

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 1



LYLE AND BEATRICE HAM, CANTON, CHINA

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# From Here and There

Prince Casimir Lubomirski is the first Polish ambassador to the United States.

The deciduous fruits of the State of California this year will amount to about 25,000 carloads.

Japan has asked for an American designer to help her introduce to her women a simplified American style of dress.

The daylight-saving plan has been permanently adopted for Greater New York by the board of aldermen of that city.

Finland was the first dry republic of the world. The dry law took effect there June 1, 1919, one month before that of the United States.

The Oriental silkworm has met its match. Fifteen million pairs of silk stockings made from wood pulp, were the product of American forests for export alone.

In 1908 we raised twelve million dollars' worth of peanuts. A conservative valuation of this year's crop is sixty million dollars. Texas alone has two hundred thousand acres.

In 1914 India discovered the world; and since that time the caste system has been crumbling, women are being emancipated, and multitudes are turning toward Christianity.

It is hard to believe that Premier Clemenceau was once a teacher in an American girls' school, and later married one of his pupils, but that is just what he did while in this country from 1865 to 1869.

A new British cable has just been laid from England to Rio de Janeiro. The work was accomplished by the ship "Colonio" in thirty-one days, 1,850 nautical miles of cable being laid in that time.

The kingdom of Belgium, as owner of the vast Congo Colony, is possessor of a source of great future wealth. The colony is not only rich in resources, but is equal in area to the twenty-six States lying east of the Mississippi River.

A novel danger to bird life has been introduced, in shooting and booming from aircraft. Great Britain, through its committee for the protection of wild birds, recommended that the use of flying machines in killing fowls of the air be prohibited.

The pioneer ironmaster, Henry Clay Frick, died recently, leaving a fortune of \$200,000,000. He rose from a farm hand to his high place in the business world. Mr. Frick bequeathed \$15,000,000 to Princeton University, and \$5,000,000 to Harvard.

A combination pontoon and floating dry-dock is being built by the British Admiralty for raising ships that have been sunk during the war. Extensive operations are being made by all of the nations to salvage the immense amount of tonnage that was sunk in the last four years.

The use of automobiles in Bermuda, is still under the ban. After a long fight in the house of assembly the bill which would have permitted the running of automobiles on the islands was beaten recently by a vote of seventeen to fifteen. The measure cannot be brought up again this year.

Among the many phases of opinion in Ireland, four groups stand out: (1) The Ulster Unionists in northern Ireland, who demand close connections with England, and who fear the control of Ireland by the Irish; (2) the Irish Nationalists, who comprise the bulk of the population, and have long maintained a compact group of representatives in Parliament, desiring home rule, but supporters of the recent war under the leadership of John Redmond; (3) a middle and apparently growing group, drawing away from both of these, and desiring a friendly accommodation of differences; and (4) the Sinn Fein, who are extreme nationalists, demanding immediate independence even at the cost of revolution.

Senator Sherman of Illinois thinks the League of Nations will be dominated by the Vatican. He tells us the Catholic Church "is a power for good," but in another paragraph he calls it "inimical to the future welfare of the United States." He bases his conclusions upon the fact that the majority of the Christian nations in the league are Catholic. Of the original thirty-two member-nations of the proposed League, twenty-eight are Christian and four are of other faiths. Of these twenty-eight, seventeen are Catholic nations and eleven are Protestant.

The Senate steel-strike investigation committee, headed by Senator Kenyon of Iowa, has made its report, and this report is an important contribution to the case. The committee condemns all strikes as "industrial barbarism," and urges that orderly means for handling labor disputes should be provided so as to avoid these costly interruptions of production. A plan for a permanent mediation board is suggested — this board to have authority to investigate industrial grievances and to announce its conclusions, but having no power of compulsory arbitration.

Patriotic Californians bewail the change of the abbreviation of California from Cal. to Calif. It sounds too much like calf. If the Geographic Board takes the same liberty with the names of the other States we shall have "Wisco." for Wisconsin, "Washi." for Washington, "Michi." for Michigan, and so on till the list looks like a "Bolshevik roll call!"

Mrs. Anna L. Fisher, of Santa Barbara, California, has the distinction and honor of being the first and only woman to be made an officer of the Arabian Army. She has been commissioned a captain in the cavalry. The appointment was made in recognition of her ability in organizing the work of the American Red Cross in Damascus.

The Corby Bakery is only one of a number of bakeries in the national capital, yet it bakes 150,000 loaves of bread every twenty-four hours, and 250 tons of fruit cake for the Christmas demand.

## Which Are You?

AN attender or an absenter?

A wing or a weight?

A power or a problem?

A promoter or a provoker?

A giver or a getter?

A goer or a gadder?

A doer or a deadhead?

A booster or a bucker?

A supporter or a sponger?

A worker or a worrier?

A friend or a faultfinder?

A helper or a hinderer? — *Selected.*

## The Youth's Instructor

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## Gifts of the Old Year

WHAT did you bring to us, Old Year?  
Many a hope and many a fear?  
Smiles a few, but many a tear?  
Many a heartache for days together,  
Many a taste of frosty weather?  
Many a wish ungratified,  
Many a happiness denied?  
But you brought us, too, the rosy day,  
Let its troubles be what they may;  
The hollow night, whose planets climb  
Pathways older, perhaps, than Time;  
The sunset's lingering, fading flush  
And the twilight's eloquent hush;  
And baby moon, like a sweet surprise,  
Leaning out of the western skies.  
You brought the dawn, with its filmy light,  
Woven out of the infinite;

The early anemone in the wood,  
And all the delicate sisterhood;  
The pink Mayflower in its hiding places;  
And the pale Linnaea's tender graces;  
The bloodroot, with its crimson stain,  
And the lonesome whippoorwill's refrain.  
Out of your treasure house you brought  
The season's tapestries, enwrought  
With wild and beautiful devices,  
And fragrant with all fragrant spices.  
The scarlet and gold, of the autumn leaf,  
The corn in the ear, the wheat in the sheaf,  
The witchery of the snow, that weaves  
After the pattern of the stars and leaves,  
And the light that never from land or sea  
Borrowed half of its poetry.

—Mary Newmarch Prescott.

## How to Shine

E. F. COLLIER

**A**RISE, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isa. 60:1.

Always the sun shines before we see it shine. So must we, before others will see us shine. God does not say, "Lie in bed, and shine;" or, "Sit in that easy chair, and shine." If we shine much, we shall have to get up.

"No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light." Luke 8:16.

A light that is covered burns feebly, and usually goes out. Don't be a sickly, yellow spark. And don't smoke. Don't go out when some one needs you. Get as high as you can, and shine. Get up somewhere, someway. Be like John the Baptist, "a burning and a shining light."

Jesus hung high on the cross, but the world has been lightened with his glory ever since. It was on a mountain that Moses beheld the miracle of the burning bush that was not consumed, and learned how a man may be filled with the Holy Spirit and glow for God. It was on Mt. Sinai that Moses' face shone. It was on Pisgah's peak that his aged eyes were gladdened with a sight of the promised Canaan. It was up in a mountain that Peter and James and John saw Christ transfigured by the "excellent glory." Peter had his famous vision while up on a housetop. Zaccheus was of small stature, but he climbed into a sycamore tree to see Jesus, and from that day he began to shine. Had he not climbed, it is probable that his name would never have been mentioned in Sacred Writ.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

See that. The person who shines is engaged in good works. The Christian life is no lazy man's paradise. The firefly is busy when he shines. Stars shine while they move. The brilliance of a meteor is caused by motion. The comet burns and shines in its celestial orbit, and leaves a trail of glory for a million miles. God's angels, ministering spirits, are made "a flaming fire."

"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Eph. 5:14.

Sanctified activity will bring you to the place where you will shine as you should. Think of it, "Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." God's own glory brightens the lives of his workers, and that glory will never diminish. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Prov. 4:18. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

## Beginning the Day with the Bible

[The following excellent article appeared in the *Sunday School Times*. It is given here because its simple, practical suggestions can help every reader in learning how to get the most out of the Morning Watch; and it is sent forth to you with the earnest prayer that it may accomplish its full mission.]

**M**AY I urge on all readers the importance of the Morning Watch — the spending of a special time apart at the very beginning of the day, before breakfast, alone with God in prayer and devotional Bible reading or study? If only God's Spirit will put into my words what he has already put into my heart and experience; if only I may unveil to others one tithe of the help I have derived and derive from this habit; if only I can kindle a light on some unlit candles!

No one can be gladder than I for all the incentives to Bible study which abound in the present day. Our library shelves teem with Bible helps, aids to the understanding of manners, customs, habits, and environment of the people of the Book. Such intellectual ability expended; such brilliant exegesis; such suggestive analyses! But it is not of these that we are treating here.

You may dissect a flower, and in doing so forfeit its beauty and scent. So it is possible to know all about the Bible, and miss the Voice that speaks in its pages; to learn all about the word, while the word evades you. A man might be able to discourse on the



necessary ingredients of food, and yet starve. The Bible may and must be studied in the light of modern research, and intellectually, but in the still morning hour the *heart* must feed on it.

