

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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"IT'S A GREAT COUNTRY WE ARE LEAVING"

King Albert and Queen Elizabeth on the Steamship "George Washington," as They Departed from Our Shores.

From Here and There

The German crown prince's field kitchen is to be placed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

Three gold stripes, or chevrons, on the left sleeve represent eighteen months' service abroad; three on the right represent three wounds.

The word "cemetery" is taken from a Greek word meaning "sleeping place," in keeping with the Bible idea that death is but a sleep.

In Hawaiian, "uku" means a flea and "lele" means to jump, so that "ukulele" means a jumping flea—this name being suggested by the way the player fingers the instrument.

By vote of 309 to 1, Victor L. Berger, the Milwaukee Socialist, was excluded from membership in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., on account of disloyalty to the American Government.

The Emmanuel Missionary College has set its Harvest Ingathering goal at \$2,000. Already \$1,865 of this sum has been received. The goal of the Washington Missionary College also is \$2,000. They have more than gained their goal.

Prince Edward, heir to the throne of Great Britain, arrived at our national capital on November 11, Armistice Day. He was entertained there for several days. The prince has been accorded a hearty welcome on this side of the Atlantic.

In Centralia, Washington, on November 11, Armistice Day, a parade of soldiers was fired upon by members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Four soldiers were killed, and another seriously wounded. This act has greatly stirred the nation; for he who strikes at the veterans of the World War strikes at the nation.

The Kodiak bear is the largest of the bears, and also the largest of the carnivorous animals. In the National Museum at Washington is a specimen that weighs about 1,200 pounds, but this bear attains a greater size. So far as known, the kodiak bear is found only on Kodiak Island, near the entrance to Cook Inlet, Alaska. It feeds largely upon fish.

Dr. Lee de Forest announced a short time ago that successful tests have been made with new apparatus which makes it possible for any one to "plug in" a pony wireless panel into any ordinary lamp socket and use the alternating current from the wires to talk through space from house to house or from city to city. The new device, according to Dr. de Forest, eliminates the hum which heretofore has made alternating current objectionable for such purposes and has necessitated the use of direct current, produced by high-powered generating stations. The use of the new apparatus, it is declared, is no more difficult or complicated than calling "central" over the familiar wire telephone circuit.

The Persians used the mysterious word, "Abracadabra," supposed to have been the name of an Asiatic god, as an invocation to ward off evils and sickness. They arranged the letters of the word in triangular form, thus:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

This was inscribed on gems or written on paper which was folded in the form of a cross. The charm thus obtained was worn about the neck for nine days and then thrown into a stream flowing eastward. This, it was believed, would cure fevers and other ailments.

Recently a United States submarine, several fathoms under water at Fisher's Island, six miles from the New London, Connecticut, harbor, established wireless telephone communication with a destroyer of the United States navy, riding near by at the surface. Simultaneously radio communication was established by a hydroplane two thousand feet above the surface, with both the destroyer and the submarine. The system of radio communication through air and water which was demonstrated here is to be made a part of the regular naval equipment after it has been further tested. By means of this system airplanes which can see submerged submarines will be able to direct the attacks of either under-water or surface craft against enemy submarines under the water.

Turkish women have lifted their veils. That sensational fact has already been reported. There are more unveiled women to be seen on the streets of Constantinople than veiled. With the veil, of course, there disappears automatically the harem and its seclusion. This is a staggering innovation. All the social life of the Orient is constructed about the Moslem attitude toward women. It was against the law even for a man to build a house with a window overlooking his neighbor's harem. That no man outside of her own family should look upon a woman's face was fundamental to all the customs of the Near East.

Japan, it is said, sent a special commission to the United States to study the influences of Christianity on the lives of the American people. The report of the commission was that "while education, commerce, and industry have been developed to a wonderful degree, there is little evidence that the Christian religion is regarded as important by most of the people." Whose lives did they study? Mine and yours? We hope not.

Faith in the Crucified Christ

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT came to Cæsar Milan and asked how she could become a Christian. The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple. You have but simply to come to Jesus." And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner; will he take me just as I am?" "Yes, he will take you just as you are, and no other way." And then she said, "If he will take me just as I am, then I will come," and she went home to her room, and sat down at her desk and wrote the beautiful words of the hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea, . . .
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliott came to Christ, and thousands of others since, in the words of her hymn.—Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

The Youth's Instructor

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The Kind of Friend

E. F. COLLIER

When you talk to me, friend, be friendly,
Don't shout to me over the road;
Don't talk of your new automobile
While I'm staggering under a load.
Come near me, and be a real fellow,
Don't halloo, don't snarl, and don't pout;
Don't blow in my face; smile, and cheer me —
'Tis blessed to have you about.

When you talk to me, friend, be truthful,
I'm looking for some one to trust;
When you say things and act like a weasel,
I don't want to doubt, but I must.
Put your hand in my hand when you greet me,
And proffer the key of your heart;
Don't whisper, don't purr, don't wheedle —
I'll pray your return when we part.

When you talk to me, friend, talk courage,
Don't act like a flabby old rag;
The soul of the harp strings is tension,
Their music is gone when they sag.
Don't waver, don't doubt, don't suspicion,
Don't tell me I can't or I'm down;
He's no friend who forever sees failure,
He's a nuisance, a dolorous clown.

When you talk to me, friend, be generous,
Believe me as good as I look;
True, you can't always tell by the cover
The value that lies in a book.
But be candid and show that you trust me,
Don't argue, don't fear, don't evade;
For a friend is a fellow that loves you,
And a friend is the best thing God made.

Christ's Promise

E. F. COLLIER

JESUS said, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, . . . and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." This promise was given to inspire confidence in the heart of every worker. No child of God who walks in the assurance of this glorious promise can ever feel forsaken or discouraged while engaged in his service.

"Lo, I am with you!" To the colporteur who feels for the moment reluctant to take up again the tasks of a new week, it brings renewed assurance and a refreshing smile, and he fares forth bravely against the imaginary hard faces that await him. To the solicitor of missionary funds it says, "Go forth, and I will share your labors. I will cheer and breathe hope into your flagging spirits when the work seems difficult. I will soften the hearts of the covetous and melt the hearts of the miserly." To the weakest of the weak it whispers, "I will be strength to you, and you cannot fail."

"Lo, I am with you!" Christ declares it. "Workers in my vineyard, I do not send you forth alone. I walk all day beside you. I share your hardships, I indorse your petitions, I rejoice with you in your victories."

"Lo, I am with you!" Never has this promise been so precious and helpful to the writer as during the present ingathering campaign for missions. A distinct power attends its return to mind no matter how frequent. Who can refuse to go forth when the Prince of Glory promises to accompany us?

It was a "class" neighborhood, and contributions came in slowly. A hastily uttered prayer for the occasion ascended as a hard-faced woman opened the door. Before she spoke, that prayer had reached the ear of God.

"I have nothing to give," she said, snappingly, "and if I had I should give it to no solicitor from the street."

Her tone was envenomed, and she was about to shut the door.

"But, lady," I pleaded, this is the work of the Lord in which I am engaged."

I saw her eyes staring at the simple headline on the page I held before her.

"What does that say?" she inquired, bending closer.

I read the line to her, inwardly amazed at the complete change in her facial expression and manner of speech.

"Oh," she said, gasping a little in a relieved way, "I — I thought it said something else." Then excusing herself, she went into another room, from which she emerged with a half dollar which she placed in my hand, with a regretful declaration that it was all the money she had in the house, else she would gladly have given more.

And I believed her.

What did that woman think she saw on that printed page? What voice spoke to her, and what influence stirred within her life at that moment to bring about such an astounding change of front? I was asking myself these questions as I stepped from the porch, when I heard repeated in my inner consciousness, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

"No, sir," emphatically declared a man, after a rather lengthy tirade against missions and missionaries in general, "I would not give a cent to any organization on earth except the Salvation Army, and that carries a doubt in my favor instead of a promise."

Then he asked, "Who are you?"

"I am a Seventh-day Adventist, a believer in the second personal coming of Jesus Christ," I replied.

His countenance softened, his eyes became reminiscent, and — he gave me a dollar!

Why did he do that? What voice whispered, what memory stirred within him? Hidden away in the hearts of all men are bygone visions, — heart calls, tear-scenes, dialogues, promptings, hopes unfilled, smothered resolutions; these, like long-silent, dust-

covered bells, can be awakened into life by the Spirit of Jesus. This is a part of his mission as he goes with you into the highways and byways of life.

The I AM with you! Weak hands strengthened, feeble knees confirmed, fearful hearts made strong, vision and spirit revitalized — all this if we obey the call, "Go!" What companionship, what sublime fellowship, what an invincible crusade! When the army of our youth become fired with this holy conviction that Christ is with them, the gospel of the kingdom will be carried triumphantly on wings as swift as angels' to earth's remotest bounds. Young men and women, speed that day!

