all its factories up to at least a part of its activities during the war.

Having given away \$350,000,000 during his life-time, Andrew Carnegie left a fortune of about \$30,-000,000. His will disposes of about \$960,000 to public and charitable institutions, and grants annuities amounting to about \$300,000 to friends and relatives, including \$10,000 a year each to former President Taft and Premier Lloyd George, and \$5,000 a year each to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Thomas J. Preston, who was the wife of Grover Cleveland.

The kaiser of Germany before the war owned be-tween fifty and sixty magnificent palaces. One of these in the island of Corfu proved so attractive to one of our American millionaires that he wanted to purchase it, irrespective of the cost; but the kaiser sent word that "there was not enough dollars in the world to buy the castle." However the building later was taken by the Allies, and is now serving as a hos-pital for Serbian soldiers.

Airplanes help the fishermen on the Massachusetts coast fisheries. The old-time lookout, stationed at the head of the mast of a fishing ship, is now displaced by a man in the airplane who flies over the ocean and signals the place of shoals of the fish.

The Youth's Instructor

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Apostrophe to the Mountains

IMO ALBEE

FAREWELL, ye ever-towering mountains grand,
That in my heart, through all the years, shall stand
As monuments that ever point to God;
For his Almighty Hand alone could mold
Your snow-capped peaks and pinnacles of old,
And scatter on your barren sides the sod.

And oft, as twilight gathers round me here,
I see in memory's faithful chamber dear
The sunset changing purple peaks to gold:
And hazy grows your rugged, rocky sides
As evening's curtain from my vision hides
The outlines of those stately rocks of old.

Then once again I hear the murmuring streams,
And see, among the rocks, the evergreens
That whisper in my ear that He is nigh;
While often in the silent mirrored locks
That find a resting place amid the rocks
Reflected lie new lessons from the sky.

O mountains old, that ever steadfast stand
And brave the storms of Time's unyielding hand,
You teach us to stand firm and all unmoved.
No matter how life's storms against us beat,
No matter how we feel the battle heat,
We stand to tell that Christ sufficient proved.

My Experience with Novel Reading

ELLEN FREI

ONE sunny afternoon in October I was sitting in the dining-room writing, when my sister Gertrude came in and placed a slip of paper on the table before me. She looked at me appealingly and said, "Won't you sign this, please?" I read it, and knew at once what she wanted. It was a pledge promising to abstain from novels and other harmful reading.

I was silent, but as Gertrude stood there waiting I was forced to say something. Finally I sheepishly answered, "You sign it for me." She only replied, "That would not do you any good," and left the room.

For a few moments I could not resume my writing, but sat gazing at the little pledge. All through that day my mind would turn to it. How much I wanted to sign it! But I did not dare to do it, for a pledge meant much to me and I did not want to sign it when I felt doubtful of my keeping it. I had tried many times before to discontinue novel reading, and had always failed in my attempts.

It was several years before this that I had gained the habit of reading harmful literature. My father has always been a great reader and every week several papers and magazines came to the house. I generally picked up the papers, glanced through them, and read what appeared interesting. Soon the continued stories were the most interesting part to me. I could hardly wait from one month or week to the next to continue my story.

I never dared to read these stories openly, therefore I would always steal away somewhere to read. Neither father nor mother would have allowed me to read them had they known I was doing so.

Every year the habit gained a firmer hold on me. Every novel I could borrow or buy was brought home and read and reread. I knew that most of the matter I was reading was harmful, so I scanned the stories quickly and tried to forget them — hopeless task.

My interest in solid reading had vanished long since. From a sense of duty, I occasionally read my Bible; but good reading and study were distasteful to me.

After several years at an academy I was graduated from the elementary normal course, and was asked to teach the next year. Could I continue my novel

reading while teaching a Christian school? This was a question which many times disturbed my meditations.

I had repeatedly asked the Lord to take from me this habit, but in a very heartless and faithless way, for I did not really expect my prayer to be answered. I enjoyed novel reading so much that I felt I could not give it up.

But I decided to pray, and pray earnestly, that my desire for reading might be only for what is pure and good. I knew that only the power of God could help me in this. My Bible was being read more, and I really began to enjoy it. After an hour with the Bible or another good book, a common love story seemed cheap and uninteresting.

For several years I did not read any fiction. But my struggle was not over. More than once since, I had read stories that my conscience told me I should not read. Sometimes I think the novel-reading habit must be as hard to break as the strong-drink habit.

It has been only the last few years that I have really realized the great harm done to my mind by scanning over so many questionable stories and then trying to forget them. I find it hard to memorize anything, for my mind has been used for a sieve so long that it is hard to use it for anything else.

Then I think of the many hours worse than wasted which might have been used in self-improvement. My one injunction to others is, "Touch not; taste not; handle not."

A Trip to Darjeeling, India

ONE afternoon in the latter part of May, lured by the thought of coolness, rest, and recuperation, a traveler might have been seen amid boxes and bags, wending his way to the small out-of-the-way station in Calcutta from which the train leaves for the upper Himalayan summer resorts.

At the station our traveler, being relieved of all his belongings, was placed in a compartment for passengers while coolies deposited his luggage in a carriage fitted up for that purpose; the only link binding him

to his earthly possessions was a small slip of paper bearing a number.

The day was hot, and as the clouds of smoke and dust poured in at the windows that must be open to admit the air, every move made a dustcloth of his garments. All this was not very conducive to tranquillity of mind, but as the train sped on, little by little the vegetation took on a greener, less dusty hue, and the heat began to subside until at 10 P. M., when it was necessary to change cars, exertion was quite endurable.

Then came the faith-testing process of presenting the numbered paper slip. He saw, with much satisfaction, his "own identical" luggage delivered to the waiting coolies, who bore it off in a triumphal procession and safely deposited it in the same compartment with himself, all of which tended, perhaps, to compose his perturbed spirits for a good night's sleep.

The guard whistled, and again the train began to move. On and on it sped through the long hours of the night, ever and anon stopping to deposit and take on passengers.

At six in the morning the train again came to a standstill, and our friend was informed that once more he must alight and change to another train.

Again his possessions were taken from him. This time they were weighed, and a heavy charge imposed for all above that allowed on his ticket. Again he was presented with a paper slip and his luggage borne away, but this time it took less faith to believe he would see it again.

He was then conducted to the tiny, toylike compartment that was to be his abiding place for the next seven or eight hours. The track was so narrow and the carriages and engine were so small that it seemed impossible that it could ever carry so many people up the steep mountain sides to their destinations; but up the steep grades it went. When it seemed that the little engine was putting forth every ounce of its power, the short, strong puffs seemed to say, "I can, I can, I CAN," and the thought came to him that this is the way to meet even the hardest difficulties in life. Thus that toy engine preached a sermon all the way up those mountains.

Surely there could not be grander, more sublime scenery than he saw at every turn. The nearer high slopes were clad in ever-changing shades of verdure as the branches of the stately trees waved in the breeze or stood motionless like sentinels guarding the half-hidden vales below; while far back of these hills stood higher ones raising their sharp peaks skyward, clad in beautiful garments of perpetual snow, and marking the boundary between India and Tibet.

The slopes of many of the lower, near-by hills were covered, from summit to base, with a veritable checker-board of tea gardens, with here and there the comfortable home of a planter.

Down the steep slopes into deep cañons, rushed many little mountain streams, looking very harmless and only "things of beauty;" but they are not "joys forever," for after the breaking of the monsoons, they become raging mountain torrents sweeping away everything in their path.

All too soon this intensely interesting journey came to an end, and our traveler was left to wander through Darjeeling's beautiful winding drives and bypaths. These were bordered by myriads of many-colored flowers and shaded by the overhanging branches of great trees laden with clusters of orchids of many colors and varying fragrance.

These mountain sides, away from the busy haunts of men,

"All form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift her soul
Above this sphere of earthliness:
Where silence, undisturbed, might watch alone
So cool, so bright, so still."

OLIVE SMITH.

"Robert Fulton" on the Alta Paraná

WHEN I was a child, my father had a large book called, "The Greatest Events of the Nineteenth Century," with which I passed many pleasant hours looking at the pictures and reading the accounts of the wonders of the age. In that book an account of Robert Fulton's first steamboat was given with some pictures. I was deeply interested in the story of his triumph over obstacles in his way, and gloried in his courage at facing the scorn of neighbors who, little appreciating his efforts, called his steamer "Fulton's folly." Even yet I seem to hear the steam hissing



"Robert Fulton" on the Alta Paraná

out of the joints and valves of its engine, as the untried craft, groaning under its first load of steam, started in triumph up the Hudson River. I learned that Fulton obtained his first idea of side paddle wheels while he was a mere boy. He helped his uncle on his fishing excursions. It was the boy's duty to row the boat while the uncle attended the lines and pulled in the fish. But Robert thought he would like to fish too. So he arranged some paddle wheels on the side of the boat which he could turn by crank. This made the rowing of the boat easier, and gave him opportunity to attend to his own hooks. It was not a very long stride in principle from this simple side-wheel fishing craft to the renowned "Claremont," Fulton's first successful steamer, and the one which immortalized his name. He had merely to apply the steam engine to the crank and the problem was solved.

