

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

February 17, 1920

No. 7

PLAY THE MAN!

*Play the man!
With your body, keep it fit
By the highest use of it
For the service of the soul,
Every part in full control,
Strong for labor, deft to do
All that is required of you.
Play the man!*

*Play the man!
With your mental powers free
From all narrow bigotry;
Search for truth, that it may bless
All your days with happiness.
Thus may brain with brawn agree,
Make you what you ought to be.
Play the man!*

*Play the man!
Keep your inmost soul as pure
As your mother's virtue; sure
If within no evil dwells,
There's no power in all the hells
Strong enough to drag you down,
Rob you of your manhood's crown.
Play the man!*

— G. A. Warburton, in *Young People*.

From Here and There

A Dutch dyke, forty miles long, has been holding back the water for 700 years.

Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps" and thirty other books, is now editor of the *Christian Herald*.

Milk frozen into bricks is used in Siberia, as is also soup frozen into balls. These are taken on long sledge journeys.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has recently given \$1,000,000 to the American Baptist Missionary Society and a similar sum to the Foreign Missionary Society.

Of the 7,884,000 automobiles in the world 6,500,000 are in the United States, according to a survey by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, of New York.

Banana flour is the latest thing in Jamaica. The wholesale price of it is said to yield such a fair profit that the making of the flour may soon be a regular enterprise.

The world changes a bit — as the inhabitants of the Spitzbergen Islands realize. Once no mail reached them for eight months; now twice a day they receive the world's news by wireless.

The president of the Dock Builders' Union, Robert P. Brindell of New York, receives \$1,500 a month for his services. Mr. Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, receives \$10,000 a year.

An aerial mail service between the United States and the West Indies has been promised by the second assistant postmaster-general. He recently sailed for Havana to make arrangements to this end.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology received as a New Year's gift \$4,000,000 from Mr. George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak company. This makes a total of \$11,000,000 from Mr. Eastman.

According to figures compiled by the Public Service Commission, 2,079,942,604 passengers rode on the transportation lines of New York City during the past fiscal year, showing an increase of 104,430,015 over 1917-18.

A 20,000-horsepower aeroplane and an engineless machine meant to be towed in trains behind an engined airplane, are among the forthcoming developments promised by a famous manufacturer of German aircraft.

The richest one hundred square miles of territory in the world, so far as known to mining engineers, is in the Black Hills. This district produces working quantities of nearly every mineral product, from gold to cement.

The war cost the United States about one million dollars an hour. The total cost to the country was \$21,850,000,000. During the first three months the war cost more than \$22,000,000 a day, and during the last ten months the cost rose to \$44,000,000 every twenty-four hours.

A blast of air is used to load hay in freight cars in Oregon. The hay is drawn up to a deck, or float, beside the car to be loaded; a crane then lifts the hay to this platform, and a blower driven by a gasoline engine, hurls the hay forcibly into the car, packing it better than can be done with the old-fashioned hand fork.

An aerosleigh has been built and patented by Daniel E. Riley, to be used in Alaska for mail service. The sleigh was built at Spokane, Washington. It is equipped with a Curtiss aeroplane engine, and is capable of seventy-five miles an hour. It is driven by a large propeller, and is able to travel over any depth of snow.

An automatic crossing policeman, whose commands are declared to be just as effective as those of a regular traffic officer, has been devised by a Denver inventor. Signs reading "Stop" and "Go," illuminated at night, show at right angles at the top of the pole which, at intervals, turns one quarter of a revolution, actuated by an electric motor and clockwork in the base. The time period of each position may be adjusted to give the busiest streets the longest interval of use. A bell rings loudly before the pole turns. Lighted street names and a four-dialed clock complete the assembly.

The remarkable growth of the patent medicine business in the past thirty years is evidence of the widespread use of drugs. While the increase in the population of the United States amounted to 83 per cent, the patent medicine business increased in value 741 per cent. The population less than doubled, while the increase in the drug traffic was more than ninefold. Besides this, millions of dollars' worth of medicinal chemicals and drugs are imported annually, making our total drug bill amount to \$4.50 for every man, woman, and child in this country.

The owner of a \$10,000 prize laying hen in the Middle West was asked how he got such extraordinary egg-laying results. He replied, "It is because I keep my hens well fed, well cared for, and never worried or abused. If I find a hired man who goes out to feed the hens and scolds and complains and does not treat them sympathetically, I fire him at once. If I find one who treats them with kindness so that they come to know him and cluck happily when he goes among them, I raise his wages. Contented hens lay more eggs."

Recent Marconi experiments in wireless telephoning across the Atlantic Ocean met with great success. One station was in Nova Scotia, the other in Ireland. The experiments were made in the daytime, when "interference" is at its worst, and continued for more than a week. The human voice, traveling apparently on nothing for a distance of approximately 2,000 miles, was heard as distinctly as in ordinary telephone conversation, although an alternator of only 3½-horsepower was used. The towers were 500 feet high.

In the tube of a fountain pen not extraordinarily large, a New York inventor finds room for the necessary ink well, a tiny incandescent lamp, and a miniature electric dry battery. The light shines out under the point of the pen, its source remaining invisible to the user's eyes, while it illuminates the spot of paper over which the pen is traveling.

The army rule of typing the signature as well as the letter, is being followed by some business establishments. Because of the illegibility of many signatures, this is conceded to be a plan that will be widely adopted within the next few years.

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'Tis Never Quite the Same Again

A HUMBLE cottage 'neath the hill,
Where children laugh and romp at will —
With parents' tender love and care,
How could their lives be else than fair?
Oh, let them all be glad today,
For swift the years will pass away,
And when they're women grown, and men,
'Twill never be the same again.

Together all their tasks are done,
Their interests are all as one;
The selfsame board they gather round,
And at one altar all are found:
The same dear song, the same dear prayer,
The same old Bible all may share.
But when they leave the home — oh! then,
'Tis never quite the same again!

The wedding bells may sweetly ring,
And glory be on everything;
But when one leaves the dear home nest,
'Tis lonelier for all the rest.
And if they one by one shall leave,
How can the parents help but grieve?
All come and go, and love — but then,
'Tis never quite the same again.

In other homes as dear and sweet,
Will be the sound of childish feet;
In many homes instead of one,
There will be frolic, laughter, fun.
The old love will be true and deep,
But sometimes it may sigh and weep
For something gone, somewhere, somewhen,
And 'tis not quite the same again.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis better so,
That deeper meanings we may know.
There is no loss, no grief, no pain,
That may not bring its own sweet gain;
And in that blessed land above,
There'll be again one home, one love.
Then one in heart, and one in name,
At last 'twill ever be the same.

— Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Victory Day by Day—No. 2

MATILDA ERICKSON

THERE is something dreadfully lonely about these temptations of ours. Our friends help us a great deal and save us from many defeats; but the fiercest battles are fought alone in the shades of our own Gethsemanes or by some lonely Jabbok. And upon the outcome of these lonely conflicts hang all the issues of life.