Nature and Science

When Coal Made Its Debut

COAL is a live subject just now. The recent strike called by the miners' union has served to emphasize its importance as an economic asset, and bring a country-wide realization of the national calamity which would result should we be left without this commodity which is so necessary to keep the wheels of industry turning smoothly. But there was a time in the long ago when the usefulness of coal was unknown. The discovery came about on this wise:

"Anthracite coal first made its bow to our civilization by being kicked about underfoot and getting in the way and into trouble, and making a nuisance of itself generally because it was dirty and useless and always turning up in regions where it was not wanted. When George Washington was a boy the people of Virginia knew that it was some kind of coal; they mined it and tried to burn it, but without success. There and elsewhere it was known, wherever found on the surface of the earth, as 'black stones.'

Accidental Discovery of Its Fuel Value

"Two blacksmiths near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, became tired of kicking it about out of the way, so they swept it up and into their furnace. There is where anthracite, or hard coal, entered into its reign of usefulness and power in the world of practical things. That was in 1768, and it made Gore Brothers, blacksmiths, famous in Pennsylvania history.

"From Wilkes-Barre a whole cargo of coal was shipped in 1775, down the Susquehanna in flat boats, to the Government armory at Carlisle. Then, in 1793, a Frenchman named Weiss went back to France to help finish the French Revolution, and before going he sold land at Summithill, near Mauch Chunk, to the newly organized Lehigh Coal Mine Company.

"The company had still to learn how to mine, burn, and ship the coal. After ten years of discouraging attempts, expensive experiments, and heavy losses, they succeeded in getting twenty tons, out of a shipment of sixty, down the Lehigh River to Philadelphia.

"Nine years later the next load of coal was sent to Philadelphia. In 1812 nine wagonloads were hauled there from the Schuylkill region. Two years later the river barges were tried again. Five were sent with ten or twelve tons in each. Only two arrived at their destination.

Bought at Cost of Transportation

"Once there, no one knew how to make use of them. Two wagonloads of coal were considered useless, worthless, a drug on the market. A firm known

as White & Hazard, willing to take a chance, got a real bargain. They bought a wagonload of coal at the cost of transportation. They used the coal successfully in the furnace of their wire-and-nail factory. That was probably the first time anthracite was ever used in the manufacture of iron.

"Other coal bargains, in the light of present-day prices, at least, were those made by the Smith Brothers — Abijah, who in 1807 bought seventy-five acres of coal land in Plymouth for \$500, and John, who in 1808 bought an adjoining tract of one hundred twenty-five acres for \$600. Scoffing friends laughed at the Smith brothers.

Dynamite First Used in Blasting Coal

"Mining was a slow and expensive process. The coal was simply picked up from the surface of the ground or mined with pick and wedge, no explosive being used to take it out of the ground. John Flanigan, of Connecticut, who had blasted stone in a stone quarry, made the experiment of blasting for coal, and so started a new chapter in mining.

First Used in the Home

"Wilkes-Barre holds the honors as the first place where anthracite was used as a household fuel — at least in Pennsylvania. In 1808 Judge Fell tried it in the simple iron-and-brick grate of his fireplace, and found it made a cleaner, better, cheaper fire than wood. The people of Wilkes-Barre are proud of that fireplace.

First Used for Generating Steam

"Anthracite was first used for the generation of steam in 1825, under the boiler of Thompson's rolling mill at Phoenixville. Then its fame spread.

First Used in Blast Furnaces

"At Pottsville, in 1839, it was first used alone in blast furnaces. The faith and perseverance of William Lyman, of Boston, who made pig iron with anthracite for one hundred consecutive days in the Pottsville blast furnaces, were rewarded by a gift of \$5,000.

"It was 1840 before anthracite and charcoal were successfully mixed as a fuel. David Thomas used them together in a furnace he had built for the Lehigh Crane Iron Company, at Catasauqua, on the Lehigh."

L. E. C.

How the Bad Boys Helped the Fruit Grower

SOME of the most useful and helpful inventions and discoveries come not so much as the result of prolonged study and laboratory research as of sudden recognition by the imaginative faculties, of the value of natural phenomena already about us but whose workings have hitherto been unobserved or ignored. Often they come through the merest accident. An illustration of the latter is found in the discovery of that valuable and much-used plant spray, Bordeaux mixture, so useful to the gardener in his struggle with fungus pests.

French vineyardists, as we should expect, found that certain boys there, as with us, were given to making onslaughts on the vineyards and orchards during the fruiting season, so that year after year they saw their trees and vines afflicted by "that mysterious ailment known as 'finger blight'" to which fruit trees growing temptingly near the highways are peculiarly liable.

For some years prior to 1882 vineyardists often sought to protect their fruit along the roadways by sprinkling it, when ripening, with verdigris. But in that year certain grape growers in the vicinity of Bordeaux prepared a cheaper mixture to spray on their grapes, by adding lime to a solution of copper sulphate or bluestone. The blue sediment adhered well to the grapes, and gave them such a poisonous appearance that depredators were chary about plucking them.

A severe outbreak of the well-known disease, downy mildew, which came about that time, was worse, however, than all the thieving of the boys. Whole orchards were ruined, so that the bulk of the crop was never harvested. It was now observed with astonishment that the grapes along the roads—the portion of the vineyard which had been sprayed with the new mixture of lime and bluestone—were untouched by the blight. A generous use of this spray immediately followed the next year to the saving of the fruit industry in many parts of Europe. And to this day the famous old recipe, but slightly changed, is known as Bordeaux mixture and is used the world over.

EDMUND JAEGER.

Oakland's Winter Guests

OAKLAND, California, just across the bay from San Francisco, has the unique distinction of providing, at the cost of several hundred dollars, free food and water, with other advantages, for thousands of its winter guests, the wild ducks which take up their abode at Lake Merritt, a large V-shaped body of salt water in the heart of the city. By actual count on a certain day in December, 1918, there were 5,000 ducks on the lake and adjacent lawns. The care the city gives to its bird visitors is seen in the fact that no boating is allowed on a large section of the lake during the winter months, dogs not in leash are forbidden in the park where the birds have their



A Few of the Ducks That Winter on Lake Merritt

loafing quarters, and shooting is always illegal. These so-called wild birds trust their human friends implicitly, and remain at ease while visiting automobiles run in among them.

Since Lake Merritt is salt water, the city has provided large cement drinking basins on the lake shore. These are kept filled with fresh water.

The wild fowl that take up winter quarters at Lake Merritt are divided into two classes, those that leave the lake and spend considerable time in resting and sleeping on the lawn in the sunshine, and those which never leave the lake for the land. To the former class belong "the river ducks, such as the pintail, baldpate, and shoveler, as well as numerous coots and gulls;" while to the latter class belong "the sea ducks, canvas-

back, scaup, bufflehead, golden-eyed, and ruddy, along with the various diving birds, such as eared and pied-billed grebes.

The bird season at this game preserve is from October to the middle of February. After this date they leave the lake and visit other sections of the State, and it is said they sometimes spend several weeks visiting about in other sections before leaving for their distant nesting places in the North.

F. D. C.

A Talk About Time

WE get so used to time that we think very little about it. We just use it as we do air, because we think there's so much of it that we don't need to bother to be economical with it. We take an hour whenever we want it and use it up, and it makes no more difference to us than if we had used up so much water out of the creek. We save our money, or try to get our money's worth when we spend it. We try to save our health, try to save our tempers. We know enough to be economical of almost everything but hours and minutes. And hours and minutes are the one thing we should save the hardest, because when one of them is gone we can never get it back, and no matter how hard we save after that, we can never make up for it.

It Isn't Like Money

If you waste a dollar, you can make it up tomorrow or next year. You can work a little harder, or use your brains a little better, and get that dollar back and another hundred with it. When you come to think of it, wasting money is of small importance when compared with wasting time. The world is full of dollars. All it takes is hard work and a few brains to get them. But all the hard work in the world won't add a single minute to the number of minutes in your life, and all the brains in the world won't show you how to pile up a supply of minutes to use when a rainy day comes.

The Supply Is Limited

While the war was going on we had bread rations and meat rations and sugar rations. We thought it was an extraordinary bit of self-sacrifice to submit to such rationing. But our time has been rationed to us all our lives. It has been peddled out to us a minute at a time. We can't use more than a minute at once, and there is no possible way of getting more than sixty minutes into an hour, or twenty-four hours into a day. It's the severest kind of rationing. It starts with the day we are born, and quits the day we die. You can't cheat the law and get an extra pound of minutes. There's no way of beating the regulation.

What Is a Lifetime?

Do you get the idea that a lifetime is nothing in the world but just a person's ration of minutes? That's all. Just so many minutes are doled out to you. It may be your ration will be seventy years, which is a great many minutes, or it may be only sixty, or only thirty. Nobody knows. That's the worst of it. If you knew exactly how many minutes you have to spend, you could plan things all out and make a schedule of just how you would spend them. But you can't. Maybe you've got a million minutes left, and maybe you haven't a hundred, and there you are. That's what a lifetime is, an uncertain number of minutes, handed out one a time.