#### Where the Battle Center Is

One of the first conditions of obtaining the maximum of benefit from the Morning Watch is the fixed purpose to maintain it. We must build a ring fence round that portion of the day which we devote to the recharging of our soul with divine energy. The foes that threaten it are as numerous and insidious as white ants, which are the despair of the tropics. It is as though the order had gone forth, "Fight neither with small nor great, but only with the maintenance of the Morning Watch." It is not on the first or second or third morning that we begin to slacken, but on the fourth or fifth. In fact, for some of us who are late in going to bed, our habits in that respect must be modified if we are to hold to our resolve. It is next to impossible to rise early for our Morning Watch if we have sat into the small hours reading an exciting novel or talking gossip. We must retire to bed at a reasonable hour, and our last thought should be a fixed resolution of **keeping** our tryst.

I can see C. T. Studd standing before me as he did years ago in the early glory of an autumn sunrise, with his cricketing flannels worn over his ordinary dress to keep him warm, and affirming that he always left it to his heavenly Father to awake him when he had slept long enough. On that particular morning I believe I am justified in saying that he had arisen between 3 and 4 A. M.

Hudson Taylor adopted another method. He once told me that during his long journeys in the interior of China, when he was obliged for months to sleep in the guest chambers of Chinese inns, sharing the surface of the brick firestone with a dozen or more Chinamen, his only opportunity of keeping the Morning Watch was between 3 and 4 A. M., when his companions were snoring around him. After having prepared a cup of tea, he lay and studied his Bible for an hour or two, and so habituated did he become to this habit that for years, when there was no need to maintain the practise, he was accustomed to awake at the same hour.

It is desirable — at least this has been my experience — to secure as much physical comfort as possible during one's Bible study. For instance, to study the Bible on one's knees may often be a mistake. Cold feet and shivering skin are equally inimical to the concentration of one's thought and heart. Of course, the joy of the Lord will lift the soul above these discomforts and will richly compensate those who will not be put back from following hard after Christ, whatever may be the outward circumstances. Mr. Moody kept his Morning Watch in the coal shed because he could find no other place secluded enough. There was a fitness in this selection, for what coals are to the engine the word of God is to the driving forces of life. An ideal place for the practise of the Morning Watch is a room with a southern or eastern exposure, where the light and warmth of dawn will predispose us to holy thoughts. When our Lord said, "Enter into thy closet," he must have meant that each earnest soul will have some spot specially associated with its hours of meditation and prayer. Notice it is *thy* closet. The closet has been compared to the holy of holies of the ancient temple, the walls of which formed a perfect cube, when the sights and sounds were shut out while

the worshiper stood face to face with the glory of the Shekinah.

Our closet may be a room in our house; or a favorite sheltered walk in a garden, as I have been told was the daily resort of our revered Bishop Moule during his residence in Oxford. But, whatever it be, every Nathanael must have his fig tree, where, screened by the drooping foliage, he may see the ladder linking him to heaven. John 1:50.

Our prime employment in the Morning Watch should be to attune our hearts with heaven's minstrelsy. There should be much adoration and thanksgiving mingled with intercession and petition. *Jesus is worthy to receive. . .* Too often we view the morning hour as one in which we are to get what we need for our life's journey; and we do not sufficiently remember that our Saviour claims of us some of those alabaster boxes, which fill his heart and heaven with the odor of their sweet fragrance. One is very accustomed to find one's morning mail crowded with letters asking for help of various kinds; but I was much gratified the other day with a letter from a boy inclosing me a little gift of money as a proof of love. It was a pleasant surprise *to receive*, and to receive from a boy! So we must not be content to join the great throne of suppliants, which each day awakens in its slow and silent progress from the dawn on the mountains of Japan to sunset on the horizon of the Pacific; but we must mingle with our confessions and petitions the glad outburst of our *Te Deums*, which emanate from thankful and adoring hearts.—*F. B. Meyer, B. A.*

(To be concluded)

#### Thoughts from a Poem

ON rereading Bryant's poem, "To a Waterfowl," I find it seems more beautiful than ever before.

"He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way which I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

We are each alone, although others are all around us. We each live our life, and no one can live it for us. We each think thoughts, dream dreams, wish wishes, and have trials and temptations that no one else has or knows about.

There are things in each of our lives that no one can settle for us. We must decide for ourselves. But there is One who, if we permit him, will lead our steps aright. With his hand to guide us, we need not wander into the wrong path. But he cannot lead us unless we are willing to be led.

He is the One, the only One, who can be with us in the long way which we must tread alone. He longs to guide us safely to our home. If he did not, he would never have left his beautiful home and come to our earth, and for more than thirty years traveled that long way alone, and then died on the cross, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Let us with Christ's help so live that we may say with Bryant:

"He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way which I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright."

MABEL O. KELSO.



## A Vanishing People

THE beautiful Marquesas Islands lie in the South Pacific directly east of New Guinea, and twenty degrees farther east than the Hawaiian Islands. To early European visitors the islands seemed an earthly paradise. The following description of Marquesan scenery, recently given by Mr. John Church in the *Geographical Magazine*, is enticing:

"Tree and vine, flower and shrub, cover the abrupt, almost vertical sides of the huge basin and clamber high over ridge after ridge of knifelike hills; choke the deep ravines and valleys with their prolific mass of bloom and foliage, and, creeping in rich abundance almost to the water's edge, climb the black basalt cliffs towering over the bay, thus seeking to soften their harsh, broken outlines beneath a rank growth of vines and mosses.

"Great cascades, springing from the living rock high on the mountain side, leap over mighty precipices, gleaming like strands of silver in the sunlight, to be lost in the mysterious depths of dark gorges far below. These waters wind through dank, tortuous ravines and form the racing stream that tumbles swiftly between the twisting hills into the steep valley of Hanavave, where it rushes over its rocky bed to pass into the blue waters of the quiet bay.

"Beyond the crescent of white sand that lies between the cliffs, banyan, mango, and breadfruit trees mingle their brilliant foliage and blossoms with the slender brown trunks and waving fronds of the pandanus and coco palm."

The islands were discovered in 1595 by the commander of a Spanish fleet sailing from South America in search of gold. At the time of their discovery contagious diseases were unknown to the Marquesans, so naturally no provision was made against them.

"Lacking poisonous reptiles, dangerous beasts, or insects to carry infection from some far-away land, the Marquesans lived in a state of physical health rarely found among other races." "He was a magnificent savage, averaging six feet in height, with a muscular development any athlete might well envy, good features, and the clear skin and eye of perfect health."

### Habits of the Marquesans

"The men were fierce, cruel cannibals, whose chief occupation . . . was the killing of both men and women of other tribes for gastronomic purposes." The women were not allowed to eat "long pig," the native name for the human victim. The brown pig, a delicacy much enjoyed by the men folks, was also forbidden to the women, as was the bonito and squid. Only on exceptional occasions could they eat fresh breadfruit, bananas, or cocoanut. Canoeing was also tabooed, lest they be captured by enemies lurking outside the bay.

The Marquesan women had an especially attractive physique, and they made great effort to conserve it.

"Men and women alike were daily massaged with scented oil, every muscle being gently manipulated with a skill seldom found in the modern *masseuse*. Usually two or three hours were required for the operation. At its conclusion the skin was like velvet in texture, without a trace of oiliness. They treated their hair in a similar manner, and the wonderful luxuriant tresses were probably due to the attention given them in the use of coco oil and massage.

"To it also, I am sure, must be given credit for the clear skins and powerful muscular development of the warriors. Even today, disease-ridden as they are, it would be difficult to find finer specimens of apparent physical strength than one sees in the Marquesas."

Tattooing was a fine art. "Both men and women were elaborately tottoed. . . . Usually there was but one tattoo artist for each tribe, and his apprentices lived with him. They used a set of needles made from human bone and the juice from the buds of the *noni* bush for color. Under his skilful hands, each maiden and youth of the tribe willingly underwent the torture of tattoo.

"The amount of decoration varied according to rank, additions to the original designs often being made later in life; but always the legs were tattooed from ankle to thigh, and necklaces and bracelets were worn on the arms and throats of the maidens. The warriors were covered with geometric and spiral designs, except the face, which was divided into blocks of solid color like a chessboard. The squares

on the faces of the chiefs were sometimes inclosed in an inverted triangle, the base running across the forehead and the point resting on the chin. This peculiar marking gave to the naturally mild countenance of the warrior an expression of extreme fierceness.

