

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

January 20, 1920

No. 3



Photo from Western Newspaper Union

WHILE RUMANIA WAS WAITING FOR HER CROPS TO MATURE, THE HOOVER ORGANIZATION  
THERE WAS EVERY DAY FEEDING 20,000 CHILDREN LIKE THESE



# From Here and There

Sir William Osler, the noted physician, once connected with Johns Hopkins University, died at Oxford, England, Dec. 29, 1919, at the age of seventy. The body was cremated.

Spencer Judd, of Sewanee, Tennessee, has a little humming bird friend that returns to him every spring after its pilgrimage to the South for the winter. It is so tame that it will come to him and light upon his finger.

The opal is thought by many to be the most beautiful of all the precious stones. It is best cut with a convex surface, which appears milky, but presents a marvelous play of rich color within it, glorious gleams of all hues, the delicate colors predominating.

A new style of alarm clock is now on the market, which is indeed a "friend in need" as well as a "friend indeed" to the business man. This timepiece may be set in the morning for every appointment to be kept during the entire day, and the alarm will serve as an effective reminder.

Harold Bell Wright is the most popular present-day writer of fiction. The Book Supply Company, located in New York City, publishes and sells his works alone, and they reach more than eight million readers yearly. Writers are proverbially poor, but Mr. Wright is said to be a millionaire.

A paper issued at a State penitentiary contained rules for failure, furnished from experience by a prisoner. These were, in substance: Be careless of responsibilities; lose your self-control; never see good in others; never examine yourself, — it might reveal weaknesses that would cost an effort to cure.

The United States transport "Buford" sailed from New York City on December 20 with Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, and more than two hundred other anarchists on board. These are being returned by our Government to Russia. It is to be hoped that their presence will not further complicate the situation in that troubled land.

The finest opals have always come from Hungary, where for centuries the mountains have been worked for them. The Imperial Natural History Museum in Vienna has an uncut opal weighing about 3,000 carats, nearly as large as a man's fist. Other sources of the precious opal are Honduras, Mexico, the Faroe Islands, Queensland, and New South Wales. It has not been found in the United States.

The first comprehensive report on the "Direct and Indirect Costs of the War" has just been made by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and published in a volume of that title. After taking each of the countries separately on both sides and summarizing the total direct and total indirect costs, the report gives the direct cost as \$186,000,000,000, and states that the indirect costs "have amounted to almost as much more."

One of the best-known pens in the United States is owned by Isaac B. Reed, of New York, who at one time refused to sell it for seven hundred fifty dollars. Its value arises from the fact that, aside from having been used by both Lincoln and Grant, it was made from a carved box in which the young George Washington kept parts of his surveying instruments. The box itself was made from the lid of a desk that belonged to the captain of the Mayflower.

Just one hundred years ago a dissipated Negro, John Stewart, was converted in a Methodist revival in Ohio. A little later he was led by the Spirit of God to preach the gospel to a band of Wyandot Indians in northern Ohio. And the Methodist Centenary, with its \$100,000,000 for missions for the next five years, and its two thousand recruits for the ministry, and its one thousand new workers for home and foreign missions, is the fruit of that preaching.

In the year 1919 Massachusetts spent \$13,889,838, or \$38.55 per pupil, on education. Tennessee in the same time spent \$1,628,313, or \$4.68 per pupil. That year Massachusetts citizens produced on an average \$144 each more than did Tennessee citizens, or a total of \$403,969, 824 more than Tennessee. There's no question about the fact that education is a paying investment; and a true Christian education is as good an investment spiritually as the ordinary education is financially.

The discovery of a new microbe capable of killing the dysentery bacillus is announced at the Academy of Medicine by Professor Roux. Dr. Kabechima, a Japanese naval physician, discovered the new microbe in the main intestine of several patients. One injection of a serum made from dysentery bacilli purified by this microbe gave immunity within five days in experiments on rabbits.

In the city of Quebec, Canada, which was so often besieged before the gallant English commander, General Wolfe, defeated the equally gallant Frenchman, General Montcalm, on the Plains of Abraham, and thus wrested Quebec from France, is a monument to the two generals. It is said to be the only memorial in existence erected to the joint memory of both victor and vanquished.

Ignace Paderewski, who recently resigned as premier of Poland, will return to America and take up his musical work again. Friends of M. Paderewski are quoted as saying that the ex-premier told them he is weary of political strife, and is satisfied with having helped to form a new united Poland, and, having got it started upon a new historic course, now retires to private life.

"Hydatid cyst comes from a dog, which is its host. People may get it through letting pet dogs kiss them," said Dr. Arthur Denning at the Southwark coroner's court, where an inquest was held into the death of Rhoda Jane Browne, 37 years old. Her death, an examination showed, was due to syncope from compression of the heart, caused by hydatid cyst.

## A Small Scholar's Wish

I'll tell you what I'd like to do,  
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!  
Then the animals I'd have for chums,  
And I'd get the adder to do my sums.  
And when I'd a task in geography  
The kangaroo would bound for me.  
The seal would seal my letters, you see,  
And the monkeys steal dates from the history.  
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,  
When off on my travels I wished to go.  
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,  
And the tapir would light my room o' nights.  
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?  
If only I lived next door to a zoo.

— Teacher's World.

## The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor  
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - Associate Editor

VOL. LXVIII JANUARY 20, 1920 No. 3

### Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription - - - - - \$1.75  
Six months - - - - - 1.00

### Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year - - - - - Each \$1.50  
Six months - - - - - .80

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVIII

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 20, 1920

No. 3

## The Dark and the Light

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

THE raindrops are steadily falling today,  
And the sky is gray;  
And one who best loves me has gone far away  
For a long, long stay.  
But Heaven's sweet call the gray sky pierces through,  
My faith to renew,  
That back of the clouds is a sky of bright blue,  
And the sun shines, too.

The bright leaves are falling to molder and die,  
All sodden they lie;  
The branches release them, it seems, with a sigh,  
As they wave good-by.

But think what a beautiful cover they make  
For the wild flowers' sake,  
And how they will nourish the flowers that awake  
When the spring days break.

Dull skies of winter bring sad thoughts, we know,  
When chilly winds blow;  
But look for the bright side and dark thoughts will go,  
For God wills it so.  
He means that the dark and the light shall compete —  
The bitter and sweet —  
To fit for the garner his heavenly wheat,  
In all things complete.

## Full Hands

VIRLE R. NEALL

A SUPREME moment of history has come," President Wilson told the world some time ago. If any body of people should realize that fact more than any other it is Seventh-day Adventists. They have been telling the world for years, on the authority of the word of God, that a "supreme" time is coming. Some have believed; others have scoffed; and still others have said nothing.

Now a great man of the world has announced that the supreme hour *is here*, and his words have aroused in the people an intense and anxious desire to learn the meaning of the hour. Are you one of those individuals who had spiritual foresight to see this hour coming? And what are you doing about it? Are you good-naturedly sitting by, with your hands folded, saying, "I told you so; I knew it was coming"? Or, recognizing this supreme moment of opportunity, are you alive with eagerness to help point the way for distracted people about you? They are seeking earnestly for a safe guide now.

The time once was when people ridiculed this message of truth, and would not listen to its messengers. But a change has come. Instead of two dozen listless hearers in a little tent, we now see eager throngs crowding into the largest auditoriums, until they are filled, and hundreds are turned away for lack of room. The world is aroused and ready for the truth. The Lord is looking for some one to send. Who feels the burning of that heavenly fire and will answer quickly, "Here am I; send me"? Who will go forth and warn a world of its impending doom?

This is not a work for lazy people. Too much has been said about doing a *little* for the Lord. Often you hear this: "It will take just a few minutes." "Give the Lord a few minutes of your time." Young people, the supreme need of the hour demands everything! God does not say, "Do your 'bit';" his clarion call is, "Go ye! and do all you can!" There is no time for divided interests. The world's harvest is fully ripe, and we must hasten.

Full consecration has a deeper meaning than we give it when we repeat the words, "I consecrate myself to the Lord." Bible consecration waits for nothing, but spreading the gospel of God's kingdom becomes your prime interest in life. Theoretically, this

subject is pretty well understood in all its various phases. But consecration in practice, which is like a fire shut up in the bones that cannot be restrained, is the need of this hour.

When Aaron and his sons were set apart for God's service, "consecrate" meant "fill their hands" (Ex. 28:41, margin). A ram was chosen for the "ram of consecration." Then he was slain, and Moses took certain parts of the ram, with pieces from the basket of unleavened bread, "and he put all upon Aaron's hands, and upon his sons' hands. . . . They were consecrations for a sweet savor." Lev. 8:22-29. This ceremony was to show that God's service was to "fill their hand" completely, and that their interests were not divided. For this reason also they were given no stated inheritance in Canaan. They were entirely given to the Lord's service.