I have been profoundly interested in Robert Fulton, and especially in that ingenious fishing boat. When a child I frequently wished I could see the great man. But I knew that he was dead and gone and never dreamed of seeing either him or his boat.

But away down here in South America and up on the confines of Paraguay, in the midst of primeval forests, on the bosom of the beautiful, majestic Alta Paraná River, I met my childhood dream. When I first saw the queer craft at a distance I thought: "There is Robert Fulton and his boat," and felt a

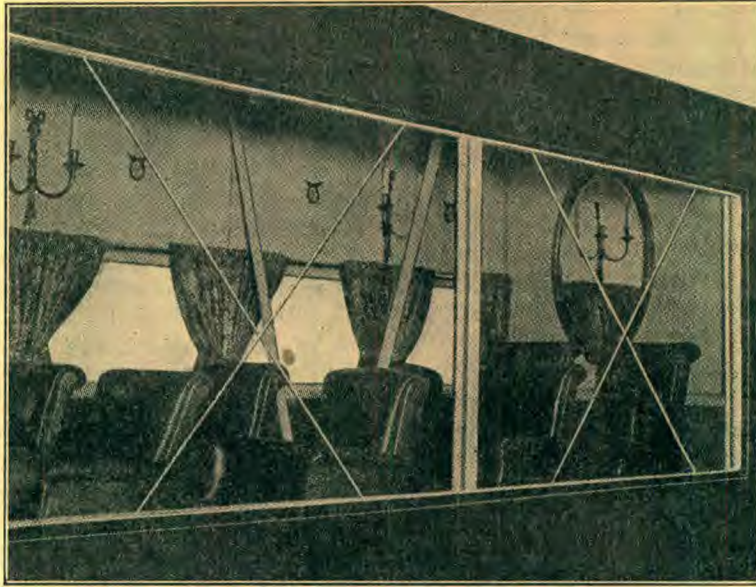
(Concluded on page fourteen)

Responsibility

RESPONSIBILITY is the yoke that is good for a man to bear in his youth. It is a long word, and it means a big thing. But it is big in rewards as well as big in requirements. Its motto is, Get under and lift. You may exist in life without bearing this load, but as long as you refuse to get under, you are placing yourself with the common run of people. You are not of the superior.

Responsibility is the corner-stone of the building. The structure will fall if you fail. Responsibility is the heavy end of the load. There will be a smash-up if you let go. Responsibility is the slippery end of the rope. All is lost if you don't dig your finger nails in. But you are stronger, warmer, more skilful for the exertion.

There is nothing harder to do than to be responsible—at first. Care-free childhood makes this so. Taking on your first real responsibility is worse than having a tooth pulled, or taking a whipping, or staying in



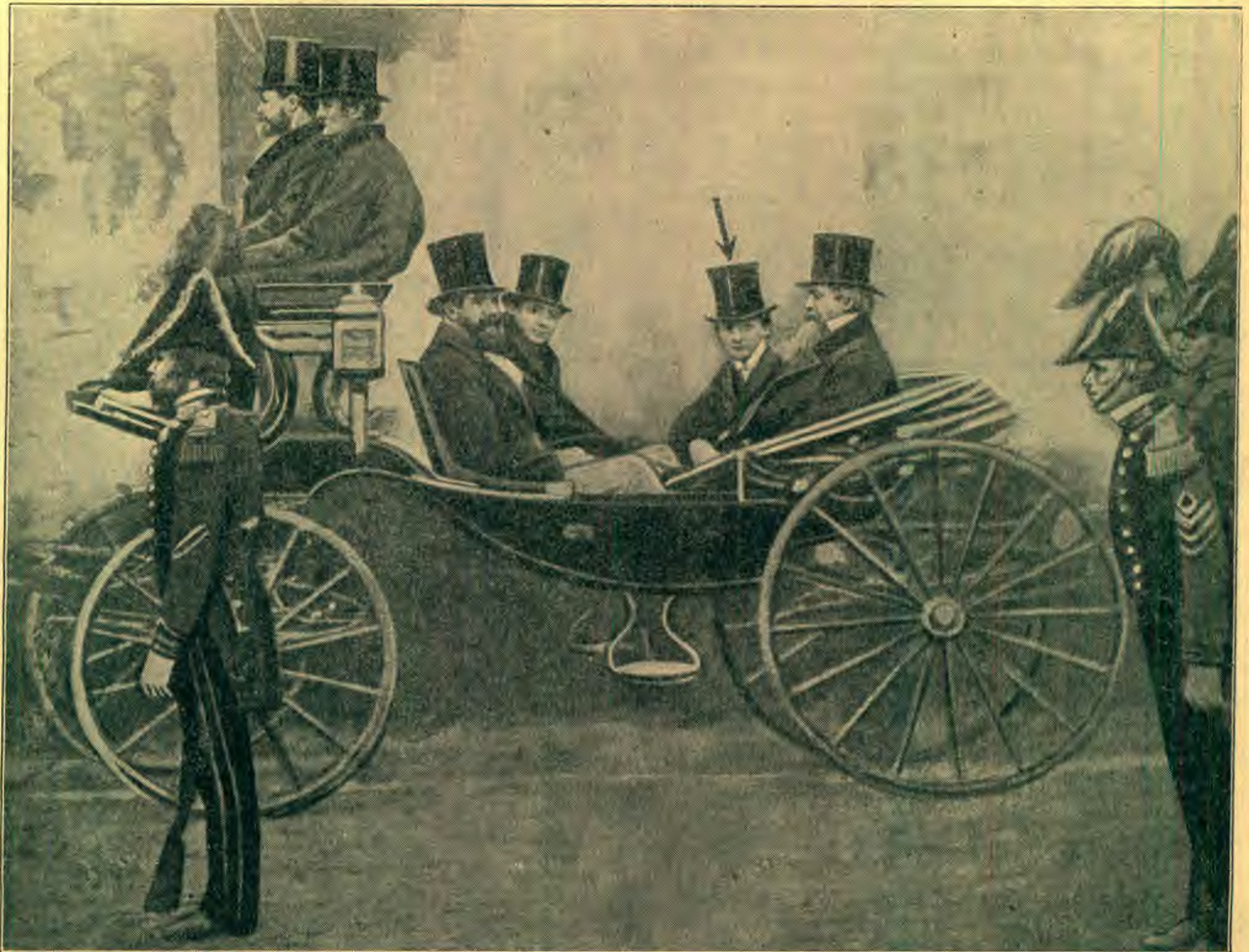
THE WAY ROYALTY TRAVELS NOW

Interior of Handley-Page airship fuselage, fitted for carrying twelve passengers in comfort.

spirit. So every sane person has a chance to get into the running and to share in the prize.

It's great to be responsible,—better than contentedly sticking your tongue into the hole where your tooth was; better than a shaded hammock in August; better than getting over the "flu." Life does not afford a greater joy than to have borne responsibility, and to have borne it successfully. Try it, and prove the truthfulness of this statement.

ROBERT B. THURBER.



Photo, International Film Service, Inc., N. Y.

The late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, visited this country. It was in 1860. The photograph shows the prince riding in state in New York City at the time of the greatest demonstration given him while here. Guardsmen marched in salute for the distinguished visitor; there was a torchlight parade, and his entire stay in this country was a round of brilliant entertainment. The present Prince of Wales is now in Canada, and will be an honored guest of the United States within a short time.

Training Versus Education

IT is written that in the days of ancient Israel there were seven hundred left-handed men of the tribe of Benjamin who could "sling stones at a hairbreadth, and not miss" the mark; this they learned to do by practice. No doubt many times while learning to hit the mark they had to try over and over again. I suppose not a few became discouraged and gave up, saying, "What's the use?" This lack of perseverance was not due to a lack of education, but to a lack of training. These men knew that in order to be good marksmen they had to be able to hit the mark; for when in battle, a miss might give the enemy a chance at them and thus endanger their own lives. Knowledge did not make them marksmen; it was training, constant, diligent training, that enabled them to hit the mark.

Education is good and necessary, but what the world and our great cause need is trained men and women; trained, not so much in the arts and crafts of this world, as in spiritual and moral things; trained to be faithful, loyal, and true to what is right, honest, and just, and out of this, these other arts will come to be a blessing; trained that in the hour of temptation they may have a stone of principle to put in the sling of courage and hit the tempter, not missing him a hairbreadth, for it is not enough to know the enemy; to overcome him is what delivers.

O for trained men and women that know the value of prayer and the power of God's word! that they may go forth with confidence as did David of old with his tried and tested simple sling, and slay the giants that are constantly opposing and blaspheming God's holy law. Where can we find such men and women and where can they get such a training? The Lord has provided a place, dear young people; it is in our schools and colleges. It is here where many of our faithful workers learned the need and trained themselves to fill the demand; here they learned to love the gospel cause and determined to be true to it. This is what makes our schools different from worldly institutions.