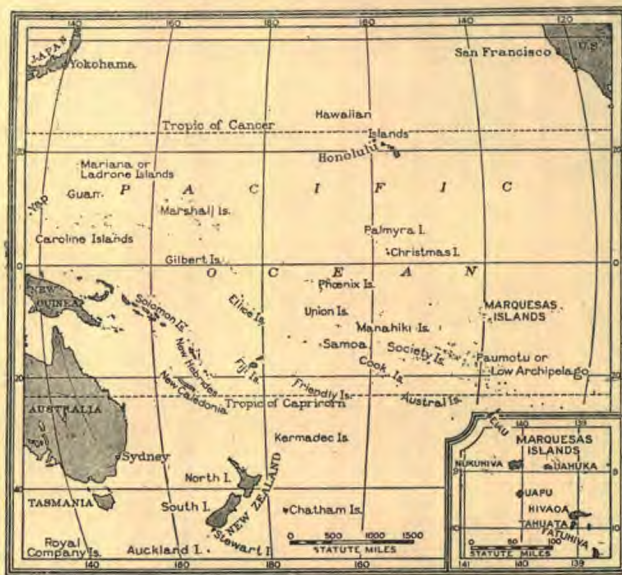
"Much of the ornamentation of the women resembled fine lacework, and as their skins were usually a light brown, some of them about the shade of old ivory, the delicate tracery of the tattoo stood in clear relief. . . .

"The period required for tattooing was from two to three weeks, during which time the tattooee was *tapu*,—lived in solitary agony in one of the huts provided for the purpose,—and awaited with stoical patience the subsidence of the inflammation and fever incidental to the operation of decoration."

### When Introduced to Europe

Despite the visit of the Spanish, the Marquesans really remained unknown to the world until Captain Cook, the English explorer, found them in 1774. He is given credit for putting the island on the map. He introduced the natives to the fruit and vegetables from other lands, and meant to be of service to them; but the crew of his vessel left behind them a trail of disease hitherto unknown among the islanders.

After the Marquesans became better known, the white slave trader entered the islands and sold men



Drawn by R. M. Parker





A MARQUESAN BEAUTY

and women into slavery in far-off lands. Through these raids, smallpox, leprosy, and other contagious diseases were introduced among the people hitherto free from all such plagues, and thousands of the Marquesans died, and continue to die. It has been predicted by men who are well informed in regard to this people, that there will not be a full-blooded Marquesan alive in ten years.

The Marquesas Islands have been under French rule since 1842, but the native people have never in spirit submitted to foreign domination.

Some missionary work has been done among them; but they are slow to relinquish their evil customs. Even cannibalism still survives. Much harm has also come to the people through their native alcoholic beverages.

It were better that foreign nations keep their hands off native peoples, unless they can give them the civilization that is clean, pure, and Christian.

F. D. C.

### Know Thyself or Know God — Which?

THE loftiest conceptions of the heathen mind, accepted as such and embodied in the principles of modern worldly education, fall as far short as can be of the ideals of Christianity. The Greek's best proverb, spoken by one of the seven wise men of Greece and written in golden capitals over the temple of Apollo at Delphos, is: "Know thyself." And when this self-knowledge is complete, what is the result, what is the end?—Despair. The Christian's best proverb, spoken a thousand years before by the discerning Job, is: "Acquaint now thyself with him [God]." Job 22:21. And what the end? Let us read the verse further: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and *be at peace.*" So it has always been: Despair accompanying a knowledge of self; peace abiding where there is a knowledge of God.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

## HEALTH HINTS

**H**ABIT is defined as "a disposition or tendency, leading us to do easily, naturally, and with growing certainty what we do often." It is not arduous to do things which are habit with us. Rather, it is difficult to break away from a habit.

Good habits lay the foundation for a good character. Mothers spend much time and thought in training their boys and girls to habits of neatness, of order, of study, and of work. It is a matter of the greatest importance that young people form correct habits of living. The earlier we begin to form health habits, the greater will be our chances for developing strong bodies and for laying up a good and lasting physical bank account.

It is a great deal easier to maintain health than it is to regain it after it is impaired. The dread of disease, however, should not be the impelling motive in one's obedience to the laws of the body. "Health for health's sake" is a better slogan to adopt, and attention to health laws may thus become a joyful permanency.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

"MARY caught a little cold  
Which settled in her head;  
But she was very careful  
And did not let it spread.  
She sneezed into her handkerchief,  
She coughed into it, too.  
She breathed fresh air into her lungs—  
She knew just what to do!  
So Mary stopped the little cold  
Which started in her head,  
And no one caught it from her  
And had to go to bed."



A MARQUESAN DANDY



# The Correct Thing

## Conventionalities

AUNT MARGARET is shocked," declared Helen impatiently, "because I am going to dine at the Windsor House tomorrow night with Mr. Bruce. He's my employer, you know. But he's a perfectly nice man, and I'm old enough to judge for myself. I'm not going to give up such a harmless pleasure for a mere conventionality."

Mrs. Arnold breathed an inward prayer. "Have you ever stopped to think, my dear," she asked quietly, "what a conventionality really is?"

"Indeed I have," replied the girl. "It seems to be often just some stupid rule of society, which most people follow without examining into the justice of it, simply because it is the rule."

"You judge, then," returned her friend, "that 'most people' are not as intelligent as yourself?"

Helen flushed. "I didn't think you'd take it like that," she said. "You have always seemed to comprehend things so wonderfully. But I suppose there are ways in which older people just can't understand younger ones."

"Perhaps," replied Mrs. Arnold. "Yet young people do not always realize that, while they themselves have never been old, and so cannot know from experience what being old is like, all old people have been young, and so do know from experience what being young is like."

"I never thought of that," admitted Helen frankly. "But Aunt Margaret certainly talks as if she had forgotten her youth."

"Possibly she remembers it too well," said the lady sadly, "even as I remember mine."

"You?" cried the girl in astonishment. "Dear Mrs. Arnold, I am sure you must always have been an angel."

"A terribly indiscreet angel, then," smiled her friend. "And a sublimely conceited one. Of course I didn't realize it at the time. I was one of those active-minded young people who fall into the egregious mistake of thinking that they are the only ones who go to the roots of things, and that, because other people's conclusions are different from theirs, the other people have never really worked out their own conclusions at all."

Helen looked uncomfortably conscious.

"You have seen similar cases lately," went on Mrs. Arnold. "Don't you remember, when Harriet White first began her work among the poor, and was so finely enthusiastic about it, still, you would have thought from her remarks that she and her associates were the discoverers of human brotherhood? And when Sally Grey became a suffragist, I heard her telling Mrs. Gracie, who had accepted suffrage views some thirty years before, that 'the first thing to do was to influence public opinion.' She said it with as profound an air as if she were announcing a great original conviction. But Mrs. Gracie had seen the importance of influencing public opinion before Sally Grey was born, and women had given their lives to the poor before our new neighborhood house was started, and earnest young people have been going to the roots of things for more centuries than you number years, my child."

"A good many of us are radical when we are young. That is, if we are fairly intelligent. And, if we come to conservatism in later life, you of the next genera-

tion must not think we were born conservative. We have learned by experience to respect the main conclusions of civilization as they have been worked out by multitudes of strong and sincere minds. And conventionality, which — pardon me, my dear — you so superficially condemn, is really this: the slowly wrought barrier against 'those elementary instincts which society has been seeking to restrain, at infinite cost of blood and woe, since the first dawn of man's intelligence.' The rules of conventionality have their roots so deep down in the soil of human nature that they are often covered from sight. But you would not conclude that the roots of an oak tree were non-existent because you could not see them without digging?"

"But do you think that conventional rules are always right?" persisted Helen.

"No, indeed. No human conclusions are without error; and the finer and more complicated the material with which we work, the more likely we are to make mistakes. Society must be constantly correcting itself, constantly open to more light. Only, those who would rectify the decisions of the past must go to work in all humility, realizing the forces and the ardors that have gone before them. And their sight must not be obscured by any slightest shadow of personal interest."

"You have given me much to think of," said Helen. "The point we started from seems a very minor thing, whether I should dine with Mr. Bruce."

"Small matters often have large backgrounds," replied Mrs. Arnold. "And large consequences," she added gravely.— *Marion Pelton Guild.*

## What I Saw and Heard

A STURDY young lad with books in hand came out of his home ahead of his sisters, and let the screen door fly back against the smaller one, instead of holding the door open until the girls, who were younger than he, had passed through. Was this boy you?

A young woman threw a piece of paper on the lawn of a public institution, instead of putting it in her pocket until she found a suitable place to deposit it. Was this young woman you?

A little girl on her way to school was seen helping an old man pull a cart along the road. She was not a relative, but was merely helping to ease the burden of the aged. Was that little girl you?

Two women with a gentleman on crutches were waiting to pass through a door. The two women passed through and left the crippled man to make his way the best he could. Fortunately a woman who was just coming in saw at a glance that the man would have difficulty in making his exit unless some one held the door open for him. She therefore did this, and received a courteous smile and a "Thank you." Was the thoughtful woman you?

A young woman on the street car talked with a soldier, and laughed so loud that she attracted considerable attention to herself. Was that young woman you?

A young soldier talked almost incessantly, and louder than any one else in the car, his high-pitched voice being heard above all others. It grated on the ears of the listeners. Was that soldier you?

A young woman began to play the piano while others were trying to study. She frequently sings or hums while others are reading or writing. Is this young woman you?



A young, clean-looking railroad conductor was walking along the street with an older man, who offered the conductor a cigar. He promptly and courteously, but with energy, said, "Thank you. I never smoke." Was that young man you? or would you have been almost afraid to hear yourself refuse the offer?