Does "consecrate" mean less today than it did then? Has the Lord's work diminished in amount and importance since that time? No, it has grown and increased until the mighty harvest is so tremendous as to cover the hands of every believer. Are your hands full of the cares of this life, or its pleasures? You cannot be *full* of the Lord's business and your own at the same time. The Master is depending on you. Will you disappoint him? Or will you turn about, and do all you can, in every way you can, all the time, to help finish the work of the gospel in all the world? No divided interests now. The present hour of opportunity demands hands full,—"consecrated," if you please,—in the King's business. You promised to answer this call when you united with this message. What are you doing about it?

### "The Secret Place"

SQUIRRELS are numerous in the country surrounding our home in Colorado, and, consequently, hawks are also — especially the brown rabbit hawks, which feed upon small animals in preference to small birds.

One day in early summer I was watching a hawk as it sailed lazily about, here and there. As I watched, I saw it fly in among the aspens on a hillside several



hundred yards away, and I had just a glimpse of it settling on its nest.

Although hawks' nests are no curiosity, we decided to visit this one. Accordingly, we made the climb up the steep hillside to where I had "spotted" it. As we approached the foot of the tree, we were greatly surprised to see a wren come scolding out from the underside of the nest and dart off among the trees. A moment later, the hawk flew away, screaming her anger and alarm. A closer inspection revealed the fact that the wren had a nest of her own, snugly tucked away among the sticks and twigs forming the nest of the hawk.

This text came to my mind: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." Here indeed was security. No enemy of a size or sort to molest the wren would dare disturb the nest of the hawk; and no enemy of such size and power as to attack the hawk would deign to notice the wren. The hawk could not reach the wren's nest without tearing up her own. It was as if the psalmist had been there. "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

The wren indeed had her dwelling in the "secret place," for there was no indication of a wren's nest among the loosely laid sticks of the lower portion of the hawk's nest. Only a careful inspection, close at

hand, convinced us that it was there. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." The broad back of the hawk was above to protect from the storms, and her sharp talons and strong beak were sufficient to ward off all enemies.

How much greater protection is offered to us, in the "secret place of the Most High," for our Father loves us, and invites us to come. Hear our Saviour pleading with those who rejected him: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" In order to gain a dwelling in the secret place of the Most High, we do not need to encroach upon any forbidden ground; but we are called in love to avail ourselves of this privilege "even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings." Here we are sheltered from every storm, shielded from every enemy.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty. . . . He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: . . . there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Let us cease to fight the battles and brave the storms in our own strength, and let us place ourselves under the protection of the Most High, that we may dwell in his secret place and abide in the shadow of the Almighty forever.

A. L. ROWELL.

## What Does Our Christianity Mean?

MY daughter is so busy, so taken up with her work in the church, that I hardly see her any more," said a mother, with a sigh. "I wish Allie hadn't joined the church. She never has time for a fellow these days," complained a brother. "If it would make me as cross to be a Christian as it does you, why, I'm glad I'm not one," exclaims a too frank sister. And sometimes, at the end of a recital of some wrong, one hears it said, with bitterness, "And he's a Christian!"

You have heard such sentences as these, have you not? You may have listened, even, to some such word spoken of your own life,—and been glad to think, afterward, that you had had the grace to keep silence in face of the taunt. Or perhaps in the secret place you wept miserably, and thought the world very unjust and unkind; or it may be you declared, in self-justification, that you were just the same as you always were,—only people seem to expect so much more of you now.

There is one thing the young Christian should understand, and the sooner he knows it for himself, the brighter will be his experience: The world does expect, and it has every right to expect, more of those who declare themselves to be Christians than of those who make no such profession. And is it not a pitiful comment on any Christian's experience, that "he is just the same as before"? If he is not much more than he was before; if he is not more kindly, more gentle to the unfortunate, more thoughtful, more considerate in every way; if he is not more patient under trial and more joyful in the dark hours; if he does not, in fact, shine for his Master, has not the world a right to be disappointed?

Let us ask again, What does Christianity mean? To begin, What does your profession mean in your home? Do those who "live with you" find you more unselfish,

more thoughtful, more willing to bear your share, and a little beyond your share, of the home duties and burdens? Are you a better sister? a kinder brother? Instead of having more time for the companionship of your brothers and sisters, more willingness to help the younger ones along the way you have so lately passed over, more time for your parents, and more inclination to be eyes and ears and feet for the aged ones in your home, are you allowing your time to be filled with other things? If so, you are missing one of the sweetest fields of Christian service.

But though the fruits of a true Christian experience will be seen in the home, they will not be confined within its limits, any more than the fragrance of the rose is imprisoned behind its delicate, flushed petals. The true Christian will have a winning personality—he will make many friends, because he will draw hearts to the true Friend. Paul was a man of this character. "The glowing postscripts of his letters tell how many hearts Paul loved, and how much he loved them, and how many loved him. Just hear him send his love to some of these friends. It is in the end of what in solemn phrase we call the epistle to the Romans,—what Paul would perhaps have called 'the letter I sent to the dear souls in that little church in Rome:'

"I commend unto you Phebe, our sister, . . . that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you [help that woman]: for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also. Greet Priscilla and Aquila my helpers in Christ Jesus: who have for my life laid down their own necks. . . . Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen, and my fellow prisoners. . . . Greet Amplias my beloved in the Lord. Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. . . . Salute



Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord, Salute the beloved Persis. . . Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine.'

"His mother — his and mine! No doubt Paul had a dozen dear old mothers in those seaboard cities where he came and went. It brings him very near to us to read such words. They bring Paul down out of his Bible niche, and forward out of the magnificent distance of a Bible character, and make him just 'Paul,' alive and lovable; a man to whom our hearts warm still, because his own heart was so warm that men fell on his neck and kissed him when he told them they should see his face no more."

So every true Christian will make many friends — friends who will help him, to whom he may be a blessing in countless ways, and who will be uplifted and cheered and made better because they have known him.

These are two of the ways, then, that our Christianity may "mean something," — something blessed and helpful in daily home living and in our association with others.— *Selected.*

## Nature and Science

### Some Little Foreigners

#### The African Weaver

I HAD a pair of African weaver birds in the cage for some months before I realized fully the appropriateness of their name. One day some fruit was brought into the house, packed in some fresh green grass. This last looked so woodsy and nice I thought the birds might like it, and placed a handful of it on the floor of the cage. This was in the late afternoon. Next morning I had a surprise. Suspended from the top of the cage hung a lovely bottle-shaped green basket, woven by my weavers from the material I had supplied.

After this the birds made me many curious things, using yarns, silken cords, or chenille of varied hues, and decorating the wired walls of their cage with woven hangings.

I speak in the plural, saying "birds" and "they;" but I soon found that it was the female alone that did the work. Sometimes the restless male grew tired of sitting idle and watching his busy mate at her work; then, when she had left it for food or drink, he would steal slyly to the tapestry she had begun and hurriedly begin putting in a few stitches of his own, hastening away before her return. But she always found him out. Peering closely at the work, head on one side, she would give a cross little cluck and begin at once tearing out the alien stitches as not fit to be a part of her own beautiful design. Every bit was removed before she began her own weaving again; and little peeps and chirps as she undid the despised warp and woof seemed to say: "Just like a man. Never saw one in my life that could do anything as well as I."

Do you know that it is only the female spider that makes the beautiful webs so admired? She allows her husband no part in the work, and he has to content himself by spinning little useless webs outside for his own amusement, or perhaps to preserve his self-respect. These she often destroys when she discovers them. Yes, the female of the species may be deadlier than the male; but she is certainly more skilful in

spinning and weaving and nest building, and quite aware of her superiority.

#### The Little Cordon Blues

But I must tell you of a lovely little bird called cordon blue. I had a pair of them, and they were most exquisite little creatures, very small, of a blue touched with softest gray and with a slender red ribbon around the throat.

And they had such quaint, entrancing ways. If a straw, a stem of grass, or a slender twig was found in the cage, one of the pair would pounce upon it, and the two would take positions side by side upon a perch. Then the stick bearer would hold the stick upright in his bill, and the pair of them would begin the oddest dance, all the time singing a queer little strain they never sang at any other time. Most of the other birds appeared interested in this performance, and gathered near as soon as they heard the dance music begin. Often one or more would take a few steps in imitation of the star dancers, but none could equal my tiny cordon blues.

I know of several species of birds that dance, notably Java sparrows. I have seen a row of these, a half dozen or more, side by side, dancing the oddest, most awkward sort of dance, hopping heavily up and down to the monotonous chant of a leader, for all the world as if taking part in some religious ritual, this sometimes lasting from a quarter of an hour to half an hour. I have read of a somewhat similar performance among wild turkeys, an out-of-door square dance of the old-fashioned quadrille order, with "forward and back," "turning partners," and so on, which is said to be highly amusing.

#### The Little Cutthroats

Many funny incidents connected with my experiments with these alien citizens come to my mind as I look back. One of my prettiest little pair of foreigners bore the unpleasant name of cutthroat, the name being given because of a line of deep red about the neck of the male. They were a most devoted and affectionate little pair, always snuggled close to each other. One day I found the female dead upon the floor, her mate near her body trying vainly to arouse her.