One day a beautiful tree went down in a storm. People marveled. "Why?" asked the astonished passers-by. But they soon understood. Its heart had been honeycombed by small insects, and it could resist the storms of the season no longer. Down it went with a crash! Just so with some young people. To the casual observer, they live respectable lives, and they pass for Christians in good standing, till some day you hear: "Why, I'm so surprised! I never thought So-and-so would lose out."

But could you cross the border into the Gethsemane of the young person who went down, could you watch with him during a night struggle on the lonely banks of Jabbok, you would understand. For it is in that lonely, secret place that the life-and-death struggles with the tempter take place. There you and I win our victories alone, or go down in ignominious defeat. A feeling of awful and desolate loneliness grips us. Alone? — Yes; no, not alone. There is One who will kneel with us in Gethsemane; there is One who will watch with us through the night on the banks of Jabbok. There is One who can enter the secret place and vanquish the foe. And here is another bit of the silver lining of this cloud: He longs to come in and give us victory. If he is not with us tonight, he is waiting for us to let him in.

And here, dear young friend, is a rule that has no exceptions: If Christ is in the heart, the enemy cannot

defeat us; but if Christ is not in the heart, we cannot defeat the enemy.

Three Great Dangers

A young college man recently said to a friend: "College students in general consider it a weakness to confess that they are not able to master a habit or to overcome evil." We are grateful indeed that this young man does not speak for the Christian students in our schools; on the other hand, we deeply regret that there are many young people outside of college halls as well as within, who feel strong enough to fight their own battles. Just there lies one of our greatest dangers,— the danger of underestimating the power and skill of the adversary of our souls.

We seem to forget that he was once a leading angel in the courts of heaven, and that we cannot possibly compete with him. He recognizes only one Master, and only as we let that Master meet the foe for us can we be victorious. We need to follow the example of the little girl who said: "When Satan knocks at my door, I always ask Jesus to answer him. And when Satan sees Jesus there, he says, 'Oh, excuse me! I see I came to the wrong door.'"

Another great danger rises out of our desire to do it *just this once*. "Of course I wouldn't think of doing it regularly," said a young person the other day, "but just once can do no harm." Think what "just this once" meant to Eve! to Achan! to Gehazi! and to hosts of others! But on the other hand, look at the heroic Christians who refused to yield to temptation even just once. Joseph in the courts of Pharaoh; Daniel in Babylon; Esther in Medo-Persia; however severely they may have been tempted to yield "just this once," they kept their covenant with God. And,

oh, the difference it makes to us that they said "No" to the tempter, regardless of all consequences.

Our third danger is that we shall lose our sensitiveness to sin. Every time we yield to temptation, we not only weaken our will-power to resist, but our sense of the sinfulness of sin loses its keenness. "Things surely look different to me," said a young person who was attending moving-picture shows. "My, I used to think it wicked to go to the movies." Others were putting this one-time earnest Christian on their prayer list. Still he did not seem to sense his danger. Truly, the deceitfulness of sin is appalling! But never forget that sin is still sin no matter how it may look even to you and to me. Let us abide in the presence of the Master, for then we shall get his viewpoint and preserve our sensitiveness to sin.

The Need of the Hour

And now before closing, let us look back for a moment into ancient history. It has a lesson for us today. Israel had begun the conquest of the Promised Land. Jericho had been captured. But, alas, the glorious victory of Jericho was followed by the humiliating defeat at Ai. What did that defeat mean? Joshua knew. It meant that something was wrong. He also knew that with such a foe within the camp they could never hope to overcome their enemies without. And mark well that he was not too busy in his campaign to get rid of sin. Down in the valley of Achor they wiped out the sin that troubled them. And after they had gained the vic-

tory within, they were ready for victories without; as Hosea says, the valley of Achor became the door of hope.

Too much is at stake today. We are at war with the enemy of souls. There is much to be done. But if we yield to temptation, we may be the cause of an Ai in the great soul-winning campaign in which we are engaged. Not only for our own sake must we flee from temptation; the needs of those about us call upon us to be strong and quit ourselves like Joseph, like Esther, and like a host of others. Some standing near are leaning on us. If we go down in the hour of temptation, what will happen to them? Then, too, the Master is calling on us to be strong for the finishing of the work. If we slip out of the ranks "just this once," to yield to temptation, what then? There is only one heroic thing to do: When we have met defeat, we must follow our defeat of Ai with the victory of Achor—a quiet, strong, complete victory over the temptation that led us astray.

But, young friends, too much is at stake. Time is short! The laborers are few, and great indeed is the harvest! No, we must not fail even this once. However alluring that questionable pleasure or that doubtful position may be, like Nehemiah let us tell the tempter, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down." Then let us work on and be of good courage; for yoked up with Jesus in soul-winning work, we shall be kept close to him and find the way of escape from the temptations about us.

A South American Republic

E. H. WILCOX

THE republic of Ecuador is bounded on the north by Colombia, on the south by Peru, on the west by the great Pacific, while on the east lies a vast and partly unexplored region which gradually submerges itself in Brazilian and Peruvian territory, with division lines as yet undetermined. Ecuador has an area of over 116,000 square miles, with a population of 1,500,000, the larger per cent being Indians.

Much of the Ecuadorian coast, unlike that of Peru, is covered with beautiful vegetation. Many species of grass, flowers, and trees abound. Here the farmer finds fertile land which yields from one hundred fold to four hundred fold. If cultivated as land is cultivated in the States, it would yield wonderfully.

Practically the only farm tool used by the natives is the machete, a large cane knife with blade from one to two feet long. With this they break open the soil for planting the seed, chop the firewood, and cut out what few weeds they ever pretend to cut out from their crops. It is also used as a weapon of defense. Many a man has fallen beneath its deadly blow, the wielder being under the influence of native-made alcohol.

The coast land, because of not being properly drained, is not so healthful as it could be made. The low, level coast land is broken by two chains of the great Andes, over which rise many lofty moun-

tain peaks and volcanoes. Some of these volcanoes are still active. Of these the Tunguragua was quite active two years ago. It shot forth its burning flames of fire and melted lava toward the Oriente region, and appeared to the Indians as a great ball of fire. It became active about the beginning of the European war, and ceased about its close. As Ecuadorians,

like the people of nearly all South American countries, are of a superstitious nature, the singularity of the volcano's behavior appeared strange to them. Chimborazo is still a commanding peak, but not so lofty as at one time. Some hundred years ago, the top of its crater was blown off, covering what used to be the town of Riobamba, some twenty miles from

its base, the ruins of which may still be seen. Several of Ecuador's volcanoes are always slightly active.

Between these two ranges of mountains lie beautiful, fertile valleys, the land of which is nearly all under cultivation by the Indians who inhabit the country. Among the native huts may be seen now and then the home of some foreigner who owns a large section of land.

To the east of the second range of the Andes the land again slopes to sea level. This part is known as "El Oriente," the great orient region of Ecuador. It is inhabited by hundreds of thousands of Indians, some tribes being semicivilized, and others barbarous.