A person of some prominence was recently seen eating pie with a spoon and sopping up gravy from the plate with a piece of bread. Was that person you?

A boy waiting on a table in a restaurant passed a guest a glass of water, but held the glass at the top in-



stead of at the bottom. No one wants to drink from a glass whose rim has been handled by another. Were you the boy?

A group of stenographers, just before Thanksgiving, presented their white-haired chief with a handsome basket of California fruit as a token of their appreciation of his genial and considerate dealings with them. The expression of sincere appreciation is always beautiful and timely. Were you among this group of thoughtful girls?

Some boys and girls whispered while a lady was singing a beautiful song to them. Were you among those who did not have courtesy enough to refrain from whispering while some one was trying to entertain you?

A lad of about fourteen years was seen helping a crippled schoolmate younger than himself up the school steps. Was this lad you, or would you have left the little fellow to make his way up the best he could?

F. D. C.

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## Information Corner

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### Botanically, what is the cotton fiber?

The cotton seed is covered with an epidermis, or skin. The cotton fiber is an outgrowth of one cell of this outer seed coat. It is one cell prolonged into a fiber that sometimes reaches the length of two inches. The longer the fiber the higher price the cotton brings. Human hair and plant hairs are made of many cells; but the cotton fiber is peculiar in being one cell greatly elongated.

### What is the Federal Trade Commission?

"The Federal Trade Commission is a commission of five members, appointed by the President for a term of seven years. It was created by Congress in 1914 to increase the Government's supervision and control over corporations. Its power extended to all corporations engaged in interstate commerce except banks and common carriers. Its special functions are to prevent unfair methods of competition and the formation of monopolies, to recommend the form of readjustment of business violating anti-trust laws, to supervise compliance by corporations with court decrees, and in general to aid the Government in enforce-

ing the Sherman Act, the Clayton Act, and other statutes governing corporations. The commission has wide power to take testimony, examine books, prescribe reports, and investigate the organization and operation of corporations and to compel corporations to desist from illegal practices, such as price discrimination, exclusive contracts, and illegal combinations."

**How does corn sirup, or "karo," differ from ordinary molasses?**

The ordinary molasses is made from the sap of sugar cane, while the corn sirup is made from corn. The corn is soaked in warm water until the grains are softened; it is then washed and hulled and ground. The starch is separated from the gluten, and eventually by being treated with hydrochloric acid, as it is treated by the digestive juices, it is converted into a wholesome sugar or sirup. Since glucose sugar does not crystallize readily from the sirup, most of the material on the market is in the form of sirup that contains about twenty per cent of water.

**What are some reliable tests for good cloth for men's clothing?**

The staple goods for men's suits are either worsteds or woolens. Both of these are made of wool fiber; but "the difference between the two," according to the *Illustrated World*, "lies in the way the fiber is made into thread. A woolen thread is one in which the fibers are matted, twisted, and mingled together in much the way that uncombed tousled hair appears upon the human head. A worsted is a thread in which the long fibers of which it is made have been carefully combed and laid parallel before being twisted together, and the thread as a whole has a neat finish like the slickly plastered hair on the head of one who has just left the barber. The worsted thread is stout and firm; the woolen thread is not. And the two cloths reflect this difference.

"A worsted cloth holds its shape, but wears shiny; a woolen cloth wears threadbare instead of shiny, but will not hold its shape. Under the microscope a woolen thread appears to be a tangled skein of hair rather than a well-twisted cable. Consequently, goods made of such thread carry a heavy nap, and one which does not disappear so readily under wear. In fact, the nap persists almost until the threads themselves are gone, for the threads are fuzzy in themselves and tend to release fibers and thus renew the nap. Therefore the cloth never appears shiny.

"Most worsted cloths are twill-woven; that is, the cloth shows a more or less pronounced diagonal rib, and the weave is close. Furthermore, one can see that the nap is sparse, and can detect the smooth, firm threads beneath.

"The average woolen presents a radically different appearance. In the first place, the chances are that the weave is not a twill; more probably it will be a rib or basket weave, in which the threads in pairs pass over and under each other at right angles—a texture somewhat resembling that of a market basket. Or the texture may be a double diagonal."

Serge is a variety of worsted cloth. It shines the worst of all cloth. Cassimere and cheviot are varieties of woolens.

"If the threads in the nap of cheviot goods appear harsh and brittle, the grade is poor; in good cheviot, the cloth feels soft, silky, and elastic. Many men who have been disgusted by 'bagging' suits search for a cloth which feels hard, and select a poor cheviot in consequence. Thus they get a cloth which is none



too free from 'bagging' at its best, and get a poor grade as well.

"Lack of twist in the thread itself means lack of strength. In good cloth of the sort we used to get, the twist was tight and firm, with many fibers bound into a comparatively short length of thread. Nowadays, however, one can find plenty of cloth at high prices, with scarcely any twist to the thread. Leaving out the heavy twist saves wool, and in that way cheapens the cloth; but it also leaves out the strength and wearing quality we used to obtain.

"Another thing to watch for — especially in less expensive grades — is the 'union' cloth. A 'union' is a cloth made of different kinds of thread — a worsted warp and woolen weft, for example, or even cotton warp and woolen weft. Now unions are useful cloths in many cases; but one should not take them for more than they are, nor should one pay the price of good cloth for an inferior 'union.'"

Why do we say "The Hague," but do not use "the" with any other city?

"Custom alone accounts for this anomaly. The Dutch name for The Hague is 's Gravenhage,' meaning the count's meadow, contracted into 'the meadow.' In transferring the name to English the 'The' was retained. Quite commonly now it is left out and the place is called 'Hague.'"

## Nature and Science

### A Modern Miracle

**O**NLY a lump of coal, but it contains the finest dyes, the most delicate perfume, tempting flavors, medicines, paints, and oils.

It heats and lights our houses, runs our factories, smelting furnaces, and automobiles. It makes our ice, fertilizes our lands, and provides explosives for ammunition and blasting.

What a beneficent thought for us it was that buried whole forests at the time of the flood! Buried them that we might have them and their products in this age of discovery and invention; buried them, too, in great abundance in this land of invention and manufacture.

"From every ton of coal burned in a by-products oven we can secure two thirds of a ton of coke, 7 to 13 gallons of tar, 23 to 28 pounds of ammonium sulphate, 4,000,000 to 5,500,000 cubic feet of surplus gas, and from 2.6 to 5.4 gallons of light oil," the exact amount depending upon the quality of the coal burned.

Coal in the form of coke is the most economical and effective fuel for foundries and smelting furnaces. It is made from burning soft coal in a beehive or by-products oven. The latter is better, for in the former only half a ton of inferior coke results from a ton of coal, and all the by-products are lost, amounting to an annual loss of millions of tons of coke, tar, ammonium, benzene, and other explosives.

Before the war Germany had the monopoly of the coal industry, so far as conserving the by-products set free in the making of coke. But when the Allies appealed to the United States for benzene and toluene, our manufacturers set to work in earnest to get the best possible returns from the by-products oven. Now the United States leads the world in its output of tar, gas, and oil from the coke ovens, converting approximately 60,000,000 tons of coal a year into coke and the essential by-products.

F. D. C.

### New Sources of Oil

**N**CESSITY is the mother of invention," and of discovery. For many years travelers speeding across the continent have looked out upon the great shale mountainous regions of Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, and Nevada, never dreaming of the wealth stored in them. Many of them seemed utterly unattractive and unpromising.

But the demands of the war upon the world's oil and gasoline resources, turned attention to the great oil-shale regions of the Rocky Mountains as a possible source of replenishing these very necessary but fast-disappearing commodities.

It had been long known that the rocks of this section would burn, and it was known that Scotland for nearly three fourths of a century had been utilizing shale as a source of petroleum and paraffin, her rocks yielding from eighteen to thirty-three gallons of crude oil a ton.

So the United States Geographical Survey began an investigation of the western oil rocks, and found them to be far richer in oil than the Scotch shales, the American rocks yielding from forty to fifty gallons to the ton, and those in one deposit yielding ninety gallons, or more than two barrels.

A ton of coal is not a great quantity, so a ton of shale that produces two barrels of oil is but an in-

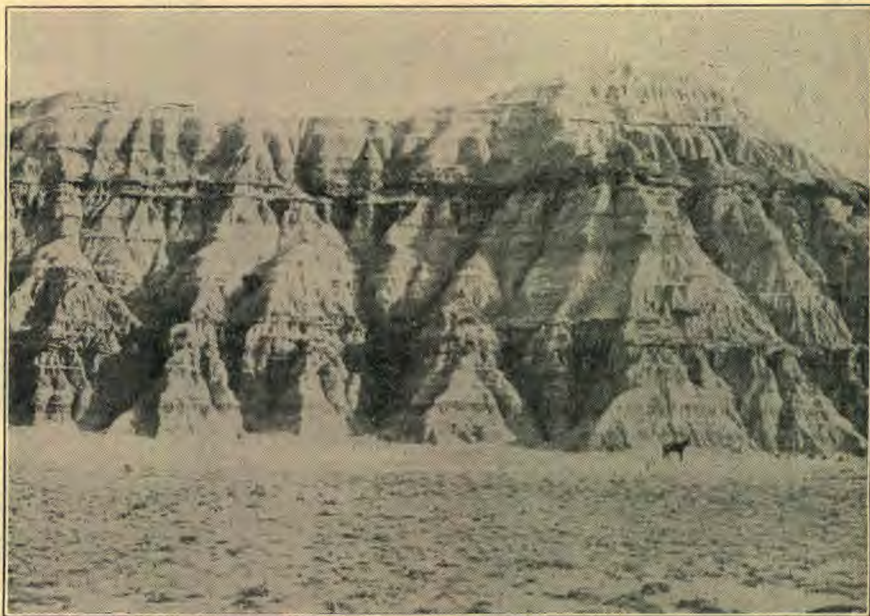


Photo from U. S. Geological Survey  
In These Wyoming Rocks Are Locked Millions of Barrels of Oil

finitesimal quantity when compared with the vast mountains of oil shales in the West.