I never knew the cause of her death. But I was distressed to see the grief of her disconsolate mate. He refused food, drooped, and mourned, till I really feared he would die. So I started out in search of a substitute for the dead spouse. It was a long and trying expedition, for most of the bird stores were far down town. On the way home, very weary, though I had been successful, I met a friend who remarked upon my look of fatigue. I shall never forget his look of wild amaze when I explained my weariness by saying that I had been all over town in search of a female cutthroat.

#### The Javas and Mochas

The Java sparrows, of which I have spoken, are gray, with broad white bands around their necks. Their bills are stout and bright red in color, and the birds always seem to me to resemble portly clergymen with white cravats and ruddy noses.

But there are others of pure white, of which I am very fond. I used to think these were albinos of the same species as the gray. But I am now convinced it is not so, but that we have to deal with two entirely different species.



Since I gave up my aviary many years ago I have always kept as pets one or two, generally a pair, of the white Java sparrows. They are delightful pets, become very tame, and have a pleasant, though not very varied, song. The male is always to me Java by name, the female Mocha—an admirable blend. How many Javas, how many Mochas, I have kept here in my library and learned to love!

There is one within a few feet of me now as I write. He has been with me nearly three years, and is very tame. He will sit on my hand and eat seed I am holding. He has been three times widowed since he came to me, three fair young Mochas having passed from his home and hearth.

I cannot say much for the depth or permanence of his grief on such occasions. In fact, I never saw him happier than when his last wife left him. I could hardly wonder, for she was a masterful young thing and very "graspin'," as we say in rural New England. She liked to take her meals alone, quite by herself; and, if Java felt hungry at the same time, and ventured near the hospitable board, it at once became an inhospitable one, and he soon found that out. He was driven away with pecks from the strong, sharp beak and kept away by threats and harsh scolding clucks till my Lady Mocha had had her fill.

And, if the loving wife fancied her mate was taking too much room on the perch, he was shoved roughly away and often thrown to the floor, though between times the pair would sit close together like cooing doves, and often indulge in a dance, a *pas de deux* of their own sort, with many airs and graces.

But he seemed so happy after the funeral—as you may say—that I had not the heart to suggest another partner. And so he lives on in single blessedness, the whole perch—in fact, all the perches—to himself, all the rice and millet, all the water supply, all the tempting bits of fresh green lettuce or plaitain for his own consumption; and he feels that the whole boundless continent is his.

#### Song of the Java Sparrows

I have never had two Java sparrows who sang exactly the same strain. There is, of course, a certain similarity; but the words, as you might say, seem wholly different. I had one who sang, "Chop suey, chop suey," from morning till night; another trilled of "children's children, children's children," till I dreamed all day and night of heredity to the eighth and ninth generation; a third asked softly for hours at a time, "What about it? what about it?" My present Java has an odd little habit of preluding his song with three or four little whining, querulous sounds, almost pathetic. Let us hope that they are a tribute to his lost partner, and that Time, the healer, has softened somewhat the memory of past wrongs.—*Annie Trumbull Slosson, in Christian Endeavor World.*

## Information Corner

#### What is Sea Island cotton?

It is a variety of long-fibered cotton grown especially in the Sea Islands, which stretch along the South Carolina coast from Savannah to Charleston.

#### Whence come our buttons?

Buttons are made from nuts, potatoes, hoofs, horns, blood, porcelain, skin, milk, shells, glass, seaweed, wood, cloth, and various metals.

Buttons are a comparatively modern production, the ancients using string or girdles for fastening their clothes together. The manufacture of buttons was first begun during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Birmingham, England, has always been the great button manufacturing center of Europe.

"The taking of a bath in the Sangamon River in Illinois by J. F. Boepple in July, 1887, was the beginning of the pearl-button industry in this country, which has since developed to a marvelous extent, more pearl buttons now being made than all others.

"Boepple cut his foot while plunging around in the river. Being of an inquiring temperament, he sought to ascertain the cause, and to his amazement found the bottom of the river covered with mussel shells. They were exactly what he had been looking for since coming to America from his home in Otten-sen, Germany, near Hamburg, where he had been employed as a turner and button worker. A few years before leaving there a fellow worker brought to the shop a small box of shells of an entirely different kind of which they had any knowledge. He said they had been shipped to his father years before from some place in America about 200 miles southwest of Chicago. At odd times Boepple experimented on the shells and convinced himself they would make good buttons. The following year he packed up his tools and a small turning lathe and embarked for America, determined to find the place that produced such wonderful shells. The use of the river as a bathtub produced the hidden treasure.

"Boepple inaugurated the present great pearl-button industry by starting a factory at Muscatine, Iowa, in 1891."

Each year Americans use 8,640,000,000 buttons valued at \$32,000,000. We have 200 plants employing shells in the manufacture of buttons.

## The Correct Thing

### Are You Careless?

**D**O you leave the drawer to the dresser, chiffonier, or library table open after you have taken out of it what you wanted?

Do you leave the door that you opened unclosed when you have passed through?

Do you leave the bottle of ink or other bottles un-stopped after using them?

Do you throw your books, hats, and papers on the chairs or tables instead of placing them in their proper places?

Do you use polished furniture and floors as carelessly as you would those made of rough boards?

Do you throw the dainty sofa pillow down on the floor for a headrest, when you are in search of a cool place on a warm day?

If so, you are careless, and that means in plain, true English, that you are a continual source of annoyance to friends and employers. They may not be frank enough to tell you so; but you thus cause much needless anxiety to your friends.

You are fortunate if you have a friend who will tell you plainly that you are careless, as an eminent druggist did a young man seeking to learn the pharmacy business in his establishment.

"Mr. Delevan touched the young man on the arm and said, 'I have become convinced that you are not



going to succeed as a druggist; therefore it seems best for you to advise your uncle to that effect.'

"'But,' stammered Valentine, 'you know he has offered to set me up in business when I am ready to manage a store of my own. I chose this very line of work for myself, and really I don't see any reason why I can't learn it.'

"'There is no reason,' said his employer, 'except that you are careless, and a careless man will not be successful anywhere; and, above all, such a person has no right to handle medicines that mean life or death to human beings.'

"'I—I don't understand,' Valentine said chokingly. 'I have done my best, sir, I'm sure.'

"'That's just why I am discouraged. Your best seems to be always short of perfection. Why, my boy, I have spent the last ten minutes finishing little jobs that required only *one extra motion* on your part in most cases to complete them. You allow drugs to evaporate because you do not put the stoppers back into the bottles, and you let dust sift into half-closed drawers. It's only justice to your uncle that he know *now* that he need not expect you to succeed in this business.'

"For a moment Valentine's eyes blazed dangerously, for he was high-strung and quick-tempered; then he hung his head thoughtfully. As he looked back over the months spent in the pharmacy, he remembered countless reminders to finish the task in hand and to finish it properly. They had seemed to him fussy and foolish.

"Suddenly his head came up with quick determination.

"'Mr. Delevan,' he said, frankly, 'I don't want to be inefficient or to lose my opportunity. Will you give me another chance?'

"His employer's hand went out to meet his own.

"'I will,' he said heartily, 'and moreover I believe now that you have the ability and the stick-to-it-iveness to succeed! If you had been indignant and had refused to listen to me, I should have let you go without a regret. I'm glad, Valentine, that you have the brains to come to the 'about face.'"

The only hope of the habitually careless person is that he will have common sense and grit enough, when he senses his failing, to arouse himself sufficiently to overcome it.

F. D. C.

### The Tight Skirt

I SUPPOSE women do find themselves in awkward situations sometimes on account of their narrow skirts," said Mabel; "but, then, it is the style, and what can one do about it? A girl does not like to feel that she looks as if her clothes came out of the ark."

"Better be old-fashioned than dead," replied Aunt Jane. "This morning I read of a woman who was tripped up by her tight skirt, and fell downstairs and broke her arm. Also another case of a woman who tripped herself up in crossing the street, and fell in front of a car, which ran over her and crushed her skull. She was dead when she reached the hospital, and just because of her tight skirt. If women haven't independence enough to dress sensibly, they most assuredly ought not to be given the vote."

"Yes, I guess that is true," admitted Mabel reluctantly. "I am glad my new suit is not yet cut out. I shall have a safe and sane skirt."—*Selected.*

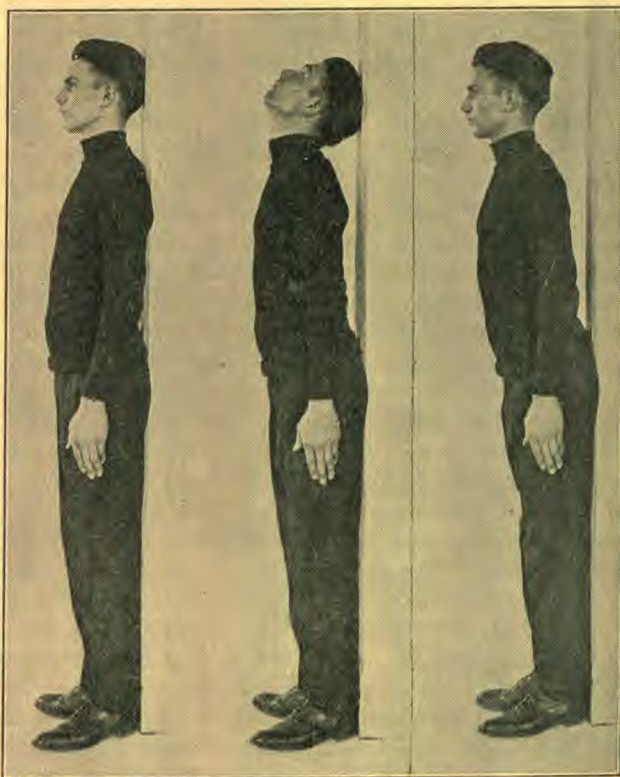
"EDUCATION comes before progress."