FARM HOUSES ALONG THE COAST OF ECUADOR

The land in this section produces a heavy growth of timber, of which there is an abundance of pine, with other kinds valuable for building material. There are also many ornamental woods and those valuable for furniture making. Rubber and coconut trees are abundant in many parts of the country.

Hettie's Model Town

HETTIE had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of town is that, Hettie?" asked her father.

"Oh, a Christian town," Hettie answered quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

"The church," said Hettie, setting it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. Take the public library out also."

"Anything else?" Hettie asked sadly.

"Isn't that a hospital over there in the corner?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Hettie very soberly.

"Yes, and that orphans' home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Hettie exclaimed, "then there's not one good thing left! I would not live in such a town for anything! Does knowing about Jesus make all the difference?" — *Signs of the Times*.

ALL common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

— Longfellow.



Vista del Chimborazo

VIEW OF MT. CHIMBORAZO, ECUADOR

The trees are filled with beautiful birds. Parrots and monkeys make the forests interesting.

The soil of the Oriente region of Ecuador, when cleared and prepared for seed sowing, is highly productive. It will grow almost any kind of grain, fruit, or vegetable. The land is drained by numerous sparkling streams, the waters of which find their way to the great Amazon.

The roads are very poor, though the government is now spending a large sum in road construction. Already there are several mail routes connecting the inhabitants of these towns with Ecuador's famous capital, Quito.

The climate in general is healthful. In fact, all Ecuador has a much better climate than most people think. Guayaquil has been regarded as a "yellow fever" center, but American doctors are now at work overseeing the task of cleaning up the place. One year has made wonderful changes, and there has not been a known case of the fever for over five months. One need not fear Ecuador.

It is in the Oriente region that we find many tribes which have never heard of a missionary, either Protestant or Catholic. They are waiting to hear the glad tidings of a soon-coming Saviour. As we have a message that is to go to every tribe as well as to every nation, tongue, and people, we long to find a consecrated, Spirit-filled man who will be willing to say as did Isaiah of old: "Here am I; send me."

The government offers protection to missionaries, and is pleading with us to send workers into that region at once. O that we may be able to answer the call before the doors are forever closed! We must make haste, for the night cometh when no man can work.

"WHEN the way of the conqueror is not paved with good intentions he oftens falls by the wayside."

"DISPEL loneliness by cultivating the pleasure of being alone."



A TYPICAL INDIAN WOMAN, QUITO, ECUADOR

What Three Denominations Say of the Law of God

The Methodists

NO Christian whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral."—*The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church South*, art. 6, edition 1911.

"This law is spiritual and perfect. It extends to all the thoughts, affections, desires, purposes, words, and actions of men; and can never be abandoned, altered, or repealed. Ps. 119:96; Matt. 5:17; Rom. 7:12."—*Binney's "Theological Compend,"* pp. 88, 89, revised edition, 1903.

The Baptists

"The moral law is still binding, as a rule of life."—*What Do the Baptists Believe?* Tract No. 432, p. 3.

"We believe that the law of God is the eternal and unchangeable rule of his moral government, that it is holy, just, and good," etc.—*J. M. Pendleton, D. D., "Church Manual, Designed for the Use of Baptist Churches,"* p. 55.

The Presbyterians

"The moral law doth forever bind all, as well justified persons as others, to the obedience thereof; and that not only in regard of the matter contained in it, but also in respect of the authority of God, the Creator, who gave it. Neither doth Christ in the gospel any way dissolve, but much strengthen, this obligation."—*"The Confession of Faith,"* Chapter 19, art. 5.

And the Bible says: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Rev. 22:14. See also Eze. 22:26; Isa. 58:13; James 2:8-11.—*Bible Facts Card No. 2.*

Two Ways of Keeping the Sabbath

DEAR MOTHER: You asked me to tell you if I think it is hard to be a Christian, so I will tell you about my last two Sabbaths.

I was at Uncle George's the first Sabbath after coming to the country. Of course, that was my first Sabbath after being baptized. Well, Uncle George had a lot of hay out Friday, so we worked in the field till almost sunset. Supper was late, and the whole family were rushing around all the evening to get their work done.

Some of us cleaned up before going to bed, and some not till the next morning. My, but on Sabbath morning we tore around, hoping to get to church on time! Everybody was excited and cross. Nellie's hair was snarled. You ought to have heard her yell while Aunt Louise was combing it. We got to church late, and I didn't have my lesson. I didn't like their Sabbath school very well.

After dinner Uncle George read the newspaper awhile. When Tom and I made a noise, he said, "Keep still, Tom, this is Sabbath." I had really forgotten that it was. After a while Uncle George got

out the *Review*, but he soon went to sleep. We boys went to the river and threw stones awhile, and then before we hardly thought, we were in swimming. We came back just in time to do chores. I didn't care much about religion the next week.

Last Friday, I came to Uncle John's. Like Uncle George, he had a lot of hay in the field, but he had us all stop working when the sun was still high. Soon we had what Aunt Annie calls "the Friday's work" done. Supper was over early, and the chores finished. The sun could still be seen through the west window when we all gathered in the parlor. It seemed good to gather in the best room with fresh clothes on!

We sang, "Welcome, Welcome," then Uncle John said he thought that one of the best ways to keep the love of God and the desire to please him in the heart, is to spend the Sabbath in learning his will and in studying his love and power. Uncle John read a chapter. We were all given a chance to pray. I had not felt much like praying during the week, but I did then.

It was easy to get to Sabbath school, and I decided that the country Sabbath school is fine after all.

In the afternoon Jim and I read books that Aunt Annie put on the table for us. After a while we got to talking about fighting with swords and spears. Uncle John looked up from his Bible and said, "I should like to have you turn to the

first part of Judges and see what Shamgar fought with."

We hunted till we found Judges 3:31. Uncle said that the kind of weapon does not make much difference when God guides the one using it. He had us memorize Zechariah 4:6, and then the whole family went for a walk in the woods. With the help of aunt and uncle we learned a lot of strange things about plants and insects.

When we again gathered for worship at sunset, God seemed more real and wonderful than ever before. I believe he is able to keep me.

Your loving son, John.

H. C. FRANKLIN.

Danger of Contagion

WHEN Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was a little child, she was not allowed ordinarily to share dinner with the older members of the royal household. Only on special occasions was she permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and place herself beside some special friend.

One day she was seated beside a fine and courtly old general. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me!"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the child's remark.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future queen. Why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woebegone expression, the little princess replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles."

The Sabbath

It is the day of rest. O clouds so gray,
Fold up your tents, and let the sun's glad ray
Shine on the road that I shall walk today,
While sweet bells play!

Such calm and peace is mine, I look to see
If bird and beast is not at rest like me;
And still the stream that runs through yonder lea,
And by my way.

How strange that many slight the love-born plan
Of one day's rest, for few will rest who can!
God's law they break, who keep the law of man
From day to day.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

Information Corner

When and Where Did the Bolsheviks Arise?