Why They're So Valuable

If you had just one dollar in your pocket and did not know you were going to get another, you'd be very careful of that dollar. You would hang onto it, and think over and plan and spend it for the things that were most essential to you. But a minute! What's a minute? Got lots of minutes, and they don't cost a thing. Clock ticks them off for us. Don't need to bother about the next minute or the next hour. Now that's a foolish way to think, isn't it? What you're doing is using up a minute out of your life and getting nothing for it. You are simply taking so much life and throwing it in the wastebasket. And you can't pick it out of the wastebasket again.

When It's Gone, It's Gone

If you lose a dollar, you can get it back, as we said. If you lose health you can get it back. If you lose your reputation, honesty, hard work, and decency will earn it back for you. We don't know one thing in the world that you can't throw away, and get back again if you try hard enough, not one thing but time. It is the most valuable commodity in the world. It is the thing most precious to any boy or man or woman. But you can't get it back, and you can't store it up. You've got to use every minute exactly when it happens, make the most of it for sixty seconds—or lose your chance at it forever.

They Chase Each Other

And the minutes chase each other so rapidly! No sooner do you use up one minute than there's another to be used. You can't take time to do much fooling around with a minute, or it will be some other minute you're fooling with. Minutes are as slippery as eels. You have just sixty seconds to get the worth out of a minute, *your* minute, a piece of your *life*. Just think over that a second.

What Is a Successful Man?

Now then, we come to what makes a successful man. What is a great man? It is a man who has made the best possible use of his ration of time. This doesn't mean you have got to be a great statesman or business man or author or painter or soldier. It means that anybody is a great man who, with his abilities and the circumstances that surround him, has used to the best advantage the minutes of his life. Maybe you are only a farm hand, and get to be nothing more. But if you have, as a farm hand, utilized and realized the full value of your lifetime of minutes, you are a successful man and a great man.

Odd Minutes

So, make the most of the minutes you expect to make the most of, your regular hours of work and play, but *don't* forget the odd minutes. We have a way of saying, "I've got to do something at ten o'clock. That's twenty minutes away, and there's nothing I

can do with twenty minutes." So you throw them in the wastebasket. You squander them. Sometimes it is a whole day between events. Say you have quit one job today, and your new job doesn't start till day after tomorrow. "There's a day that's no good," you say, and you toss it aside. We suppose every man has at least ten odd minutes a day. That is three thousand six hundred fifty minutes a year. It is thirty-six thousand five hundred odd minutes in ten years, and in fifty years it is one hundred eighty-two thousand five hundred minutes, which is more than three thousand hours, and that is more than one hundred twenty days. Thrown away. And at the rate of wasting only ten minutes a day. Think of it, three months gone!

Suppose you had three months to use. What could you do with it? Just think it over. What could you gain in three months? And you have given it away without any return. Just sit down and think about that three months. You can do as much with three months split up into ten-minute periods as you can with three months in a chunk. More, we believe. We wonder if maybe the explanation of some men's great success and of others' failure isn't that the successful men have had the common sense to use their odd minutes?—*Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor of the American Boy.*



Evening Tribune, San Diego, California

THEY FLY—BUT NEVER RETURN

Doest thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

On Intimate Terms

DO you mean to say that that was your father you were speaking to just now? *Your father?*

The question was put by a young man to a friend who

had just been taking leave of a traveler at the railway station.

"Yes, indeed," was the proud reply. "And he's a great father, I can tell you!"

"And I thought you were chums!" the friend continued his surprised comment.

"Chums? Why, so we are. I haven't a closer chum in the world than dear old dad."

"Well, I don't know how you stand it; that's all I can say. Think of getting chummy with your own father! I have learned that it is better to keep just as far from my father as possible." And the friend went off shaking his head.

One who overheard the words of the two young men thought that they illustrated quite faithfully two absolutely opposed ideas of the heavenly Father. There are so many young people who feel that both safety and comfort lie in keeping him at a distance. Then there are those who are learning that it is impossible to get too close to God, that there are comfort and joy and fulness of life in associating with him as the most intimate possible companion.—*Selected.*

"CONTRACTORS say it is not the spirit of unrest among labor that bothers them, but the spirit of rest."

The Christian and His Bible

EDYTHE A. AYERS

THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path;" "thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:105, 11. This is David's testimony regarding the instruction given him by the Lord. He found it at all times a guide and counselor, and a protection against the inroads of sin.

This same "word" recorded in the Scriptures by "holy men of God" who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," is still an infallible guide to every one who desires to be drawn nearer to God and to gain a knowledge of his will.

In "The Desire of Ages," page 480, we read: "The soul that has given himself to Christ is more precious in his sight than the whole world. The Saviour would have passed through the agony of Calvary, that one might be saved in his kingdom." In like manner God's word would have been given if only one soul needed its teachings. The Bible, then, is a personal book,—God's love letter to each believing child of his. In it is found help for every experience of life.

A minister, newly come to a small town, was making his first call on his parishioners, and at one home was entertained by an old gentleman, John Barrett, who, because of infirmities, could seldom attend church. "Uncle John" was much pleased that the "women folks" were not at home so he could have to himself the bright young preacher of whom he had heard such good reports every Sabbath. The preacher, in turn, was refreshed by the simple, kindly hospitality of his host.

Mindful of his calling to "feed the flock," he asked if, before leaving, he might read a chapter from God's Book, and offer a word of prayer. Eagerly the old man reached for his Bible, and something in his manner led the minister to ask, "Have you any choice as to what I shall read, Mr. Barrett?"

Unhesitatingly came the reply: "Yes, sir; will you please read to me some of those first chapters in First Chronicles? Any of them will do."

Turning to the designated chapters, the minister noticed that the pages were well worn, but he ventured to say, "But, Mr. Barrett, these are only genealogical tables, compiled —"

"I know, I know," was the reply, "but if you don't mind, I'd like to hear you read them."

Very slowly, feeling that he was on trial for his ability to pronounce the names correctly, Mr. Perry read through one chapter. The old gentleman was leaning back in his chair, eyes closed, and a look of satisfaction on his face.

"Would you mind reading another chapter?"

And another chapter was read.

"Well, it's good to hear them names pronounced right at last! I've wanted to ask the old parson to read them, but somehow I didn't feel like he'd want to. But you, young man, I thought you might humor an old fellow like me. I've never had much schoolin'. I read them chapters, and read 'em, but I reckon if them fellers was livin' now, they wouldn't answer to the names I call 'em. But I gits a sight o' comfort out of them, I do.

"Whenever I feel downhearted, and as if the Lord himself had forgotten me, when I've tried to serve him these forty-odd years, I sits down, and reads them chapters, and always my heart's cheered and I

says, 'John Barrett, don't you worry, the Lord knows all about you.'"

"But, my friend," began the minister, "I don't understand. Why —"

"I know what you're thinkin', Mr. Perry," interrupted the old man. "You're wonderin' why I don't get my comfort like other folks out of readin', 'The Lord is my shepherd,' 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and all the other promises. They're good, good, and I read them too. But somehow, to my mind, they don't equal the chapters like you just read.

"Would you mind telling me why they so appeal to you, Mr. Barrett? Many persons skip over these chapters even when they claim to be reading the Bible through from Genesis to Revelation. And I'll confess to you that, aside from their genealogical value, I can't say that I find them interesting reading, to say nothing of finding comfort in them. But they are a part of God's Holy Book, and he had a purpose in leaving them on record for us. If he has spoken to you through them, I'll be glad to hear the message, if you care to tell me."

Mr. Barrett adjusted his glasses, and taking the Bible, looked through a chapter. It was evident he did not intend that the minister should hear his pronunciation of the names. He pointed to a verse, "Read that verse, please, sir."

"Ishmerai also, and Jezliah, and Johab, the sons of Elpaal," read Mr. Perry.

"That's enough. Ever hear any more about those folks, 'cept their names recorded there? No more do I. But the Lord put their names in his blessed Book just the same. They didn't do anything for him worth mentioning, like Moses and Joshua, but he kept track of them just the same. And if he knew each one of them, I thinks to myself, he knows John Barrett. And if he were to have another Book written, maybe he'd put my name in it. Don't you think he would?"

"That's where I gits my comfort, preacher,—out o' knowing that the good Lord remembers *me*, useless as I am, and he has my name written down somewhere, praise his name."

"Amen," reverently said the minister. "He does know you by name; he knows all about you, Mr. Barrett. Let us thank him for his wonderful love to us."

Memorizing the Word

A man who had been a referee at prize fights, but who had been converted, in telling of his conversion, held up a little pocket Bible, and said, "Friends, I carry my Bible with me wherever I go." He had been a wicked man, and had been converted only a short time, yet he loved the word so much, and loved souls so much, that he carried his Bible with him.

It is well that the Christian should ever have with him the written word, but it is of greater importance that that word be hid in his heart.

Mrs. E. G. White says: "None but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand through the last great conflict. To every soul will come the searching test, Shall I obey God rather than men? The decisive hour is even now at hand. Are our feet planted on the rock of God's immutable word?"