### Stand Up for Yourself

STAND up straight! How often is heard the command! And how deservingly too! Not only men and women, but boys and girls as well, form the slouchy habit of standing and walking in a stooped manner.

It seems strange that it should be so. It looks bad. Everybody must acknowledge that. And that alone ought to act as a preventive in every one who ever observes his own shadow or takes a side view of himself in the mirror. Observe the man who walks the street with shoulders erect, head up, and businesslike



gait. He commands attention, while the person with slouchy gait and poor carriage scarcely receives a glance.

Bad posture and poor health go together. Weak lungs and poor digestion are companions to stooped shoulders and caved-in chest. Yes, and with a slumpy, slouchy body there is usually a low state of mind and morals also.

To "straighten up," place the hand two inches or so in front of the upper chest. Then try to reach the hand with the chest, keeping the hand steady. This brings the chest forward and throws the abdomen and hips back. Keep the head up. Transfer the weight of the body from the heels to the ball of the feet by rising on the toes and slowly descending, keeping the weight forward by maintaining the correct position of the chest and hips.

By forming the habit of correct posture in early life, one may develop a graceful figure and enjoy all the fruits of health that are promised to the "up-right" person.

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.





### A Missionary to the Land of Nod

I AM thinking tonight of the man who carried the gospel of the second coming of Jesus Christ to the people of the land where Cain went when he was sent out from the presence of God. I am thinking of Cain and his immediate descendants who heard the solemn message of that first foreign missionary who came up from the region round about Eden, from among the Sethites. I am thinking of the man who walked with God and "was not; for God took him." Enoch is the man of my thoughts this quiet Sabbath evening, while the hush and the quiet of holy time steals over those who rest and are refreshed by obedience to the holy commandment. Enoch, the seventh from Adam, the father of the oldest man of all history, the great-grandfather of Noah, who also "walked with God."

I think of this early friend of God, as he came from public worship at the gate of Eden where the angels stood guard; going out to labor with the careless among the children of Seth; and I think of him as he goes forth over toward the city of Enoch in the land of Nod, to labor with the sons of Cain. It was here that his famous prophecy was uttered: "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him." Can you imagine the hard speeches the children of Cain spoke against the Lord in the hearing of faithful Enoch? Do you not realize how hard it was to convince them of the importance of repentance and remission of sin? He said that the Lord was coming to convince all the ungodly that they were ungodly. It is said that Enoch "walked with God." God did not come down in person and take this man by the arm and walk with him in the cool of the day as he walked with Adam in the garden of Eden. He did not walk with him over the hill and down the valleys of the countryside about the gates of Eden. "Enoch's walk with God was not in a trance or a vision, but in all the duties of his daily life. He did not become a hermit, shutting himself entirely from the world; for he had a work to do for God in the world. . . . Enoch became a preacher of righteousness. . . . His labors were not restricted to the Sethites. In the land where Cain had sought to flee from the divine presence, the prophet of God made known the wonderful scenes that had passed before his vision."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 85, 86.*

Though a prophet of God, and a man who talked with God in the secret places as most men do not do, Enoch was a family man with all the duties and diversions of family life. When he was sixty-five years old his first child was born, and it is said that "Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters." The birth of his first-born seemed to "awaken in him love to God, and a sacred sense of his responsibility." For three hundred years this faithful man kept in touch with his Maker and made his own life agree with the life of God; for, "can two walk together, except they

are agreed"? Then he was "translated that he should not see death," and became the very first man to appear in the courts of heaven.

My heart is drawn out to Enoch tonight, and I want to merit the commendation and have the testimony that he had; for "before his translation," says Paul, "he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

I love to think of this man as one of the "four and twenty elders" whose place is about the throne of the Majesty in the heavens. I look forward to the time when I can greet them and hear their story, don't you?

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

## The Word of God

### The Law and the Gospel

THE teaching that the law of God has been abolished has been considered, during past ages, a dangerous heresy, but today it is fast becoming one of the most popular teachings of the churches.

The gospel is the power of God that saves men. Rom. 1:16.

This salvation is from sin. Matt. 1:21.

Sin is the transgression of God's law. 1 John 3:4.

The gospel, then, is to save us from transgressing the law.

If the law is abolished, sin, too, is abolished. Rom. 4:15; Rom. 5:13.

And if sin is abolished there is no need of the gospel. Hence to teach the abolition of God's law is to make the gospel void and unnecessary.

Every human being needs the gospel, for "all have sinned." Rom. 3:23.

No one can get salvation by keeping the law. Rom. 3:20; 7:10.

It is the gospel that gives salvation. And when the gospel pardons our sins and saves us, then we are no longer under the law, but are under grace. Rom. 6:14.

This does not mean, however, that the man who is saved can break the law. Rom. 3:23.

The man who breaks the law is under the law. It is the man who is under grace who keeps the law. When he breaks the law, he is no longer under grace, but under the law. A murderer in jail is under the law because he has broken the law. When the governor pardons him, he is no longer under the law, he is under grace. But he cannot break the law because he is under grace. He cannot kill another man. He remains under grace only so long as he keeps the law. If he breaks the law, he will at once be back under the law.

Thus it will be plain that the one who is under the law is the one who is breaking the law; and the one who is under grace is the one who is keeping the law.

The purpose of the law is not to save men, but to point out their sin, and thus reveal their need of a Saviour. Rom. 7:7; 3:20.

Hence the law is "holy, and just, and good." Rom. 7:12.

The purpose of the gospel is to take away the sin the law points out. Rom. 8:3, 4; 1 John 3:4, 5.

Therefore these two, the law and the gospel, must go together, and ought never be separated. Our need of a Saviour is revealed by the law, and the Saviour himself is provided by the gospel.—*Bible Facts Card, No. 1.*



## Echoes of History

### A Futile Effort to Imperialize Mexico

**B**ETWEEN the years 1821 and 1861 the form of government in Mexico changed no less than ten times. In these changes more than fifty persons succeeded each other as presidents, directors, or emperors. Both of the two emperors were shot to death, Iturbide in 1824, and Maximilian in 1867. Most of the troubled



MAXIMILIAN



CARLOTTA

relations of that time were between the Roman Church party, and what came to be known as the "*Puros*," or advanced liberals, in 1857. These struggles were really between the rule of stifled conscience and the right to think and act for oneself.

In 1857 Benito Juárez, a full-blood Indian, was vice-president of the party in power, which attempted, under the dictation of the church, to suspend, in December, the partially liberal constitution adopted the previous March. Opposition to this was headed by Juárez, and continued until 1861, when he and his army of "Reform" entered the capital, abandoned by Miramon, the leader of the church party. Juárez was proclaimed president of the Mexican Republic, and at once instituted radical reforms, among which was the separation of church and state and making marriage a matter of civil contract.

This was, however, too much for the Papacy to tolerate. But as almost universal sympathy was with the republican system adopted, there appeared no remedy until by the decree of Juárez in July, 1861, he suspended, for two years, payments on all public debts. This called down upon him the censure of the English, Spanish, and French governments, resulting in a council being held in London, by representatives of these powers, on the last day of the following October.

It was decided by this council to send an army into Mexico to enforce the financial demands of these countries upon poverty-stricken Mexico. The ambition of one man, however, changed the avowed object of that council. Napoleon III was then emperor of the French, with the same controlling desire of his illustrious uncle, the first Napoleon, to direct the destinies of the world. The mighty struggle of the Civil War between the Amer-

ican States was going on, which divided the Old World sentiment regarding the side of right in the controversy at issue. The situation disclosed to Napoleon an opportunity of advantage to return Mexico to imperialism under the domination of the Roman Church, of which he was a devoted adherent.

It was therefore arranged, with the sanction of the Pope, to select a European royal person to be emperor of Mexico. An Austrian archduke, named Maximilian, known to be a staunch churchman, was offered the tempting prize, and accepted, on condition that French troops should sustain him on the throne. Having received the personal blessing of Pope Pius IX, he and his brilliant wife, Carlotta, accompanied by several thousand troops, landed in Vera Cruz, and finally in Mexico City on June 12, 1864.

The question of why this foreign invasion at the very time when the American States were divided by actual war, and thus the Federal Government weakened in resources, has long ago been settled. National documents have revealed that the grand object was not only to make permanent the unfortunate division of the States of America, but also, if possible, to unite the interests of the Confederacy with the Mexican cause, and thus build up the power of the Papacy on the American continent.