THE term "Bolsheviki" (pronounced bōl-she-vē-kē) does not describe the political principles of the party any more than did Bull Moose the American party so dubbed. The Russian Social Democratic Labor Party held a convention in Stockholm in 1903. Owing to disagreement in regard to the form of organization, the party was split into two factions. The larger one was dubbed Bolsheviki (majoritists), and the smaller, Mensheviki (minoritists).

The Bolsheviki came into power in Russia on Nov. 7, 1917, when, with the aid of the Petrograd governor, they overthrew the Kerensky government and organized a revolutionary Council of People's Commissioners, with Nicholas Lenine, whose real name is Vladimir Oolivor, as chairman.

The Kerensky government was a government of socialist-revolutionists, whose slogan, "Land and Liberty," was popular for centuries. It was the slogan of the Bolsheviki also, and it meant the division among the peasantry of the landed estates held by the nobles and large owners in general. The Socialists proposed to have this reform enacted by the Constitutional Convention upon a well-elaborated plan. The delay, however, was making the peasants restless. The owners, fearing trouble, refused to invest money in their estates; so the resulting unemployment of farm laborers bred disturbances in the rural districts, the peasants forcibly seizing the estates of the nobles and apportioning them among themselves. The Kerensky government took steps to repress the rebellious outbreaks of the peasants; but the Bolsheviki, who had not hitherto advocated the forcible seizure of land, took advantage of the situation and lined up with the insurgent movement of the peasantry.

With the soldiery and the peasantry on their side, the Bolsheviki easily took the reins of government into their hands. Thus began the reign of terror in great Russia.

What Are the Methods and Principles of the Bolsheviki Government?

Perhaps this question can be answered best by citing what has taken place in a typical city seized by the Reds, or Bolsheviki. The city of Kharkof, south Russia, was a thriving city of 800,000 persons before seizure by the Reds. The following are some of the changes that have taken place since the Bolsheviki took possession of the city and its government, according to Major Robert Davis, an American eyewitness, who has been fighting the Reds with the wild and daring Cossack troops:

Bootblacks were removed, as it was undemocratic for one free soul to kneel before another.

Porters at the railway station were removed.

Hospitals could not treat Bright's disease, as it was a sugar disease, and indicated that the sufferer belonged to a favored class if he could get sugar enough to cause the disease.

Hospitals could not treat gout, for only the rich were subject to gout.

The government had the right to modify the menus and medication of patients if it was thought they were too expensive.

Men could not raise their hats to women, confessing the superiority of one sex.

All women were to wear the peasant's kerchief, as bonnets or hats were signs of class inequality.

Pensions of 300 rubles a month, or over, were suspended, as such pensions indicated that the recipients were upper-grade court or army servants who must expect no support from the soviet government.

"Thou" and "thee" must supplant the cold "you" to denote intimacy and family relationship.

Newspapers and hotels were closed except as used for the Bolsheviki.

No book could be sold without the stamp of the soviet censor.

Neither food, boiled water, nor transportation out of the city could be secured, so an epidemic of typhus fever broke out.

All arms had to be surrendered.

No person was permitted to remove his effects from one house to another, buy anything at a store, nor transport materials through the street without a permit from the soviet government.

The people were taxed according to the rooms they occupied.

Persons who vacated their quarters must leave everything but two suits of clothes.

Drug stores were nationalized. Owners worked as clerks under the commissaries put in charge of each store. The soviet of drug clerks set the working day from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., with stores closed all day Sunday.

Stocks of retail stores were seized without compensation to owners. The owner worked as a clerk, and if he was unpopular with the commissaries, he was given lower wages than the janitor. The soviet government fixed the wages and working hours.

Industries were nationalized with the following results:

"The first act of the factory commissary was to call a meeting of the employees to elect the factory soviet, which, on the surface, would manage the plant. Should the soviet, however, not be subservient to the plant commissary, he would declare it illegally constituted and call a second election. These second elections were carefully framed. Chinese and Lett troops would fill the factory inclosure, the commissary himself would nominate the members of the soviet, and the workers, hemmed in by allied riflemen, would vote his ticket, or take the consequences.

"The factory soviets fixed wages that sound like fairy tales. A skilled mechanic had 2,500 rubles a month; a common laborer, 1,500. No sufficient margin was left after the payment of these dream wages, to pay engineers or directors, to maintain the plant, and to purchase raw materials. The working day, by vote of the soviets, was shortened to six hours. Plants only worked two or three days a week. The effective working time was further shortened by the prolonged meetings, the lectures on communism, the mass meetings to stimulate enlistment in the Red army, at which attendance was obligatory. The plant paid for the time of the employees spent at meetings. Spies were sown broadcast to mark men who were discontented. It was a vague and heinous charge to be "contra-revolution," which could cover anything, and which had but one punishment.

"In two months the factories had closed down. In four months they were dead. The enameled ware, rope, sugar, and tools were not being produced. And no money was coming in. By June 1 not a wheel turned in Kharkof."

Persons owning motor cars, carriages, Victrolas, typewriters, kodaks, musical or optical goods, electric fixtures, private libraries were required to file an inventory with the government. All such articles were declared to be the property of the state to be delivered on demand.

Dwellings were taken over by the Bolshevik army and officers, called commissaries, as wanted, the owners being allowed to take nothing with them except three suits of clothing.

Three weeks ordinarily were required to get a railway ticket, as it was necessary to get a permit from Chesvi-chaika. If, however, one could lay down 500 rubles on the desk of the commissary, he could get a ticket and a reserved seat within five minutes. Ordinarily passengers traveled in box cars or on platform cars.

"Trotzky traveled on the czar's train, with bath, gymnasium, electric power plant, cistern, and restaurant cars. His staff, when he visited Kharkof, preceded him on a special."

Church and state were declared separated.

In schools and public buildings the religious pictures were removed.

Persons who wore crucifixes must pay a tax of twenty-five rubles a month.

The school system was reformed (?) as follows:

"Education is free in all schools.

"Examinations of every sort and the taking of classroom notes are abolished.

"Any person over sixteen years of age may attend the university.

"Private schools are abolished, as a contradiction of democracy.

"Students may pass from one professional school to another at will, receiving credit for time spent in former school.

"The jurisdiction of faculties over students is abolished.

"Honorary posts, such as rector of the university, are abolished.

"The study of grammar is abolished, as a superfluous subject.

"The study of geometry is abolished, as a theoretical subject.

"The study of physics is abolished, as a theoretical subject.

"The study of history, as now taught, is abolished. In place of the study of dates, wars, and dynasties, the study of the social liberation of peoples will be substituted.

"The law school is abolished, as the laws of the soviet republic will render ancient law obsolete.

"On Thursday regular class work will be omitted, and the tenets of communism will be discussed in all schools.

"Sunday will be a holiday in all schools.

"Holidays with a religious signification, like Easter and Christmas, will be abolished.

"May 1 and October 28, the 'holy days of the proletariat,' will be holidays in all schools.

