

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVII

November 11, 1919

No. 45



"Home, the spot of earth supremely blest;
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

From Here and There

Removal of the great North Sea mine barrage, consisting of 50,000 mines laid by the American Navy during the war, has just been completed.

Rev. Julian C. Caldwell calls upon Christian people to help him launch the slogan to make this a "lynchless nation by 1925." That is five years too late.

Strikes are said to be costing the country \$5,000,000 a day. That is to say, strikes are costing each one of us twenty cents a day. And do not for a moment believe that you aren't paying it, either.—St. Paul Pioneer.

Ex-President Taft says that the President's salary should be raised from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year. He was able to save \$25,000 a year from his salary while in the White House. The present era of high prices would not permit such a savings account.

Mrs. Seymour E. J. Cox and her son, Seymour, Jr., aged eleven, and Aviator Bloek arrived at Mineola, New York, on October 7, from Binghamton, New York, by airplane, completing the aerial trip from Houston, Texas. The boy is to attend school at Highland-on-the-Hudson.

The skins of sharks, rays, dogfish, blackfish, and white whale are now being extensively used as leather for belts, shoes, and bags. Even the stomach of the shark furnishes a raw material that yields a leather which is soft and strong and looks not unlike glazed kid when ready for the market.

The steam engine ushered in a new era, and the invention of it is honor enough for one man. Sir Walter Scott said that it added to the available labor of Great Britain a power equivalent to that of four hundred million men. The power it gives to the modern world is beyond computation.

The health commissioner of New York City, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, has inaugurated a campaign against dirt and disease among those who handle food. He is anxious to have a national law enacted and enforced compelling waiters, packing-house employees, grocers, butchers, bakers, and every one else who has to do with the preparation, supply, or service of food products, to pass a strict medical examination as a condition precedent to employment.

The housewives of devastated Europe are without kitchen cupboards. Food and dishes must be piled on the floor. Mr. F. E. Baker, an engineer now in Europe in charge of the Methodist building construction, devised the transformable packing case to meet this serious need. The result is that every Methodist packing case which goes to Europe will become a kitchen cupboard in some Italian or French woman's home. Each case has a cover which can be pried loose intact, and then converted into swinging doors by simply sawing the two crosspieces. Hinges for the doors are found inside. Three shelves are also placed in the case, while the cleats to hold them are already nailed in the proper places. Then a can of mahogany stain and a paint brush for the very last touches, and when all is finished there is a piece of furniture of which any housewife may be proud.

The shops of the United Cigar Stores of America were closed throughout the country on August 3, with the printed copy of a sermon tacked on the door of each red-front smoke shop. A well-known religious paper, in commenting on the stand taken by the tobacco company to keep its stores closed hereafter on Sunday, said: "Every Christian who read the notice explaining why the practice of Sunday opening was discontinued, had a thrill at heart, and admired the courage that prompted the stand." May it not be that this is an effort at propaganda to bring favor to the nefarious tobacco trade? If it comes from a genuinely praiseworthy conviction, that conviction should grow until the tobacco stores are closed seven days in the week.

More than fifty military aviators recently started on an attempted flight from Roosevelt Field to San Francisco. Fifteen ships started from San Francisco for the East at practically the same time that those from the East left for their overland journey. The flight is to cover 5,400 miles. Lieut. B. W. Maynard, one of the fliers, is the speed king of the army air service, having completed the first transcontinental flight in history in a little more than twenty-five hours. Several other contestants successfully completed the journey across the continent.

Workmen who were excavating for the foundation of a moving-picture theater on Broadway, New York City, between 169th and 170th Streets, recently unearthed the ruins of a hut that was built and occupied by Hessian soldiers during the Revolutionary War. On the floor of the hut they found buttons, bullets, an ax, a spoon, and a clumsy jackknife. Although it has long been known that "the camp of the eleventh milestone" was somewhere in that neighborhood, previous efforts to find it had failed.

New uses of the X-ray are many. It now detects the presence of explosives in bombs and suspicious packages that are turned over to the police, and reveals the safest way to render them harmless. During the war radiographs of bales of cotton that were about to be exported disclosed quantities of rubber that was to have been smuggled into Germany. In Ceylon the X-ray reveals the pearls in oysters and so prevents needlessly killing great numbers that can be replanted.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Song of the Woodland

MRS. CHARLES C. DUPEE

LOOKING one day from my window,
As the leaves were turning brown,
I was carried in vision far away
To a garden of great renown—
Which lay like a fair ensign unfurled,
Fresh from the Hand that created the world.
Lingering there, by its beauty impressed,
A song of the woodland lodged in my breast.

I love you, trees, dear forest friends,
Some part of myself within you blends.
I breathe the breath of life you drink;
I often fancy you love and think.
Your boughs spread wide and leaves unfold

Spiritual truths for the young and old;
Of the changing years, your time and thought,
And of wonderful trees when the world was not;
Of love that formed and gave them birth
Before there was man to till the earth;
Of love that gave your whispering leaves
Their message to carry upon the breeze.

“Wait on the Lord! Be still! Be still!
Love will its purpose in earth fulfil.
Who overcometh the sin and strife
Will be given to eat of the tree of life.
He shall dwell in the light that is shed abroad
In the midst of the Paradise of God.”

In the Path of the Corpus Christi Hurricane

BROTHER H. W. BROWN, one of our colporteurs who has served in various mission fields, and who is now at work in Texas, was at San Antonio when the recent Corpus Christi hurricane came, but his family were at Corpus Christi. A letter from Mrs. Brown to Mrs. N. Z. Town describes the tragic experience she and the babies passed through on the fateful day. She says:

“I suppose you have learned of the disaster which has swept Corpus Christi. It took our house and everything we had. Mr. Brown had left two days before for San Antonio, so I was alone with the babies. A hard storm came up about two o'clock Saturday night, and by eight-thirty the next morning the wind and rain were beating strongly against the house. About this time a neighbor who happened to pass, thought of us there alone, so came and asked if I was not afraid to stay there. I told him I was not. Then he said that a hurricane was expected by noon, and wanted to know if I had any friends who might take us to a place of safety. The only ones I knew were the Haughtons, so he said he would try to get them by telephone, but after trying twice he came back and said that he thought they must have gone to the Bluff already; but he promised to try to find some way to get us to a place of safety. Shortly before noon he found a man with a car, who took us to a Catholic sanitarium about ten blocks away.

“But before I left the house the wind and rain had torn the tar paper from the roof, and the rain was pouring down all over the house. I tried to keep the babies dry and protect Mr. Brown's books, but in spite of all I could do some of the books were ruined before we left. I did not realize the danger, and wanted to stay and look after things.

“The hardest part of the storm began about two o'clock that afternoon. Suddenly a shower of glass poured down on us from several of the windows in the room at the hospital where we were staying with another family, who had five little children. Having been warned by one of the sisters that the windows might break, we were all near the door, hence we were able to make our way to a better-protected part of the building. There were two wings, and we went to the

farther one, while the other served to protect us for a while. But it was finally blown to pieces, and then we went to the main part of the building. It was terrifying to sit and watch the building being torn to pieces and hear the straining, cracking, and crashing of different parts as they fell around us.

“Finally there were only two rooms and a hall left on the second floor, and there were fifty-three persons crowded into these. Some were patients and nurses, others were visitors, and still others, like ourselves, had come there for shelter. Two patients, a sister, and a nurse lost their lives in the part of the building that fell first. They were trying to move the patients to a safer place when the wing just separated from the main part and went down. We spent a terrible half day and night there, not knowing what minute we would be cast out upon the angry waves, or crushed to death in the falling building. The water had risen from ten to fifteen feet, so you can imagine what it would have meant to have been thrown into it.

“When morning came, the babies were hungry and thirsty, and so were all the rest of us. We had been in one room—twenty-two of us—all night. The rest were in the other room and the hall. If some had never prayed before, they certainly did during this experience. I trusted in the Lord to take care of us, but felt resigned to his will. It seemed to me all the time that angels were watching over us, and I felt calm and peaceful. I tried to comfort some of the others who did not have this anchor, sure and steadfast. I kept thinking of the time when Jesus calmed the angry sea, and I knew that he still has the same power to save that he had when on earth; so I did not fear to ask him to still the winds and the storm. He certainly protected in a remarkable manner the building in which we were housed. Every one wondered what held together the small part that remained.

“About 9:30 A. M. some men came in skiffs and took us to the courthouse, where we were fed and clothed by the Red Cross. There we met many refugees. I inquired for a sister who was living in the danger zone, and found that she was safe, and had been praying for me, as had the other members of the

church. Not a house was left standing on North Beach, where we lived. The parts of the sanitarium where we had been protected and the remains of a hotel were all that remained. It is estimated that about one thousand lives were lost, and property to the amount of \$20,000,000. A family of five living next door to us were lost, and the larger part of a family of eleven, just a few doors away, are reported lost. Only our gracious Father saved us. The man who took us to the sanitarium sacrificed his life in saving others.