So the English and Spanish, seeing that they had been overreached in political schemes by the astute Napoleon and the crafty Pope, withdrew their forces from Mexico, leaving the field of operation alone to the French. It was not long thereafter before the policy of Napoleon appeared openly. His minister, Mr. Billant, said before the French Parliament, that after the emperor had given a good government to Mexico, he might then extend his benevolence "over the other *disorderly republics* of the New World." According to the diplomatic correspondence of the States, the sentiment of the French speech included the American States — then in the throes of civil war —



Miramar, the Austrian Home of Maximilian

in his contemplated plan of beneficence. This fair promise did not reckon with American spirit.

An attempt was therefore made to have France not only recognize the Confederate States as a legitimate government, but also to have the French government authorize the construction of war vessels for the Con-



federacy, with which to prey upon United States commerce. Jefferson Davis, the records show, went so far as to attempt the interception of dispatches between President Juarez and his minister at Washington. France probably would have given the Confederacy national recognition, could it have induced England to unite with it in such an act, according to the correspondence of J. L. Motley, then United States Minister at Vienna.

Matters at last came to that pass, that the United States, having virtually won the Civil War, ordered France, diplomatically, of course, to withdraw her troops from Mexico without delay. The troops were accordingly withdrawn in March of 1867, thus leaving Maximilian without support, save the few native soldiers he could induce to serve under him. His cause, therefore, became so desperate that his wife, Carlotta, voyaged to Europe. She first appealed to Napoleon for assistance, since it was by his plotting that her husband was in Mexico; but he met her entreaty with little more than a shrug of the shoulder. In her added distress she made application to the Pope, who had sanctioned the enterprise, and predicted sure success for it. But alas; the changed situation in American affairs forbade the Papacy to interfere, and so the poor woman was doomed to disappointment, and her mind gave way under the excessive strain. She was taken to her husband's European castle of Miramar, where she lingered until

recent years, and died an almost world-forgotten individual.

Being left without material resources, Maximilian became pressed on every side by the republican forces of Juarez, whose headquarters were in the extreme north of Mexico. Driven to Quarétero, as his last resort, he there surrendered the middle of the following May. Every effort possible was made to secure clemency for the deceived and stricken leader of a forlorn hope, but to no avail. He was ordered to be shot within a fortnight, which was done near the very spot where his surrender was made.

In a brief article of this character there is little opportunity for moralizing; but if there were, one might truly say that Maximilian's was a vain ambition. Had he been satisfied with his home prospects, he might, as matters turned, have occupied the throne of Austria, and been a legitimate ruler of his time. But the saddest reflection in his case is that he should consent to assist the Papacy in destroying civil power, and the individual conscience in matters of religion. Yet this spirit has been so strongly set in humanity that, notwithstanding the age-long struggle for religious liberty, there are yet many in our day who seem determined to bring about just such a state of affairs as have been repudiated by the majority of men in the past. We may well watch the trend of events, and be prepared to meet future living issues of this sort with a firm stand for the right.

J. O. CORLISS.

## A Bit of a Tour in the Caucasus

JOHN GODFREY JACQUES

A CRATER usually cannot be seen except from its rim; but some years ago, the people living near a volcano in southern Russia, cut a tunnel into the burning mountain, so that they could go inside and get a close view of the fiery mass there.

On the slope of this mountain, I once spent several months. But the dear grandmother, who was the chum of my boyhood, wished to go to some mineral springs, near the Caspian Sea, not very far away; so thither we started, traveling by carriage.

We headed almost directly toward the highest mountain in Europe, which is thousands of feet higher than any in the United States,—Mt. Elbrus,—about a hundred miles away. This also is a volcano. It was dormant then; but I read in an American newspaper, a few months ago, that it is again active.

Ah, old Elbrus, how I would love again to see your great white saddle, and watch the torrents that flow from your enduring snows to water the fields and vineyards of my homeland! And the sweet, aged grandmother—

Tut, tut, boy! Have you not had orders to chase away all thoughts of your beloved Caucasus, till news can be received from there?

Turning from Elbrus, and traveling toward the Caspian, we came upon a village of Tartars.

There are more than a few such in that part of Russia; but the Russians do not fancy that wild race as neighbors,—which is no wonder,—and generally choose to keep clear of them. I was not so cautious, and curiosity led me to venture inside the village.

We had hardly entered the gateway, when a dan-



A COSSACK VILLAGE IN THE CAUCASUS

gerous-looking Tartar rushed toward us, seized our horses' bridles, and turned the animals in the direction from which he had come.

The man was talking loudly; but I could not at first make out his meaning, as I had not much knowledge of the Tartar tongue. Then, too, I had to give my

(Continued on page 13)



## Business Principles as Given by a Hotel Proprietor

**M**R. JOHN M. BOWMAN runs six big New York hotels, though "only a few years ago he was driving a truck in New York." The hotels owned or managed by him are the Biltmore, the Commodore, the Belmont, the Manhattan, the Murray Hill, and the Ansonia. From his boyhood days he wanted to be a proprietor of a big hotel. Though he had to try his hand at other things, he regarded every "other kind of work as temporary — as a means to an end; but no matter how humble the job, he managed to use it in some way for permanent gain.

"Even his first little job, doing errands for his grandfather, taught him something of definite value. In his native town, Toronto, Canada, was a factory that had wood shavings to give away, and Bowman's grandmother liked these for starting a fire in the kitchen stove. So she would often ask him to go to the factory and fetch her a large burlap sack full of shavings. Young Bowman did not like this at all. He did not so much mind the physical effort, but he imagined that he looked ridiculously undignified bearing a bulky sack of shavings through the streets.

"However, he willingly did as his grandmother desired because of the twenty-five-cent piece he knew she would give him. Gradually it dawned on him that there was nothing undignified about the task, that no honest labor, to gain money one needs, is undignified. In fact, he came to feel that boys who loafed about the street corners and occasionally laughed at him, while doing nothing themselves, were really less dignified than he.

"Bowman's first hotel job was at a little resort in the Adirondacks, when he was only nineteen years old. Because of the short season there, he desired a permanent place at some good hotel in New York City. A wealthy man gave him a letter of introduction to the manager of what was then one of the best hotels in New York, a place that Bowman had thought a suitable field for his talents after seeing a picture of it in a booklet.

### The Result of Business Carelessness

"With this letter of introduction in his pocket, and the assurance of his acquaintance that it would indubitably land him some kind of position in the big hotel, Bowman burned his bridges behind him and came to New York to make his fortune. He mailed the letter of introduction to the hotel manager, and requested permission to call. But he got no response. He wrote again and asked for the return of his letter of introduction. Even then he got no reply, and he formed a strong opinion about the character of the man who had exhibited what seemed to him such gross and needless discourtesy.

"Years later Mr. Bowman became president and directing manager of the company that took over that same hotel, and his first official act was to discharge the manager who had failed to answer his letter. He did not discharge him to vent personal spleen, but because he thought the man lacked that sense of courtesy and consideration which should be among the qualifications of a successful manager."

Mr. Bowman's business success he accords to a few guiding principles:

He selects his employees with care, and leaves details largely to others. He may decide he wants a certain man in his employ many years before there is a place for him.

He makes quick decisions; but does not assume infallibility. He says:

"It is fatal for an executive always to be right — or rather, for him always to assume that he is right. If I can't get a good new idea, or be shown where I am wrong, now and then, by one of my employees, it means that my employees are altogether too stupid, and it is time I was supplanting a few of them with people who *can* convince me that I am sometimes wrong. Only a man of narrow vision and puny intellect ever proceeds on the theory that his own judgment is infallible."

### Does Not Discharge in Wrath

Mr. Bowman makes it a point not to correct or discharge an employee when in irritated or angry mood. "When a man is angry," he says, "he loses his perspective and does not know just what it is he is mad at or mad about. I may think I am mad at you, when the truth is that I am only out of sorts because I have a toothache, or because my shoes don't fit."

"At his farm one day Mr. Bowman overheard a valued employee profanely abusing his job, and complaining so bitterly about the ruthless manner in which he was overworked and unappreciated by his employer that Bowman was on the point of going to him at once and discharging him. But he waited — waited until he was over his feeling of anger. Then he strolled up to the man and remarked: 'George, you've been having a pretty tough time of it lately, haven't you?'

"'Oh, I don't know,' the man replied. 'I think I have it pretty easy.'

"'I got the impression from something I overheard you say,' went on Bowman, pleasantly, 'that you were overworked, and that you were pretty much disgusted with your job.'

"The man looked shamefaced, and confessed that the sole reason why he had imagined he was abused and that the world was against him was because of some trouble he had had the night before changing an automobile tire on a muddy road.

"They talked it over, laughed about the whole incident, and parted the best of friends. If Mr. Bowman had acted on his first impulse, while irritated, not only would he have discharged the man and thus lost a valuable employee, but the man might have then and there become permanently soured on life.

"It would be interesting to know how many disgruntled people are that way because they took some drastic step at some time when they were angry."