"Primary grades will meet for one session only from 9 A. M. to 12 noon. Pupils will bring their lunch, and, accompanied by their teachers, spend the afternoon in the city gardens or the country for games, folk dancing, marching, nature study, etc."

Nature and Science

A Nightmare Bird of New Zealand

PERHAPS in no country in the world are strange forms of bird life more pronounced than in New Zealand, says a writer in *Chambers' Journal*. The kaka, a parrot of nocturnal habits, is seldom seen, even on moonlight nights, yet as soon as the twilight and sudden dusk of the Southern Hemisphere sets in, the night is full of its shrill, piercing cries as it wings its way to and from its favorite feeding grounds. The harsh screams suggest uncanny proceedings up among the clouds.

One great brown kaka, which had been tamed, possessed an almost fiendish intelligence and a capacity for mischief that only a small monkey could equal.

The bird constituted itself the chief torment of a small girl who lived in the neighborhood. At twilight it would fly over to the child's home and seek her through every room until it found her; then, watching for an unguarded moment, it would fly to her shoulder and nip her ear with its powerful beak. The scream of pain would be echoed by a wild whoop of delight as the bird flew down to await another chance. The very sound of its pattering feet on the veranda would send the child seeking frantically for safety behind locked doors, while the kaka sat patiently on the doormat until some one seized it and carried it off. It never attacked any one else in the same way, and it must simply have been amused by the child's terror.

Although the bird pattered all over the garden and house from early twilight until ten o'clock at night, it would vanish mysteriously the instant the clock struck, so that it should not be locked in its cage. It was quite friendly with the numerous animals, and would visit the duck yard and waddle up and down. It never attempted to touch the ducklings, or the cats and kittens, but it would tear to pieces every skin rug, and, if it could manage to do so, it would bite through the window frames in the night and leave the glass in fragments on the ground. It would push cups and saucers to the edge of the table and knock them off just to hear them crash on the floor. It fully realized what it was doing, and would screech with delight.

Another kaka loved to walk, and it would follow its owner about like a small dog. It was fond of climbing the blue gum trees in the garden, and no calling would make it come down; but the sight of some one opening the gate would bring it scrambling, for it dearly loved a walk in the twilight. One of its favorite tricks was to enter the house quietly and remain hidden until the middle of prayers, when it would fly to its owner's shoulder with a startling screech. It loved to catch hold of anything that was being shaken, and it would sit on a sack, almost asking to have it dragged over the ground. At night, when it grew dissatisfied with its own quarters, it would drive a dog from its kennel and take possession of it. This kaka was generally very quiet, but sometimes it called to its relatives as they flew past. One day, when it was about eighteen months old, it flew off to join them and never returned.—*Selected.*

School Children Demand Metric System

THE World Trade Club is daily receiving evidence as to the growing strength of public opinion throughout Britannia in favor of metric standardization. Just recently word came from one of their co-workers in England of an interesting episode that took place during one of his lecture tours.

At Kingsbridge he spoke before a gathering of enthusiastic schoolboys from the local grammar school, telling them of what adoption of the metric units of measurement would mean to the school children of the world,—how easy metrics are to learn, how simple to apply,—in short, that it would lessen by three years the necessary time spent on arithmetic.

At the close of his talk, the boys unanimously adopted a resolution urging other schoolboys to go on strike with them against the British weights and measures, and demanding that only metrics be taught in the schools. These English youngsters realize the advantage of the simpler system.

The Correct Thing

I Am Wondering

WHY it is that when any one comes in after a meeting begins, it is almost impossible to keep from looking back and letting the eyes follow the late comer until he is comfortably seated somewhere. There is something like a strong, almost irresistible undertow that seizes all but the *very* interested and the *very* determined, and constrains them to look around.

It is too bad that the late comer should have such a strong magnetic influence over our optic nerves. He does not wish to; at least he is an exception if he does. Usually the late comer would much prefer to find a seat unobserved. It is embarrassing to him to have a score of eager eyes drag him to it.

Even if everything is perfectly quiet, the automatic turning about disturbs the speaker—and—and—it doesn't look well from the gallery. "Looking down on the audience today made me think of gymnastics when we take head movements," commented a friend on the way home from church. "The heads below me turned about as harmoniously whenever the door swung open." Strange, isn't it, how unconsciously we form the habit?

"We have solved the problem about the front seats satisfactorily," said a leader triumphantly, "but"—and his voice lost its victory note and struck a minor chord of despair—"how can one hold the attention and keep people from whispering and from turning around during the meeting?" Well, that is a hard question, but the better bred you and I are, and the better we know the Master, the more we shall appreciate the reverence due his house; and as we study to do all to his glory these little inconsistencies with which we now and then thoughtlessly desecrate his holy sanctuary, will slough off. And then we shall not forget that he has said: "My house shall be called a house of prayer."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Nicknames

BUSINESS men and lawmakers, men and women everywhere, are talking about Americanization. Boys and girls have their share to do as well, and the United States Commissioner of Education thought this was important enough, that he started a campaign among the boys to stop the thoughtless habit of attaching to foreigners and the children of foreigners, nicknames that carry a sting.

All boys' organizations are being asked to subscribe to a "Code of Honorable Names." The pledge reads:

"My name for every true man in these United States will be the honorable name of 'American.'

"My reference to all 'New Americans' born in other lands, shall never be dishonored by slurs, nicknames, or hyphens.

"My purpose shall be to discourage in the native-born the love for titles, to help every immigrant to forget his hyphens and be proud of the name American, and to stamp out the use of such nicknames as words of derision of the foreign-born.

"We pledge our service never to use, and to discourage everywhere the use of, such words as Dago, Dutchy, Froggy, Ginny, Greaser, Heiny, Horwat, Hunky, Kike, Mike, Paddy, Sheeny, Spaghetta, Wop,

as applied to any foreign-born resident in the United States of America."

"In talking with different races now resident in this country," says a report of the division, "we have noticed that the word 'colony' is not always kindly received. They would much rather that we speak of the 'Armenian community,' or, our 'fellow citizens of Polish birth,' if we have to refer to them separately at all. The present habit of publications locating them 'across the railroad tracks,' or 'in the immigrant quarter,' or in the 'ghetto,' 'Jewry,' or 'Little Italy,' is properly resented by them and greatly retards the friendly relations and co-operation for mutual good citizenship which true Americans desire. Sometimes they say: 'We are more American than those who could not help being born here, because we deliberately chose this country as our country above all the countries of the world, even above the land of our birth.'

"Let the word be passed along," concludes the report, "that all men are Americans who try to live American."—*Making Good Americans.*

For the Finding-Out Club

WE are just beginning our Finding-Out Club work for 1920. Mrs. Maud Bostwick, of Lodi, California, who answered correctly thirty-four sets of questions last year, says of the Finding-Out Club: "Our club is a real blessing, to me at least. I enjoy it very much. It helps to keep me awake. We are always so busy, and the club work makes us think of outside interests."