"Mr. Brown and his brother came as soon as possible. They were surprised to find us alive, as they first went to the spot where our house had stood and could not find so much as a knife. The ground was as clean as if it had been swept, and there was nothing in sight but a few overturned automobiles.

"We took the first train out for San Antonio, and it certainly was crowded with refugees. Now here we are in a small room until we can do a little better. But we are thankful that our lives were spared, though all we possess in the world is the clothes we have on. I believe, however, that I have one earthly possession left — my watch, which I had sent away for repairs.

"As we were leaving the sanitarium the morning after the hurricane, a young man gave me a twenty-dollar bill. This was surely a godsend, since every cent I had was swept away with my coat when the first crash came, which took away the wing of the building in which we had taken refuge.

"This experience, trying as it is, must hold some lesson for us, and we pray that we may profit by it. The Lord is too wise to make mistakes, and too loving to be unkind. We trust him even in the darkness."

The King of Hobos

JUST who bestowed upon him the title, "King of Hobos," is not known, but no one ever thought of saying that he did not deserve it. Pioneers of the place said that for thirty years he had made his home on the railroad tracks at the suburbs of the city. Wanderlust never seemed to seize him, though perhaps he had seen enough of the world in his younger days and had decided that the climate of California was the best after all. He might be gone for a month, and then when people had begun to wonder what had become of him, he would be back on the tracks again on his same old beat.

Up and down the ties he walked day after day, begging tobacco and taking care to stop and chat wherever he found men gathered in a friendly circle about a pot of savory stew bubbling merrily over a bonfire. Occasionally he came to a house to ask for "just a bite," or to beg the "gentleman" for a quarter to get a bath. If questioned later, he was ready with a plausible excuse for having used the money for something else, but a certain bulging of the hip pocket gave mute testimony as to its disposition. Other men bathed and washed their clothes in the wide ditches, but not the King of Hobos. One could easily believe that in the thirty years of his residence no water had touched his person.

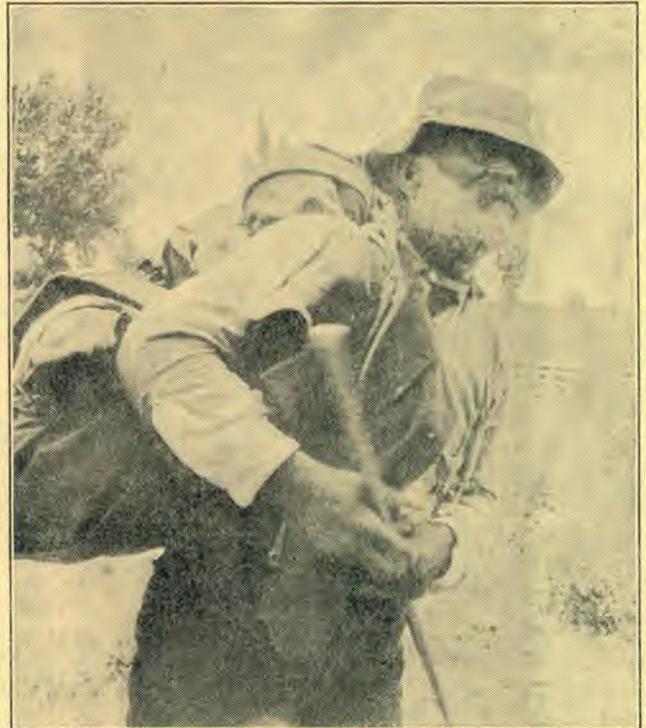
At night soon after sunset he lay down in a grain-field, beneath a tree, or in a culvert beneath the tracks. It mattered little where, for his earthly possessions were with him wherever he went, carried in a pack on his back.

As his eyesight was very poor, he was in danger when crossing the busy down-town streets. One day

an automobile struck him, and he was taken to the county hospital. Despite all efforts to keep him there, in three or four days he was seen again, bandages gleaming white through the ragged sleeve of his red flannel shirt.

"Say," said a doctor, returning one evening from a walk down the tracks, "that old fellow knows something about history. He is nobody's fool."

It was evident that he had not always been a tramp. To one he told that his uncle had educated him for a sea captain; to another that his mother had sent him



THE HOBO KING

to college; but whatever his story, every one knew what had placed him where he was, a living monument to the liquor traffic. Old, alone, homeless, friendless, penniless, reaping what he had sown.

Poor old Hobo King, slave of King Alcohol and Lady Nicotine!

MYRTLE ALLEY-RICE.

Another Mary Slessor

CHIRSTINA FORSYTH, the widow of a missionary in Africa, offered herself to the United Presbyterian Church as a volunteer unpaid worker for Kaffraria. She chose for her field Xolobe, "an isolated pocket of heathenism in Fingoland in southwestern Africa." Here this heroic Christian woman lived and worked alone for thirty years, virtually buried from the world.

"When she went to Xolobe, the people were pure heathen, as wild and hopeless as any tribe in Africa. Now Xolobe is a fully organized mission station, with a fine church building, a day school with four teachers and an attendance of about 140, Sunday services, Sunday school, a young women's class, and a week-day prayer meeting, all carried on by the office bearers she trained. There is also a branch of the Woman's Christian Association, whose members visit the aged and sick from kraal to kraal."

Mrs. Forsyth has recently returned to Scotland, her native land. She is seventy-two years of age.

In Other Lands

Power of God's Word

A RECENT report of the American Bible Society shows the remarkable manner in which the Bible occasionally makes its way.

A colporteur in Brazil was summoned to a remote interior district. On arriving, he found a village which had never had a missionary, but had adopted the Bible as its guide. Three years earlier a political refugee, named Manoel Bispo, wandering on the frontier of the state of Sao Paulo, heard the people speak of the word of God to men, a few copies of which had been scattered through that section by the Bible Society's agents. Later, while hiding in the woods, in great loneliness and distress, his thought returned to what he had heard, and he determined to secure for himself a copy of the wonderful Book. This required a journey of a thousand miles to Rio de Janeiro and back. On his return to his home he read the Bible, by himself as well as to those of his neighbors who would listen, and the Spirit honored the word by giving it a hold upon readers and hearers. A church has been organized from those whose hearts have been changed by its influence.—*Lutheran Witness*.

The Kavirondos of British East Africa

B RITISH EAST AFRICA, of which Nairobi is the capital, is one of the most interesting of countries. There is no other country in the world where wild animals are more numerous or abound in greater variety. The Uganda Railway runs from Mombasa on the coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of 600 miles, and from the train can be seen large herds of all kinds of antelopes, zebras, jackals, rhinoceroses, elephants, etc., and occasionally even the king of the forest himself. It is quite like being in a menagerie, only much more exciting, for the animals are roaming about in their natural habitat. These beasts are not alarmed by the noise of the train, for they are accustomed to it, and consequently they herd quite near the tracks, in plain view of the passengers. The section through which the railway runs is a game reserve, and shooting from the train or elsewhere in the reserve is strictly prohibited. Since these animals have never been shot at, they are unafraid.

In parts of British East Africa the scenery is most entrancing, and there are climates to suit all constitutions. It is true that malarial fever is prevalent in low-lying districts, and that those parts are extremely hot and enervating, but such localities are avoided by the white population as much as possible.

The air in the highlands, where most of the farms and missions are situated, is delightfully cool, and at night during the rainy seasons, really cold, so much so that most of the Europeans think it necessary to have fires in their rooms and extra coverings on their beds. Malaria fever is unknown in the highlands, but the chief drawback to the full enjoyment of life there is the high altitude. The air is so light as sometimes to weaken heart action. An altitude not exceeding 5,000 feet is ideal, and Europeans living from 5,000 to 5,500 feet above sea level seldom suffer from impaired hearts.

There is a large number of tribes in British East Africa, but so far as I can learn, there is only one cannibal tribe.

The Kavirondo People

A particularly interesting tribe is the Nilotic Kavirondo. This tribe is very numerous, estimated to be one million strong, I believe, and is located adjacent to Lake Victoria Nyanza. These people are a hardy race, with extraordinarily good physique. One seldom sees a full-grown male Kavirondo less than six feet in height. Both men and women wear their hair rather long, and soak it with a perfectly impossible mixture composed of red clay and butter. This custom brings one advantage: no vermin can exist on a head treated with such a dressing. Their only attire is the brass and copper spiral wire with which they decorate their arms and legs. They also pierce their ears and insert large, and still larger objects into the lobes until they are stretched to an amazing degree. Only the other day I saw a man who had inserted into the lobe of his ear a tin can two and one-half inches in diameter, and his is no singular case.