CARL F. STABEN.

Why I Would Be an Adventist

[The following article was written by a young girl who entered the church school last year with little religious interest. It was not long, however, before she became one of the most enthusiastic missionaries in the school.]

MY mother was shown the light of this gospel message fourteen years ago. Soon after hearing it she moved to Ohio, with my two sisters and myself.

There was no Sabbath school within sixty miles of us; therefore for a while we did not have the privilege of attending Sabbath school, but my sisters and I went to a Sunday school near by, where I learned lessons that have been a great help to me, although I did not gain much knowledge of the Bible; for instead of asking questions the teacher told us the lesson, and it did not stay with us long.

Later we attended a small Sabbath school at the home of a Mrs. Daniels. I found this quite different from Sunday school, for the teacher asked each one very pointed questions, and we either had to study our lessons or feel ashamed at not knowing anything. Naturally what I learned made a deep impression upon me, and has remained with me.

One day a letter came from grandmother which brought great joy to us children, for in it she asked

us all to return to Knoxville, and mother consented to go. This made quite a change in my life, as here I started to attend a real Sabbath school for the first time, and in the fall I was sent to school in our little rear schoolroom where I have been going for five years. Every day of these five years I have studied the Bible, so I have a pretty good knowledge of it, and of what the Adventists, as a people, teach.

One thing that gave me confidence in the denomination was that as a people they believe in the Bible as their only infallible guide of faith and practice. When I attended public school, I was taught that it took thousands and thousands of years to create the world, and that the Bible story of creation is only a myth; but if we take the Bible as our rule of faith, as all Christians profess to do, we must believe all of it, and the first chapter of Genesis tells us that God created the earth and all that is in it in six days, and I believe it means just what it says. Matthew 5:18 says, "For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." This, of course, includes the fourth commandment, and I cannot understand why I was taught in Sunday school that the Lord had changed the Sabbath from the seventh day to the first when he himself said it should not be changed.

If my birthday comes on August sixteen, and I should be sixteen next August, I might say that I wanted to change my birthday to August 30, and then say on the thirtieth that I was sixteen years old, but this would not be true, for I would be sixteen years and fourteen days old. Just so the Lord chose the seventh day as the day to commemorate the work of creation week; so though people may choose the first day instead of the seventh, they are not choosing the day God set apart for that purpose.

In the Sunday school where I went they also taught that infants should be baptized by sprinkling; but I read in Acts 8:38 that when Philip baptized the eunuch, they went down into the water, and the eunuch was baptized.

Many people wonder why there is so much commotion in the world, why we are having distress on every side, war, famine, pestilence, and trouble between capital and labor when people are crying, "Peace, peace." The Bible, in Matthew 24, tells us plainly that just such a condition will precede the coming of the Lord. Therefore we take this with other things as an evidence that his coming is near. We cannot set the day of his coming however, for Matthew 24:36 says, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only." Some people teach that when Christ comes the second time, he will come in our hearts, and we will not see him; but I cannot make this agree with Acts 1:11, which says that while the disciples were beholding him, Jesus was taken up into heaven in a cloud,—*while they were looking at him*,—and the angels told the disciples that he would come again just as he went away. His coming must therefore be a literal one in the clouds of heaven.

In my association with Seventh-day Adventists I have noticed that as a people they do not follow the fashion of the world or engage in its pleasures or its follies, and I have wondered how they could be so happy while refraining from these things. But I have found the reason in Romans 12:2, "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." I see now why they have

no desire to engage in these pleasures: they have been transformed and their minds renewed, and they now take pleasure in eternal things.

We see everywhere the debauching effect of intoxicating liquor and tobacco on the human body, so I do not wonder that Adventists take a firm stand against these things, and also tea, coffee, and other things which contain poison to a greater or less extent. They have a Bible reason for abstaining from these things, for 1 Corinthians 10:31 says, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." How can a drunkard or a diseased body glorify God?

When Christ left the earth, he gave command to his followers that they should go and preach the gospel to every creature; and he also said that as soon as the gospel should go to all the world he would come and take his faithful ones home where neither sorrow, nor sighing, nor tears will be found. As a people, we are working hard to accomplish this work, and can pray from our hearts the prayer, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

ELIZABETH DAY.

"SAY not, 'God help you!' when your brother needs;
But let God help him through your kindly deeds."

The Correct Thing

How Do You Listen?

DEMOSTHENES was a great Greek orator whose skill at speaking made him famous. Born with an impediment in his speech, he overcame the difficulty by ceaseless study and practice.

First he mastered the impediment and learned to speak clearly. He did this by holding a pebble in his mouth and setting his mind and will to the task of speaking against the natural impediment, with the pebble added to it.

Next he improved himself in learning, so that he would have something to say with his good voice and his clear enunciation.

One day he addressed the Greek assembly, which corresponds to our Congress, on a deep subject, too deep for most of his auditors. They left, one by one. He continued with increased earnestness and eloquence. Finally there was only one auditor left in the forum, but Demosthenes continued to the end of his discourse.

His secretary asked Demosthenes why he had made the effort for so small an audience. The great orator replied:

"One man was Pericles, and I would rather speak to him than all Greece!"

Pericles was a good listener. Demosthenes knew that what he said would not be wasted when Pericles listened. He knew that his arguments would receive the full measure of attention and consideration they merited.

Pericles was a great man, perhaps the greatest in Athens. One of the reasons for this greatness was that he spent more hours in listening than in talking.

Good listeners may be good talkers, too, but they talk only at the right time. Usually, you will find, the person who talks much has little to talk about. "The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind," is the way Goldsmith expressed it.

The person who listens well finds something more than other people to listen to. Joan of Arc would

not have heard the "voices" in the quiet pastures of Domrémy if she had been chattering.

Innumerable great works have been written in the quiet of prisons. Prisoners have opportunity to listen to their consciences, to their geniuses, to their hearts.

No one ever lost anything by being a good listener.
— *Washington Times*.

Beware!

BE careful, girls. Don't get into an automobile with strangers, whatever story the men or women therein tell you. If they tell you your mother is dying, or is badly injured and asked them to get you, don't go with them. It is only a trick to kidnap you. They will either kill you or sell you to a life of slavery and shame. Don't go with strangers anywhere, whatever their story. Will you remember this counsel?

Only recently one of our own little girls, eleven years of age, living in Pasadena, California, was persuaded to get into an auto with two men. They told her that her mother had been injured and wanted her. But as the great car sped along, the little girl's anxiety for her mother began to change to fear of personal injury, so as the auto slowed down at a crossing, she deftly slid out of the car and made a successful escape.

But not once in a thousand cases, would one be able to make such an escape; hence run no risks.

A Correspondence Hint

IF you want to write to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, address your letter to her by name. If you are sending in your subscription or asking to have your address changed, then you may address your letter just, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C. But Finding-Out Club answers, articles, and such things should go direct to the editor. And by the way, the editor is not a man: Therefore do not address her as "Dear Sir." Then, too, "Dear Madam" sends a chill down the spine. It has been long since that form of address was generally used in correspondence.

Even if writing to an entire stranger, good form now suggests that the salutation be, "My dear Mrs. Scott," for example, instead of "Dear Madam." If Mrs. Scott belongs to the same church as you do, and you feel somewhat acquainted with her because of her work, though you may never have met her, then address her as "Dear Mrs. Scott."

Lost!

DIDN'T you lose something yesterday?"

"No, I think not."

"I am quite sure I saw you lose it."

"Why, what could it have been? I do not think of anything."

"Listen, and I will explain. Your mother asked you to do a small duty. You did it, but with a grudging heart and a lowering brow. You did it with an ungracious air that made it an offense instead of a joy. Now, what did you lose?"

"Oh, I see now! I lost an opportunity of helping my mother in a spirit of loving service."

"Yes, my dear child, you have lost the chance to do a kindness, a service, a sweetness. You have missed an opportunity that many would be glad to have."

"I know, for I have sometimes made the same mistake. What should I not give to be able to do for my

mother what you may now do so freely! How very many times have I seen children slighting these opportunities for service, or doing their acts so ungraciously that they lose all their sweetness!

"Every selfish withholding of service, every time we yield to a peevish, fretful, petulant, unkind inclination, we lose out of our lives a sweetness that we might have.

"When your brother did something unfair, or unkind, or unbrotherly, you suffered a distinct loss when you grew impatient and gave him the same. You lost the privilege of giving him *better* than he gave, of showing forth the mind of Jesus, of weaving into your life-web the golden thread of loveliness.

"Take care, take care! Don't lose anything."

T. H. JEYS.

In the Christian Pathway

Ten Minutes with a Corrupt Mayor

A YOUNG pastor had just taken charge of a church in a city of twenty-five thousand population. He was eager for work, but he was amazed when some of the leaders in the church told him they felt it was his duty to attack the city government in his sermons or otherwise.