### Reads a Man by His Walk

Mr. Bowman is a good reader of human nature, and "can tell much about a man by looking at his face and studying him. But when he really wishes to size up a person, he is likely to study not so much his face as his feet. For this reason, Bowman often asks a caller to leave his private office by a certain door — because he then has a better opportunity to watch the man as he walks across the room.

"'In this respect,' laughed Mr. Bowman, 'a man is not unlike a horse. He reveals a lot about his character by the way he handles his feet — by the way he picks them up and sets them down. Some men merely shuffle their feet. I never knew a man with a shuffling stride, or one who walked flabbily on the side of his feet, who ever amounted to very much.'





## Teaching by Doing

HAROLD J. GREGG

COME on, let's go anyway." So said John Osborne persuasively to a younger brother, Floyd, who was lingering doubtfully. The two boys were in the habit of making frequent calls upon a certain neighbor. Perhaps the attractions of this neighboring farm were too strong for two well-meaning boys to resist. However that may have been, the parents had forbidden them going there for two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne were sure that the boys' frequent visits were liable to become monotonous to their neighbor; and besides, they were often needed to help on the farm just at the time when they happened to be visiting.

At this particular time of year the mulberries were ripe, and the Robbins children, schoolmates of the brothers, had invited John and Floyd over for a feast.

"Come on, it's late enough now," John repeated.

"We might be wanted," replied his brother tentatively.

By referring to his parents' orders Floyd did not wish to impress them on his own mind or on the mind of his brother. He really did want to go, and so at last yielded to his brother's urgings.

"All right," he said, "let's go this time."

Soon the two boys were cutting across the fields toward their destination. At first they walked quickly and nervously because they felt they were not doing exactly right and wanted to leave their own farm as soon as possible. But soon fears and doubtings gave way to pleasant anticipation of juicy mulberries and friendly association.

As they approached the house, whistling and chatting gayly, Jack and Fred Robbins came out from under a large umbrella shade tree to meet them.

"We're glad you came over," gleefully shouted Jack, the elder brother. "Thought maybe you wouldn't get here today."

"We're glad to be here, all right," returned John.

"Dad is not very busy this afternoon," Floyd ventured. He was evidently a firm believer in the psychology of self-persuasion.

"Why not get busy with the berries, boys?" Fred, the younger brother, asked. "Here are some pails."

He threw one to each of the visitors. Soon all four were in the trees. The buckets, however, were little used, for no one of the boys was forced to cogitate much concerning the proper container for the sweet juicy berries.

"I shan't need my pail right away," John said between swallows.

"I guess I'll pick some to take into the house," said Jack.

But they had not picked into their pails long before the ring—ring—ring of the telephone bell was heard in the near-by house. John's heart beat faster. Could it be that their parents were telephoning over to inquire for them? The boys held their breath as Mrs. Robbins came to the door and called, "Are Floyd and John up there?"

"They are both here in the trees. Why?" her older son answered and interrogated at the same time.

"Mrs. Osborne just telephoned over that they should come home at once."

"All right," Jack replied. The two visitors were too perturbed to answer for themselves. "Wonder what dad could want," they thought to themselves. But they well knew why they had been sent for. The four boys slid to the ground silently.

"Well, I guess we'll have to go now, fellows," John Osborne said perfunctorily.

"We may be back soon again," remarked Floyd, trying to comfort himself against hope.

The two brothers started home across the fields, walking more slowly than when they had gone in the opposite direction an hour before. As they walked they thought. The boys began to realize more and more that they had disobeyed. What could possibly be awaiting them at home? How would they be greeted when they stepped within the door of their home? These were unpleasant thoughts. They arrived home with certain premonitions of evil.

Floyd followed his brother into the house. The mother was busy in the kitchen preparing supper. The boys proceeded immediately to the sitting-room where the father was seated before the open fireplace, but it contained no fire. Mr. Osborne was looking down at the ashes on the hearth, a pained expression on his face. The boys stopped, hesitatingly, a few feet from him. How Floyd wished he had continued to hesitate when first his brother urged him to go!

"Boys," said Mr. Osborne, as he looked up, "I never thought you would disobey me as you have. I had an important task for you to do this afternoon, but when I tried to find you, you were gone. Then I telephoned to the Robbins and found you where you were told not to go. Now what can I do to teach you to obey?" The boys looked down in shame. The lesson had been partially taught, but not entirely. The father disappeared for a short time and then returned with a stiff strap. The brothers knew by the expression on the father's face that he was suffering mentally more than they were soon to suffer physically. Each boy took his punishment unflinchingly, for he knew that he was receiving only his due. The lesson had been learned.

## Chums

YOU seem to have been quite fortunate with that boy of yours," said Mr. Pullen, who was lunching with a friend at his club. "I wish you could give me some points. I have a chap five or six years younger, and he's already a problem. I am afraid that the job of being a wise father is almost beyond me."

"Why don't you try being a chum, then?" asked Mr. Harmon. "When Dick was about fifteen he got into a foolish schoolboy scrape that resulted in a bill for damages of ten dollars or so. I knew nothing about it till a week afterward, when he came to me, considerably embarrassed, and made a clean breast of it."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked.



"Well," said Dick, "I was in hopes I could borrow the money from some of my friends and pay a little at a time without your knowing. But they were all as hard up as I was."

"Didn't you consider me as one of your friends?" said I. While he hesitated an idea came to me. "Well, anyway," I said, "I'd like to be one from now on. I am still something of a boy, and I'd really like to have a chum of about your age. What do you say? Why can't we get together often and talk over our affairs, including our troubles and scrapes, if there are any,—share our secrets, in fact,—just like any other two boy friends?"

"At that Dick rather opened his eyes. 'Do you mean that you will tell me all about what you've been up to, same as I'm to tell you what I have?'"

"Well, perhaps that wasn't just the way that I had thought of it. I guess that when I had spoken of our affairs and our secrets I had really meant his. However, I wouldn't draw off. 'Yes,' I said, 'I'll be as frank with you as you are with me. It must be all in strict confidence, of course.'"

"We shook hands on it; and I soon came to enjoy our little intimate chats, ranging from baseball to business, and from school matters to politics, although at first it did seem to me that I was opening up a little more freely than he was."

"My business at that time made necessary a good deal of traveling. One night, at a hotel, I ran across an acquaintance, a prosperous manufacturer, who asked me to join him and two of his friends in a little game to pass away the time. I never cared much for that kind of thing, and I was absolutely without skill; but Jones insisted, and I went along. Pretty soon it was suggested that some small stakes would make it more interesting; and, not to go into particulars, when we got through I was interested to the extent of about a hundred dollars. I went to my room fairly ashamed of myself. Then I thought of Dick, but I shook my head."

"I had to come to it, though. What kind of confidential terms would we be on if I was keeping back from him the only thing that I was really ashamed of? I guess that no boy ever dreaded a session with his father any more than I did my next confidential talk with Dick; but I got through with it after a fashion, and he was disposed to let me off easy."

"Never mind, dad," he said. "Forget it. You don't have to do it again. That new camera that I spoke to you about—I'll get along without that now; and it will partly help to make up the loss."

"He had misunderstood me in one particular, and I had to explain that it was Jones who had lost, while I had won."

"Oh!" said Dick, and I couldn't help seeing that for the moment I had risen in his estimation."

"But that makes it worse," I said, "I can't keep the money, and yet I don't know how to get rid of it."

"Give it back to the man," Dick said.

"He wouldn't take it," I said.

"Dick thought a minute, and then he said, 'If you tell the man how you feel, perhaps he will take the money back and give it to the Y. M. C. A. or some other good object.'"

"Good logic or not, I acted on Dick's advice. At first Jones scoffed at the idea; but when I explained the situation and asked him to do it on the boy's account, he finally took the money, and the Y. M. C. A. got a contribution from 'a friend.'"

"Now," I said to Dick afterward, "I don't ask any promise from you, because you were not the one at fault; but I'll promise you that I'll never help pass away the time that way again."

"A few weeks later I met Jones. 'Hello!' he said. 'Want another little game?'"

"No, thank you," said I.

"Well, you couldn't have it with me if you did," said he. "I've quit that for good. Fact is, I've got a youngster coming up; and it occurred to me that if I could do something on account of your boy it was a pity if I couldn't do something on account of my own."

"As for Dick and me," Mr. Harmon continued, "we have kept on being pretty chummy from that day to this. I don't say that this would be the ideal relationship in all cases; but so far as I can see, it has worked out pretty well so far for both of us."—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Bit of a Tour in the Caucasus

(Concluded from page 10)

attention in part to the grandmamma, who was terrified at being captured, as she supposed we were, by a member of a half-barbarous tribe.

But soon we came to understand that he was merely inviting us to dine with him. The Tartars are extremely hospitable. Even an enemy is treated with the utmost courtesy in the home of a Tartar; though if he is caught outside, he may well beware.

We suffered no violence at the hands of these people, except their violent hospitality; and as soon as we could get away without offending them, we continued on our way toward the modern Bethesda of the Caucasus for which we were bound.