The Kavirondos, like most African barbarians, are extremely fond of gaudy trinkets. The women wear rows of gayly colored beads around their necks and waists, and also small beads mounted on a leather band around their heads. They also decorate their arms and legs with brass or copper wire, and keep this in a brilliant state by frequent polishing. They purchase the wire, beads, and shells from the Indian traders, of whom there are many, in exchange for various grains, and sometimes for money.

This tribe has a liberal dietary, consisting of meat, grains of many varieties, sweet potatoes, wild vegetables, milk, and if they live near the water, fish. They have no fruit of any kind. If there is a European living in the vicinity, they urge him to shoot a hippopotamus for them, as they are exceedingly fond of the flesh of this huge beast. They have their own "hippo hunts" of course, and often succeed in bagging one, but they realize that the white man's rifle is more effective than their spears.

Kavirondo Villages

A Kavirondo village consists of perhaps fifteen huts and a cattle kraal. The hut is round in shape, and is composed of sticks, which are arranged perpendicularly and tied together with the green bark of certain trees, and then covered with mud. The walls are about four feet in height, and the roof, which is umbrella shaped, is thatched and extends some distance from the walls of the house, and is supported at the extreme edge by another row of sticks tied together with twine and covered with mud, forming a veranda, which houses the goats and calves. The hens occupy the main part of the hut with the human inhabitants. The village is surrounded by a hedge in which a gateway is left, but this is closed at night to prevent the invasion of hyenas and other unwelcome visitors.

The village may be situated some distance from the water supply, and as it is the duty of the housewife to fetch the water, she economizes with this commodity; consequently she and her children are in such a state of filth, and the surroundings are so insanitary, that the white man does not care to linger

long in a Kavirondo village, with its clouds of flies and other objectionable vermin.

Wives Are Bought

It is the custom of the Kavirondo men to buy their wives. A wife costs from three to eight cows, and having been put to this expense, the men make the women do almost all the work. The wife must act as cook, nurse, water carrier, firewood gatherer, field cultivator, and if the family lives near the lake, fishing is added to her duties. She also does all the plastering when a new house is being erected. In fact, about the only work she is not expected to do is the herding and milking of the numerous cattle.

Girls Choose Their Own Husbands

As the girls are valuable to their parents because of the cattle they bring, they are well cared for. I remember hearing that when there was a famine here some years ago, and the old people and boys were dying off like flies, the girls were fairly well nourished because they were given *all* the available food. There is one redeeming feature in their system of marriage, and that is the girls are not compelled to take husbands for whom they do not care. Each girl is privileged to wait until a swain who appeals to her presents himself—and his cattle.

Dead Buried Inside the Hut

Unlike some of the neighboring tribes, the Kavirondos bury their dead. Their custom is to bury the man of the house inside the hut. They make the grave

in the center of the dwelling; then after the burial they fill in the grave and stamp it down so that when all is over there is nothing to indicate that it is a grave. The son of the house is buried in the earth in the veranda, and the women and children out of doors, but still within the precincts of the village. They have their death dances too. The scale of the dance depends on the importance and also the age of the person who has died.

The Kavirondos mourn for their dead. As soon as the life has left the body, the relatives set up a cry which brings the neighbors to the spot. They then proceed to wail for hours, and even days. They go through many ceremonies at the time of a death, among which is that of throwing their spears into the roof of the hut of their late comrade.

There Are Mission Schools

Until recent years there were no missionaries at work among the Kavirondo people, but now there is a number of mission schools, and it is really touching to see some of these stalwart fellows trying, and with success, too, to master the alphabet or the art of writing.

The contrast between the raw native and those who are in the employ of the government or attending one of the mission schools, is marked indeed. The latter are properly clothed and clean. When trained by Europeans, these natives become faithful servants, for they are intelligent, and on the whole honest.

HELEN BRUCE CARSCALLEN.

Our Opportunity

H. B. LUNDQUIST

IF South America is the Neglected Continent, it is equally the Continent of Opportunity. In view of the Macedonian calls coming from all parts of the field, the Christian church is made to feel that her policy of watchful waiting will have to give way to an energetic prosecution of the missionary program in Latin America. It is not just, however, to lay all the blame on the church for the neglect of our interesting southern neighbor, as there have been very strong reasons for it from the South American side of the fence.

The established church has for many years taught the people that the Protestant missionaries were the vanguard to prepare the way for North American interference and domination in South American affairs. The Monroe Doctrine, they told the guileless native, was "South America for the North Americans." In proof for their teaching they pointed to India and South Africa under the domination of the British as a result of a harmless missionary invasion. This teaching has been effective, and has produced an apathetic, if not an outright unfriendly attitude in the hearts of the people toward Protestants and the great Protestant republic. The teachings, too, of the apostles of unity of the South American republics, "South America for the South Americans," have tended to create anything but a friendly attitude toward the Protestant missionary. One of the most radical leaders in this school of thought says:

"It is evident that nothing attracts us toward our neighbors of the north. By her origin, her education, and her spirit, South America is essentially European. We feel ourselves akin to Spain, to whom we owe our civilization, and whose fire we carry in our blood; to France, source and origin of the thought that animates us; to England, who sends us

her gold freely; to Germany, who supplies us with her manufactures; and to Italy, who gives us the arms of her sons to wrest from the soil the wealth which is to distribute itself over the world. But to the United States we are united by no ties but those of distrust and fear."

But during the past decade a great change has come, culminating in the enunciation of the principles of justice and fair play to the weaker members of the sisterhood nations by the "Yankee Apostle," as our great President Wilson is called by them. Commercially, educationally, and spiritually our nation is confronted by the greatest opportunity of her national existence. Whereas a score of years ago our nation was looked upon as a greedy giant, anxious to gobble up any of the weaker nations when the opportunity offered, today she is looked upon as the defender of the weak, and the guarantor of justice in a troubled world. Today the average Peruvian prefers North American tenants in his houses, where twenty years ago he would not take them for any price. Constitutional barriers are crumbling too. There is but a single country where there is not absolute religious freedom. In that one exception, Peru, we enjoy toleration, which in a country as liberal as Peru, amounts to the same thing. But, alas, opportunities are only such to those who see and grasp them. For four centuries South America has been sealed up by ignorance, superstition, and wickedness. Today the doors are flung wide open to those who care to see.

Lima, Peru.

"Thou shalt not be afraid." Worry, fear of all kinds, is treason against God; it proves that we do not trust God's word."

For the Finding-Out Club

PART I

Who Are They?

1. My first is a gentleman very unique,
Unparalleled, A. No. 1, so to speak.
2. Two men engaged in a fiendish plot.
The good was hanged, but the bad was not.
3. Shrewd and provident, witty and wise,
He brought down fame—by a string—from the skies.
4. He threw an inkstand at Satan and bade him be quiet;
A Diet of Worms was his principal diet.
5. Amid many a nation and peril he strayed,
Saved once by a compass and once by a maid.
6. The king of the world at thirty-two,
Died, since he could not himself subdue.
7. He wrote the words in a fiery hour,
That freed the nation from foreign power.
8. From a curious blunder arose his fame;
To the biggest thing ever found he gave his name.
9. He dug a ditch between two seas,
Where largest ships could sail with ease.
10. He read a great poem before a great fight;
He climbed up a cliff and died on the height.
11. Gold, armor, and retinue, all could not save;
His noble discovery was changed to a grave.

—*The Western Teacher.*

PART II

Where, What, When?

THE most unique masquerade party in modern history was an extemporaneous affair, staged in a country where a king reigns but the people rule. It lasted ten days, and will long be remembered by the world at large, and especially by those who participated, as the first time within the ken of mortal man when the aristocracy of a country changed places with the workingman, and not only blacked its own boots, but other boots as well.

It all came about through failure to heed the wise counsel given in the Good Book to "come now, and let us reason together." Instead, labor in this nation, across and around which the tides of traffic between two continents ebb and flow, decided to have a holiday. The workmen simply stopped working. Thereby they thought to tie up industry and force capital to its knees through actual hunger and financial loss.

But they reckoned without the nobility of their land. After one paralyzed day things began to happen. Dukes took charge of engine throttles and manipulated hand and motor trucks. Lords wielded station brooms and guarded trains. Knights of the Garter and of Bath and men prominent in politics climbed to lofty perches and drove "goods lorries," or freight trucks. Barons groomed horses and cleaned stables. Millionaires rolled milk cans and loaded food for transfer here and there. Majors and captains sold tickets. Learned college men stood as gatekeepers at the subways, and when a guard elbowed his way through a dense crowd to investigate the reason for a congestion in traffic, he discovered that these polite volunteers at labor tipped their hats each time they took a ticket from a lady.