In the days of persecution and trial awaiting the people of God, they will not have in their possession

the written word. It will be no time then to search the Bible for the evidences of God's leading, or for the promises upon which to stand. Jesus said of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, "he will bring all things to your remembrance." But how can the memory recall what has never been learned? Let us as God's children, to whom has been given the truth in its fullness, heed the admonition given us by the servant of God: "Let us put away the foolish reading matter and study the word of God. Let us commit its precious promises to memory, so that, when we are deprived of our Bibles, we may still be in possession of the word of God."

The Bishop of Durham speaks thus of memorizing the Bible:

"Let me bear witness for myself to the precious benefits of learning the Bible by heart. Very early in life I was trained to do this. . . .

"What is the benefit of it? First, I humbly believe the presence of all this Bible in the inner mind does tend, by grace, to sweeten it, like lavender in a linen chest. And then, in silent and solitary moments, walking by the way, lying wakeful at night, how delightful it is to be able to listen to the very voice of God talking out of one's memory into the mind of the soul! Ah, what a power it has to warm, to guide, to cheer! Many a moment that would be invaded by sin, or just withered by thoughts or sorrow, is turned into purity and hope by the verse, the psalm, the chapter said 'by heart,' in silence and audibly. . . .

"Economize your time to learn your Bible. Such time as the minutes spent in dressing, for example, may be used in this way. A 'step at a time,' a verse a day, or two verses, or ten, as your memory may serve; what a treasure you will gather up ere long! And the Lord of the word will meet you through the word, and make your memory his telephone for the very voice of heaven."

One of our brethren recently gave the following testimony:

"While our Sabbath school lessons were on the Revelation, I memorized the whole book. And you can never guess half the consolation I have received. Day or night, when evil or foolish or useless thoughts come into my heart, I have a perfect antidote. No matter how dark it is, I can read chapter after chapter from memory.

"Don't imagine that it took a great deal of time from my work. I can truthfully say I have not spent one hour from my work. I simply put my mind on the subject. And don't think I have an extraordinary memory. I am now almost seventy-six years old, and my memory is so treacherous I am often ashamed of it. And even now, if I took my mind off the subject for a week or two, I should have to 'repent, and do the first works.' Rev. 2:5. But even this is a blessing in disguise, for it drives me closer to the subject."

The Arab chieftain realized the sweetening influence of the passing of the word of God through the mind. One day he sent his boy to the spring to bring him a basket of water. The boy obeyed, but always, before reaching the tent, the water had leaked out. At last he went back to his father and said that water would not stay in the basket. "What you say is true," was the Arab's reply. "The water did not stay, but you see how clean and pure the basket is. So it will be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the precepts you hear, but to keep trying to treasure them will make your heart pure and fit for heavenly use."

As Christians we love our Bibles as God's message to us, but do we love them as we should? Do we realize the privilege that is ours to hold them in undisputed possession, to be able to go to them for the needed word to guide, to comfort, to cheer? The time is coming, is not far distant, when they will be taken from us. Let us, then, economize our time in storing our minds with the precious promises and the principles of the faith that makes us a peculiar people.

"Temptations often appear irresistible because, through neglect of prayer and the study of the Bible, the tempted one cannot readily remember God's promises and meet Satan with the Scripture weapons. But angels are round about those who are willing to be taught in divine things; and in the time of great necessity, they will bring to their remembrance the very truths which are needed."

The Dance of Death

IN the October issue of the *Amethyst*, the official temperance organ of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. William A. McKeever gives the following strong condemnation of the new dance that is now attracting attention:

"The new social dance with which millions of our adolescent young people are now crazed, is a dance of death. The devil is its author and the underworld its place of origin and proper habitat.

"Young fifteen-year-old striplings are forced by this lustful dance into an intense sexualized type of mind instead of the normal slowly awakening sex consciousness.

"The sex intoxication, brought on by the close-grip dance, and which is today the one great outstanding social enticement among all the young people of America — this snaky thing is new to the world. The majority of the so-called best parents are yet unaroused as to its sinister meanings for the growing generation and for the future of society. Only the specialists, the close observers who have followed the dance-hall problem through to its ultimate results, are conscious of the tremendous task of managing this modern dance among young people. For reasons of policy some of the experts have decried only the 'public dance,' but they are fully aware that the crux of the problem is not a matter of the public or private place of the 'party,' but the white heat sex stimulation which is involved.

"This new twentieth-century dance of death is not a matter which the individual parent can handle. The comparatively few parents who are aware of the troublesome situation and are attempting to pull their young out of it, are failing in the attempt. The dancing young crowd to which their boy or girl belongs will either almost mob such objectors or blister them with public contempt, and thus they are completely whipped. Only the pulling together of the home, the school, the church, and the community at large will prove equal to the difficult task of readjustment of the sex dance.

"Far be it from me to deny the young folks a 'good time.' I want rather more of it than less. I have insisted time and again that the first essential part of every high school course is an adequate, wholesome social program; and I now insist that only by means of such constructive measures will the interrelations of the two young sexes ever be brought to a normal healthy basis. A few high school heads are

thus seeking the light and are acting accordingly, others are deceiving themselves with the foolish idea that to bring the sex dance into the school building takes away its hurtful results.

"In conclusion, I ask one favor, namely, that the reader will watch closely as the people of this country slowly come to grips in a tense struggle to deal with the sex-exciting death dance now the rage among our boys and girls."

Information Corner

Who invented the thimble, and when was it invented?

"The modern thimble dates from 1684, when the goldsmith Nicholas Benschoten, of Amsterdam, sent one as a birthday present to a lady with the dedication, 'To My Frau Van Rensselear this little object which I have invented and executed as a protective covering for her industrious fingers.'

"The invention proved such a success that all who saw it tried to obtain similar ones, and the goldsmith had enough to do to supply them. An Englishman named John Lotting took one specimen home with him and copied it by the thousands.

"At first, thimbles were rather costly, and only well-to-do people could afford them, but afterward when made of lead and other common metals by machinery they became cheap. Their use was a great relief to all who had much sewing to do, and blessings were invoked on the inventor.

"The Dutch finger hat (finger hood) became in England the 'thumb bell' from its bell-like shape. It was originally worn on the thumb to parry the thrust of the needle pointing through the material, and not, as at present, to impel it.

"All the world over the thimble is a symbol of industry.

"Fashion in thimbles is very luxurious in the East. Wealthy Chinese ladies have thimbles carved out of mother-of-pearl, and sometimes the top is a single precious stone. Thimbles with an agate or onyx mounted in gold are often seen, as well as thimbles incrustated with rubies. The queen of Siam possesses a thimble in the form of a lotus bud, with her name exquisitely worked in tiny diamonds round the margin."

What Do Anarchists Believe?

There are a variety of anarchistic creeds, but the distinguishing feature of every anarchist is his disbelief in civil government. He claims the state is unnecessary, and his slogan is, "Down with the state! Long live anarchy!" Webster's Dictionary defines anarchy thus: "Absence of government; the state of society where there is no law or supreme power; hence, a state of lawlessness or political disorder. . . . Absence of regulating power in any sphere; confusion or disorder, in general." The anarchist, then, believes in this confused social order.

God is not the author of confusion, but the author of order. All the universe testifies to this fact. The Lord, therefore, is not on the side of the anarchist. He sends forth the world mandate: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. . . . The powers that be are ordained of God. Whoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil."

The Lord further says through the apostle Paul: "I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour." 1 Tim. 2:1-3.

The anarchist respects neither life nor property of individual or government. This principle gives no safety to any one, and brings utter confusion into the world. The Christian will not suffer himself to be even tainted with anarchistic principles, and the surest way to prevent this is to cultivate from childhood obedience to proper authority, obedience to parental, educational, civil, and religious authorities.

Is not the devastated portion of France but a small part of the country?

Yes, only about six per cent of all France; but this part, according to the *World Outlook*, furnished "94 per cent of the total wood output of the nation, 90 per cent of the flax, 90 per cent of the iron ore, 83 per cent of the pig iron, 70 per cent of the steel, 70 per cent of the sugar, and 55 per cent of the coal.

"During the years of invasion 26,000 factories were stripped of their machinery, 12,000,000 head of cattle seized, and nearly a million farm implements destroyed.

"Can you imagine the United States without the grape country of California, the textile mills of New England, the steel of Pennsylvania, the coal of West Virginia, and the iron of Minnesota? If you add to this list the chemical works of Delaware and the farm lands of Wisconsin, you will have some idea of what the devastated areas meant to France.

"In square miles, of course, the ruined land cannot compare with all these States. As a matter of fact, it is a district just about the size of Maryland; but France is a compact land, where cities crowd upon each other and industry is congested."

Historical Echoes

William Tell, the Swiss Patriot

THE story of William Tell and his part in freeing his native land from foreign tyranny, has long been a matter of history, although that portion relating to the shooting of an apple from the head of his son, has been doubted by able critics. However, the narrative is worth repeating for the lesson of patriotism it inculcates.