## Little Things Bring Fortune

IT is the little things that count the biggest, after all: the little things that others overlook. That is what Mr. Statler, he of the hotels of his name at Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, and New York, has discovered. He it was who put wooden panels in the transoms of bedrooms so that the hall light won't shine in at night. It was his idea to shove the morning paper under your door with "Good morning. This is your paper; with the compliments of the Hotel Statler" on it.

He it was who stopped the practice of charging more for a newspaper on his hotel news stands than the price on the street. He it was who saw a woman fumbling to get her key into the keyhole of her room and ordered all the keyholes changed so that they would be above the knob and not below in the shadow.

His idea it was to have ice water in spigots in rooms, since he saw that folks didn't like the tip that invariably goes to the boy who brings the ice water. He it was who saw that people liked to sit with their arms hooked across the backs of their chairs between courses while they were eating, and he ordered that all the chairs in his dining-rooms be made low and without knobs on the top. He it was who saw that men didn't need to be "brushed off" when they went to wash their hands in the washroom, and had a sign put up: "The attendants in this room are instructed to give no service unless it is asked for;" and in every room in his hotels you will find this motto: "No employee of this hotel is allowed the privilege of arguing with a guest."



# Missionary Volunteer Department

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

## Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic

JANUARY 31 is an open Sabbath, when each society prepares its own program. It is hoped that every society will have an excellent meeting. The Senior societies are asked to remember the Juniors today. See note in *Gazette*.

### Being on Time

"If only I knew how to get our Missionary Volunteers to come to meeting on time!" lamented a perplexed leader. "Why, sometimes," he continued disconsolately, "there are less than a dozen present when it comes time to open the meeting. I wonder if those late stragglers realize that they always interrupt our meeting, and often spoil it almost entirely by coming in when a speaker is trying to clinch a point."

Now, really, it's a pity that any of our Missionary Volunteers should belong to the Just-a-little-late Club. And yet there are members of this club in almost every society. "I used to sympathize with those who were unfortunate enough to be late," said a friend one day, "but I know better now." Being late is a habit with the members of the Just-a-little-late Club. And it's a bad habit, too, one that every member of that unfortunate club should defeat without delay.

One day the secretary of John Quincy Adams pleaded a slow watch as an excuse for being late. "Either you must get a new watch or I must get a new secretary," said Mr. Adams. Nor was he demanding of his secretary anything he did not require of himself. John Quincy Adams was known for his punctuality. "It must be time for the meeting to convene," said a statesman who was in a gathering which Mr. Adams was to attend. "Not yet," said a friend, looking up and noticing that Mr. Adams had not entered. He was sure that his punctual friend would be there on time, *and he was*.

Punctuality seems to be a characteristic of most of our great men. "Washington was always on time," says one writer, and then he gives about a dozen names of other prominent men known for their punctuality. It is generally conceded that the French lost Waterloo because Grouchy was late in bringing Napoleon re-enforcements; and that the English won that famous battle because Blücher was on time to help Wellington.

I wonder how many battles are lost in society meetings because Missionary Volunteers come in late. "What was that?" asked a young man of his neighbor. A late comer had just asked him to make room for him in the pew. And in this way three persons had lost part of an excellent thought, and all because one person was late. Too bad, isn't it? But what an inspiration are the Missionary Volunteers who are always on time! They cannot know how many victories they help others to gain *by just being on time*.

The other morning in worship here in the General Conference chapel, while waiting for the opening song to be announced, I overheard some one behind me say: "Professor — is always on time." I did not know what called forth the remark, but I thought, What a splendid recommendation. There across the aisle sat that busy man. He might have felt impressed to stay by his desk till the strains of the opening song announced the hour of worship, but no, *he is always on time*, for well he knows that the man who comes late loses something far more valuable than the opening song, and — he may be responsible for some one else's losing something, too.

M. E.

## Our Counsel Corner

*Can I not find a small place in the work without an education?*

B. D.

God can use every consecrated life. The service rendered may, however, be made more effective by developing our God-given powers. The truly consecrated worker will therefore improve every opportunity to develop his talent in order that he may perform a greater service.

O. M. JOHN.

*If I get an education, am I sure of a place in the work?*

C. P.

No one is assured a place in the work of God on the condition that he get an education. There are those who possess a magnificent education and are worthless in his cause; and again some of his most faithful servants are men and women who never received a formal education. Two things are necessary for Christian service — consecration and talent. Our service may be made of greater worth in three ways: by increasing our

consecration, by increasing our talents, or by increasing both. The latter is God's ideal for us, and education is the factor involved in developing our talents.

O. M. JOHN.

# The Sabbath School

## Young People's Lesson

### V — Having the Mind of Christ

(January 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 2: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." Phil. 2: 3, last part.

#### Love, Fellowship, and Mercy

1. In whom may we always find consolation? Phil. 2: 1, first part.
2. What always accompanies love? Verse 1, second part.
3. What will those who have the Spirit of God possess? Verse 1, last two parts.

#### Christian Unity

4. How does Paul say the Philippians could fulfil his joy? Verse 2.

#### True Humility

5. What motives does he think are unworthy of the Christian? Verse 3, first part. How will a true Christian regard his brethren? Verse 3, last part. Note 1.
6. When this spirit prevails, what evils will be avoided? Verse 3, first part.

#### Unselfishness

7. In whose prosperity will every true Christian be interested? Verse 4. Note 2.

#### Self-Sacrifice

8. Whose mind will every Christian have? Verse 5. Note 3.
9. When Jesus was in the form of God, how did he regard his heavenly possession in view of a lost world that needed his help? Verse 6. Note 3.
10. For the good of others what was he willing to become? Verse 7. Note 4.
11. How fully did he give himself for others? Verse 8.

#### The Reward of Self-Sacrifice

12. How did God reward him who made himself of "no reputation"? Verse 9.
13. What adoration will he receive because he willingly became the servant of men? Verse 10.
14. What will every tongue confess regarding him who was made in the likeness of men? Verse 11. Note 5.

#### Notes

1. How easy it is for the carnal heart to give generous credit to one's own ability; to allow a spirit of vainglory to rule one's thoughts, and sometimes even one's actions; comparing one's own accomplishments with those of others, how easy it is to weigh them in the scale of selfish pride! But the converted soul sees himself in the light of the righteousness of Christ, and in the blaze of that light he sees all the hateful corners of his own wicked heart, and he counts himself as the chief of sinners. Then his brother, whose life he cannot thus penetrate, he sincerely esteems better than himself.

2. "A due regard for one's own things is not forbidden, only an *exclusive* regard; as appears from 'also the things of others.'"

3. The New Testament in Modern Speech gives this rendering of Philippians 2: 5-11:

"Let the same disposition be in you which was in Christ Jesus.

"Although from the beginning he had the nature of God, he did not reckon his equality with God a treasure to be tightly grasped.

"Nay, he stripped himself of his glory, and took on him the nature of a bondservant by becoming a man like other men. "And being recognized as truly human, he humbled himself and even stooped to die; yes, to die on a cross.

"It is in consequence of this that God has also so highly exalted him, and has conferred on him the Name which is supreme above every other.

"In order that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of beings in heaven, of those on the earth, and of those in the underworld,



"And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

4. Jesus could not have remained in happy possession of his heavenly home and glory, while a suffering world needed his help. The very disposition of Christ is unselfish love. The only way for him to be able to enjoy the treasures of heaven was to make it possible for "whosoever will" to share the same benefits. Let this mind—this disposition—be in you.

5. Jesus made himself of no reputation;

God hath given him a name which is above every name.

Jesus suffered the humiliating death of the cross;

Wherefore God hath highly exalted him.

Jesus became the servant of men;

But every created being will bow before him in adoration.

Jesus was made in the likeness of men;

But every tongue will confess that he is Lord.

## Intermediate Lesson

### V — Ministry of John the Baptist

(January 31)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 3.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 1: 1-11; Luke 3: 1-18, 21, 23; John 1: 7, 8, 15, 19-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3: 17.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 101-113.

PLACES: The desert; by the Jordan; Nazareth.

PERSONS: John the Baptist; taxgatherers; soldiers; Pharisees and Sadducees; priests and people.

#### Setting of the Lesson

John, son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, was six months older than Jesus. He "was in the deserts" (Luke 1: 80), not barren sands, but the wild, rocky, thinly inhabited places along the western shores of the Dead Sea and the River Jordan. "The wilderness experience was John's college and professional course for his life-work. He was not a self-made man, but a God-made man."

Jesus, living in Nazareth from his childhood, had had no communication with his cousin John.

"Tidings of the wilderness prophet, and his wonderful announcement, spread through Galilee. . . . In Nazareth it was told in the carpenter shop that had been Joseph's, and One recognized the call. His time had come."