"Can you imagine," says a newspaper writer, "the aristocratic wearers of top hats in engine cabs, and

the men actually wearing white spats, pulling switches, giving over the leisure of the leisure class to the workers? Yet this is just what they did!"

And labor stood amazed and aghast. They had never dreamed that such a thing was possible. Things had not worked according to schedule at all, and they discovered that this time a "strike" would probably gain for them nothing but the loss of their jobs. So the leaders hastened to suggest a plan for the compromise they had scorned at first. Now the engineer and the baker, and the proverbial candlestick maker are all back at work again, the wiser for their brief holiday, and the nobility is taking a well-earned rest.

This is no fairy tale. It actually happened in your day and mine. If you read the newspapers, you can easily tell where, and what, and when. L. E. C.

The Correct Thing

The Girl and Her Relations with Men

MAN seems to be the eternal problem to the girl, or so it would seem to the reader of general periodical literature. In almost every woman's magazine there are questions from the girls as to their relations with the men who are their friends, employers, or suitors. What shall she do in this case or that?

Some weeks ago, in a Chicago paper, appeared a letter from a girl who desired advice. Her mother had brought her up with strait-laced ideas, that she must not seek the men, that a modest, well-behaved girl will always be sought. The advice sounded good to her and she acted upon it, but she has found out that being a "modest violet" is a lonesome job. The men go after the other sort, they do not seek her out, and she is beginning to wonder if it pays. She notices that the girls who seek the men are taken to restaurants and to the theater; they are sent candy and flowers—and they get married; hence the letter to the paper.

Since the appearance of the letter there have been a dozen or more others discussing the first, and no doubt others will follow. Most of the writers seem to think that the one end and aim of every girl is to have a good time and to get married. These are good and laudable ambitions, I am sure, but there are other things in life worth striving for.

Does It Pay?

There always seems to be the question with the girl, Does it *pay* to be so particular in her relations with men? You would not ask yourself the questions, Does it pay to be honest? Does it pay to be truthful? although you must know that dishonest and untruthful people sometimes achieve more of the world's goods than the honest and the truthful do. Then why ask yourself, Does it pay to be modest, refined, ladylike? Time and again have I read such answers as this in advice to some girl's question: "No nice girl permits a man to kiss her unless he is her fiancé." Now I know and you know that many of the nice girls *do* permit that very thing. *Is it right?* Assuredly not, but most of the writers do not take the trouble to explain to the young questioners why it is wrong.

If nothing worse follows, it soon rubs the bloom off the flower of her youth. No girl can indulge in promiscuous "spooning" without losing that sweet mantle of reserve that should envelop every maiden, and forfeiting the bright halo of purity that every man in his dreams sees surround the head of his ideal.

Men, you must know, are pursuers. They ever long for the chase, and what is lightly won will be lightly held. Shakespeare hit the mark when he said:

"She is a woman, therefore to be won."

Put a High Value on Yourself

Don't make yourself cheap. Love is a beautiful thing, a serious thing, and it is never to be played with. A girl's caresses should mean something. They are to be a gift to her beloved. They should not be given for the excitement of the moment nor for the material benefits they may bring her. I am confident that many girls who desire to do the right thing lower their ideals because of the material benefits they may reap from so doing. In other words, they sell their kisses. Of course they don't put it to themselves in that horrid, vulgar light, but isn't it the truth? They are afraid that if they do not permit such intimacies, the man will pass on to a girl who has no such scruples, and they will not get the flowers, candy, theater tickets, jewelry, etc. Isn't this true? Then, too, they will be left alone while the other girls have escorts everywhere.

Don't sell your kisses. Remember that the prostitute also sells her favors for material things. As for the man's leaving, if he cares, he won't leave. It is only the passer-by who will go, one who prefers his own pleasure to yours. In Coleridge's "She Is Not Fair to Outward View," he says:

"Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

No girl should go to the office of a physician or dentist alone. Not that there are no honorable men in these professions, for we will indeed believe that the majority are such, but there are many who are not, and a girl should take no chances. In fact, a girl has no business going alone to see any man,—minister, music teacher, or any one else. If the man is the right sort, he will prefer that she bring a companion. It is a safeguard against gossip.

Don't Invite Familiarity

Now, in regard to the girl who works for her living in offices or other places where men are employed. Such a girl cannot be too careful, first, to invite no familiarity and, secondly, to repel at once any undue advances, whether from her fellow workers or from her employers. Do not allow a man to even touch you. So many men have such a seemingly innocent way of just taking hold of a girl. Such familiarities must be nipped in the bud. Then there will be no future trouble.

A girl should start right. In the first place, never put yourself under obligations to your employer or any other man. I can understand how sorely a girl who loves pretty things and a good time can be tempted, but let your retort be, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Remember that a man does not lavish gifts and flowers on a girl for nothing. He expects her to make a return for them. And it is hard to repulse a man whose gifts you have accepted. Every girl should remember, "I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts."

Distrust the Flatterer

Also beware of flattery. Those who flatter do so, too, for a purpose. Distrust your employer if he tells you that you are the "whole thing." Then if you have done your best and a married man persists in making love to you and you are getting interested, there is just one thing for you to do, and that is to

throw up your position. No matter how much you may make or how much you need the money, throw it up. It is the only honorable thing for you to do. Don't delude yourself into thinking that you are strong enough to control the situation. You can't. Flee the man as you would flee from fire, from pestilence, and from famine, and flee before it is too late.

Look for True Worth

In choosing men friends, choose a man for what he is worth and not for what he wears. And don't let the young men spend more on you than they can afford. It is an extravagant age, and the man and the girl are both inclined to extravagance. Many young men are tempted into spending more than they can afford because the girl seems to expect it. They don't want to seem stingy. By using a little foresight and tact a girl can do a good deal toward keeping expenses down. And be sure the right sort of man will appreciate it. I heard a man, one who is inclined, too, to be lavish, once say that some women ordered so much in a restaurant that one would think that they had never had anything to eat.

It does not seem quite the thing for young girls to dine in cafés with young men, although it is quite the custom in large cities, particularly where the girl works and does not have time to go home before the concert or other entertainment. She could, though, suggest a quiet place and order a meal that is comparatively inexpensive—comparatively, because any meal for two in a good café costs enough, and with concert tickets afterward makes a hole in the weekly pay of the average young man. The growing custom in smaller cities of the young folks dining in restaurants is merely wanton extravagance and ought to be strongly condemned.

Now let us go back to our first question, "Does it pay?" I think that you will agree now that it does pay—interest and compound interest. Although the reserved girl may lose some of the "good times," she certainly has her own self-respect, and that should cover a multitude of such losses. It is too bad that enough girls do not think of it in this way. They often look at the road and not at the goal.

Reluctancy Admired

It is for the girl to be a little reluctant. She will not be despised for it. Remember that—

"Pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

So, too, it is with the purely physical pleasures. Our girls should be like the rose:

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew."

It is not necessary for a girl to be unfriendly or unsympathetic; there is a medium ground. Neither should a girl marry without a passionate attachment, but she should make sure that the man has other attractions mentally and spiritually, before she cleaves to him. Can you rely on him, have you tastes in common, does he drink, is he immoral, can you get along with him, can he support you in comfort? All these things are to be settled. Take the time to find out. Discover his faults. Can you put up with them? That is the question.

Reformation Should Precede Marriage

Much has been said about marrying a man to reform him. Reform him before you marry him, and be sure of it. Let him prove his reformation with a year or more of good work. There is no other proof.

You must take both the mental and the spiritual as well as the physical into your union. So many girls depend upon exerting the physical and pay no attention to the other qualities that even if they engage the attention of a superior man, he is likely to tire of them in the future. A girl should be physically attractive (should take care of her health so she can be so), but she should never rely on this magnetism alone. There is always the danger that the man may later meet a woman who will attract him not only physically, but mentally and spiritually as well.

A woman, as some writer puts it, should always be to a man a receding ideal, always pointing the way for him toward the higher, more beautiful things of life. I wish every girl would learn the following lines:

"Ah wasteful woman! — she who may
On her sweet self, set her own price, —
Knowing he cannot choose but pay! —
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine!"

Emerson says that two loved ones should be each an open door for the other, through which both may pass to new spiritual beauties that the other has seen. — *American Motherhood.*

Echoes of History

How America's Northern Boundary Was Decided

THE American commonwealth was not always divided into States as now shown on the maps. Its greater portion was at one time known as the colony of Virginia, which by a law of England reached two hundred miles north, and the same distance south, of the mouth of the James River, where Fortress Monroe is now located, and extended west to the Pacific Ocean. Thus the old Virginia colony covered the country from near New York on the north to Charleston, South Carolina, on the south.