Mrs. Bostwick has given you voluntarily the real purpose of the Finding-Out Club. The editor has hoped more would take advantage of this means of intellectual improvement; but she has been much encouraged by the successful efforts of the few.

It requires only one correct list of answers to make one a member of the club; but it requires a good-sized bump of stick-to-it-iveness to win a book by answering more than thirty lists of questions correctly.

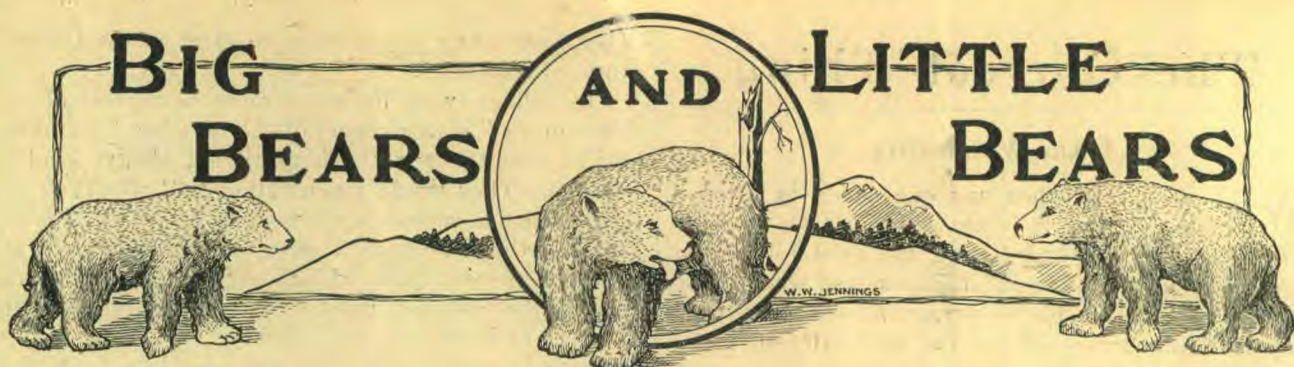
If a person fails to answer even *one* question of a set correctly, the mistake robs him of all credit. We are sorry for this; but it cannot rob him of the knowledge gained by study of the other questions.

Shall we not have scores of enthusiastic and efficient members during 1920? The gift of any one book published by the Review and Herald will be made to the person sending in the greatest number of correct answer lists.

F. D. C.

First Assignment for 1920

1. WHENCE comes the world's supply of silver?
2. What State in the United States produces the most silver?
3. What are the greatest platinum-producing countries?
4. For what is platinum used?
5. How old is the Constitution of the United States?
6. What is our national anthem and what is our national hymn?
7. What is the difference between an embassy and a legation?
8. Why is the Yellow, or Hwang-ho, River called "China's Sorrows"?
9. Who is president of France?



MR. ENOS MILLS in his interesting book, "The Grizzly," pronounces the grizzly bear the most intelligent of wild or domesticated animals. He says: "I would give the grizzly first place in the animal world for brain power. He is superior in mentality to the horse, the dog, and even the gray wolf. The grizzly has the genius for taking pains. He is constantly alert and meets emergencies with brains."

The following incidents, taken from Mr. Mills' book, incline us to feel that the author is not far from right when he accredits the grizzly with a generous supply of animal intelligence:

Bear Strategy

"A grizzly cub in Yellowstone Park found a big ham skin—a prized delicacy. Just as the little fellow was lifting it to his mouth a big bear appeared. He instantly dropped the ham skin, sat down on it, and pretended to be greatly interested in watching something in the edge of the woods.

"Another young grizzly in the Yellowstone one day found a tin can that was open at one end and partly filled with fish. He raised it in his forepaws and peeped in, then deliberately turned the can upside down and shook it. Nothing came out. He shook it again; no result. Then he proceeded just about as you or I might have done. He placed the can on the ground, open end down, and hammered the bottom of the can with a stone until the fish dropped out.

"In a zoo one day a piece of hardtack that a grizzly bear wanted fell into the hands of a black bear. The black bear dipped the hardtack in the water and then started to take a bite. Evidently it was too hard. He put it in the water again, and while it soaked gave his attention to something else. While the black bear was not looking, the grizzly, standing on the farther edge of the pool, stirred the water with a forepaw and started the hardtack toward him on the waves. The instant the first wave touched the black bear he looked around, grabbed the precious hardtack, which was rapidly floating away, and, pushing it to the bottom of the pool, put one hind foot upon it and held it down.

How very like the mental processes of human beings!

"It is ever a joy to watch a grizzly and her children. A mother grizzly crossing a lake just south of Longs Peak, swam low in the water with a cub sitting contentedly on her back. She came directly toward the shore where I was standing concealed behind trees. As she approached, I threw a stone

into the water close to her. Wheeling about like lightning, Mother Grizzly started at full speed for the farther shore. The cub tipped over in the water, but hastily took a tail hold and was towed rapidly away.

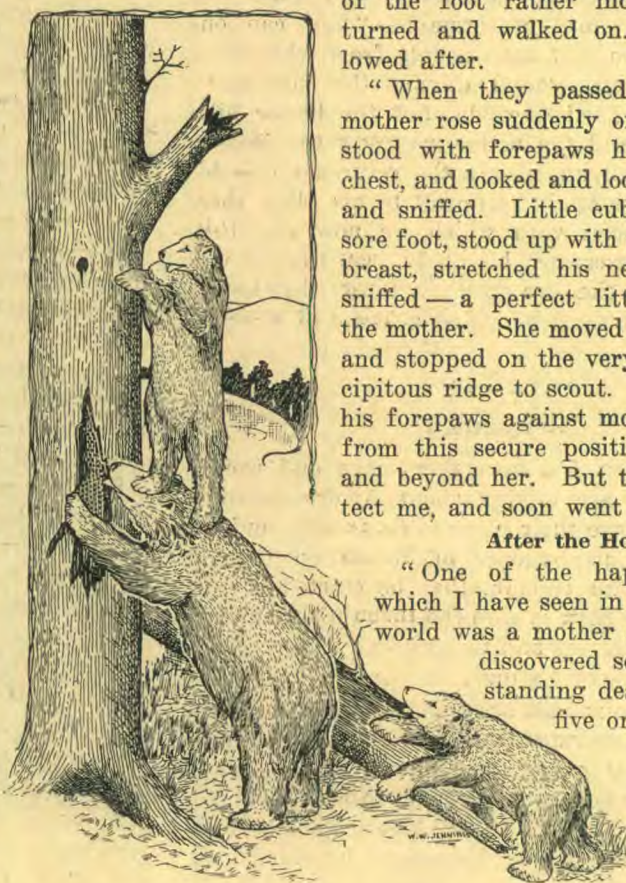
Imitators

"I once saw a grizzly and cub walking leisurely along the top of a ridge above timber line, the cub with long strides following in mother's footprints. There were perhaps six or more inches of snow. I sat still. They were coming almost toward me. Watching carefully with my glass, I noticed that the cub was limping. He suddenly sat down and bawled. The mother, after walking on several steps, turned to look at the cub, who was holding his hind foot between his forepaws and examining his hurt. I heard him whimper two or three times, and finally mother went back. She looked down at the bottom of the foot rather indifferently, then turned and walked on. The cub followed after.