At the opening of the fourteenth century Swiss Uri was under the government of a German executive named Gessler, who, according to all accounts, was a most cruel tyrant. As an example of his settled oppressive methods, the following incident is recorded: A man named Werner Stauffacher had built for himself a pretty house in the town of Steinen. He was standing before its door one day when the governor happened to pass, whom he saluted pleasantly.

Gessler stopped and asked to whom the house belonged, and upon receiving answer replied: "I will not allow peasants to build houses without my consent, or to live in freedom as if they were their own masters." This rough statement so troubled Werner that his good wife noticed it, and by dint of questioning, learned of the incident. She at once advised that some discreet counselors be called together who would lay

plans by which such tyranny might be successfully opposed.

Briefly told, the result was that thirty-three resolute, liberty-loving men met at a midnight hour in a secluded place, when each one, under solemn oath, devoted his life in an effort to free his country from the power of tyranny. William Tell was one of that number, and so was brought into prominence by a peculiar incident. Gessler lived in a fortress which he called "Uri's Prison." In order to enforce greater regard for his public position, he had a pole erected before his citadel, and had his hat placed on its top. The command was then issued that everybody passing that way must kneel and bow to the hat as though it were the king himself.

Very soon William Tell happened to pass that way without following the arbitrary requirement, and was at once arrested by the guards, and brought before the governor. When questioned as to why he had dared to disregard the decree, he excused himself on the ground that his name, which signified dull, or stupid, had blinded him to the existence of the requirement, for which he expressed sorrow, and promised that the fault should not again occur.

Tell had some beautiful children, whom Gessler ordered to be brought to him. Upon seeing them he asked Tell which of them he loved most. The reply was that they were all alike dear to him. Then said Gessler, "I hear you are a famous marksman. You shall prove your skill by shooting an apple from the head of your boy." The unhappy archer protested against such hardship, saying that he would rather die than make the attempt. "Then," said the tyrant, "the child's life must pay the forfeit."

Tell consented in order to save the child's life. The task was made more than ordinarily severe by the fact that it was decided that the test should take place in the crowded market place. The child, having been well instructed, stood firm and quiet under the terrible ordeal, while the unerring aim of the father sent his arrow through the apple. Gessler declared the shot to be a most wonderful feat, but while speaking thus, discovered a second arrow protruding from beneath Tell's collar. He at once demanded to know why he had it there. The answer was slow in returning, through an effort to evade a direct reply. But as the matter was pressed, Tell finally said: "If you must know the truth, if I had struck my child with the first arrow, the second was intended for you, and would have found its mark."

This bold answer brought forth the command to seize Tell, and convey him to a certain place of im-

prisonment. On the way thither a seeming providence opened an avenue of escape, which was improved by the prisoner. Being pursued by Gessler and his men, they had to pass a certain defile by which Tell was hidden, and as Gessler came into view, an arrow from Tell's bow penetrated his heart. Of course this act made Tell a wanderer for a given period, until his compatriots had brought about circumstances which freed their country from oppression.

When it was safe for him to return to his native region, Tell is supposed to have uttered in ecstasy the following ode to his beloved hills:



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free.
Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again! O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free.
I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you!"

Whether or not all that has been written of William Tell is true history we do not attempt to decide. We do know, however, that such a person lived in the stormy times of Swiss oppression, and that he assisted his country to political liberty. So there can be no question about his loyalty to freedom of being, and that his was an honor-

able part in bringing both civil and religious liberty to his beloved country.

J. O. CORLISS.

The Testing of Nathan

THE winter at Valley Forge was full of privation for the Continental Army. The war of cannon and musketry had changed to one for the necessities of life. Blood was shed, it is true; but the crimson streams came not from wounds left by flying bullets — they came instead from wounds made by the snow and stinging frost. It was the time that really tried men's souls. And to youths who had enlisted from the country, with its bountiful tables and swelling granaries, the time was exceptionally trying.

One such young man was Nathan Meyer. His erect carriage, determined countenance, and firm step were sturdy products of a rich New England farm. Long after the winter had begun at Valley Forge, when orders came to serve each of the soldiers of his regi-

ment three instead of four heavy biscuits, and one slice of greasy bacon instead of two, his heart sank into the depths of despair. It seemed an utter impossibility that life could be sustained in that robust body with such scanty fare. Yet even this allowance dwarfed until he was thankful for bacon, be it ever so greasy and salty and stale. At one time he went without a single bite of rations from headquarters for three days—and lived to tell it. The meager fare, however, soon began to tell on the young New Englander. Sharp, bony joints began to show through the worn places in the elbows of his thin army jacket, and his fingers grew long and thin.

The breakfast camp fire had burned badly, and the three gaunt figures huddled about the struggling flame were forced to eat their meat half raw. Melted snow washed the sickening taste from their mouths. Patriotism was at an ebb. Men can bear up nobly under a close fire of grape and musket balls, but when for weeks they are forced to bear a gnawing hunger that will not be satisfied, little wonder it is that even the bravest often waver and turn back.

Nathan arose and left his two companions seated by the smoking boughs of yellow willow. They had scarcely noticed his leaving. Meanwhile he dragged his heavy feet through the snow to the tent of an officer. In a moment he confronted the colonel himself. "Man alive!" He spoke fiercely, with sudden forgetfulness of station, face to face with his superior. "How do you expect a man to keep alive in this manner? No food, no shoes, no coat—nothing! Four days I've kept the last remnant of this New England blood flowing in these veins by force of will alone. But enough of this! Something to eat or quit, say I; for it's quit if I stay. There are hundreds, too, in just such a mood—yes, hundreds. You officers don't know—"

He was interrupted by a muffled clatter of hoofs behind him, and as the colonel merely cast a pitying glance toward Nathan and answered not a word, the excited young man went on:

"You officers don't know what privation is. Try the fare of us men for a week and the rebellion will fail for lack of leaders. The Continental Army will be a dream! At the present rate it is not much more than a Continental failure!"

Just then Nathan heard voices behind him.

"Sir, we've managed the best we know, and can do no better by either men or officers."

Nathan turned and saw a quartermaster hand a small basket of frozen meat to a man on horseback. The rider wore beneath a torn, ragged blanket the tattered uniform of the general. From the rider a kindly voice answered back,—and Nathan was strangely impressed with the sorrow and sympathy of the tone of the voice,— "Well, well! Poor fellows! Take this back, sir, and give it to them. I can better do without it than some of my men." Tightening his reins, General Washington moved off at a brisk trot in the frosty air. The quartermaster disappeared in the tent with the basket of meat. The colonel said to Nathan:

"There, my dear boy, goes a man who has had less than you for a week."

The young soldier answered not a word. He stared in astonishment a moment at the pinched face of the officer before him, realized that they were common sufferers for the cause, and, turning upon his heel, he walked away.

His comrades still sat about the embers like frozen statues, seeking warmth in the choking smoke. He joined them, and said huskily, while they paid little attention—in fact, they hardly knew that he spoke—"There, my dear boy, goes a man who has had less than you for a week," repeating the colonel's words. "A man, did he say? He should have said a god!"

The fire smoldered and at last burst into a sudden bright blaze. Nathan stayed with the cause, and, despite his own forebodings, survived the winter a wiser and more patriotic son of America.

It was through such noble, patriotic souls as this that our civil liberty was won.—*Lloyd B. Mignerey, in the Friend.*

What Is the Secret of Success?

THIS question was put recently to a man at once a highly successful business man, a leading chemist of the country, a churchman of large influence and usefulness. His answer was given in the following words:

"Looking back over my life I now can see clearly that there were two or three crucial points in it, and that in each instance the successful outcome was due to the practice of *strict honesty*, just doing the plain, simple, right thing, and refusing to deviate under any circumstances from the ordinary path of fairness and integrity.

"My experience and observation convince me that great cleverness is not necessary; in fact, that smart tricks to take advantage of either competitors or customers or the public, cannot build up a solid, lasting, worth-while success. The golden rule is as applicable in business as in the church."

When this man had finished his college course, he began his career as a chemist and business man in a laboratory in which he and his helper were the only ones employed. Today he is the head of the General Chemical Company, the biggest chemical concern not only in this country but in the world, with offices in eleven cities, and plants and laboratories in twenty-nine different centers. In the above quotation is given the reason why this man's business has developed from a two-man affair to its present immense proportions, and why the reputation of Mr. William H. Nichols as a leading and reliable chemist, is world-wide.

Full-Strength Sulphuric Acid

When Mr. Nichols began making sulphuric acid in his little private laboratory, he discovered that all sulphuric acid then on the market was labeled sixty-six degrees, though most of it was understrength, usually sixty-five degrees. He made his H_2SO_4 sixty-six degrees, and so labeled it. Soon he was waited upon by a committee of his competitors, who assured him that he was a fool to go to the extra expense of making his acid sixty-six degrees when he could make just as good acid at sixty-five degrees, and get away with it with the general public. To this suggestion he refused to be a party, continuing to make and label his sulphuric acid at its full strength.