After the execution of Charles I of England, in 1649, William Berkeley, then governor of Virginia, sent for young Charles II, then a wanderer on the European continent during the rule of Oliver Cromwell as "lord protector of England," to come overseas to be king of Virginia. This invitation, however, was declined. But when Charles II became king of England, after the death of Cromwell, it is said that at his coronation in 1660, coins were circulated bearing a Latin inscription which signified that from that time forward the English government would consist of "England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia." One of these coins is said to be in the Massachusetts Historical Society's collection. Thus Virginia came to be ranked in importance with such populous countries as those named in the Latin inscription. It was this fact of history which gave to Virginia the title of "Old Dominion," which was carried by it for many years.

But with the assumption of direct kingly power in Virginia, most of the people there were not altogether pleased, although many of the dwellers were royalists at heart. The most clear-headed ones saw, however, that were kingly authority fully established in the country, the same objectionable features would follow that had made England obnoxious to them in earlier days. The colony of Virginia covered the most favored part of their adopted land, and they greatly

objected to the establishment of any government there that would make it undesirable to them.

The great size of early Virginia made it unwieldy for primitive government, so a part of its territory was later cut up into the colonies of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and others on the Atlantic coast; yet the State of Kentucky was, for nearly a century later, regarded as a county of Virginia, and was governed by laws enacted in Richmond. However, in 1781 Virginia, of her own free will, gave up her title to the country now covered by the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other parts. But three years before this only, a Colonel Hamilton, then governor of Canada, with headquarters at a fort located where Detroit now stands, commanded soldiers stationed in forts as far away as Kaskaskia, Illinois, and Vincennes, Indiana.

Of course, this brought all the country in that region under control of the English government. Should the Revolutionary struggle close with that part of the country thus administered, its future as American territory would be greatly endangered. This was clearly seen by Col. George Rogers Clarke, who, in view of the situation, visited Patrick Henry, just before he was installed as governor of Virginia, and pointed out that these forts should at once be attacked, and the country they controlled be put under American rule.

Accordingly an order was issued to Clarke to "proceed to the defense of Kentucky." It was well understood what this meant; so with six thousand dollars in cash given him for equipment of men, he started for Kaskaskia and Vincennes. The journey was a most serious undertaking; for before accomplishing its full object, Clarke and his seventy men were obliged to subsist a part of the time on roots dug from the forest, besides having to march through the overflow waters of the Wabash River low grounds for many miles. But Vincennes was reached and captured, and peace was made with the Indians who had been employed to intercept and destroy the Americans.

Unfortunately, not long after Colonel Clarke had returned to Kentucky, he learned that Governor Hamilton had again recaptured Vincennes and raised the English flag over the fort there. He therefore resolved to renew the fight for control of that section. So after another terrible march and much heavy fighting, the fort was again surrendered to the Americans, and permanently held by them.

Not so very long after this the Revolutionary War ended, and peace with England was declared. But in the settlement of affairs connected with it, the question arose as to what American territory England should control, and what part of it should fall to America. There was no question about England's retaining control of Canada, which was then in her possession, but what about the territory south of the Great Lakes? After lengthy argument over the matter, the rule was adopted that each side should keep what was actually in its possession at the close of the war.

It will therefore be seen that the final capture of Vincennes by Clarke, with the routing of the English from south of the Great Lakes, was America's great gain in the settlement of original boundary lines. Had this not been done at the opportune time, the great States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and even Kentucky, would have fallen to England in the settlement of peace terms.

This item of history is worth remembering, not because America won so large a slice of country at the close of the Revolutionary struggle, but that the heroic deeds of the patriots of those days might be an inspiration in behalf of strenuous efforts to prepare men and women for a country to be ruled by the righteous reign of the Prince of Peace.

J. O. CORLISS.

Information Corner

What do the silver and gold bars and stars on the soldier's uniform represent?

- 1 gold bar, second lieutenant.
- 1 silver bar, first lieutenant.
- 2 silver bars, captain.
- Gold leaf, major.
- Silver leaf, lieutenant colonel.
- Silver eagle, colonel.
- 1 silver star, brigadier general.
- 2 silver stars, major general.
- 3 silver stars, lieutenant general.
- 4 silver stars, general.

What does the braid on an officer's overcoat signify?

- 1 row khaki braid, second lieutenant.
- 1 row black braid, first lieutenant.
- 2 rows black braid, captain.
- 3 rows black braid, major.
- 4 rows black braid, lieutenant colonel.

Staff officers have a straight black band below the braid.

Why is the thyroid gland said by physiologists to be indispensable to health?

The thyroid gland lies in the throat, being the organ that is affected in goiter. The secretion of the thyroid gland contains iodine, which physicians have found to be an absolutely necessary constituent of the body. Without this organ normal life is impossible. Rickets, corpulence, goiter, and other diseases result if this organ fails to function properly.

Why are the deep, round holes found in large rocks in the bed of streams called potholes?

These round holes, made by the water, sand, gravel, and larger stones getting into a slight depression in a rock, and being carried round and round by the swirling waters, "receive the name of potholes from the popular belief that they were excavated by the Indians, and used in grinding corn."

What is meant by the expression, "Davy Jones' locker"?

The term is used by sailors in the sense of meaning the bottom of the ocean. Hence you hear the expression, "Gone to Davy Jones' locker," meaning that a person has been drowned or buried at sea.

What is shagreen?

Shagreen is a kind of untanned leather prepared in Russia and the East, from the skins of horses, camels, etc., and covered with small round granulations by pressing small seeds into the grain or hair side when moist, and when dry scraping off the roughness. Soaking then causes the compressed or indented portions of the skin to swell up into relief. "The adaptation of the shark skin to the general purposes of the leather worker has presented distinctive difficulties — so, too, has the skin of the ray and the dogfish — because of the horny, tuberculous exterior which is frequently so hard that it can be ground down only by means of abrasive belts or wheels. In fact, this

shagreen has been extensively employed by cabinet-makers, ivory workers, metal workers, etc., in lieu of emery cloth and sandpaper. The question of making shark skins available for leather has, therefore, rested in part upon devising ways to get rid of the shagreen."

Missionary Volunteer Department

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

Our Counsel Corner

WHEN was our young people's work first organized outside the United States? J. M.

The first testimony calling for a special work for our young people was dated Melbourne, Australia, Dec. 19, 1892. Very soon after this testimony was written, Elder A. G. Daniells, then laboring in South Australia, organized a young people's society in Adelaide. This marks the beginning of the young people's work in other lands, and the beginning of a strongly organized young people's work in Australia.

M. E.

Do you have any literature giving the qualifications and duties of society officers? If so, will you kindly let me know the price of same? E. L.

The new manual, known as "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work," discusses the duties and qualifications of all society officers. The officers in your society should have copies of this book. It contains 24 chapters, 296 sections, 480 pages, and sells for \$1.25 in the United States. Order from your tract society. M. V. D.

Some one told me the other day that there is now a preparatory membership pledge card. Is there? For whom is it intended? C. F.

Yes, there is now a preparatory membership card. The pledge reads as follows:

"Desiring to obtain the benefit of Christian association and to co-operate in the work of the Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers, I promise, as a preparatory member, to assist in the society work as far as my ability and experience will permit."

With regard to the persons who are eligible to preparatory membership, "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work," says:

"A few societies feel the need of a preparatory membership; for there are young people with Christian ideals who, although interested in the society work and willing to work in the bands, are slow in taking the step that leads to church membership; and there may be others who 'love Jesus,' but who have not had an opportunity to be baptized and join the church. However, no one should long be a preparatory member. Surely every young person 'who really loves Jesus' should seek the first opportunity to declare his allegiance openly by joining the church."—Pages 95, 96.

Every society that has a preparatory membership should make it a constant feeder to the regular membership. All personal workers in the society should recognize preparatory membership as an important step in the right direction, and should watch carefully over all who take this step lest, through lack of faithful personal effort, any slide back or fail to go forward. M. E.

THE MORNING WATCH CALENDAR

FOR 1920



The above is a facsimile of the cover of the
1920 MORNING WATCH CALENDAR

☞ David said, "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." Ps. 5: 3. Plan to observe the Morning Watch. Form the habit of daily devotion to God in the morning, before entering upon the busy activities of the day. Experience the joy and blessing which come to every young Christian who faithfully meets his morning appointments with God.