"The mayor is a disgrace to the city, his department chiefs are like himself, and the members of the council are followers in evil. The city is famous for the corruption in high places. You must do something."

However, the young pastor declined to move until he became better acquainted with the situation. He wished to make no mistake, so he waited with open eyes.

The time came when he felt he must act. But he did not preach a sermon directed at the mayor and his associates, nor did he rush into print. After prayer for guidance, he called the mayor on the telephone, and asked for an appointment.

"I want ten minutes of your time," he said.

Next morning the minister was shown into the office of the mayor, who looked him over with some curiosity. Evidently he wondered what could be the errand of his visitor.

"Pardon me if I look at my watch," the minister said. "I must keep my promise to leave the office in ten minutes."

Then after a few moments of general conversation, he stated his errand: "I want to congratulate you on the honor and responsibility that were laid on you when you were chosen mayor of this city. But I want to tell you that there is a greater honor waiting for you,—something far bigger than the office of mayor of a city like this."

The heart of the mayor bounded. He thought of possible political preferment; he had dreamed of this. Could this stranger be the emissary of some powerful politician?

Curiously he listened to the next words of the visitor: "You ought to be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ."

In astonishment the official replied: "No one ever spoke to me like this before."

The pastor rose, looked at his watch, and held out his hand. "I must go," he said; "time is up."

Next day there was a call at the minister's telephone; the mayor asked for him. "Won't you come and talk to me?" he asked, his voice giving evidence

of his agitation. "I have thought of what you said to me ever since you left. I must see you!"

Two weeks later the mayor united with the church of which the minister was pastor. But the work did not stop there. The chief of police, the head of the fire department, and five aldermen confessed Christ, and became church members.

Then the government of the city was cleaned up. The work the officers of his new charge had demanded of the young minister had been done, but not in the way they had planned.—*John T. Faris, D. D., Philadelphia.*

Taking a City

GIVE me that top, Arline. I mean what I say." John spoke sternly, but the little girl did not give up the top. John seized a small piece of kindling wood lying near, and hurled it at his sister's face. The missile struck near the temple and the blood flowed down over Arline's face. She screamed with fright and pain, then sank to the ground.

The boy raised her tenderly and bore her to the house. How sorry he was!

"Is this the result of your temper?" the mother asked, her own face whitening with fear. "Go to the barn, son, and tell your father."

John dreaded to go, but he dared not disobey.

There followed hours of anxiety on the part of every member of the family.

"It will leave a scar," the physician said as he left the house, "but it might have been much worse."

Arline looked pale for two or three days and her brother was very attentive to her. He brought her violets from the woods, bought colored crayons for her, and tried manfully to atone for his fault.

"He that ruleth his spirit," the boy murmured. "I will try with God's help to do that."

For years no one has seen him lose entire control of his temper. Whenever he looks at the scar on Arline's face, he is reminded of "taking a city."

LILLIAN M. WISE.

Excuses Then

THERE has never been any excuse for an excuse since the world began. An excuse, in its common meaning, is an attempt to justify that which cannot be justified. It is a popular practice among most of us. We do not realize what a deadly work excuse making carries on, for every tolerated excuse makes another one a little easier. Yet the time is coming when, though sadly in need of some excuse, it will not occur to people to offer any. That time is the time of judgment before God. Some one has made a searching comment on the words, "and he was speechless," which describe the man who was asked at the marriage feast why he did not have on a wedding garment: "A thousand excuses now, not one then." But if excuses will then be seen by all of us to be futile and meaningless, why not take them at their face value—or rather worthlessness—now?—*Sunday School Times.*

A Suggestion

Isn't Mr. Rowell's poem on page nine worth memorizing, and reciting often as one stands alone under the evening sky, and, with bared head, looks up into the great starry expanse above him?

Nature and Science

The Stars Are Speaking

BE still; the stars are speaking.
I would not miss a word
Of their sublime discoursing,
Which ear hath never heard.

Wise with a sky-vast wisdom
Which man may never reach,
They use a gleaming silence
More eloquent than speech.

Aloof in heavenly distance,
They're yet divinely near—
So kind, but so reproving
Of doubt and fret and fear.

Man's speech is but the chafing
Of waters on the sand,
Whose ripples break and babble,
Nor feel, nor understand.

But night to night shows knowledge
Of lore that never erred.
Be still; the stars are speaking.
I would not miss a word.

EUGENE ROWELL.

Items of Interest

If the mountains of potash that have been discovered in Pennsylvania are adapted chemically to the purposes of commerce and agriculture, the United States has become suddenly independent of foreign potash mines.

Diamonds that are defective, flawed, or lusterless, are restored by burning in a fire of welding heat. An increase in value of nearly 100 per cent is sometimes thus obtained. Human diamonds in the rough are also purged and given real beauty by the refining fires of affliction.

English rats are now destroyed with poison gas that was prepared for the Germans. Tanks of this gas were carried to necessary places and introduced into the rat holes through hose under pressure. The rats that are not killed immediately, crawl out of their holes in such condition that they are easily killed.

The most violent storms known anywhere on earth occur in the interior of the North American continent, especially in the Middle Western United States, and most frequently in late spring and summer. Their most conspicuous feature is a whirling black cloud, hanging from a mass of dark storm clouds. This cloud may be funnel shaped, or balloon shaped, or like the trunk of a huge elephant. It is really a waterspout on land, though larger than the marine waterspout. It sweeps over a path averaging a quarter of a mile in width and about twenty-five miles in length. Wherever it touches the earth it accomplishes feats of devastation surpassing those lately achieved by human agencies in France and Belgium. In comparison with the area covered by a cyclone, one of these storms is of insignificant size. It is, in fact, a purely local affair. Hence, at any given place in the United States, such a storm is an exceedingly rare event, though, throughout the country, several such storms occur every year. These storms are known to meteorologists as "tornadoes." In popular parlance they are almost universally described as "cyclones."

Mr. F. M. Chapman describes in "Bird Lore" a strange grebe that lives along the shores of Lake Titicaca, Peru. It furnishes an admirable lesson in the effects of disuse, says the writer, for it has had so little use for its wings that it has lost the power of flight. It is a rather large bird, but its wings, presumably through disuse as organs of flight, have become too small to raise it in the air. They are no longer than those of a swallow. Possibly the wings make better paddles under the water than larger ones would, but the bird's best efforts on the surface bring it only to a half-sitting position; then with the aid of its feet it progresses with astonishing speed.

According to the "Scientific American," French men of science are using sorghum for producing coloring material. The husks of sweet sorghum and those of sorghum with black seeds, hitherto of no use at all, yield a gum with very fine shades of color that range from pink to bright red, salmon, scarlet, pearl gray, dark gray, dark brown, and khaki. All the colors are sun-proof and soap-proof and are suitable for dyeing wool, silk, leather, and vegetable fibers. The discovery of the new dyestuff, says a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, is of great importance. Steps have been taken to use it on a large scale.

The Underwater Tank

THE tank, which performed such valiant service in the Great War, may have more laurels added to its fame. Instead of crawling over otherwise impassable stretches of country, bridging trenches, leveling trees in its path, and other requirements in time of war, it will now devote its efforts to salvaging eight thousand ships lying in Davy Jones' locker at the bottom of the sea, if the plans of the designer of an undersea tank ripen into accomplishment.

Salvage and hydraulic engineers, mariners, technicians, and other experts in nautical affairs all agree that the plan is entirely feasible and within the realm of possibility.

Such a tank, obviously, would be designed for exploration, photographing, sounding, and map-making purposes only, as, of necessity, it would have to be air-tight. The United States Government is said to have already experimented with a tank built along these lines which crawled over river beds under water as readily as its counterpart would travel over dry roads.

Supplied with powerful tubing to carry air to and from the pumps on a salvage ship above, and equipped with telephone, electric equipment, and extremely powerful and highly concentrated searchlights for observation purposes along the ocean floor, such a tank should prove of invaluable service, not only as a means of salvaging the \$6,000,000,000 worth of ships and their cargoes from the hitherto unexplorable regions of the deep, but in enabling science to do what has heretofore been a physical impossibility—chart the sea bottom.

Because of its tremendous weight, made necessary by its heavy steel plates, the tank would have to be lowered and lifted by cables from the "mother" ship.

Before many years elapse, it is not improbable that the whole Continental Shelf may swarm with these engines of observation and research.—*Illustrated World*.



Just for the Juniors



A Fair Chance

HAZEL W. ROTH

RENA, did you not tell us in Sabbath school last week that Jesus is sitting in judgment surrounded with a jury and witnesses, just as they hold court down town?"

"Yes, I think I did say something like that."

"Well, I don't think it is any use to try to be good," said Claude, "because a fellow doesn't have a fair chance."

"What has happened to make you say that?" asked Rena, who put down the book she was reading and turned her attention to the little brother, who wore a very troubled expression.