Up to 1918 the United States had produced from all other oil sources only 4,255,000,000 barrels of oil; but the shales of Colorado alone are estimated to contain from five to eight times this amount. Utah, Ne-



vada, Wyoming, California, and Montana are also rich in oil-producing shale, while Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Indiana also have large deposits. The petroleum content of our oil-bearing rocks is now estimated in hundreds of billions of barrels, while the possible future supply of the usual oil source from coal deposits is not more than seven billion barrels, as estimated by the Federal Government.

The *National Geographic Magazine*, the source of the main facts in this article, says that the oil "produced in the whole world in the entire history of the industry is only a drop in the bucket in comparison with the supply the rocks offer us. . . . Oil-shale distillation is not new in the United States; yet it is doubtful if there are many people alive who remember anything about the earlier industry. Before petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania, about fifty small companies in the eastern United States were crudely distilling oil from shales; but after subterranean pools were discovered, these companies went out of business. . . . We are now about to return to this discarded industry and produce hundreds of millions of barrels of oil where formerly the output was comparable to the production of oil from sperm whales. . . . Germany, to supplement its stock of petroleum and gasoline, laboriously raises potatoes from which to distil fuel alcohol; but here in America there are mountains of oil rock which can be blasted and steam-shoveled and transported by gravity to great torts which will turn out oil and fertilizer in limitless quantities."

F. D. C.



### He Hated His Brother

**H**E was the first babe born into the human family. His mother said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." It must have been a great event, this birth of the first child. His father and mother hoped that perhaps he might be the "Seed of the woman" who should bruise the serpent's head and bring redemption to the world. They tried to bring the boy up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They tried to see in him evidences that he would develop into a great and good man.

They called him Cain, "an acquisition," because they thought he would be a man after their own hearts. But it early became known that his name was Cain, "a lance," — a free lance, one who hates restraint and loves freedom. Unlike his brother Abel, he chose a life of unrestrained liberty, and early developed a disposition to have his own way, even in the daily sacrifices offered to God at the gate of Eden.

We know this man as the man who first committed murder; as the man who introduced the human family to the dread enemy death. We think of him as the man who built the first city of earth; as the one who taught men to assemble themselves in congested centers so that "there is no place for a man to be alone in the earth." We remember him as the man with a mark upon him, sent away from the home of his youth in dire disgrace. We hear him saying, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." We know him as

the man who went away into the land of Nod and there began a race of men who soon filled the earth with violence and strife. We hear him mentioned by many of the inspired writers. Says the writer of Hebrews, "Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Says John, "Cain . . . was of that wicked one, and slew his brother." "Woe unto them," says Jude, who "have gone in the way of Cain." This is the man who said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" These are some of the things that the very name of Cain recalls to the minds of men.

All these things are true of the young man, but we need to inquire into the beginning of things somewhat before we pass too severe sentence upon this first-begotten child. Why was it that he did not walk in the way of his father before him? Why was it that he did not develop into a man of faith and love like his brother? Why was it that he could not endure to see his brother receive the blessings of their God? Why did he kill his only brother Abel?

Cain was a free lance, he did not endure restraint. He was religious, but he wanted to worship in his own way. He did not refuse to offer sacrifice, he merely refused to offer according to God's instruction. It is said of him: "Cain thought to secure the divine favor by an offering that lacked the blood of a sacrifice," he thought his own way good enough. "Nearly every false religion is based upon the same principle,— that man can depend upon his own works for salvation." Salvation by works — how men have clung to that idea since the days of Cain! It is another of the things begun by this boy whom his mother at first thought to be "an acquisition." He also originated persecution; he was the first religious bigot. He hated the man whose ways were better than his.

He did not inherit these traits of character; he acquired them. He began by hating the admonitions of his brother, and then by hating the brother himself, and ended by killing him. He developed further into the mystery of iniquity by trying to deceive Jehovah himself.

Cain is dead. He will be called forth to see his brother whom he hated and finally slew, seated in the kingdom of God with all the saved of earth and he himself cast out. He will then realize that one cannot enter some other way into the sheepfold. He will then know that "the way of Cain" is the way of death and defeat. He will bow the knee at that time and confess that Jesus Christ is Lord indeed.

How much better it would have been had Cain realized that it is well to "remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." How much better it would have been had he heard the call of God, "Son, give me thine heart."  
J. D. MONTGOMERY.

#### Evening Prayer

"If any word of mine has caused one tear  
From other eyes to flow;  
If I have caused one shadow to appear  
On any face I know;  
If but one thoughtless word of mine has stung  
Some other loving heart today,  
Or if the word I've left unsaid has wrung  
A simple sigh, I pray,  
Thou tender Heart of love, forgive the sin;  
Help me to keep in mind  
That if at last I would thy well done win,  
In word as well as deed I must be kind."

It is well to be in places where man is little and God is great.— *Sydney Smith*.





# Just for the Juniors



## Christmas for Father

IT was a cold December morning. The Jamison family were seated at their breakfast table. The children — Henry, aged seventeen; Dorothy, fifteen; and Randolph, barely twelve — were discussing Christmas presents.

"Mother," Dorothy said, turning to Mrs. Jamison, "I really must give Mirabelle a nice present this year. I felt ashamed last Christmas when I got that lovely fan from her and I had sent her only a guest towel."

"Humph!" Randolph snorted contemptuously. "I wouldn't have friends that counted on me for gifts."

"That sounds well, Dolph," Henry grinned, "but what about those nickels you've been saving to give Lucy —"

In the midst of the ensuing laughter, Mr. Jamison, who had been silently listening, suddenly pushed back his plate and rose. "Why, Edward," his wife exclaimed, "you've eaten no breakfast!"

"I've had all I want," Mr. Jamison replied.

A few minutes later Mrs. Jamison stood at the window watching her husband as he made his way against the keen winter wind to the car. "Your father isn't well," she said to Henry.

"Why?" Henry asked.

"He doesn't sleep at night, and he's worrying about something."

"O I guess he's all right," Henry assured his mother easily.

But with the house quiet, Randolph and Dorothy off to school, and Henry to his work, Mrs. Jamison's mind reverted again and again to her husband's nervous weariness. She sighed more than once when she remembered that he was not a man who confided his burdens to others.

The short December day passed rapidly. Mr. Jamison, head bookkeeper for the cotton firm of Morris Verner, was able during the hours of intense application to forget his anxieties; but when six o'clock came and with it a general relaxation, the old moodiness and depression set in afresh. He walked home, avoiding the gayer business streets already thronged with early Christmas shoppers. Dinner passed very much as had breakfast — the children talkative, Mr. Jamison silent, his wife anxiously observant.

Later in the evening, when Henry had gone out and Randolph and Dorothy had gone upstairs to study, Mrs. Jamison came and sat down beside her husband. "Now, Edward," she said, laying her hand over his, "tell me what is wrong."

"Why, nothing, my dear," he replied, determined not to begin at the end of twenty years' married life to fret her with his cares. "I'm just a bit tired."

His wife looked at him with grave tenderness and shook her head. "That is not all," she persisted. "I know when you are just tired. There is something else."

"Maybe I'm getting old," he laughed half-heartedly.

Her eyes filled with tears. "I wish you would let me help," she murmured. "I've wanted to for nearly twenty years, but you've always protected me so that I've never known you had troubles until they were over."

Mr. Jamison looked at his wife thoughtfully for a moment. "Perhaps you are right, Susan," he finally said. "Perhaps I should have confided more in you, but somehow I've always felt contempt for a man who couldn't stand alone." He paused, and then continued: "What is worrying me now is not so much one thing as a combination of small things. I don't seem to be able to get ahead. I earn a good salary, but as the children grow up things come so thick and fast. Insurance, clothes, tuition, living expenses, and the extras take all I make; and now they are beginning to take more than I make. Do you know, Susan, I owe small bills around town that amount to only about thirty-six dollars; but I've been trying for three months to pay them, and I can't manage it. Other more important demands for the money arise every time. Those bills have got on my nerves. I go a block out of my way to avoid passing the places where I owe those bills. I dream about them at night. Of course it's foolish. My credit's all right, but I'm ashamed to owe small amounts for such a long time. And now, to cap the climax, Christmas is coming, with all its added expense." He rose and began pacing the floor. He turned and glanced at his wife, expecting to find her in tears. Instead she was looking quite relieved.