"When they passed near me, the mother rose suddenly on her hind legs, stood with forepaws held against her chest, and looked and looked, and sniffed and sniffed. Little cub, forgetting his sore foot, stood up with paws against his breast, stretched his neck, looked, and sniffed—a perfect little imitation of the mother. She moved off several steps and stopped on the very edge of a precipitous ridge to scout. The cub placed his forepaws against mother's side, and from this secure position peeped over and beyond her. But they did not detect me, and soon went leisurely on."

After the Honey

"One of the happiest incidents which I have seen in the grizzly bear world was a mother grizzly who had discovered some honey in a standing dead tree, perhaps five or six feet above the ground. Tearing open the edges of the hole, she helped herself to a quantity of the honey, then called her



"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY"

two cubs, who were playing a short distance away. They needed no second invitation when they saw mother standing on hind legs and leaning forward with forepaws against the trunk of the tree. Up the incline of her back they raced merrily, and, standing upon mother's head, they ate with eagerness this wonderful feast of honey."



JENNIE AND JOHNNY MAKING UP

Mr. Mills tells of two little cubs whose mother had been shot by a hunter. They were discovered peeping from beneath a large rock not far from where the dead mother lay. Despite the presence of Mr. Mills and his hunter companion, "after hesitating for a moment both cubs came out and stood looking intently toward us and their dead mother. After a stare, as we did not move, they took a few steps toward us. Hesitating again, they stopped, rose up, and looked around, and then hastily retreated to the rocks. Evidently their mother had trained them to stay wherever she left them until she returned.

"But they had waited long. For a while they stood and whimpered very much like hungry, forsaken children. They could scent their mother, and see her, too, and were too hungry and lonesome to endure without her longer. Again they started slowly toward us, walking closely side by side. When very near they paused, rose on hind legs, and looked intently at us and in wonder and longing at their lifeless mother. Then they went to her. One little cub sniffed in a bewildered, puzzled way over her cold, still body. He gently stroked her fur with his paw and then sat down and began to whimper and cry.

"The other little cub stood looking with awe into his mother's moveless face, but at last shook off his fright and smelled her bloody head. Then, all forlorn, he turned to look eagerly into the face of the hunter, who had been watching the little cub all this while, with big tears upon his cheeks. After a moment the cub took a step toward him, rose up, and trustingly put forepaws upon his knee, looking seriously, confidingly into his face. We carried these little orphans to camp, and the hunter raised them. Their mother was the last animal that he ever shot."

Bear Pets Reproved

Mr. Mills captured a pair of cubs on Longs Peak, Colorado, when they were about the size of rabbits. He named them Jenny and Johnny. He says:

"Young bear cubs are the most wide-awake and observing little people that I know of. Never have I seen a horse or a dog who understood as readily or learned as rapidly as these two bears. One day I offered Johnny a saucer of milk. He was impatient

to get it. Reaching up, he succeeded in spilling it, but he licked the saucer with satisfaction. On the second try he spilled only a part of the milk. On the third trial he clasped the saucer deftly in his two forepaws, lifted it upward, turned his head back, and poured the milk into his mouth.

"When Johnny and Jenny were growing up, it seemed as if nothing unusual escaped them. A bright button, a flash of a ring, a white handkerchief, or an unusual movement or sound instantly caught their attention. They concentrated on each new object and endeavored to find out what it was. Having satisfied their curiosity or obtained full information about it, the next instant they were ready to concentrate on something else. But they remembered on second appearance anything which had especially interested them at any time. They learned through careful observation.

"It was almost impossible to get these cubs filled up. They ate everything — scraps from the table, rhubarb, dandelions, bitter sage, and bark — but they were especially fond of apples. If I approached with meat or honey upon a plate, but with apples in my pockets, they would ignore the plate, and, climbing me, thrust their noses into my pockets to find the promised treat.

"One August evening I brought in a cluster of wild raspberries for Johnny and Jenny. While still more than a hundred feet from the cabin, both bears leaped to their feet, scented the air, and came racing to meet me with more than their ordinary enthusiasm. No child of frontier parents could have shown more interest in a candy package on the father's return from the city than did Johnny and Jenny in those berries.

"A number of people were waiting in my cabin to see me. The little bears and I crowded in. I handed Jenny a berry-laden spray, and then one to Johnny, alternating until they were equally divided. Standing erect, each held the cluster under the left forearm by pressing it against the chest. When browsing in a raspberry patch, bears commonly bite off the tops of the canes together with the leaves and the berries. Johnny and Jenny ate more daintily. One berry at a time was plucked off with two front claws and dropped



TRAILING A GRIZZLY

into the mouth. As one berry followed another, the lips were smacked, and the face and every movement made expressed immense satisfaction at the taste.

"Every one crowded close to watch the performance. In the jostling one of the berry-laden canes fell to the floor. Both little bears grabbed for it at the same instant. They butted heads, lost their temper, and began to fight over it. I grabbed them by the collars and shook them.

"'Why, Johnny and Jenny,' I said, 'why do you do this? And such awful manners when we have company! What shall I do with you?'

"They instantly stopped quarreling and even forgot the berries. For several seconds the little bears were embarrassed beyond all measure. They simply stared at the floor. Then suddenly each appeared to have the same idea. Standing erect, facing each other, they put their forepaws on each other's shoulders, and went 'Ungh, ah, oooo.' Plainly they were very sorry that they had misbehaved."

Difficult to Trail a Grizzly

Mr. Mills had the following unique experience trying to trail a wise old bear, not for the sake of killing him, but in an effort to study him:

"I followed the trail through woods, groves, and openings. After an hour or more without seeing the grizzly, I climbed a cliff, hoping to get a glimpse of him on some ridge ahead. I could see his line of tracks crossing a low ridge beyond, and felt that he might still be an hour or so in the lead. But, in descending from the cliff, I chanced to look back along my trail. Just at that moment the bear came out of the woods behind me. He was trailing me!

"I do not know how he discovered that I was following him. He may have seen or scented me. Anyway, instead of coming directly back and thus exposing himself, he had very nearly carried out his well-planned surprise when I discovered him. I found out afterward that he had left his trail far ahead, turning and walking back in his own footprints for a distance, and trampling this stretch a number of times, and that he had then leaped into scrubby timber and made off on the side where his tracks did not show in passing along the trampled trail. He had confused his trail where he had started to circle back, so as not to be noticed, and slipped in around behind me.

"But after discovering the grizzly on my trail I went slowly along as though I was unaware of his near presence, turning in screened places to look back. He followed within three hundred feet of me. When I stopped, he stopped. He occasionally watched me from behind bushes, a tree, or a boulder. It gave me a strange feeling to have this big beast following and watching me so closely and cautiously. But I was not alarmed.