About this time the process of refining oil was discovered, and orders for H_2SO_4 , a requisite in the refining process, poured in on him faster than he could fill them. But more; while he was swamped with demands for his products, his competitors were not. The reason was simple enough. The oil refiners had dis-

(Concluded on page fourteen)

DIARIES OF TWO MORNING WATCH CALENDARS

MATILDA ERICKSON

[NOTE.—If Morning Watch Calendars could talk, they would relate varied experiences. There would be the sad stories of those who have spent the year unused on some unfrequented shelf; and the tragic tales of those that are carelessly destroyed. Still we may be of good cheer, for there would be an ever-growing chorus of happy experiences.]

John's Calendar

JANUARY 1. I am lying on a nice new Bible. My owner brought me home from Missionary Volunteer meeting a few days ago.

January 5. Been used every day. John keeps me with his Bible in his own room, and uses me every morning before he leaves. I'm so happy!

February 1. My owner went away on a trip yesterday to be gone a week. He forgot to take me along. I am sure he will miss me,—still—still he's failed to use me several times of late.

March 5. I've been lost for a week. Got mixed up with some magazines; but today was Friday and Jane found me when cleaning house, so I'm back on John's Bible again.

March 30. I was studied vigorously today. It seems that John has to conduct the Morning Watch drill in the society meeting tomorrow.

March 31. John took me to the bathroom this morning and studied hard while shaving.

April 30. This has been a banner day. I've been studied carefully, and for the first time John jotted down something on the reporting page tonight.

May 15. John and I getting better acquainted. He has used me every day for two weeks.

June 8. Haven't been used for about a week. In fact John has not been to his room since the third of June. Wonder where he is.

June 12. John has returned from camp-meeting and I've been used every morning since he came back.

Mary's Calendar

January 1. Here I am away up in a little mountain home. Came just a few days ago. A young girl calls me "my dear little calendar."

January 5. Mary has picked me up every evening. She glances over the verse for the next day and jots down something on the reporting page. Last night it was a missionary visit,—and it rained yesterday.

February 1. This morning after Mary had studied the text and had prayed, she picked me up again. I wondered why she brought me along to the kitchen. But when she was washing dishes, she turned my pages back to January, and one by one she repeated every verse. Oh, this is interesting!

March 5. Last night Mary went away to take care of a sick lady. But she didn't forget me. This morning she read the verse to the sick lady, and told her how very much I help her every day.

March 30. Went to the kitchen today and lay on the ironing board while Mary ironed. I'm so happy; she only had to look at her Bible three times while reviewing all the verses since January 1.

March 31. As usual Mary hasn't missed a day yet.

April 30. Went to prayer meeting tonight.

May 15. Mary and I had a lovely time today. She couldn't go to meeting,—her mother was sick,—so she spent an hour or more with me.

June 2. Was tucked into Mary's traveling bag early this morning, and wondered what was going to happen. On the train Mary took me out, saying quietly to herself, I must master the verse for today. I hope I'll never again get behind as I did once last year.

June 12. We're back from camp-meeting. Mary's record is still good. Uses me faithfully.

July 1. I thought I was going to be forgotten; but late in the afternoon a lady picked me up hurriedly, calling to some one in the next room: "This sunset table is worth a lot on a cloudy day, isn't it?"

August 24. John is very busy. He's going on a camping trip. I hope he'll take me along, but I fear he'll forget me.

September 1. John is getting ready to go to school, and he promised his mother to try hard to observe the Morning Watch faithfully while he is away.

October 15. I'm on John's table in the dormitory.

October 20. Some visitors in John's room saw me with his Bible. Two of the boys began joking about religion. "I got a calendar last January, but, 'dear me, I haven't seen it since," said one of them with an air of superiority. "I'm not religious like you are, John," added another. John said but little. But there had been an evident change in him. He was now a true-blue M. V., and the careless boys, feeling a bit ashamed, I think, dropped the subject.

November 3. Early in the year I used to get lost occasionally under quite an assortment of magazines; but they don't seem to come to John's room any more. Not one has come since he came to school, and John said to himself the other evening when he sat thinking: "How foolish I was to waste my time over novels and trashy magazines. I'm so glad I'm acquiring an appetite for better things."

December 31. John and I had such a good visit. This morning in his prayer he asked God to forgive his past neglect, and solemnly covenanted with his heavenly Father to be unservedly his during the coming year. He said to one of his friends the other day: "The Morning Watch has done more than any other one thing to revolutionize my life."

July 1. What do you suppose happened today? Oh, you couldn't guess. But if you had been in Mary's room tonight, you could have heard her go over the Morning Watch verses for the first six months.

August 24. Something has happened! Mary hasn't been in her room since yesterday, and—I have—been—neglected.

September 1. Mary is back home again. Poor girl, I guess it's clear now why I was neglected for a week. A vacation was something unusual for her, and in the excitement of getting ready to go she forgot me.

October 15. Mary has used me every day since her vacation.

October 20. A cousin stayed with Mary last night. I trembled a bit for fear I'd be forgotten, but I wasn't. Mary took time for her Morning Watch. I think the lady visiting her was very much impressed when Mary knelt in prayer. Mary's cousin is not a Christian. They had a very serious talk this morning.

November 3. Today we visited a sick lady. Perhaps you wonder why Mary took me. Well, the promises for the week had been especially comforting, and she said to the lady: "You find the references while I straighten things up a bit. They are God's message to you." The lady took Mary's Bible and me, and turning slowly to the passages, read them thoughtfully.

December 31. This is the end of a most happy year. Mary and I have been such close companions. I wish you could look over my reporting pages and see how almost every day has something recorded, and I wish you might have heard Mary's prayer tonight after she had looked back over the year and reviewed the verses.



The Real Test

ELLA IDEN-EDWARDS

HELLO, Burton! Come on down to Woodward's, won't you? We boys have the best plan, and we want you in it."

Leslie Gray's merry voice broke in on Burton's consciousness, as he sat poring over his books on the side veranda. It was a warm, hazy October afternoon, and Burton had come outside to do his studying, forgetting that this lovely autumn afternoon it would be difficult outdoors to keep his mind on his work.

"Wish I could join you, Leslie," he called back; "but you know how it is when a fellow starts in school a month late. It's pretty stiff work for a while, trying to catch up. Come in a minute, can't you?"

When Leslie had seated himself on the lower step, he cast his eyes over the pile of books beside his friend. "Look here, Burt," he said, picking up an arithmetic, "it's all nonsense your spending these fine afternoons this way. I started in late, too, this year, but you don't catch me missing all the fun for a little back work." Then leaning over confidentially he went on, "Let me tell you something. I know how you can make up these back problems, and it won't take you one tenth as long as it's taking you now."

Burton looked inquiringly at his chum. "How do you make that out?" he asked. "The only way I know of to understand the work and get my grade for the first month is to get down and dig." Leslie smiled in a superior way and leaning a little nearer, said: "This is the idea. You see Bob Maxwell is good in arithmetic, and he started in the first day of the term, so he has all the problems which the teacher asked the class to put in their notebooks. Of course he made some mistakes in a few of them, but the teacher had him correct them all as he went along. Now you won't tell this, will you? but he let me take his notebook the other day and I copied out about half of the back work. I expect to copy the rest later when I have another good chance. Now here's the point. You can take my notebook and by spending a couple of hours some evening, do a big stroke of work without all this grind. What do you say?"

Burton's face was a study. Regard for his chum and a desire to retain confidence in him were struggling with a feeling of utter surprise and contempt for the methods the boy was proposing. He did not speak for a moment; then he said: "Do you think that's right, Leslie? Isn't it cheating? My mother would be thoroughly disappointed in me if I did that sort of thing, and I would even despise myself, though I know, as you say, that it would save me a lot of work."

Leslie sheepishly shrugged his shoulders and looked a trifle ashamed, but he said, "You'll be sorry if you don't accept my offer. Now why not forget your books for a while and come on with me?"

But there was no use teasing, for Burton had taken his stand, and in a moment his friend arose, saying that the crowd would be getting out of patience with him if he didn't hurry along.

It was a week later that the mathematics teacher, Professor Brownberg, announced one morning that the eighth-grade arithmetic class would have a "match."

A thrill of excitement swept over the room, for of all interesting occasions, none was more enjoyed by the pupils than an arithmetic match, with its demand for quick wit, cool-headedness, and real knowledge.

Burton heaved a sigh of relief to think that he was prepared for the test, for only the night before he had finished the last of his back problems, and by dint of hard work had acquired a good understanding of the principles underlying each example. The teacher had not yet seen his notebook, so was not aware that he had made up his back work. But what matter? The knowledge was in the boy's head, and that was the all-important thing.

After the match was announced, all waited expectantly for Professor Brownberg to proceed. "I will appoint two captains, and ask these captains to choose sides," he said. "Of course you all know that Mabel Johnson's scholarship is excellent. We will ask her to take her place as the leader of one side. And for the other captain I shall choose Leslie Gray. You may not know it, but he is one of our best scholars. His notebook work is very nearly perfect, and since he came into the class late, I feel that he is especially deserving of commendation, for he has had quite an amount of work to make up."