"I am so glad you told me, Edward. I can certainly help you."

"That's just what I was afraid of," her husband frowned. "You'll begin economizing and pinching, and that will be more depressing than I can imagine."

"No." Mrs. Jamison shook her head. "I promise you that I shan't let you suffer painful economies."

And as Mr. Jamison saw a certain happy confidence and steadfastness in her clear gray eyes, he was suddenly cheerful. "I am a cad to burden you, but I do feel better," he admitted.

"Of course you do, and I do too," she laughed.

The next morning, when Mrs. Jamison had seen her husband safely off to the office, she called a family council of the three children. They were closeted in the library for over an hour. When they came out, Dorothy's eyes betrayed a few tears, and the two boys looked grave and determined.

The December days passed quickly. To all appearances life in the Jamison household proceeded as usual. True, twice in succession Randolph had been sent from the table by his father to attend to his finger nails, and Mr. Jamison had remarked to his wife: "I can't understand the child. He used to be so careful of his personal appearance." His wife only smiled. He was a bit surprised that she shouldn't be agitated by this evident degeneration in Randolph. Again he asked her: "Have you got our presents for the children?"

"Everything is all ready," she replied evasively.

"Were they expensive?" he questioned. "Money in these times does not buy a great deal, and we must be careful."

"Of course," she replied. "Don't worry. The gifts are appropriate and well within our means."

Christmas Eve in true holiday spirit arrived, with snow. Coming home that evening, Mr. Jamison



looked up at his brightly lighted windows, and somehow the sight of the wreaths and the flicker of the living room firelight on the curtains gave a cheery snugness and peace to the view which soothed his jaded nerves.

After dinner, as they sat around the fire, Mr. Jamison stretched himself comfortably in his big chair and sighed contentedly. "You know," he observed to his wife, "that furnace man you have now is a good one. This house has been really warm for two or three weeks. I hope you'll be able to keep him."

There was a chuckle of laughter, and Mr. Jamison turned with surprise to watch Randolph bolt from the room. "What's the matter with the boy?" he asked of his smiling family.

"The child is full of Christmas," his wife laughed.

Mr. Jamison smiled sympathetically. "That reminds me," he remarked. "You seem to have gone about your Christmas very quietly. By this time I am usually smothered in tissue paper and red ribbon. I haven't seen a sign of any."

"Take a peep at Dot's room," Henry suggested.

"O brother!" she reproached. "You'll give everything away."

"No, I won't, sis," he laughed.

"Father," she said, dropping down on the stool at his feet, "it's going to be the very nicest Christmas we've ever had. You just wait and see if it isn't."

Christmas morning dawned dazzling in its snow and holly wreaths and ribbon. Mr. Jamison, dressing for breakfast, glanced at his watch. "Why, Susan, it's eight o'clock. The children have actually let us get some sleep on Christmas Day. They seem to be taking their holiday very calmly."

"But they are happy," his wife observed.

"O yes, they are fairly beaming," he laughed.

A few minutes later Mr. Jamison opened his door and started downstairs.

"Christmas gift!" Dorothy called excitedly.

"Merry Christmas!" was shouted from the boys.

"Susan," Mr. Jamison called, "these lazy rascals aren't ready. Let's go down and take their presents."

"All right," Mrs. Jamison answered, "go ahead. I'll be there in a moment."

Mr. Jamison entered the dining-room, expecting the usual sight of prettily wrapped packages; there were none there. He went to the library; there were none there. He had returned to the dining-room to wait for his wife, when his eye fell upon an envelope lying beside his plate. He tore it open. Several slips of paper dropped out. He picked them up. They were receipts for the bills which had been worrying him for months. On a card was: "Merry Christmas to our dear father, from the children." For a moment he sat fingering the card, almost stupidly, with a sense of utter surprise and sudden relief from a nagging pressure. "Bless their hearts!" he murmured.

At that moment the door was flung open, and Dorothy precipitated herself into his arms. "Did you like it, father? Did you really like it?"

"Like it? Well, I should say I do!" he ejaculated. "These pesky bills have been worrying your poor old daddy considerably. It's mighty comforting," he added, turning to Henry, "to feel that I have my children back of me."

"I hope you will always feel that now, sir," Henry replied as he shook hands with his father.

"Where is Randolph?" the latter asked.

"He's down putting some coal in the furnace. He's the new furnace man you like so much."

Later in the morning, when the children had gone out to make Christmas calls, Mrs. Jamison explained. "After you had told me about those bills and what terribly uphill work it was for you, it dawned upon me what a one-sided affair our family has been. You have been doing all the giving and we the taking. The more I thought about it, the worse it seemed to let the children continue cultivating such irresponsibility and selfishness. So one day, about three weeks ago, I called them into the library and laid the whole matter before them, and, Edward,"—her voice faltered,—"I wish you could have seen and heard them. You would have been proud of them. Why, the idea of helping you seemed perfectly wonderful to them."

"But how did you manage it all?"

"It was really very simple. Henry saved fifteen dollars of his salary. Randolph made eight dollars firing the furnace, and I supplied the remainder with a little household reserve fund I had. But Dorothy really did more than any of us."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, she made a studio of her room and painted the daintiest water-color Christmas cards for us to send to our friends. You will have her to thank when you don't receive the usual Christmas bills for foolish presents."

"You"—Mr. Jamison hesitated and looked away from his wife—"you don't think the children will think any the less of me because I have—er—"

"That's just the point, Edward. You have been too proud to give your family a chance to develop a sense of co-operative responsibility. You have nearly ruined us with your indulgence."

Mr. Jamison laughed and patted her hand gently. "There, there, Susan!" he soothed her. "You are right—always are, aren't you?" he teased, and then he added seriously as he glanced around the cheerful room, so orderly and restful: "This has been a real Christmas to me, dear. To have my wife and my boys and my girl give me 'peace on earth' and 'good will toward men' is one of the happiest experiences of my life."—*Faith H. Leech, in the Visitor.*

#### Our Gardens

(Reprinted by request)

ALL:

We have each a little garden  
In the heart.  
And we mean to make them bloom  
With the flowers, whose sweet perfume  
Shall make glad each little garden  
In the heart.

FIRST SPEAKER:

Plant a seed of kindness there,  
It will grow;  
It will yield both fruit and flower,  
And grow stronger every hour.

ALL:

*Plant a seed of kindness there,  
It will grow.*

SECOND SPEAKER:

Plant a seed of patience, too,  
It will grow;  
Flowers of patience are so fair,  
Breathing sweetness everywhere.

ALL:

*Plant a seed of patience, too,  
It will grow.*

THIRD SPEAKER:

Plant a seed of faithfulness,  
It will grow;  
And its fruit of duties done  
Shall grow golden in the sun.



ALL:

*Plant a seed of faithfulness,  
It will grow.*

FOURTH SPEAKER:

Plant a seed of cheerfulness,  
It will grow;  
Warm it with a sunny smile,  
Tend it carefully awhile.

ALL:

*Plant a seed of cheerfulness,  
It will grow.*

FIFTH SPEAKER:

Plant the seed obedience,  
It will grow;  
In the garden of the heart,  
Let it have its rightful part.

ALL:

*Plant the seed obedience,  
It will grow.*

SIXTH SPEAKER:

Plant a little seed of love,  
It will grow;  
It will blossom by and by;  
All the world 'twill beautify.

ALL:

*Plant a little seed of love,  
It will grow.*

When these precious seeds have blossomed,  
That we plant so carefully,  
Into lives of sweetest grace,  
Making better every place,  
What a glad and glorious harvest  
That will be!

— *Ida Reed Smith.*

### Blueberrying in Saskatchewan

IT was early morning, and the dew sparkled on clover leaf and grass, as if a fairy hand had touched with silver each tiny leaf and blade. Our car swung slowly around a bend and across the bridge which spans the muddy Saskatchewan River, and was soon hidden from the view of the few people astir in the little city of Prince Albert.

Following the sandy road we entered the large ever-green forest which stretches away to the north for many miles. By the side of the road the partridge berries gleamed red through the green leaves.

For several miles we passed through the fir forest, now and then crossing a stream whose murmuring could be heard above the low chug, chug of the engine. We saw or heard no signs of life except now and then a partridge, which would run into the bush, scolding us for intruding upon its morning meal.

At one point we found the road blocked with logs, which had to be removed. We learned later that the Indians were in the habit of stealing from the settlers, and these logs had been placed to hinder them in their flight, that the settlers might overtake them.

We soon reached our destination, which was a rise of ground facing the east. Here blueberry bushes hung low with their fruit. With these we busied ourselves until, with one accord, we returned to the car for some of the good things that only mothers can make. A large tin box was brought from a deserted cabin, and we all hunted wood for a camp fire. How it did crackle! And the box made a fine stove.