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REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

South Bend, Ind. Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. New York City



Just for the Juniors



Martin's Lesson

AFTER John and Martin had finished their lunch in Roslyn Park, John lay back on the grass and began to dispose of the remaining contents of his box by seeing how far he could throw them and what he could hit. He had been amusing himself this way for a few moments unobserved by Martin, who was carefully picking up every bit of paper and refuse that he found about him. As he glanced up, he saw John throw a banana skin on the sidewalk some distance from them.

As Martin rushed to pick it up, he called to John, "I shall have to tell you a story that my mother told me."

"All right, I am always ready for a story."

As Martin returned with his trophy, John said, "Boy, what made you pick that thing up? Are you still hungry?"

"My story will answer your question. It is one that mother says was in her school reader. It is this:

"There were two boys, Hugh and Briggs. They were cousins, and Briggs was visiting Hugh. They were playing in a near-by park one day, when Hugh noticed a newspaper on one of the benches. Snatching it up as they ran by, he proposed that they play hare and hounds. Briggs agreed.

"They tore up the paper into small bits and put the pieces into their pockets. 'You can be the hare first. I'll blind my eyes and count five hundred by fives. As you run, drop bits of paper. Then I can tell where you have gone, and follow you. All ready! Five, ten, fifteen, etc.'

"Briggs was off like a shot. Down into the dell he plunged. First he jumped the brook, treading down some of the ferns. Then he crept through shrubbery, swung around a bunch of silver birches, tore across a flower bed, which was not a little damaged by his passage, and was off across a stretch of lawn. Behind him tiny pieces of paper were flying in the breeze. 'Five hundred!' shouted Hugh, and he was after him, racing over flower beds, through shrubbery, and splashing through the brook.

"When they had each played the hare part they were tired and sat down on one of the benches to rest. Briggs had hardly touched the seat, when he asked Hugh to lend him his knife, for he wanted to carve his initials in the bench. But the bench was of very hard wood, so Briggs gave up before completing his self-assigned task. But Hugh thought he could make an H easily. So Briggs gave him the knife, saying that when he got through he guessed he would try his luck on that white birch. 'It is softer than this seat.'

"They soon revived enough to chase after a pushcart they saw going up the street. They each got an orange and a banana, and came back to the bench.

"As they returned munching their fruit, they noticed the bits of paper they had strewn over the park as they were playing. Briggs laughed and said, 'The chap who picks those up will have a nice time. I'm glad I don't have to do it.'

"So am I," said Hugh. "I suppose I ought to put my orange skins in one of those big cans, but there isn't any near here."

"Never mind," returned Briggs. "Everybody does it; so what's the harm?"

"No great harm, young gentlemen," said a voice just behind them, "except that you, and folks like you, make life a good deal harder for me."

"The boys turned quickly, to find the kindly face of an old man, his back bent and his hair whitened, standing beside them. In one hand he held a long pointed rod on which some pieces of paper were sticking. In the other hand was a large sack, which he dragged.

"Time was," the old man went on, "when I would have warmed your jackets for you, or handed you over to the policeman. But somehow I can't do it now, though when I get home at night my back aches terribly. It's all very well to play hare and hounds, and then sit down and eat bananas and oranges. But afterward somebody must walk over all the way you ran, and a good deal farther, and pick up each bit of paper."

"The boys looked at each other sheepishly. Somehow it didn't seem to be half so much fun to play hare and hounds when a poor old man had to work so hard afterward.

"I never can see," the old man went on, "why the people who own this park seem to be so willing to spoil it. It is theirs, yours, everybody's. The trees were planted to give them shade and make the city lovely. The lawns are kept green, the flowers bloom, the seats are placed along the walks, for their joy and comfort. The people buy all these with the taxes they pay to the city. And yet I see so many folks who cut their benches, break their trees, trample their ferns, and throw papers and peanut shells and all sorts of refuse on the lawns and walks. If I did not work so hard to keep the place in order,—and of course the city pays me to do this,—the park would soon be so ugly and dirty that no one would want to come here. One of the worst things is a banana peel. Pieces of banana peel are so slippery that people who step on them often fall and get badly hurt. Just the other day —"

"A sudden cry broke in upon the old man's story. As the three turned, they saw a little old lady lying on the sidewalk. She had fallen heavily and lay quite still. The old man and the two boys hurried forward to help her.

"I wonder what's the matter with her?" asked Briggs.

"She has fainted," declared Hugh. "I saw a lady faint in a crowd once, and she fell just like this."

"As the old man stooped to lift the woman, he pained.

"No, she has not fainted," he said. "Look there!"

"The boys' eyes followed his finger. There on the walk just by the old lady's foot was Briggs' banana peel. No one spoke for a moment. Then Hugh found his voice.

"Let's take her to our house. It's all our fault. Mother will care for her, and we will send her home in a cab. I've got some money in my bank, and I'll pay for the cab and for a doctor, too, if she needs one."

"Not much!" exclaimed Briggs. "It was my fault. I'll pay for it. But never mind that now. The first thing is to get her into the house."

"They lifted her tenderly and started to carry her. But her eyes opened, and in a weak voice she asked: 'Where am I? Did I fall? Let me sit on the seat for a few moments. I think I shall feel better then.'

"'I'll get mother,' cried Hugh, and darted off across the street. Briggs helped the old man lead her to the bench, and then ran off in another direction.

"Mrs. Roe caught up a few simple remedies, and hurried to the seat where the little old lady now sat, looking rather limp, but with a brave smile on her face.

"'Oh, thank you so much,' she exclaimed, as Mrs. Roe put her arm about her and asked whether she were badly hurt. 'No, I think not. At first I was afraid I had broken my hip. In that case I should have had to lie in bed for weeks. Perhaps I might never have been able to walk again. But I find that I can stand and walk a little, so that I am sure no bones are broken. In a little while I shall be able to go home.'

"Just then a cab drove up in front of the bench, with Briggs on the seat with the driver. Leaping down, he came and stood before the little old lady, his cap in his hand.

"'I'm awfully sorry,' he began. 'It was my fault. Please get into the cab. I am going to pay the driver, and he will take you home.'

"'Oh, please don't,' said the old lady. 'I think I can walk.'

"'No, let him! Do, please!' said Mrs. Roe. 'It is only fair, and will help the boys to remember. I'll go with you and see that you are not badly bruised.'

"Mrs. Roe and the old lady got slowly into the cab, which soon was lost to sight behind the shrubbery. The old man took up the rod and bag and began to pick up the papers again.

"'I'm glad she didn't break her hip!' exclaimed Hugh.

"'So am I,' said Briggs. 'I wish I hadn't carved my initials on that tree. I thought I should like to see them there; but I would rather not now. I didn't know the park belonged to us, did you?'

"'No. I say, Briggs, that old man is picking up our papers. Come along — quick!'

"Off he went across the lawn. Briggs paused just long enough to pick up the pieces of orange peel and banana skin and deposit them in the garbage can at the corner. Then he darted after his cousin.

"As the old man watched them, a smile broke over his face. They were chasing the bits of paper with all the keenness of two young foxes. More than that, they were having a deal more fun in helping the old man and cleaning up their park than when they played the first game.

"'I don't believe those boys will ever do that sort of thing again,' he said. 'They have learned a lesson. I only wish that the rest of the people who own this city would learn it.'

"Then he slung the bag over his shoulder, and went on his way."

"That's a pretty good story, Martin. I shall be more careful hereafter where I throw banana skins, and I suppose we ought not to throw anything in the street or in the parks, for it costs money to pick it up, even if no one is hurt as was the old lady in that story."

"Yes, and everything we carelessly throw down makes the city unsightly."

"You are a good preacher, Martin, and I'll see if I can't be as good a one to practise what you preach as you are yourself."

"Eye Hath Not Seen"

SHE was tired, this wisp of a woman. Her back ached from bending long over the washtub, her head ached from listening constantly for the tap of her husband's cane on the floor above, her heart ached — oh, how her heart ached, and that was hardest of all. One's back can be rested, one's head can cease throbbing, but the aching of one's heart! Will a soft couch or a quiet room ease an aching heart?

The husband, an old man, had been in bed for many months. The frail little woman, old with cares, not years, had toiled night and day to furnish him with the comforts that she knew he enjoyed, the comforts that she wanted him to have in his last days. Constantly she toiled; she had rented all the rooms that she could spare, she took care of the furnace, she cooked, she washed and ironed. Lines and lines of towels and sheets and pillowcases hung in her little yard each week. She bathed and nursed her husband, leaving her work at any time to notice and to grant his slightest wish, so that many a week it became necessary for her to work when other folks were visiting, or being amused, or sleeping.

She had no relatives to come and help her. There were some nieces, but now since she had no time to make dainty dishes or to entertain them, they never found it convenient to make a visit.