Leslie's cheeks burned as he took his place at the front of the room, for he knew that the teacher's praise had not been honestly earned. And that was not all; he trembled when he thought how poorly prepared he was to take part in the match, and wondered what the teacher and pupils would think if his weakness were exposed. But putting these thoughts from his mind, he assumed a bold front and determined to see the ordeal through.

The choosing of sides went merrily forward, and soon all was in readiness for the problems to be given out. Burton was one of the very last to be called, and no one thought that the quiet, unpretending lad who had entered the class a month late could do much in a test of this kind. Leslie would have asked his friend to join his side had not a slight coolness arisen between the two boys since the conversation of the previous week.

The match began. At first the problems were easy, covering only work which had but recently been given. Then presently the review work began. Nimble back and forth the problems flew, mowing down the pupils right and left until the ranks had been thinned to only a half dozen. Leslie was among the first to take his seat, having missed one of the simplest problems.

All was quiet in the room now, while each one waited in tense silence to see which of the few remaining pupils would longest retain his position at the board, and so determine the winning side. At last only three were left standing, two of them against one lone lad who worked unhesitatingly and with precision. A moment's pause and another pupil missed and took his seat, leaving but one on each side to conclude the contest.

The last problem was announced. There was an instant of breathless waiting while both pupils swiftly

attacked the task assigned. Then Burton's clear ringing tones called out the answer a moment ahead of the other, and the match was over. And then what a cheering and clapping!

Professor Brownberg came forward and grasped Burton's hand in congratulation, saying heartily, "Well done, my boy. Your work shows application to study." The lad's face beamed with joy at the kind words, as he took his seat amid the friendly smiles of his schoolmates.

But his happiest moment was when he told his mother all about it at the close of the day, and heard her loving words of commendation. "You know, mother," said Burton, with eyes shining, "I was almost tempted the other day to give up and do as Leslie suggested; but I'm so glad I didn't."

"And now you see," returned his mother softly, "how true today's Morning Watch text is, 'Let us not be weary in well-doing: for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.'"

What Is the Secret of Success?

(Concluded from page twelve)

covered that sixty-five-degree acid was not strong enough for their purposes, whereas sixty-six-degree acid met every requirement.

Mr. Nichols and the Copper Magnate

A later experience in the career of Mr. Nichols also bears directly on his answer to what is the secret of success. He is the inventor of the electrolytic process of treating copper matte—the process now recognized everywhere as the most scientific, most economic, most practical, and the one in general use. This process enabled him to put refined copper on the market at a reduced price, much to the displeasure and annoyance of a certain copper magnate of that day. This magnate waited on Mr. Nichols and informed him that he was not charging enough for his copper. To which Mr. Nichols replied that he was satisfied and saw no reason for increasing his price. When the irate copper magnate saw that this young chemist would neither be argued nor bulldozed into increasing his price for copper, he blurted out: "We have an agreement on the price of copper, and unless you will agree to adhere to the price, I shall have to tell you, very regretfully, that I will not be able to refine any more of your matte."

To which Mr. Nichols replied: "You have a perfect right to tell me that you will do no more refining for me, but you haven't the slightest right to tell me what I must charge for my copper. I won't ask you to refine another pound."

Within twenty-four hours Mr. Nichols had drawn plans for a copper refinery of his own, now known as the Nichols Copper Company, and at present doing an annual business amounting to five hundred million pounds of copper. His first decision with the copper magnate who sought to dictate to him has proved a boon, not only to himself, but to the entire economic world, for Mr. Nichols and his refining company are known quite as well across the Atlantic as at home. . . .

Without doubt such a man is qualified to answer the question appearing at the head of this article, and in which every young man, facing the career of his life, is necessarily interested.—*Chester Fairman Ralston, in Young People.*

Our Counsel Corner

I DO not know that your Counsel Corner will answer historical questions; but if so, will you kindly tell me which star in our flag represents Iowa?

C. N.

Yes, although this question is somewhat different from those that usually appear in this "corner," we are glad to answer it. According to the executive order of Oct. 26, 1912, the fifth star from the left in the fourth row from the top represents Iowa. The stars represent the States in the order of their admission into the Union. Thus the first star in the upper left-hand corner stands for Delaware, and the one in the lower right-hand corner answers for Arizona, in the roll call.

M. E.

We are planning a social gathering. Can you give us some suggestions for making it "social to save"? Please send something at once.

N. Y.

We were pleased to receive this emergency call the other day, and although the mails have already carried some information to the friend who sent the question, we are answering it here also for the benefit of other Missionary Volunteer leaders who are looking for help in making their social gatherings "social to save." This help the Department is trying to give in the little book, "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers," which contains 144 pages. The chapter headings are:

1. Social to Save
2. Social Gatherings and How to Conduct Them
3. Practical Plans for Social Gatherings
4. Games That Are Good Mixers
5. Thought Stimulators
6. Stunts and Races
7. Paper and Pencil Games
8. Bible and Mission Games

Order a copy of this book from your tract society. The price is forty cents.

M. E.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — Tithing

(December 20)

GOLDEN TEXT: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Mal. 3: 10.

Sacredness of the Tithe

1. What is a tithe? Gen. 14: 20; Heb. 7: 2.
2. Upon what is the tithe reckoned? Deut. 14: 22. Note 1.
3. What is the character of the tithe? How sacredly is it to be regarded? Lev. 27: 28-33. Note 2.
4. From what portion of our substance should the tithe be taken? 2 Chron. 31: 4, 5; Lev. 27: 26.

The Tithe an Obligation for All Time

5. What is the first recorded instance of the paying of tithes? Gen. 14: 18-20. Note 3.
6. How long does the Melchizedec priesthood last? Heb. 5: 6; 7: 2, 3.
7. Two generations after Abraham, what record is there of tithe paying? Gen. 28: 20-22.
8. Still later, what nation recognized the sacred obligations of the tithes? Lev. 27: 30-34.
9. What requirement was made of the Levites? Num. 18: 26.

10. When Jesus came, what did he say about the obligation of Christians regarding the paying of tithe? Matt. 23: 23. Note 4.

Results of Unfaithfulness

11. What was the result when on one occasion the church failed to return a tithe unto the Lord? Neh. 13: 10.

12. What serious charge does the Lord make against his people when the tithe is neglected? Mal. 3: 8.

13. What is the result of withholding the tithe? Verse 9.

Results of Faithfulness

14. What prosperity attended Nehemiah's faithfulness in remonstrating with the people for their failure to pay the tithe? Neh. 13: 11-13.

15. How was the work of God blessed in Hezekiah's time when the tithe was faithfully paid? 2 Chron. 31: 4-10.

16. What rich promise is left for all God's faithful people? Mal. 3: 10, 11.

17. How sure are the promises of God? Joshua 21: 45; 23: 14, 15.

Notes

1. A tithe is one tenth of our increase. The difference between income and increase is defined by Webster as follows:

"Income, that gain which proceeds from labor, business, or property of any kind; the produce of a farm; the rent of houses, the proceeds of professional business; the profits of commerce or of occupation; the interest of money or stock in funds, etc., revenue; receipts, especially the annual receipts of a private person or corporation from property." The total receipts from any branch of business is *gross income*. That portion which remains after paying wages, for material, etc., is *net income*.

"Increase, addition or enlargement in size, extent, quantity, number, intensity, value, substance, etc.; augmentation; growth; multiplication." The *net income* is the gain, or *increase*, and one tenth of this net income from all sources is a tithe.

2. "Our heavenly Father did not originate the plan of systematic benevolence to enrich himself, but to be a great blessing to man."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. III, p. 405.

3. "The tithing system did not originate with the Hebrews. From the earliest times the Lord claimed a tithe as his; and this claim was recognized and honored."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 525.

4. *Mint* was a garden herb used to sprinkle the floors of houses and synagogues to produce a pleasant fragrance. *Anise* is commonly known as *dill*. *Cummin* is a plant used in the same way as anise. These were all herbs of so little value, that it was a question with many whether they should be tithed. But Jesus emphasizes the sacredness of the tithe by commending their attention to these small items. It is not the *amount* that we may have to tithe, but the *honesty* in handling that which belongs to the Lord, that counts. It matters not whether I owe five cents or five dollars; both are debts, and both should be honestly paid.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — The Walls and Gates of Jerusalem Restored

(December 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Nehemiah 4; 6; 7: 1-5; 8; 12: 27-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "God had made them rejoice with great joy." Neh. 12: 43.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 639-645, 653-668; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, pp. 277-282.

"We are building in sorrow or joy
A temple the world may not see,
Which time cannot mar nor destroy:
We build for eternity."

Questions

1. What scornful speech about the Jews did Sanballat make before the army of Samaria? How did Tobiah join in the ridicule? Neh. 4: 1-3.

2. For what did Nehemiah pray? What did the Jews continue to do? Verses 4-6.

3. What did their enemies conspire to do before the wall was finished? To whom did Nehemiah look for help? How did he seek to guard the work? Verses 7-9.