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

#### Questions

1. During the time of what rulers did John begin his ministry? Luke 3: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. Where had John been before this time? Luke 1: 80.
3. What was John's message to the people? Luke 3: 3. What prophecy did he fulfil? Whose way did he prepare? Verses 4, 5. Note 2.
4. How was John dressed? What was his food? Matt. 3: 4.
5. Who went out to hear him preach? What did John do for those who confessed their sins? Verses 5, 6.
6. What did John say to Pharisees and Sadducees who came to him? Verses 7, 8.
7. Whom did they call their father? Why would this not be of advantage to them? Verse 9.
8. To destroy a tree, what must be done? What is done with a tree which does not bear good fruit? Verse 10. Note 3.
9. After hearing these stirring words, what did some of John's hearers ask? What principle of practical religion did he give to them? Luke 3: 10, 11.
10. What question did the tax collectors ask? What appropriate reply did John make? Verses 12, 13.
11. What other class inquired what they should do? What did John say to them? Verse 14.
12. What thought concerning John came into the minds of the people? What did John say of himself? Verses 15, 16. Note 4.
13. By what simple illustration did John set forth the work of Jesus? Verse 17. Note 5.
14. While John was preaching and baptizing at Jordan, who came to him to be baptized? Matt. 3: 13.
15. What were John's feelings concerning this? Verse 14.
16. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 15. Note 6.
17. What occurred as Jesus came up out of the water? Verses 16, 17. Note 7.

18. What does Jesus say to each believing soul? Note 8.

19. How did John introduce Jesus as the Saviour of the world? John 1: 29. Note 9.

#### Topics for Thought and Discussion

In what way does the present time resemble the days of John the Baptist?

What similarity is there between the work of John and the message due the world today?

#### Notes

1. Observe how explicit Luke is in giving details. No writer who cared for his reputation and who was not sure of his ground, would thus deliberately set down such detailed statements, so easily proved false if the story were not true. The facts of the record are well established.

2. "The preparation is pictured in the familiar terms of those days. 'In the mountain regions, the washing of the hill-sides by the heavy winter rains destroys, each year, a large portion of the best-laid roads. In the desert regions the shifting sands, and in the more fertile regions the abundant growth of weeds and shrubbery, make Eastern roads well-nigh impassable, unless care is exercised for their frequent or special clearing. In many parts of the East the ancient roads were prepared or repaired only at the special call of the king, for his special service on an exceptional occasion.'

"All this was an illustration, or parable, of the spiritual preparations made for the coming of the Lord to individuals, to nations, and to the world, especially exemplified in the story of John the Baptist. (1) Fill up the valleys of neglected duties, the sins of omission, defects of prayer, of faith, of love, of work. (2) Bring down the mountains of pride, sin, selfishness, unbelief, worldliness, hypocrisy, wrongs against men. (3) Straighten out all crooked places, crooked dealings with others, crooked ways of sin, settle difficulties, confess sins. (4) Smooth the rough places—harshness of temper and manner, lack of courtesy, coldness, faultfinding."—*Peloubet*.

3. "Not by its name, but by its fruit, is the value of a tree determined. If the fruit is worthless, the name cannot save the tree from destruction. John declared to the Jews that their standing before God was to be decided by their character and life."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 107*.

4. "No other words could so forcibly express to Orientals John's sense of his inferiority to Jesus. The sandals worn by Jesus were merely leather soles kept on the feet by means of leather thongs. On entering a house a man's sandals were taken off and his feet dusted by a servant. So menial was this service held to be that the rabbis said: 'Every service which a servant will perform for his master, a disciple will do for his rabbi, except loosing his sandal thong.'"—*Tarbell*.

5. The illustration is that of the ancient threshing floor, and one tossing the grain with a winnowing fan, while the wind blew. The good grain was garnered—saved. The chaff—representing those who continue in sin, unrepentant—was blown out and finally was burned.

6. "Jesus did not receive baptism as a confession of guilt on his own account. He identified himself with sinners, taking the steps that we are to take, and doing the work that we must do. His life of suffering and patient endurance after his baptism was also an example to us."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 111*.

7. The word "baptize" is taken directly into English from the Greek, and means "plunge," "immerse." If the water had been sprinkled or poured upon the Lord, he need not have gone down into the water, as he must have done to have come up out of the water.

8. "The voice which spoke to Jesus says to every believing soul, 'This is my beloved child, in whom I am well pleased.'"—*Id., p. 113*.

9. "John had been deeply moved as he saw Jesus bowed as a suppliant, pleading with tears for the approval of the Father. As the glory of God encircled him, and the voice from heaven was heard, John recognized the token which God had promised. He knew that it was the world's Redeemer whom he had baptized. The Holy Spirit rested upon him, and with outstretched hand pointing to Jesus, he cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'"—*Id., p. 112*.

#### Be Strong

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a burden to bear,  
There's a grief to share,  
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—  
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;  
There's a year of grace,  
There's a God to face,  
There's another heat in the great world race—  
Speed! speed! with a song.

—William Herbert Hudnut.



"THE open hands of charity are fair,  
And holy as the folded hands of prayer."

### Variety Makes for Efficiency

THE well-worn expression, "Variety is the spice of life," is true in every field of activity. In intellectual work old truths must be presented in new ways, or in new relations, else they lose in interest and effectiveness.

The successful public speaker, the efficient, progressive Sabbath school or day school teacher, constantly seek for new illustrations and new ways of presenting old subjects. They give no one the opportunity to make the implication of them that an Edinburgh professor did, who, becoming exasperated by the listlessness of a student in one of his classes, said:

"May I ask, sir, whether you expect to pass this course?"

"I have hopes, sir," answered the student.

"Then when the examination comes, sir, you will wish for notes on these lectures. What will you do for them?"

"I have my father's, sir," was the reply.

The father's notes will not do for the up-to-date minister, Bible teacher, or Sabbath school teacher. Each year will mark at least some important changes in the work of past years.

So reliable an efficiency test is this rule that unless one does have variety in his instruction it is safe to count that person as hopelessly inefficient.

F. D. C.

### What Some Are Doing

A YOUNG man gave a copy of the Anti-Tobacco INSTRUCTOR to a man who has raised thirty-two crops of tobacco. But since reading the Anti-Tobacco Annual he says that he will never again raise tobacco, and that his tools shall rot in the shed before they shall ever be rented for use in a tobacco field. He has sent for a number of copies to give to members of his church who use or raise the health-destroying weed.

An elderly man who wanted to help in the anti-tobacco work secured an order from the high school principal for twenty-five copies of the Annual; from four grade teachers an order for twenty each; from a rural school teacher an order for ten. This worker then visited a number of men and asked for one dollar from each to send for copies to distribute among the boys of the city who were not otherwise provided with copies. Even tobacco users were glad to assist in the work of educating the boys to refrain from a habit that is both expensive and injurious.

What are you doing to save the boys from taking up the cigarette habit?

Will you not visit every Sunday school, public school teacher, minister, and philanthropic business man in your community for the purpose of securing orders enough so that at least every boy or girl shall have a copy of the 1919 Anti-Tobacco Annual of the INSTRUCTOR?

### The Way to Strength

ARE you yearning for a more real, a more effective, Christian experience? Are you waiting, watching hungrily for the crumbs of grace that fall from the Master's table? Are you longing soulfully for an in-filling of the Spirit of God, that will make you a blessing to others? Are you praying for that wonderful

love of God that constrains to unselfish, soul-winning service? Are you pleading for that love which drives all unkind thinking as well as ungenerous speaking out of the heart and leaves it possessed of only the sweet and gracious?

Then brighten your vision of Jesus. Only as you know him can these things come to you. Only as your soul becomes saturated with his love can you love others as he loved.

There is no book outside the Bible—I think this needs not to be modified in any way—that will so beautify and strengthen your vision of the Saviour's love as "The Desire of Ages," by Mrs. E. G. White. Read this book for hours at a time, until your soul burns within you at the marvelous work of Him who



Polish Gypsy Children Awaiting Distribution of Food by the American Red Cross

spent his life on earth teaching the way of life, healing the sick, raising the dead, and then was nailed to Calvary's cross for a world of sinners. Let the opening days of the new year be marked by this reading; and then, lest the vision dim, lest you forget, read and re-read throughout the months to follow, this marvelous portrayal of Him, who by being lifted up, draws all men unto himself.

F. D. C.

### An Admonition

Look not on the dry leaves sadly,  
Lying dead on the woodland sod;  
But gather the lovely asters  
That beckon, and smile, and nod.

Drop not a tear of sorrow  
For meadows brown and sear;  
But lift the heart in gratitude,  
Thanksgiving, praise, and cheer.

GRACE E. BRUCE.

"WHAT'S worse than a quitter?—The man who is afraid to begin."

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Dark and the Light (poetry) .....	3
Full Hands .....	3
The Secret Place .....	3
Are You Careless? .....	6
Stand Up for Yourself .....	7
A Missionary to the Land of Nod .....	8
A Futile Effort to Imperialize Mexico .....	9
A Bit of a Tour in the Caucasus .....	10
Business Principles as Given by a Hotel Proprietor .....	11
Teaching by Doing .....	12
Variety Makes for Efficiency .....	16
SELECTIONS	
What Does Our Christianity Mean? .....	4
Some Little Foreigners .....	5
Chums .....	12