She had no friends. There were folks who stopped her on the streets as she hurried, during odd moments, to the little shops, and asked her how her husband was feeling, and instructed her to call on them at any time for help; but the little woman was timid. There are folks everywhere, so many folks, who are willing to help but who *always wait to be asked*.

The backache was much worse this morning, the head was all confused, and the heart — O, the heart was crushed! She bent again over the washtub. Last night the husband was so restless she had not closed her eyes. He was so ill that she had neglected to go at five o'clock as usual to open the furnace draft, and an hour ago two of her roomers had left because it was cold when they got up. There was very little money left.

She had planned to have the physician call again when the roomers paid their rent again, but now they were gone. She closed her tired eyes as she rubbed hurriedly on the old board, and bowed her heart before her God. She knew he would not send her away. Then she took courage; but she could not move quickly, the pain in her back was so bad.

The bell rang. She dried her hands, pulled down her sleeves, covered her soiled dress with a clean apron, and hurried upstairs.

It was a physician who had been called to give service in a near-by camp, and his strong young wife. After some discussion and inspection, they rented the room for six weeks. As they closed the door of their room and held a consultation, they knew that something was wrong in the house.

They were not long in finding out just what it was. The strong arms of the young woman finished that washing while her husband gave cheer and comfort

and much-needed attention to the old man. At night a cot was put in his room and the frail little woman rested on it many hours.

Every day the young woman washed and ironed and baked, and the tired little woman's back ceased to ache, and her head was not confused. She spent many restful hours with her husband, and as for her heart—well, a soft couch will rest an aching back, and a quiet room will still the throbbing head, but only love can ease an aching heart. And love had come to the house.

The six weeks were over. The frail hands were clasped over the strong ones. "Oh," the owner of the frail hands said quietly, "what a comfort you folks have been to us! Six weeks ago we didn't know that you were in the world, and God had you for us. You know the Good Book says, 'Eye hath not seen,'—and the rest, you know it, how true that is!" And the good friends were gone.

"I wonder, John," the young wife said, slowly, "how many folks are waiting for us to come and comfort them! We shall have to be watchful that we do not miss any of them."

"I wonder, too," the husband answered, looking far out into the future, "how many folks are waiting to comfort us? 'Eye hath not seen,' you know. It is wonderful to me, the faith of those two old folks. He told me that God had prepared something for them, the thought of which had never entered their hearts. It is wonderful, too, isn't it, to think that we were sent by God?" — *Selected*.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VIII — Covetousness

(November 22)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." 1 Tim. 6: 17.

Covetousness Defined

1. Which commandment forbids covetousness? Ex. 20: 17.
2. Which commandment forbids idolatry? Ex. 20: 3.
3. How does the tenth commandment differ from the first commandment? Col. 3: 5.

The Folly and Wickedness of Covetousness

4. What parable did Jesus give to show the folly of overrating the value of worldly goods? Luke 12: 16-21. Note 1.
5. In what words did Paul warn the young man Timothy against the dangers of becoming absorbed in getting money? 1 Tim. 6: 9.
6. What effect did he say this coveting of money would have on one's faith? Verse 10, margin.

Foolish and Wise Men

7. What did the love of money lead Achan to do? Joshua 7: 21.
8. What did it lead Judas to do? Mark 14: 10, 11.
9. How did Paul's experience differ from that of Achan and Judas? Acts 20: 33.
10. Of what time especially in the history of this world is covetousness a characteristic? 2 Tim. 3: 1, 2; James 5: 3.
11. With what other sins is this one classed? Verses 2-5. Note 2.
12. In the end how will these rich men feel about their ill-gotten riches? James 5: 1-3.
13. When the day of the Lord comes, what will they do with their wealth? Isa. 2: 20, 21. Note 3.

The Right Way

14. What charge is given to the young man Timothy, the "man of God," against placing his affections on money? 1 Tim. 6: 11, 17. Note 4.
15. What kind of riches should we lay up in store? Verses 18, 19.

Notes

1. This parable is called, "The Rich Fool." This may seem a hard name, but he who plans only for this short, uncertain life without reference to the future life, can hardly be said to be in the fullest possession of all his God-given faculties. "He that winneth souls is wise." This, then, is heaven's distinction between a fool and a wise man. The wise man lays up "treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;" the fool hoards his treasure of gold and silver and earthly goods in this earth to be cast in the judgment day to "the moles and to the bats" and burned up in the lake of fire.

2. "Covetousness is the root of all evil: (1) Crimes, selfishness, oppressions, wrongs of all kinds grow from this root. It stands in the way of all progress, all elevation of man. (2) It is the source of all evils to the covetous person; it is selfish, hard-hearted; it smothers every noble feeling and aspiration; it quenches every hope of religion; it sears the conscience; it asphyxiates and starves the intellect. It is full of wretchedness, stops up every avenue of real joy, drowning all the music of delight in the chink of gold." — *Peloubet*.

3. "When the steamer 'Central America,' with nearly six hundred passengers aboard, was wrecked off Cape Hatteras, Sept. 12, 1857, in a fearful storm, many of the passengers, who were returning miners from the gold mines of California, divested themselves of their treasure belts and scattered the gold upon the cabin floors, telling those to take it who would, lest its weight about their persons should carry them to their death. 'Full purses, containing in some instances thousands of dollars, lay around untouched. Carpetbags were opened, and the shining metal was poured out on the floor with the prodigality of death's despair. One of the passengers opened a bag and dashed about the cabin twenty thousand dollars in gold dust, and told him who wanted to gratify his greed for gold to take it. But it was passed by untouched, as the veriest dross.'" — *Our First Century*, pp. 642, 643.

4. "Every selfish, covetous person will fall out by the way. Like Judas, who sold his Lord, they will sell good principles and a noble, generous disposition for a little of earth's gain." — *Early Writings*, p. 269.

Additional Thoughts on the Sabbath School Lesson

COVETOUSNESS is called idolatry because the covetous person places that love, delight, and confidence in riches which are due to God alone."

"He is covetous whose piety is chilled by gold."

"He is covetous for whom Christ is not a sufficiency when gold fails."

"Covetousness ruins one's future. It leaves him with his chosen god. 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.'"

The apostle Paul classes the covetous person with thieves, drunkards, revilers, and extortioners. 1 Cor. 6: 10. No wonder that Jesus says, "Beware of covetousness."

Covetousness is a characteristic of the last days. 2 Tim. 3: 2.

When Jethro advised Moses to appoint men to help him in his work of judging the people, he stipulated that he appoint able "men, such as fear God, men of truth, *hating covetousness*." Ex. 18: 21.

The apostle Paul considered covetousness unworthy of being mentioned among saints. Eph. 5: 3.

"When sin lies hidden in the heart, sooner or later it jars out into the machinery of life, and we have the startling wreck. Just as the big engine down in the mill was wrecked when a crowbar which had no business there worked out into the gearing. There is only one way to have a perfect and successful running mill, automobile, or man. And that is to have everything about the power plant scrupulously clean. Achan was the sinner which had got into the Israelite gear box and threw the fine machinery out of running for the time. John 13: 11; Ps. 51: 10, 11."

Paul said, "I had not known sin, . . . except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet." What does this imply? Is it true?

Are you jealous? Covetousness is the cause of jealousy. You covet the fame, friendship, good will, or popularity of a person, and you become jealous of that person. "Beware of covetousness."

Analyze many sins, and see if covetousness is not the foundation of each one.

"There is the way of avarice [covetousness]. Those who follow it make haste to be rich. The almighty dollar rolls before them along the road, and they chase it. Some of them plod patiently along the highway of toil. Others are always leaping fences and trying to find short cuts to wealth." The motto of the covetous is: "Lay up for yourselves treasures upon earth."

Analyze the special problems now vexing the world, and see how many of them are based upon covetousness.

What laid low millions of our men upon the world's battlefields during the last five years?

"If you wish to help the future, let your life be one long, steady, wise protest against covetousness in word and deed."

"Accustom yourself to *giving*, not keeping." This is a good way to prevent covetousness." F. D. C.

Intermediate Lesson

VIII — The Decree Against the Jews

(November 22)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 1 to 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther 4:14.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 598-601; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 255-262.

"Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clear and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy."