"Because this morning at the courthouse they sentenced Benny Jenks to a reform school, to stay there until he is twenty-one. I know that Benny is not a very good boy, but every one that got up told what a bad boy he was, how he was always hanging around the streets, begging the other boys to get food for him. The people said his example was bad, and that he influenced the other boys to idleness. Not a person said that his mother is dead and that his father drinks so that he doesn't have any money to buy things to eat. I guess lots of boys would have been worse than Benny. Of course the judge and the jury were not to blame, because they heard only one side of it; but if they tell Jesus just the bad things that I do, I guess I won't stand much of a chance in heaven."

"I used the courthouse only as an illustration; when Jesus decides our cases he will consider both sides — all the good deeds and all the bad. You remember that little poem of Robert Louis Stevenson's about the little boy who is followed by his shadow wherever he goes. Well, Jesus has thousands and thousands of angels, and he gives each one of us an angel that stays with us just as the shadow stayed with the little boy. This angel keeps watch of everything we say, everything we do, the expression we wear on our faces, and even of all we think. When the day is finished, he takes this record to heaven, and there it is entered in the books of God. There is not one act in our lives, either good or bad, that is not written down. Jesus tells us that the hairs of our head are all numbered and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowing it.

"As this is true, we can be sure that he knows all that we do and the reason why we do it. Jesus has been sitting in judgment since 1844, and soon, very soon, he will come to our names. We all make mistakes, but we must be careful not to commit any sin knowingly, and we must be sure to ask Jesus each day to forgive us of every wrong thing we have done, so that our record will be clear. Never fear that he will not judge your case justly, for he has the whole story of your life. Jesus gives every one a fair chance."

"And Benny," said Claude, "will he have a fair chance there?"

"Yes; Jesus will take record of the training that Benny has had, and will judge him accordingly. By the way, Cousin Edward was here this morning and said that he wanted a boy to help him. I believe I

will go over to see Judge Hastings, and see if he won't let Cousin Edward take Benny to the country with him. I believe that with a fair chance Benny would develop into a good and useful boy."

"Perhaps Jesus sees that people get a fair chance here, too," said Claude. "I will try to serve him the best I can so that when he comes to my name he will say, 'Claude Wilson has been a Christian boy. He shall be given a crown of life.'"

The Gift That Traveled

WAVING a package, Lucy came dancing into the room. "From Aunt Jane, for Jane," she announced.

The others, busy festooning ropes of evergreen from the chandelier to the corners of the room, stopped their work as Jane undid the wrappings and displayed her gift.

"A book!" cried Lucy delightedly.

"Yes, a book!" repeated Jane with a groan, and threw the gift carelessly upon the table.

"What is the trouble, dear?" inquired her mother.

"Aunt Jane's gone and sent me another of those old daily-food books."

"Expects you to become a famous cook, of course, like mother," said her brother Arthur.

"It isn't a cookbook," Lucy explained, turning the first few leaves. "It's food for thought. It's poems, little verses, and questions. I wish she'd sent it to me," she added wistfully, "but I wasn't named for her, and Jane was."

"I wish the honor had been yours!" Jane answered irritably. "This is the second Christmas that she has afflicted me with one of those books. She must buy them in sets!"

Jane took her gift upstairs, apparently to put it with her other presents. Instead, she removed from between the cover and the first sheet a little card of greeting, slipped in another of her own, wrapped the book and addressed it to one of her friends in a distant town.

"It will reach her by Christmas," she said to herself as she went downstairs again. "That's one good thing about Aunt Jane, she's never late with her presents — and it saves my buying one for Ethel."

She was so silent as she worked that Arthur began good-naturedly to tease her.

"Mustn't look a gift horse in the mouth," he declared sententiously. "Aunt Jane means all right, and you know it's the thought that counts."

"Well, she needn't think the same thoughts every year. I forgave her and thanked her last year, but to repeat it this year —"

"Why didn't you tell her you didn't like her old book?" said Arthur. "That would have saved all this year's row."

"You're the only one who is making any row."

"I suppose so! I'm the one who acted so disagreeable over one of my presents that I spoiled the Christ-

mas atmosphere of the home. This Christmas giving is getting on people's nerves more every year. We all give a lot of things no one wants, and people all give us a lot of things we don't want."

"I never give any one anything they don't want!" declared Jane.

"How do you know?" persisted Arthur.

"Because they always say it was just what they wanted," replied Jane.

"Yes, and I'll warrant those are the very words you wrote Aunt Jane!"

Jane's rising color was her only answer.

"Why can't people be honest?" he continued.

"You don't mean 'honest;' you mean rude and blunt!" cried Jane.

"No, I don't. You have a nice way about you. Why didn't you thank Aunt Jane for her kind thought, but tell her that Lucy was so enamored of the little book that you gave it to her, knowing she — Aunt Jane — wouldn't mind? If you're not willing to do that, then I think you should receive the gift in the spirit in which it was sent and say nothing," he ended grandiloquently.

"Mother's to be congratulated upon having one perfect child," said Jane, and, with head held high, left the room. Donning her wraps and taking the book under her arm, she walked rapidly to the post office.

Jane's attitude worried her mother. "Why don't you adopt Arthur's plan and give the little book to Lucy?" she suggested that evening. "She would love it. Then I think it would be a good idea to write Aunt Jane, explaining about it just as he said."

The idea that Arthur's suggestion could have any weight with her must be dispelled at once, thought Jane. "I've already given it away," she said calmly. "I sent it on to Ethel."

"Sent it to Ethel?" her mother repeated. "How could you do such a thing as that, dear?"

"What is the difference? You wanted me to give it to Lucy."

"I know, but that is in the family. It would be the same as having it yourself. I don't know what your aunt will think."

"She won't know it."

"What if she should make us a visit and ask to see it?"

"There's small chance of that. She didn't visit us all last year, did she?"

"All the more reason why she may this year."

"Well, I'll risk it." Jane tossed her head.

"I'll tell you what you might do. Was this book similar to the one Aunt Jane sent last year?"

"I think so," Jane replied doubtfully. "I have an idea this was a companion volume. You heard what Lucy said about the verses, poems, and questions. Last year's book was like that, too."

"Let me look at it, dear. Lucy wants one so badly, I was going to suggest that you give Lucy last year's book."

"I gave that to Ethel, too," said Jane. "I had to send her something, and it was a nice book."

"I'm sorry. I don't believe in passing on gifts outside the family. Lucy's tastes are much more like Aunt Jane's than yours. Do you think Ethel will appreciate them?"

Jane flushed. Ethel was *not*, in fact, just the kind of girl who enjoys a book of a reflective sort.

"Well, if she doesn't like it," said Jane, "she can do as I did — pass it on. I shan't care."

Weeks passed. Jane's birthday arrived, bringing a card from Aunt Jane saying she hoped Jane had received the ten-dollar bill that she had sent. She took the precaution of mentioning it, because Jane had made no acknowledgment of a similar amount sent her a year ago, and she thought perhaps it had failed to reach her.

"It is like Aunt Jane to do queer things," said her niece, "but I can't imagine her sending ten dollars and not mentioning it for an entire year. What do you suppose she means? And where is this year's money?"

"I can't imagine. We'll wait another day, then if the money doesn't arrive I'll write."

The following day Mrs. Rainey was obliged to inform her sister-in-law that Jane had failed to receive either birthday gift, and suggested that she try to trace the letters.

Some days elapsed. Then Aunt Jane sent a letter saying that she was sorry that through some one's carelessness Jane was deprived of her birthday gift, but she hoped Jane was still enjoying her Christmas gift, profiting by it, and finding it more valuable than any amount of money. She herself was pursuing the thoughts in a like volume, and she called Jane's attention especially to the beauty of the sentiments assigned for the day of her birth.

"Isn't she queer!" exclaimed Jane. "She doesn't feel half so bad about the money's being lost as I do! Ten dollars! Think of it, mother! Really twenty dollars! How much that would have meant to me this June when I graduate!"

"Aunt Jane is always philosophical," said her mother, puzzled, "but it isn't like her to take such a loss calmly. I don't feel that we ought to mention it again, however, unless she does."

The week before Christmas arrived once more; the house was donning its festive attire; and the postman stopped as usual at the Rainey house.

"A letter and a package from Aunt Jane," shouted Lucy, "for me!"

The letter was characteristic of their aunt. It said that she was gratified to hear from her brother — Lucy's father — that Lucy was doing well at school and showing scholarly tendencies. She began to think that Lucy should have been her namesake instead of Jane, since Jane's tastes were so dissimilar to her own. She proposed to turn her attention now to Lucy.

"I'm glad she's going to let me alone!" exclaimed Jane, somewhat disconcerted to think that her aunt had read her so truly.

"And I'm glad she's going to take me up!" cried Lucy happily.

"I advise you not to open your gift until Christmas," the letter continued. "Then put it aside until the first of January and follow the daily readings faithfully. Have some special time each day when you can be by yourself and reflect upon these words of wisdom. *Take them only a day at a time.*"

"You might as well open the thing now," said Jane, with a laugh. "She's told you what it is. It's another book just like mine!"