4. What did Judah say? What did their adversaries plan to do? Verses 10-12. Note 1.

5. What encouragement did Nehemiah give the people? How many worked at one time? What did the others do? What did each one carry while he worked? Verses 13-18. Note 2.

6. What plan did they arrange for warning one another? Where were they to lodge at night? What does Nehemiah

mention to show how constantly they worked and watched? Verses 19-23. Note 3.

7. When their enemies heard that the wall had been built, what new scheme did they plan? What answer did Nehemiah make? How many times was this repeated? Neh. 6: 1-4.

8. When was the wall finished? What did even their enemies now understand? Verses 15, 16. Note 4.

9. When the walls and gates were finished, and the porters, singers, and priests appointed, whom did Nehemiah place in charge over Jerusalem? Neh. 7: 1, 2.

10. Where did the people assemble for a special service? Who composed this great congregation? Neh. 8: 1, 2.

11. What did Ezra read to the people? Where did he stand while reading? How did the people show great respect and reverence for God's word? Verses 3-6.

12. For how many days did the people listen to the reading of the law, and seek the Lord? Verse 18.

13. In what spirit was the service held when the wall was dedicated? Neh. 12: 27. Note 5.

14. What did the Lord cause them to do? Who joined in the rejoicing? Where was the joy of Jerusalem heard? Verse 43. Note 6.

A Comparison

What are the people of God commanded to build in these days? Isa. 61: 4.

What work will those who are called the "repairers of the breach" be doing in the last days? Isa. 58: 12, 13.

What opposition is to be met?

What spiritual reformation is called for?

Notes

1. "Besides the hostility of the Samaritans the Jews themselves were becoming worn out with the fatigue of such strenuous work. Clearing away the rubbish was too much for them. 'The higher the wall rose, the harder it was to carry materials to the top. The more stone they used, the more difficult it became to get suitable stone from the rubbish.'" — *Peloubet*.

2. "And our adversaries said." The intention of the enemy "was to keep their plans secret till they could make a sudden and overwhelming attack. The American Revised Version makes the sense clearer, 'They said unto us ten times from all places, Ye must return unto us,' that is, to the scattered Jewish communities on the frontier, who were alarmed by the growing hostility and danger. They would be the first to be attacked. Hence they besought the able-bodied men who had gone to Jerusalem to build the walls, to hasten back to defend their homes and families. But this message revealed to Nehemiah the plans of the enemy. 'Therefore set I in the lower places,' where the wall had reached the least height, and the places most exposed to the enemy, and where they could watch the enemies' coming, even while they were afar off. 'Set the people after their families.' The men defended that portion of the wall where their families were at work, so that the soldiers need not be distracted by anxiety for their absent families. Those whom they were most anxious to defend were at hand."

"Half of my servants." His personal retainers, trained men, who had guarded him on his journey. They were divided into two companies, who alternately worked and acted as guard. They could not work in their armor. 'Habergeons'—old English coat of mail, from 'halo' (neck) and 'bergen' (to protect). 'The rulers,' rather captains, 'were behind,' with the warriors, and in the best position to direct the work and lead the soldiers. 'They that bare burdens'—the carriers who could steady their load with one hand and hold their weapon in the other. 'The builders' required both hands in laying the wall, so that they carried their swords by their side, ready to be grasped at a moment's warning." — *Ibid*.

3. "Nehemiah had a trumpeter near him, and he arranged with the rulers and the people that whenever the trumpet was sounded, all should haste to him with their weapons ready to defend the city. The trumpeter was necessary because the new walls were nearly four miles around. They worked, some of them with their weapons in one hand, and their tools in the other. In other cases half were ready to meet the enemy while others worked, but all came to Nehemiah when the trumpet sounded. They probably took turns in watching and working." — *Ibid*.

4. "The walls were begun in the month of Ab (=early in August) and completed on the twenty-fifth day of Elul (=September) (6: 15), the time being fifty-two days,—amid great difficulties and dangers and opposition." — *Ibid*.

5. It took seventy-nine years and the efforts of three kings to complete the decree to restore and build Jerusalem: (1) Cyrus gave the first part, B. C. 536 (Ezra 1: 1-4); (2) Darius gave the second part, B. C. 519 (Ezra 6: 1-12); (3) Artaxerxes gave the finishing decree that really accomplished the work, B. C. 457 (Ezra 7: 12-26).

6. "The ceremony of dedication of the temple at Jerusalem consisted chiefly in giving of thanks. The children of the captivity had great reason for thankfulness as they viewed the completion of their work and realized that they were once more established in their own land." — "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 282.

"Wanted — a Girl"

"WANTED — A Girl." In a heathen land,
The boy is the great and the sole demand;
But here, where the Stars and Stripes unfurl,
We have learned the worth of the gentle girl.
Wanted, a girl, with her pure, sweet ways,
With her smile that brightens the darkest days;
Wanted, a girl, with her true, kind heart,
That feels with keenness another's smart.
Wanted, a girl, with the willing hand,
For the smallest task or the effort grand.
Wanted, a girl — there are so many sad
Whom her gentle presence may render glad;
There are sick and suffering lives, I know,
And her skilful fingers may soothe their woe;
In hut and garret are lonely poor
Who await her knock at their lowly door;
There are darkened hearts that would treasure well
The sweet old message her lips could tell.
At the home, in the school, on the lane or the street,
There are tasks for her tactful fingers meet;
In the business din or the social whirl,
We need the touch of the Christlike girl.
Wanted, all girls who will stand the test,
And, queenlike, endeavor to do their best;
Whose lives, as they blossom from more to more,
Make girlhood precious the wide world o'er.
— May Van Voorhis, in *Missionary Tidings*.

Four Smokers Less

MR. G. R. RUGGLES, of Shamohin Dam, Pennsylvania, in speaking of the Anti-Tobacco Annual, says that his son sent a copy to his brother who is serving in the Ambulance Corps, Corozal, Panama, and has just received the encouraging word that four of the brother's comrades who read the paper have given up smoking. Perhaps the copies you send out will do as much good.

Gleanings from a Good Source

DO you read the *Review*? You miss much if you do not. The following notes are gleaned from the issue of November 13:

At the recent Biennial Council held at Boulder, Colorado, a budget for the expenditure of nearly \$2,300,000 came before the Council. It was thought by some of the members of the committee that this amount would appall the Council. Not so; the budget was quickly passed, and plans to raise the amount were at once considered. The Sabbath schools were asked to raise one half of this amount.

One hundred fifty families a year are needed to answer the calls from the mission fields. Each local conference in the United States and Canada was asked to train and pass on to the mission board at least two families a year.

A proposition to raise the mission quota from twenty-five to fifty cents a week per member passed the Council without a dissenting vote. After the vote was taken, the Council spontaneously burst forth into singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The conferences, through their delegates, offered to open every door, and invited the Mission Board to select freely, workers from the conference and institutional forces for service wherever most needed.

Eighty-three appointments were made at the Council, fifty-two of them being to foreign lands.

Elder L. R. Conradi, of Hamburg, Germany, in his message to the Council, said: "The very governments that made it so difficult for us to present the message, to sell our publications, and to live out the truth, are

today shattered, and everywhere doors are opening and calls are coming, urging us to improve the opportunity to proclaim the glad tidings of the gospel for this time."

An African Divisional section of the General Conference was formed.

The following goals were set for the Missionary Volunteer Department:

3,000 young people converted.
1,000 Standard of Attainment certificates issued.
4,000 Reading Course certificates issued.
2,500 members to read the Bible through.
15,000 reporting members.
\$65,000 for missions.

The books sold by colporteurs during the month of September, 1914, amounted to \$74,359.96. The sales for the same month of 1919 were \$231,475.12.

Forty-nine Russian prisoners, won by a Seventh-day Adventist comrade in an Austrian camp, were recently baptized.

In 1914 there were 35,146 believers in what was then known as the European Division. The tithe amounted to \$345,597.30, and the donations to missions to \$96,443.08. Four years later there was a membership of more than 45,000, a tithe of \$909,573, and \$217,994 in mission donations. Surely only the Lord's work could prosper so marvelously in such distressing times.

A successful tent effort just closed in Battle Creek, Michigan.

F. D. C.

The Unexpected Bill

THE *Weekly Dispatch* reports that now that the American peace delegation is winding up its activities in Paris, it has been confronted with a bill by the proprietor of the Hotel Crillon, the American peace headquarters, in which over and above the rent agreed upon when the hotel was relinquished for the housing of the American plenipotentiaries and their staff, the following charges occur:

To loss of clientele, \$500,000; to demoralization of the staff by having accustomed them to receive wages above the ordinary standard, \$250,000.

To these demands the American peace delegation has not replied directly, but they, in their turn, have sent in a bill to the proprietor of the Hotel Crillon, the main items of which are:

To advertisement of the hotel by making it American headquarters, \$500,000.

To improvement of the staff by teaching them American methods of work, \$250,000.

So far the hotel proprietor has not found a reply to this counter from the Yankees.

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