We drew some old logs before the blazing fire, and it was as cheery as any hearth could be. Grandfather

told us stories befitting the occasion, and before we were aware of the time the stars were twinkling above the fir trees. Blankets were spread on the ground, and, after asking the protection of Him who watches over all, we lay down to sleep. Far in the distance a bear called, and above us a squirrel chattered; but we were soon lost to all sounds, and knew nothing until the sun found its way through the trees. The fire still smoldered, so it was not long before the frosty air was being warmed with another cheery blaze.

We spent a few more hours in filling our pails with blueberries, then turned homeward.

As we again entered the city, I could but contrast man's work with God's, and thought what a wonderful privilege it will be to enter the garden of Eden, where there has been no sin to mar the Creator's handiwork. It will pay to be there.

LINA H. FARNSWORTH.

### That Green Necktie

AND it came to pass that a certain young man named John was sent by his parents to a place of learning, which is called Clinton, there to get wisdom.

And now it was a civilized land where the place of learning was, and it was a custom in those days for the men to wear a collar around the neck, and a garment of silk in the selfsame place.

Now the young man whose name was John beheld the garments of silk and saw that they were nice. Some were long; some were short; some were broad; some were narrow; some were pleasing to the eye,—beautiful to look upon,—and some were not; some were red like blood, and some were bright as the sky.

And it came to pass that certain of the young men of the school went to them who sell, and John, being anxious to learn, went also.

Now this young man was a sensible young man; but he was in a far-away land, and he thought that a man's wisdom was measured by the degree of the brightness of his garment of silk; so he selected one that was green and bright beyond description, because he truly wished to be wise, and thought the garment of silk would help him.

On the morrow, when all the young people were called to appear before the wise men to learn of them, he whose name was John was arrayed in his garment of silk, which could be seen throughout the hamlet.

But he whose duty it was to lead youthful minds to the deepest fountain of wisdom, thought it folly to wear such garments, and looked upon John as somewhat of a fool.

There was another man whose surname was Senior, who had tasted wisdom, and had seen greatness. Senior beheld the garment of silk, and breathing a censure, went on his way.

A cheerful little man named Christian, came marching along, and as he beheld the green garment of silk, he had compassion and said, "Young man, I would have you to be my friend." Now he whose name was John knew that such words were rare, and he said, "I will." So Christian took his hand, and they went to and fro together.

As the days went by, the color of the garment of silk changed into a deep crimson, such as pleases the eye. Which of the three, thinkest thou, untied the green garment of silk?  
HENRY P. LORENZ.



# Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN ..... Secretary  
MATILDA ERICKSON ..... Assistant Secretary  
MEADE MACGUIRE ..... Field Secretary

## The Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting

### Topics for January 17

SENIOR: "History of the Young People's Work."

Today look back over the road we have traveled. The story of the journey is interesting. Truly, hitherto the Lord has led us.

JUNIOR: "Our Life Gardens."

This is a lesson in character building which the Juniors will enjoy. It considers what to sow in the garden of life; how to sow the seed, and how to care for the plants.

Programs and helps appear in the January *Gazette*.

### Making Our Meetings Ideal

"Well, this looks like no young people's meeting today," commented the last straggler in to breakfast, looking significantly toward the rain-splashed windows. "A dreary morning, if ever I saw one!"

A tall, fine-appearing woman across the table looked up quizzically. She was the principal of a girls' school, and was used to such speeches from the young. However, these were not her girls, only vacation housemates, so she did not speak the thought, whatever it was, that made her lift her face quickly. But the speaker had seen it, and spoke out impulsively.

"Why, you are dressed for church! You don't mean to say that you are going to young people's meeting such a day as this? There won't be twenty persons in the house."

"That is one reason why I am going," was the quiet answer. "On pleasant days I might not be missed, but on such a day every one counts."

This little incident will help to emphasize that one duty of members is to attend the society meetings regularly; and let us add, while we still feel the emphasis of the incident, that the members should come to the meeting on time, and never forget that they are largely responsible for its success. Let each member ask himself: In what spirit do I attend the meeting? If every member followed *my* example, should we have an ideal meeting?

"Some criticized each speaker, his grammar, and his style, And missed the saving message he spoke to them the while. Some read the cards and letters brought in the morning mails; And some took out their jackknives and trimmed their finger nails;

"Some restless souls could not sit still, but wandered in and out; Some shuffled noisy, squeaking shoes, and moved their chairs about.

I saw these things with sorrow. But some I saw were there Who knew that Thou hast said, 'My house shall be a house of prayer.'

Anybody can criticize and find fault; but that is not the way to get the help the society offers, nor to help make the society an ideal organization. Every ambitious Missionary Volunteer should be ready at each meeting to say something; to treat all cordially, especially strangers; to report some missionary work done; to obtain at least one helpful thought; to endeavor to promote reverence; to give something to missions.

The members who make this their rule will develop rapidly into strong, efficient, adaptable workers. The wide-awake member who thinks and has plans, who works and has experiences, will want to take part in every general discussion in the society meetings, and will be eager to speak in the social meeting for the encouragement of others.

If you are not helping to make your society meetings ideal, you are — let us say it softly — helping to make them a failure. Remember, 1920 calls upon every Missionary Volunteer to give his best to the Master's service. We can give it if we will.

M. E.

Sabbath, January 17, is Missionary Volunteer Day. You can help make it count for the salvation of souls. Will you?

## A Hundred Thousand

O-ne hundred thousand  
B-eautiful Morning Watch Calendars  
S-hould be distributed  
E-re the New Year comes. And this will  
R-equire  
V-igorous  
E-ffort.

T-herefore, you who believe in the Morning Watch should

H-elp to supply  
E-verybody with a copy of the calendar.

M-ail copies to your friends for Christmas; always

O-rder a supply for missionary work, and  
R-emember that old friends, as well as young, like it.

N-ever

I-magine, although a friend does  
N-ot order a calendar, that he will not be  
G-lad for the copy you send him.

W-hy should any one try to get

A-long without  
T-his excellent little  
C-alendar when it can be  
H-ad for only five cents?

M. E.

### WANTED!

Volunteers to help distribute  
100,000  
Morning Watch Calendars

# The Sabbath School

## Young People's Lesson

### III — Magnifying Christ

(January 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 1: 12-20.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." Phil. 1: 20, last part.

#### Magnifying Christ in Bonds

1. How does Paul say his imprisonment affected the progress of the gospel? Phil. 1: 12.
2. In what places did Paul's bonds make known a knowledge of Christ? Verse 13, margin. Note 1.
3. How did Paul's imprisonment affect the courage and zeal of the brethren? Verse 14.

#### "Nothing Against the Truth, but for the Truth"

4. In what two ways was Christ preached? Verse 15.
5. What was the motive of each class? Verses 16, 17.
6. What was the result to the gospel of Christ of the work of both these classes? Verse 18, first part.

#### Rejoicing in Affliction

7. How did all these things make Paul feel? Verse 18, last part. Note 2.
8. Why could he rejoice even when wicked men were "suplicating to add affliction" to his bonds? Verse 19, first part.
9. How could this result be possible? Verse 19, last part. Note 3.

#### An Eye Single to the Glory of God

10. What was the earnest expectation and hope of Paul? Verse 20, first part.



11. How complete was Paul's submission, that Christ might be magnified in him? Verse 20, last part. Note 4.

#### Notes

1. "The gospel has ever achieved its greatest success among the humbler classes. . . . Yet while the apostle's work began with the humble and the lowly, its influence extended until it reached the very palace of the emperor.

"Rome was at this time the metropolis of the world. The haughty Cæsars were giving laws to nearly every nation upon the earth. King and courtier were either ignorant of the humble Nazarene, or regarded him with hatred and derision. And yet in less than two years the gospel found its way from the prisoner's lowly home into the imperial halls. . . .

"Not by Paul's sermons, but by his bonds, was the attention of the court attracted to Christianity. It was as a captive that he broke from so many souls the bonds that held them in the slavery of sin."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pages 461-464.

2. Paul had learned the lesson of actually rejoicing in the midst of affliction. It is often easy for us to think others should not give way under sorrow or trouble; it is easy also for us to look back upon a sad experience and feel that if we had to pass through it again, our faith and joy would not fail us; but the fullness of Christian experience will enable us sincerely to rejoice in the midst of trials, having a full sense of the fact that these trials are blessings in disguise, and that by our life of patient trust at such times "Christ is preached."

3. To this end he greatly desired the prayers of the church in his behalf, and sought earnestly the guiding, enlightening, sanctifying influence of the Spirit of God every moment.

4. There is a very significant picture which is sometimes used to illustrate complete submission to God's will. It is that of a patient, willing ox standing between an altar and a plow, with the words underneath, "Ready for either." This is the spirit of every true Christian, "whether it be by life or by death," so long as Christ shall be magnified in my body.

## Intermediate Lesson

### III — The Visit of the Shepherds; the Babe Taken to the Temple

(January 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 2: 8-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2: 14.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 43-58.

PLACES: Bethlehem and near-by fields; the temple in Jerusalem.