"You don't know that it is!" said Lucy. "Anyway, I'm going to wait and see. And I hope it is. I'll do just as Aunt Jane says."

"Aunt Jane must be in her dotage," remarked Jane, scornfully regarding the bundle.

"There's a postscript!" Lucy exclaimed.

Jane was not too scornful to wait to hear it.

"Tell Jane if she wants to find her birthday money she must look in the book I sent her. I put it at her birthday page."

Jane's face was a study. She was glad her brother was not there to philosophize.

"Isn't it awful!" she finally said to her mother. "Do you suppose Ethel would send the books back to me? But what can I tell her?"

"You'll have to work that out for yourself."

"Even if she had found the money, she would know I had not sent that. But that makes it worse, doesn't it? Why, oh, why didn't I look the books through before sending them away! I'm going to take a chance and write her anyway."

She wrote at once, offering to replace the books with others, and explaining that she had a special reason for wishing to have those two volumes returned just as they were. Then she waited.

Christmas passed. Lucy's book was the joy of her heart. She was sure that it was just like Jane's of last year, because she remembered the opening verses. Jane herself could not tell.

"Better look at your birthday page," she advised.

"Not until March 5," declared Lucy. "I'm going to obey orders."

But when her birthday came and Lucy turned the fateful page, she found only words.

"I didn't expect any money," said Lucy. "I'm not Aunt Jane's namesake."

Along in April came a letter from Ethel, full of apologies. "I don't know what you will think of me," she wrote, "but the books were such attractive things, and they were nothing I should ever use, and I did hate not to have them do somebody good, so I just passed them on. You will be glad to hear to whom. I don't know her very well, I admit, but she was so kind to me the time you and I visited there three years ago that I thought then I'd like to give her something sometime. She seemed so religious, I thought these were just the present for her; so I sent them to your Aunt Jane—"

Jane threw the letter down in despair. "Who ever heard of such a tragedy?" she groaned. "I couldn't have planned it worse. Oh, what shall I do?"

"No wonder Aunt Jane was not concerned about losing her money," said Mrs. Rainey.

"I'm mortified to death! To think she has known all along! And to think it happened for two successive years! I suppose Aunt Jane thanked her and said she loved the book; so Ethel made her doubly glad the next year! I wish I had done as you suggested and given them to Lucy. I might have known that any one as shallow as Ethel could not have appreciated them."

Mrs. Rainey made no comment.

"I believe I'll write Aunt Jane and tell her all about it," said Jane. "She knows how concerned I was over the loss of the money! No wonder she thought I cared for nothing else! I'll tell her she can make no mistake about Lucy."

Aunt Jane, wise with years and experience, rejoiced in the frank confession and felt that her namesake had retrieved herself. Yet she would not have been Aunt Jane had she not moralized on the tangled web we weave when first we practise to deceive.

Jane was not sure of her complete reinstatement in the affections of her aunt until her birthday came round once again. The day was nearly over when Lucy ran into the room where the rest were assembled.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed. "I went

to cut the leaves of my book tonight to read and they were pasted together. And what do you think? I found *this*!"

She waved a bill and a thin sheet of paper. Jane started to take the paper.

"Let Lucy read it. It is hers," Mr. Rainey said.

"Shall I, Jane? It's about you!"

Jane cast a quick glance at her brother. "Yes, now you've roused every one's curiosity, tell us all together."

Lucy read:

"I put a ten-dollar bill here for my namesake Jane, two years ago. What was my surprise to receive the book with its contents back a week later! Thinking Jane might be a year older and wiser the following Christmas, I kept the volume, substituted a twenty-dollar bill for the ten, and again sent it to my namesake. After a few days it returned to me. I am two years older and wiser myself; so this Christmas I send it out, hoping the little volume that has traveled so long may find an abiding place with my niece Lucy. If she reads to this page, she may keep ten dollars for her own birthday, then past, and give Jane the other ten dollars. I hope Lucy has found the book itself worth more than many bills."

"JANE RAINEY."

"What's all this? Let me see it," demanded Mr. Rainey.

"Well, I guess *we'll* keep out of a tangle like this another year by keeping our own Christmas presents," said Arthur, "or we'll write and advise our fond relatives beforehand as to our wants and wishes, or we'll—"

"Oh, please keep quiet!" chided Jane happily. "It's enough to know that Aunt Jane has forgiven me. I've been punished, and I've learned my lesson."

"And it was just my book all the time, traveling round, trying to find me," said Lucy.

"It was even worse than we thought, wasn't it?" Jane whispered to her mother as they went upstairs. — *Mary Foot Lord, in Youth's Companion.*

An Expensive Habit

SOME time ago a short article entitled, "95 Per Cent of Yanks Use Weed," appeared in one of the daily papers published in Washington, D. C. It offers some startling figures, showing what a hold the tobacco habit obtains upon its victims. I shall quote two paragraphs:

"Tobacco seems to be established as a necessity in the soldier's life, 95 per cent of the members of the American Expeditionary Forces using it in some form. It is a part of the regular daily ration, but the quantity allowed is not sufficient for the average tobacco user."

"Smoking has increased in our army overseas since the signing of the armistice. The average monthly purchases by the subsistence division now amounts to 425,000,000 cigarettes and 20,000,000 cigars for overseas shipment. About 2,000,000,000 cigarettes were sent to France prior to the signing of the armistice. The present rate of shipment is much increased."

It seems a great pity that four hundred twenty-five millions of cigarettes were needed (?) for our overseas army in one month, not to mention twenty millions of cigars! Those who are fond of figures might find ample opportunity to tell us of the economic waste. But those who are fond of men must dread to think of the harmful results. It would appear to be a patriotic privilege to point out that while men are urged to save, during the period of reconstruction, they might well begin by saving the tremendous amount that annually "goes up in smoke."

To make the lesson all the more emphatic one should not forget that the soldiers who went abroad and those who served their country at home constitute by far the smaller part of the tobacco users of the land.

HEBER H. VOTAW.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHERE is the land of "Ten Thousand Smokes"?
2. Why is that country so called?
3. What country is known as the "Hermit Kingdom"? Why so called?
4. Describe the pelican, blue heron, and flamingo.
5. What is the Pharos? How was it made to serve its purpose?
6. Where is Capri? For what is it noted?

Answers to Questions Printed August 26

1. Paul Revere's house is located in North Square, Boston, Massachusetts. It was built in 1676, and is a two-story frame structure with latticed windows.

2. Faneuil Hall also is located in Boston, Massachusetts. It is known as "the Cradle of Liberty." The first floor was constructed as a market house, and the hall above designed for town meetings and other public gatherings. The building was the gift of Peter Faneuil to the city of Boston, and was completed in August, 1742. Three times the hall has been rebuilt since its donor turned it over to his fellow citizens, and though it has been enlarged and improved it is still very similar to the early structure where the "tea meetings" and other historic Revolutionary War gatherings were held.

3. The Grange is located in New York City, and in its early location was bounded by the present St. Nicholas and Tenth Avenues and One Hundred Forty-first and One Hundred Forty-fifth Streets. It was built by Alexander Hamilton at the time when he was commander in chief of the United States Army. After his death the estate was sold for debt, and some years ago the building was moved to the east side of Convent Avenue, and became the schoolhouse of St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

4. The Craigie House at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was named for Andrew Craigie, one of the early owners of the property. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow purchased the house in 1843, and here wrote the majority of his poems, including "The Children's Hour" and "Evangeline." But the Craigie House was famous before Longfellow's time. The builder of the mansion, John Vassall, was exiled to England for his sympathies with the Crown, and the property in 1778 was declared forfeited to the State. Three years before this, however, Washington made the house his headquarters, and many military conferences and courts-martial were held in the large room in the second story which later was used by Longfellow as his study.

5. Early in the eighteenth century the Spaniards built in Texas, then a part of Mexico, a number of solid structures designed to serve as chapels as well as fortresses. The mission that finally became known as the Alamo was first built on the Rio Grande in 1710, and "during the next forty-seven years was rebuilt four times in a new location, before it was given a final resting place at San Antonio, on the banks of the Alazan River." The Alamo became famous during the struggle by which Texas gained her freedom from Mexico, one of the most noteworthy events of which was the defense of the Alamo, in 1836, where a small force of Texans resisted more than ten times their number of Mexicans, bravely defending themselves for two weeks. The enemy did not gain

an entrance until every one of the defenders was killed. After that incident the battle cry of the Texans was, "Remember the Alamo," until the Mexicans were completely and finally routed. "On the capitol grounds at Austin, Texas, stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo, with the inscription: 'Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.'"

6. Monticello was the home of Thomas Jefferson, located near Charlottesville, Virginia. The mansion is located on quite a high mountain shaped like a sugar loaf. The author of the Declaration of Independence spent most of his time on this estate until his death in 1826, except when he was away in service for his country.