Questions

1. Over how many provinces did Ahasuerus reign? What was his capital city? For whom did he make a feast? For how long did the feast continue? Esther 1:1-4. Note 1.
2. At its close for whom did the king make a feast? Describe the court of the king's palace. From what did his guests drink? What guided the officers in their serving? Verses 5-8. Note 2.
3. On the last day of the feast what command did the king give concerning Vashti? What did Vashti refuse to do? Verses 10-12. Note 3.
4. What suggestion was made to the king? How was this received by him? Verses 19, 21.
5. Who was Mordecai? Who was Esther? Esther 2:5-7.
6. What preference did the king show to Esther? Verses 8, 9, 17.
7. What had Mordecai charged Esther to keep secret? Verses 10, 20.
8. Who sat in the king's gate? What service was Mordecai able to do the king? Where was the account of this written? Verses 21-23.
9. Who was promoted by King Ahasuerus? Who would not bow before Haman? How did this affect Haman? Esther 3:1-5. Note 4.
10. What did Haman determine to do? For what purpose did he cast lots? What did he tell the king about the Jews? Verses 6-8. Note 5.
11. What would Haman be willing to pay into the king's treasury, if the king would destroy the Jews? What permission did the king give Haman? Verses 9-11. Note 6.

12. When were the king's scribes called? To whom were letters written? Verse 12.

13. How were the letters sent? What was the decree? What day was set for the destruction of the Jewish people? When all this had been done, what did the king and Haman do? What was the effect of this decree in Shushan? Verses 13-15. Note 7.

14. How did Mordecai express his grief? How did the Jews throughout the provinces receive the decree? Esther 4:1-3.

15. How did Esther learn of the decree? What charge did Mordecai send to her? Verses 4-9.

16. Why did Esther think she could not do what Mordecai asked? Verses 10-12.

17. What further warning did Mordecai give to Esther? What did he think she might have been called to the palace to do? Verses 13, 14.

18. What did Esther ask Mordecai to do? What preparation would she and her maidens make? What did she say of herself? Verses 15-17.

Interesting Contrasts

Contrast the Oriental customs of Esther's time with the customs of modern civilized times in the following points:

- Power of the ruler of a people.
- Place accorded to women.
- Lawmaking powers.
- Method of publishing and carrying news.

Notes

1. Shushan, or Susa, was the capital city of Darius Hystaspes.

2. "The drinking was according to the law, and this law was that there should be no limit to it, everybody taking just as much wine as he pleased."—*Adency*.

3. It was contrary to the custom of the Persians for women to appear in public. Men and women held their feasts in separate apartments. If the king had not been drinking to excess, he would not have sent for Vashti, and no doubt would have put to death any one who mentioned such a thing.

4. It is generally supposed that Haman was a descendant of Agag, king of the Amalekites, a people that had tried to destroy Israel in the wilderness. The Persians worshiped their rulers as gods, "so that the act of prostration before Haman would be understood to imply worship or religious homage."

5. To "cast Pur" means to cast lots. This was evidently done to decide the day when the decree against the Jews should be carried out. The lot was taken in the first month, and fell on the thirteenth of Adar, the last month in the year.

6. Commentators suggest that Haman expected to get the possessions of the Jews when they were killed, and would thus be able to pay the immense sum he had promised to the king.

"King took his ring." His signet, either a ring or a cylinder. "Gave it unto Haman." So that he could sign in the king's name and with the king's authority any decree he wished to issue."—*Peloubet*.

7. Hundreds of thousands of Jews were scattered throughout the provinces of Medo-Persia.

"Xenophon describes the Persian system of posts in these words: 'Stables for horses are erected along the various lines of route, at such a distance from one another as a horse can accomplish in a day. All the stables are provided with a number of horses and grooms. There is a postmaster to preside over each, who receives the despatches along with the tired men and horses, and sends them on by fresh horses and fresh riders. Sometimes there is no stoppage in the conveyance even at night, since a night courier takes up the work of the day courier, and continues it.'"—*"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 260, 261.*

The Privilege of Great Requests

GOD asks us to honor him by making tremendous requests of him. Let me remind you of an old story of Alexander the Great. He was the patron of a poor philosopher, and told him to draw from the public treasury whatever cash he required. When the poor man went to the treasury for \$50,000, the treasurer refused to pay the amount until Alexander had instructed him: "Pay the amount at once; the philosopher has done me a singular honor. By the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived of both my wealth and munificence."

Are we honoring God by asking enough of him?

ERNEST LLOYD.

The Double Clasp

"Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.
... And no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's
hand." John 10: 28, 29.

THE Saviour's hand—how close its hold,
That none can loosen, none can break!
No power of heaven or earth or hell
That loving clasp can ever shake.

And over Jesus' wounded hand
The Father's hand of strength is laid,
Omnipotent to save and keep;
Thus is our surety surer made.

So, one beneath and one above,
Father and Son their hands unite.
How safe, how safe the ransomed are
Within that clasp of tender might!

— Annie Johnson Flint.

"Do It Now"

THAT phrase on a little card hangs over the desk of many a business man. It is the crisp, American, twentieth-century way of writing the old adage: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

If you have been holding a grudge against some other fellow, don't wait until tomorrow to get it out of your system—*do it now*.

If you have some bad habit,—lying, cheating, hasty speaking, or not being a good loser,—don't keep it up until it is too late to cure it—*do it now*.

If that sneaky trick of yours, which you supposed nobody saw, hasn't been apologized for—*do it now*.

If you haven't made up your mind that you will, as boys, play fair in your home, your school, and your sports—*do it now*.

If you haven't decided that it pays one-hundred-per-cent interest to be a clean and healthy boy mentally, physically, and morally—*do it now*.

If you haven't decided that Jesus Christ can be, and must be, your supreme example in life—*do it now*.

Take this motto; it applies to anything under the sun. Don't hesitate in your decision, or imagine you have plenty of time to make up your mind to be a stalwart young disciple of Christ—*do it now*.—*Selected*.

What Salem Thought of One Boy

THE city of Salem, Oregon, has a population of about twenty thousand. And yet one boy, not yet fifteen years of age, had made himself so conspicuous in this city by his friendly, helpful life that when he died recently from a collision with a motor cycle, the editor of the leading morning paper paid him the following tribute:

"The bereaved parents of 'Ted' Howard are assured that many people throughout Salem had kind thoughts and sympathetic words for them, that were not openly expressed because of lack of opportunity. Ted Howard was a wonderful boy. He had a remarkable mind and memory. He had a great heart. He was loving and loved. The little children and the dumb animals on his route were his friends because he was their friend. Not only have the bereaved parents lost the idol of their hearts, but the community has lost a citizen set apart for great things and useful service. Ted Howard has left a void not easily filled. He has left a memory that will be cherished always."

Boys, if you were taken out of your community, would your loss be so sensibly felt? It is possible for you by courtesy and thoughtfulness to make this possible. Is it not worth striving for? Should you not, as the years come, grow in "stature, and in favor with God and man," as did Jesus?

The Menace

FATHERS and mothers, it was a sad day for you when you learned that your boy had secretly become a cigarette user through evil associations.

It will be a sadder day when you learn that your pure, sweet Mary has followed in the footsteps of her brother. So fast is the tobacco habit extending that even this is not an impossible suggestion.

Evil habits do not of themselves die out. Generally, despite heroic educational campaigns against them, they increase phenomenally year by year. The *American Tobacco Leaf* is credited with saying that in this country 100,000,000 cigarettes were smoked daily last year. Of course the record for 1919 will be larger.

There is no other article of its size advertised so widely and so conspicuously as the cigarette. Advertising brings results.

The business of the American Tobacco Trust received a marvelous impetus during the "tobacco-for-soldiers" campaign. The trust will not allow this increase in business to lapse. It will adopt for America the same slogan that it has for China, "A cigarette for every man, woman, and child."

Some of the leaders in the temperance campaign see very clearly that they must wage war against tobacco as they have against liquor; not that it is in the same class with John Barleycorn, but it is striking at the heart of the nation through its boys. Others disclaim loudly any such effort on their part. If they refuse to enter upon the work of dethroning Lady Nicotine as they have King Alcohol, other persons will have to take their places, or our fair country will not reap the full benefit of their liquor prohibition, because of the tobacco evil.

If the tobacco trust receives no opposition, another generation is likely to see American women smoking cigarettes as freely as the men now do. Some fashionable hotels already provide smoking-rooms for women, and others permit the smoking of cigarettes by women in the main dining-room. The Government presentation of the social evil represents young girls as smoking at cabarets and dances. A noted novel writer says:

"Surely you will not be surprised to learn that at the houses where I am entertained in New York and San Francisco, cigarettes are passed as a matter of course, and wherever women have become frank and have lost their hypocritical nerves you find them smoking just as they drink liquors after dinner."

High school and college girls are being tempted to smoke at exclusive social gatherings. Now is the time to secure preventive measures. If these are not made, the destructive work of the tobacco evil, because of its espousal by the boys and girls of the land, will soon approximate if not overstep the evils of the liquor traffic as a race degenerator.

F. D. C.

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