PERSONS: The shepherds; Mary; Joseph; the infant Jesus; Simeon; Anna.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Jesus had been born in Bethlehem, the city of David. By reason of the decree of the Roman emperor, Joseph and Mary had left their home in Nazareth and journeyed to Bethlehem, to be enrolled as the descendants of David, thus fulfilling the prophecy of Micah (chap. 5: 2) concerning the birthplace of him who was the hope of Israel.

"Joy to the world, the Lord will come!  
Let earth receive her King."

#### Questions

1. Who were in the same country where Jesus was born? Who came to these men? What shone round about them? How were the shepherds affected by this? Luke 2: 8, 9. Note 1.

2. What message did the angel bring to the shepherds? Verses 10, 11. Note 2.

3. What sign was given by which they might recognize the promised Saviour? Verse 12.

4. Who suddenly appeared with the angel? What song did they sing? Verses 13, 14. Note 3.

5. When the angels had gone away, what did the shepherds say to one another? Where did they find Jesus? To whom did they tell what they had seen and heard? How was their story received? Verses 15-18. Note 4.

6. What did Mary ponder in her heart? What did the shepherds do? Verses 19, 20.

7. How old was Jesus when he was named? For what purpose was he taken to Jerusalem? Verses 21, 22. Note 5.

8. What offering did his mother make? How was the poverty of the parents of Jesus thus revealed? Verse 24. Note 6.

9. Who was Simeon? What had been made known to him? Verses 25, 26.

10. How was he led to go into the temple while Mary and the Child were there? When he saw Jesus what did he do? Verses 27-29.

11. What did Simeon say he had seen? What prophecy concerning the work of Jesus did he speak? Verses 30-32.

12. What caused Mary and Joseph to wonder? What further statement did Simeon make to Mary? What sad experience did he make known? Verses 33-35.

13. Who came in at that instant? How faithfully did she serve God? When she saw Jesus, for what did she give thanks? Verses 36-38.

14. What had prepared Simeon and Anna to receive the Son of God? Why did the priests and rulers not recognize him? Note 7.

#### Topics for Thought and Discussion

What evidence was given to the shepherds that Jesus was the Son of God?

How was it possible that the priest in the temple could look upon the Son of God as upon any other child?

What very serious mistake is it possible to make in these days?

#### Notes

1. "In the fields where the boy David had left his flock, shepherds were still keeping watch by night. Through the silent hours they talked together of the promised Saviour, and prayed for the coming of the King to David's throne."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 47.

2. "At these words, visions of glory fill the minds of the listening shepherds. The Deliverer has come to Israel! Power, exaltation, triumph, are associated with his coming."—*Ibid.* The event had come which prophets had long foretold. With aching hearts God's people, from dungeon and exile and captivity, had looked for that hour. The Redeemer of the lost race was born into the world. Truly this was good tidings.

3. "The heavenly messenger had quieted their fears. He had told them how to find Jesus. With tender regard for their human weakness, he had given them time to become accustomed to the divine radiance. Then the joy and glory could no longer be hidden. The whole plain was lighted up with the bright shining of the hosts of God. Earth was hushed, and heaven stooped to listen to the song,

"Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth peace, good will toward men."—*Ibid.*

4. "As the angels disappeared, the light faded away, and the shadows of night once more fell on the hills of Bethlehem. But the brightest picture ever beheld by human eyes remained in the memory of the shepherds. . . . Heaven and earth are no wider apart today than when shepherds listened to the angels' song. Humanity is still as much the object of heaven's solicitude as when common men of common occupations met angels at noonday, and talked with the heavenly messengers in the vineyards and the fields. To us in the common walks of life, heaven may be very near. Angels from the courts above will attend the steps of those who come and go at God's command."—*Id.*, p. 48.

5. "About forty days after the birth of Christ, Joseph and Mary took him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord, and to offer sacrifice. This was according to the Jewish law, and as man's substitute Christ must conform to the law in every particular."—*Id.*, p. 50.

"The priest went through the ceremony of his official work. He took the child in his arms, and held it up before the altar. After handing it back to its mother, he inscribed the name 'Jesus' on the roll of the first-born. Little did he think, as the babe lay in his arms, that it was the Majesty of heaven, the King of Glory. . . . In the temple the Son of God was dedicated to the work he had come to do. The priest looked upon him as he would upon any other child. But though he neither saw nor felt anything unusual, God's act in giving his Son to the world was acknowledged."—*Id.*, pp. 52-55.

6. "As an offering for the mother, the law required a lamb of the first year for a burnt offering, and a young pigeon or a turtle dove for a sin offering. But the law provided that if the parents were too poor to bring a lamb, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons, one for a burnt offering, the other for a sin offering, might be accepted."—*Id.*, p. 50.

7. "These humble worshipers had not studied the prophecies in vain. But those who held positions as rulers and priests in Israel, though they too had before them the precious utterances of prophecy, were not walking in the way of the Lord, and their eyes were not open to behold the Light of life."—*Id.*, p. 56.

Might not all God's children have known of the coming of Jesus as well as Simeon and Anna? The prophecies concerning his coming might have been understood by all, but sin and unbelief had blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts. It will be the same at the second coming of Christ. A few will be waiting for him, but many will be unmindful of the approaching event. See Dan. 12: 10.



### "Even as He Said"

**D**URING the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his "pal," with whom he had fought side by side, was missing; he immediately asked permission to go back over the field and get him. His officer advised him not to go, and said: "If you do, it will not be worth while. Go at your risk; but it will cost you your life." The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line; but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line. The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: "I told you you would lose your life. Was it worth while?" "Yes, sir," replied the dying soldier. "He said he knew I would come." The Master said he would rise again, and he kept his word. The Master says he will come again, and he will surely keep that word, too.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Making Ready for Life

**W**HAT is life? It is honesty, usefulness, truthfulness, cheerfulness, filial obedience, and loyalty to God—all these made alive and effective through human flesh. Those who do not possess these traits of character are dead so far as the original measure of man is concerned.

Youth is the formative period of life, the time when these characteristics, if fostered and cherished, take root, grow strong, and blossom forth into praiseworthy action. If these character seeds are not encouraged in their growth, the life of the boy or girl, of the man or woman, is dwarfed, almost helplessly so.

Just as the man whose body fails to develop properly is a dwarf, an object of general pity, so is he dwarfed in whose life these character seeds were stunted in youth; and the character-stunted man is no less an object of pity than the physical dwarf.

The Creator set a certain standard in physical height for man, and he set as definite a heart standard. The dishonest man, the untruthful man, fails to reach this spiritual standard; so is dwarfed, a runt in God's great kingdom of men; and he is counted so in the business and the social world. He is not a real man, and cannot be so regarded.

Under certain treatment the physically dwarfed body is sometimes stimulated to development; so through the spirit of Christ, the spiritually dwarfed soul may be revived with the eternal character principles.

Seeds of truth and honesty grow best in an environment of strict loyalty to these high principles, an environment where parents, teachers, and church associates are all true to the heart's core.

They thrive best under an atmosphere of hardship and self-reliance. The much pampered boy or girl is quite likely to be too spineless to grow such sturdy habits as truthfulness and strict honesty.

Dr. J. L. Miller says: "Strength is the glory of manhood. Yet it is not easy to be strong—it is easier to be weak and to drift. It is easier for the boy in school not to work hard to get his lessons, but to let them go, and then at the last depend on some other boy to help him through. It is easier, when something happens to make you irritable, just to fly into a temper and say bitter words, than it is to keep quiet and self-controlled. It is easier, when you are with other

young people, and they are about to do something that you know to be unworthy, just to go with them, than it is to say, 'I cannot do this wickedness against God.' It is easier to be weak than to be strong."

But strength, not ease, is the glory of manhood. As was Samson when shorn of his physical strength, so are we without those strength-revealing characteristics which constitute the glory of man.

F. D. C.

### Preparing for Adversity

**A** TRAIN was sweeping along in the bright sunshine, when an attendant passed through the cars and lighted the lamps. The passengers wondered why this should be done at midday; but while they were talking about it, asking what it meant, the train plunged into a long, dark tunnel. Then all understood why the lamps had been lighted back there in the sunshine. This providing of light in advance prepared for the gloom in the tunnel's deep night. This illustrates what God's words stored in the heart do for us when our path suddenly bends into the darkness of sorrow. He who in the sunny days has not made the divine promises his own, when trouble comes has no comforts to sustain him. But he who has pondered the holy word, and laid up in memory its precious truths and assurances, when called to pass through affliction, has light in his dwelling.—*J. L. Miller*.

### "What Think Ye of Christ?"

**I**F every one in this troubled world of ours could get a true vision of Jesus Christ, how quickly would peace come, how quickly all the perplexing industrial and political problems would be solved.

Let us therefore do what we can to extend among our friends and neighbors the true idea of Christ Jesus, the world's greatest peacemaker, for the destiny of individuals and nations depends upon the answer they give to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"

An attractive and instructive booklet, bearing this question as a title, by Elder G. B. Thompson, has just come from the press. This book will help you in this work. It is effectively illustrated, and printed on calendered paper.

The price of the book is fifty cents. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

F. D. C.

ARE you reading J. D. Montgomery's articles? You will lose if you miss these.

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