7. The Wentworth house is located at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It derives its name from Gov. Benning Wentworth, who purchased a farmhouse dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century, and remodeled it in 1750. It is a low rambling structure, and the governor as well as those who rebuilt it later had more thought of room than of architecture. At one time it contained fifty-two rooms. Longfellow's poem "Lady Wentworth" has made this house famous.

8. The Octagon House stands at the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, in Washington, D. C. It was completed in 1801. The builder, John Tayloe, said to be the wealthiest man in Virginia in the late eighteenth century, erected it for his winter home. In 1814 President Madison occupied this house, and for a time it was known as the Executive Annex. Since 1855, when Mrs. Tayloe died, the historic old house has been occupied in turn by a girls' school, the hydrographic office of the Navy Department, a dwelling and studio, and then by several Negro families. In 1899 the Institute of American Architects leased the property and later purchased it. The Octagon House is now one of the sights of Washington, and a tablet on the wall relates the main facts of its history.

Name the Man

Benjamin Franklin.

A Lesson on Faith

SHALL I or shall I not?" was the question Ruth asked herself again and again as she walked toward the college building on a bright spring morning. It was the time of the canvassers' institute, and Ruth had felt impressed that she should canvass during the coming summer.

When she had talked with her conference field agent in regard to her work, she had been advised to go to a certain city and canvass for the book, "Bible Readings." Immediately, the great adversary had begun to suggest that she would fail, that she would only be in debt at the end of the summer, and that she couldn't succeed as a canvasser anyway. If she spent the summer at some other work, she would be sure of a certain amount of money and could return to school to work her way; while if she should canvass, she might not be able to return.

After hours of thought and such reasoning, Ruth had committed herself anew to her Master, and asked him to direct her summer's work. This morning as she hurried along, she seemed to be looking to the leafy trees for an answer to her question.

Suddenly it came to her, for God is ever ready to speak to his faithful children through his created

works. A little gray squirrel was running over the branches of one of the trees; as he came to the end of the branch, without a moment's hesitation he sprang to the next tree over a space of several feet where there was no visible support. After a moment of breathlessness while the squirrel was flying through the air, Ruth exclaimed, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." I thank thee, dear Saviour, for the answer. I will not any more doubt thy power to help. If the squirrel can trust his Creator over a dangerous place like that, I will trust the promise I know so well: 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.'

It is scarcely necessary to add that when Ruth returned to school in the fall after a summer of canvassing, her testimony in the students' prayer meeting was, "My heavenly Father has done more for me than I could ask or think."

By having a scholarship, she was able to engage in the missionary activities of the college with more leisure than before. She used her influence to get others to join the "canvassers' band," and passed on for others' encouragement the lesson of faith learned from the squirrel.

GRACE H. SCOTT.

Why the Kaiser Does Not Drink

THE ex-kaiser of Germany, William II, is a temperate man. It is said, however, that this abstinence was enforced upon him by a tragic incident:

"When the kaiser was younger, he indulged in strong liquors and sometimes drank to excess. On one occasion, on a cruise on his yacht in Norwegian waters, while under the influence of liquor he ordered the captain to steer a certain course which would have placed the vessel in serious danger. To disobey would mean incurring the kaiser's displeasure—his command was law. Rather than risk the destruction of the vessel and its occupants, the captain disregarded the kaiser's instructions. Then he went ashore, procured a bicycle, and rode down a hill which carried him over the edge of a precipice to his death. The shock of this tragedy, the story goes, turned the kaiser against liquor of all kinds, and he has never since indulged."

Good Words for the "Instructor"

I HAVE been summering in Boulder, Colorado, in your splendid sanitarium, fleeing from the Texas heat," writes a gentleman. "You have a splendid plant there under an excellent management. I have been reading your YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR all summer. I am inclosing \$1.75 for a year's subscription. This is one of the best papers for youth I have ever seen."

We enjoy your splendid paper and look for its coming every Sabbath.

MRS. CHARLES C. DUPEE.

I am reading the INSTRUCTOR constantly, and enjoy every number better than the last.

MARIAN BROOKE.

I enjoy the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR more than any other paper I ever had in my hands.

MABLE GAGE.

Although I can no longer class myself among the youth, I do enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I find in it much to help and encourage me as the days go by.

FERN HAYSMER.

"Robert Fulton" on the Alta Paraná

(Concluded from page four)

peculiar sense of joy as one on meeting an old-time friend. Sure enough there was the boat. Some one had named it "Venus." I looked at the occupants; but "Robert and his uncle" were only some ingenious Paraguayans. They paddled the boat up along the side of our launch, took one of the passengers aboard, and paddled nearly a mile and a half across the swift-flowing stream.

Every boy is interested in the story of Robert Fulton. So I brought my kodak into play, that the INSTRUCTOR readers might get a glimpse of the scene, and know how I met "Robert Fulton" on the Alta Paraná.

H. U. STEVENS.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IV — Baptism

(October 25)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3: 16, 17.

Baptism, the Ceremony of Adoption into God's Family

1. What has made it possible for sinners to walk in the new life of righteousness? Rom. 6: 4.
2. What ceremony represents the sinner's choice of the new life? Rom. 6: 3, 5.
3. What part of the sinner's experience corresponds to the crucifixion of Christ? Rom. 6: 6.
4. What corresponds to the burial of Christ? Rom. 6: 4.
5. What corresponds to the resurrection of Christ? Rom. 6: 11, last part. Note 1.
6. What shows that immersion is the true form of baptism? Matt. 3: 16; Acts 8: 38, 39.
7. As a result of baptism whom do we put on? Gal. 3: 27.
8. Whose name do we then bear? Matt. 28: 19. Whose son do we then become? Matt. 3: 16, 17. Note 2.

Crucifixion of the "Old Man"

9. What is the third step in the crucifixion of the "old man" of sin? John 16: 7, 8, margin.
10. What person of the Godhead does the work of convicting or convicting the wicked heart of sin? John 14: 26.
11. What is the second step in crucifying the man of sin? 2 Cor. 7: 9-11.
12. What follows sorrow or contrition for sin? Acts 2: 38; Mark 16: 16; 1 John 1: 9. Note 3.

Burial of the "Old Man"

13. What becomes of the "old man" after he is crucified? Eph. 4: 22.
14. What constitutes the "old man" which is "put off"? Col. 3: 8, 9; Eph. 4: 25-31.
15. By what public ceremony is the old man put off? With whom is he buried? Col. 2: 12, first part.

Resurrection of the "New Man"

16. As we rise to the new life, what has become of the body of sin? Rom. 6: 6; Col. 2: 13; Acts 2: 38.
17. By whom are we raised to a new life? Rom. 6: 4; Col. 2: 12, last part.
18. Having "put off the old man," what do we put on? Eph. 4: 24; Col. 3: 10. Note 4.
19. What constitutes the new man that we put on? Eph. 4: 32; Col. 3: 12-17.

Notes

1. This physical experience of Jesus—the crucifixion, the burial, the resurrection—represents the spiritual experience of every child of God. The sharp two-edged sword of God's word in the hands of the Holy Spirit convicts of sin and crucifies the old man. Thus the great Comforter defeats our foe and clears the way for the abiding place of the Holy Spirit. We are buried with Jesus by baptism. By the power of God we are raised to walk the new life—the victorious life of a son of God.

2. The act of baptism is but a form. But it is a necessary form. It may be said to correspond to the adoption papers necessary to make a child a member of the family into which he is adopted. The Holy Spirit is the seal which makes the work genuine. Matt. 3:16; Acts 2:38. A baptism without the seal of the Holy Spirit is like adoption papers without the legal seal, worthless. When the seal is received, God the Father announces in heaven, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." And the heavenly scribe enters our new name in the family record book above—the Book of Life. Blessed is he whose name, once entered, is forever retained in this great family record.

3. *Conviction, contrition, confession, conversion*, are the steps in the crucifixion of the man of sin. Not until these steps have been experienced, is the old man ready for burial. And when once crucified and buried, we have "remission of sins" and peace with God.

The jailer gave evidence of having this experience. He now washed the stripes of the disciples whom he had cruelly treated, brought them into his house and set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house. Acts 16:33, 34.

Those who listened to Peter had this experience. They were "pricked in their heart" by the sword of the Spirit. Then they repented, were baptized, and received the gift of the Holy Spirit. Acts 2:37, 38.

4. The crowning step in the life of the Christian is consecration—a life fully devoted to representing Christ and serving him, living with him and working for him. Conviction, contrition, confession, conversion, are the steps to consecration. All these prepare us for translation from the family of God on earth to the family of God in heaven.

The following comparative summary will help us to understand this wonderful divine-human, threefold relationship—the result of being baptized into the name of,

The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit

The experience of Christ	Crucifixion	Burial	Resurrection
The experience of the Christian	Putting off the old man	In the watery grave	Putting on the new man
The instrument	Holy Spirit	Jesus	The Father
The family relationship	Receive the Holy Spirit	Put on Christ	A Son of God

Intermediate Lesson

IV — Jewish Boys in a King's Palace

(October 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Daniel 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." 1 Cor. 16:13.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 479-490; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 227-229.

"Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!"

Questions

1. Who had besieged Jerusalem? What did the Lord give into the hands of the king of Babylon? Where did Nebuchadnezzar place the vessels of the Lord's house? Dan. 1:1, 2.

2. What command did the king give Ashpenaz? What characteristics were these young men required to possess? Verses 3, 4. Note 1.

3. What did the king arrange for those youth concerning the food? What was the king's purpose for them? Verse 5. Note 2.

4. What were the names of the Jewish boys? To what were their names changed? Verses 6, 7. Note 3.

5. What did Daniel resolve that he would not do? Verse 8.

6. What does "defile" here mean? 1 Cor. 3:17, margin.

7. How can dainty foods and rich wines destroy one? Prov. 23:1-3, 29-32.

8. What additional reason did Daniel have for refusing the king's meat? What excuses might Daniel have offered for obeying the king? Note 4.

9. How was Daniel regarded by the prince of the eunuchs? Why did this officer fear to make any change in the food? Dan. 1:9, 10.

10. What test did Daniel propose? What was the result of a ten days' trial? Verses 11-15. Note 5.

11. What did God give these four young men? What special blessing was given to Daniel? Verse 17.

12. How did these young men stand in their final examination before the king? Verses 19, 20. Note 6.

13. How does this lesson apply to us today? Note 7.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

What are the greatest temptations that come to the youth today on the point of appetite?

Where had Daniel and his companions received the training that enabled them to withstand the temptation that came to them?

How dangerous was it for these young men to disregard the king's command?

Notes

1. Among the Israelites carried as captives to Babylon were some who truly loved and honored God. Through these the Lord wished to make himself known among the heathen people.

2. The word "meat" here means more than flesh; it means the king's "dainties." (See Revised Version.)

3. Meaning of Names:

Daniel—"God is my judge."

Belteshazzar—"Favored by Bel," the chief Babylonian deity.

Hananiah—"God is gracious."

Shadrach—"The inspiration of the sun."

Mishael—"He that is a strong God."

Meshach—Of the goddess Shaca (Venus).

Azariah—"God is a helper."

Abed-nego—Servant of the shining fire.

"The king did not compel the Hebrew youth to renounce their faith in favor of idolatry, but he hoped to bring this about gradually. By giving them names significant of idolatry, by bringing them daily into close association with idolatrous customs, and under the influence of the seductive rites of heathen worship, he hoped to induce them to renounce the religion of their nation, and to unite with the worship of the Babylonians."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 481.

4. "A portion having been offered to idols, the food from the king's table was consecrated to idolatry; and one partaking of it would be regarded as offering homage to the gods of Babylon. In such homage, loyalty to Jehovah forbade Daniel and his companions to join. Even a mere pretense of eating the food or drinking the wine would be a denial of their faith. To do this would be to array themselves with heathenism, and to dishonor the principles of the law of God. . . .

"Had Daniel so desired, he might have found in his surroundings a plausible excuse for departing from strictly temperate habits. He might have argued that, dependent as he was on the king's favor and subject to his power, there was no other course for him to pursue than to eat of the king's food and drink of his wine; for should he adhere to the divine teaching, he would offend the king, and probably lose his position and his life. Should he disregard the commandment of the Lord, he would retain the favor of the king, and secure for himself intellectual advantages and flattering worldly prospects."—*Id.*, pp. 481, 482.

5. "Our English word [pulse] means peas, beans, lentils, and the produce of similar podded plants, but in Daniel 1:12, 16, the Hebrew probably denotes vegetable foods in general."—*Schaff's Bible Dictionary*.

6. "At the court of Babylon were gathered representatives from all lands, men of the highest talent, men the most richly endowed with natural gifts, and possessed of the broadest culture that the world could bestow; yet among them all, the Hebrew youth were without a peer. In physical strength and beauty, in mental vigor and literary attainment, they stood unrivaled. The erect form, the firm, elastic step, the fair countenance, the undimmed senses, the untainted breath,—all were so many certificates of good habits, insignia of the nobility with which nature honors those who are obedient to her laws."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 485.

7. "As God called Daniel to witness for him in Babylon, so he calls us to be his witnesses in the world today. In the smallest as well as the largest affairs of life, he desires us to reveal to men the principles of his kingdom. Many are waiting for some great work to be brought to them, while daily they lose opportunities for revealing faithfulness to God. . . . Through the fidelity to the principles of temperance shown by the Hebrew youth, God is speaking to the youth of today. There is need of men who, like Daniel, will do and dare for the cause of right. Pure hearts, strong hands, fearless courage, are needed; for the warfare between vice and virtue calls for ceaseless vigilance. To every soul Satan comes with temptation in many alluring forms on the point of indulgence of appetite."—*Id.*, pp. 487, 488.

Strength

God's strength is mine in youth or age;
'Tis borne to me on sacred page;
It looks at me through human eyes,
Through human lips brings glad surprise;
Through scenes of nature great and grand,
Or ministry of angel band.
Always God's strength is promised me:
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

—Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

The Battle Against Tobacco

THE war is on. Recruits are needed. We cannot conscript men and women for this great battle against the cigarette. We must rely upon volunteers.

The *Lookout*, a paper published in Cincinnati, Ohio, "for Adult Bible Classes, the Loyal Movement, the Christian Endeavor Society, and the Home," has just issued an anti-cigarette number. In speaking of its part in the anti-tobacco campaign, the editor says: "The *Lookout* feels, and has felt for some time, that it should take the leadership in a movement to slaughter the cigarette."

Shall we who have been warring against tobacco in all forms for many years allow the *Lookout* to assume the leadership in this great fight against one of the most serious evils now menacing the youth of the nation?

While we welcome the *Lookout* to the warfare against this evil, shall we stand idly by and allow it to take the lead? No, let us lead the anti-tobacco forces on to victory. But this can be done only as we arouse ourselves anew to the task before us, and that is the placing of hundreds of thousands of the Anti-Tobacco Annual in the hands of the people of

this country. There is no other campaign paper equal to the Anti-Tobacco Annual. But it can do no good unless it is given to the people.

Will you not as boys and girls, as men and women, as Missionary Volunteer Societies, and as churches, take hold of this work? If every one among us distributed ten copies, there would be nearly a million copies placed in the hands of the people.

Now is the time to work. Everywhere men and women are waking up to the necessity of this campaign. The No-Tobacco League of America is doing a splendid work; but no one organization is yet strong enough to accomplish the task alone.

A nation-wide educational campaign must be waged before reform can be secured. The INSTRUCTOR offers the best medium now in existence for giving this education. Shall it be left on the shelves of the Review and Herald, or will you place it in the hands of the people? You alone can answer this question.

Now is your golden opportunity. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Takoma Park, D. C. Prices: Five to forty copies, 5 cents each; fifty or more copies, 4 cents each.

An Earnest Request

WE are planning for next year, and we want you to help us. We are trying to make the INSTRUCTOR meet your needs, and we can do this more satisfactorily if we have direct word from you as to your desires and needs.

Will you not write the editor concerning what departments you would like to see continued during the next year, what changes you would like to have made in these departments, and also write concerning anything which it seems to you would improve the usefulness and interest of the paper?

What kind of illustrations, what kind of articles, is of most interest to you?

You will think of a number of things, no doubt, after reading this request, and you will say to yourself, "I will write the editor about that plan"—but you don't. Why not? You surely have enough interest in our young people's paper to take fifteen minutes for the writing of a letter that might be just the very thing that would greatly improve the paper. Will you not do it?

Let us have scores of letters—not just one or two.

There Is Work for All

SURELY something can be found for a boy to do," said one of our Takoma Park lads recently when an effort was being made to raise money for a worthy purpose. He later found his chance to help, and improved it handsomely.

The Lord himself has never forgotten the children. He always depends upon them, and stands ready to help them in their efforts to serve him.

Miss Lotta Bell, in writing recently of the work the Michigan children have done and can do in the Harvest Ingathering campaigns, relates the following incident to impress her thought:

"Some time ago out on the Western coast during a storm a boat was grounded on a sand bar out some distance from shore. The men on shore had seen the danger and had thrown a life-saving rope. It was caught by those in the boat, and though the men pulling at the rope were strong, hardy seamen, the boat did not move. Then the women came to the rescue. Surely with this combined effort the boat could be brought to shore, but still it clung tenaciously to the sand bar. The children seeing the great need began to gather around, and it was not long until they found a place on the rope and lent their bit of physical strength, when, lo, the boat shot over the sand bar and souls were saved. It was the children's weight that made the difference."

The children's weight will always count, if they are honest and true in their service for God.

Wilford Albert, of Indianapolis, raised \$20 last year in the Harvest Ingathering campaign, and Mary Hodges raised \$16. She was but eleven and Wilford twelve years old. Mary also made her tuition and bought her own clothes last year by the sale of our magazines.

Boys and girls, won't all of you make your effort count this year? The need is great. F. D. C.

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