"I concluded to turn tables on him. On crossing a ridge where I was out of sight, I turned to the right and ran for nearly a mile. Then, circling back into our old trail behind the bear, I traveled serenely along, imagining that he was far ahead. I was suddenly startled to see a movement of the grizzly's shadow from behind a boulder near the trail, only three hundred feet ahead. He was in ambush, waiting for me! At the place where I left the trail to circle behind him, he had stopped and evidently surmised my movements. Turning in his tracks, he had come a short distance back on the trail and lain down behind the boulder to wait for me.

"I went on a few steps after discovering the grizzly, and he moved to keep out of sight. I edged toward a tall spruce, which I planned to climb if he charged, feeling safe in the knowledge that grizzlies cannot climb trees. Pausing by the spruce, I could see his silver-gray fur as he peered at me from behind the boulder, and as I moved farther away I heard him snapping his jaws and snarling as though in anger at being outwitted.

"Just what he would have done had I walked into his ambush can only be guessed. Hunters trailing a wounded grizzly have been ambushed and killed. But this grizzly had not even been shot at or harassed.

"Generally, when a grizzly discovers that he is followed, or even if he only thinks himself followed, he at once hurries off to some other part of his territory. But old Timberline, on finding himself followed, slipped round to follow me. Often a grizzly, if he feels he is not yet seen—that his move is unsuspected—will slip round to follow those who are trailing him. But in no other case that I know of has a bear lingered after he realized that he was seen. After Old Timberline discovered that I had circled behind him, he knew that I knew where he was and what he was doing.

"But instead of running away he came back along the trail to await my coming. What were his intentions? Did he intend to assault me, or was he overcome with curiosity because of my unusual actions and trying to discover what they were all about? I do not know. I concluded it best not to follow him farther, nor did I wish to travel that night with this crafty, soft-footed fellow in the woods. Going a short distance down among the trees, I built a rousing fire. Between it and a cliff I spent the night, satisfied that I had had adventure enough for one outing."

The Little Scotch Lad's Dream

ON a ledge on the north shore of Solway Firth, Scotland, a little twelve-year-old lad lay fast asleep one summer afternoon. And that little Scottish lad dreamed such an odd dream, of a great sea fight, in which he was captain of a ship, fighting hard. The oddest part of the dream was that his ship was not flying the English flag he had always known, but a red, white, and blue flag, the blue corner field holding a circle of stars. And that was a flag neither he nor any one else had ever seen. Lieutenant Pearson, the young man to whom he told his dream that day, said, "There's no such flag. But the rest of your dream may come true, some day."

The little Highland lad loved adventure, and longed for a sea life. Not many days after his dream, his chance came. John Paul and his father were caught out in a squall, and the boy brought the little fishing yawl safely into the harbor of his home town. A ship owner happened to be on the landing place, and, watching the struggle, was sure the boy could not win. The villagers told him that John Paul, though only a lad, knew as much about boats as a grown man. The ship owner admired the boy's seamanship,—for John Paul brought the boat in safely, as his father had known he would,—and at once asked him to go with him to Virginia, and the West Indies, as master's apprentice. A few days later the brig "Friendship" sailed for America, with little John Paul aboard.

In a few years he rose to be captain. And when the Concord shot was "heard round the world," Cap-

tain Jones, who loved America, and loved ships, offered his services in building a new navy. Congress was glad to get him, knowing that the captain had great nautical skill, and was very brave and courageous.

You remember how his ship, the "Bon Homme Richard," met and fought the British ship "Serapis," off the English coast. When the English captain surrendered his sword to the young American, Captain Jones looked sharply at him.

"Captain Pearson?" he asked. The other bowed his assent.

"I thought so. I am John Paul Jones, once the small John Paul of Arbigland in the Firth. Do you remember me?" And Pearson, the young lieutenant of the old days, did remember the little Scotch lad. And John Paul looked up at the flag that floated from his ship—the flag of thirteen red and white stripes, and a blue corner holding stars—the flag of his boyhood dream. The little Scotch lad, with his love of the sea, and filled with the daring spirit of his Highland ancestors, had become a great sea fighter. He is called the father of the American navy.—*Selected.*

BIOGRAPHICAL

He Was Called "A Wild Ass Man"

IT was the angel who called him by this name before he was born; who said to his mother, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Or as it is in the Revised Version, "He shall be as a wild ass among men;" or literally in the Hebrew, "A wild ass man," one who roams without settled habitation, as his descendants yet do in the deserts of Arabia.

He was something of a "black sheep" in the family of the "friend of God;" a sort of scapegrace from his youth up. He lived up to the prophecy made of him from the time he was old enough to begin his persecution of those who were better than he. When he was but thirteen years old, he mocked the infant Isaac and hurt the very heart of his old father Abraham. It is said, "He that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit."

His name by divine appointment was Ishmael—Heard of God. His mother was an Egyptian maid who joined herself to Abraham's household when they were driven by famine to visit the land of Ham where food was more plentiful. She was taken by Abraham, at the request of Sarah, to be an additional wife, and in due time the man of this sketch was born. Trouble started before the child was born, for the maid-wife soon began to sneer at the first wife because of her barrenness. Soon it became impossible for them to live in the same household in peace, so the maid left because Sarah "dealt hardly with her." She attempted to find her way back to her people, but soon fell exhausted by the wayside, where the angel met her again and sent her back to her home to remain in submission to her mistress.

She was at this time again encouraged concerning her unborn child, that he would become the father of a mighty nation. He was born in the home of Abraham, and all seemed to go well except that the father was concerned about Ishmael at an early age. His appeal to God, "O, that Ishmael might live before thee!" indicated his solicitude. But when Isaac was born, and the older lad mocked at the weaning festival, Sarah could not longer endure the lad and his mother. She demanded that they be sent away from the encampment; but Abraham refused to do this until God met him and told him to give them food and water and send them away. On their way, mother and son soon became tired and thirsty, and Hagar laid the exhausted lad under a shrub of the desert to die, and went away out of sight and hearing of the moaning boy as he lay dying of thirst in that deserted place. But as she waited in despair, God appeared unto her and showed her a well of water, and further encouraged her concerning the future of her son. After that, Josephus declares, they fell in with some roving shepherds and lived with them until the lad was old enough to shift for himself.

So his descendants increased and spread over the desert places of Arabia, and became the roving Arabs, or Bedouins, of the desert. One of this wild man's daughters married Esau, another "black sheep" of this family, from the red hills of Edom in Mt. Seir. This man's posterity ever held to Ishmael's God, and are yet circumcised at the age of thirteen as their father was, says Dr. Fausset, the great Bible historian. They never have been fully subjugated to other nations, but have lived like wild asses of the desert, where other men cannot live; literally, their hand against every man and every man's hand against them, because of their robberies and depredations against caravans passing through the desert. There is no good ending to this bad beginning, for the Ishmaelites have ever resisted the claims of Christianity, having long ago embraced the doctrine, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."



ABRAHAM SENDING HAGAR AWAY

Ishmael had more opportunities to know of God than most boys of his age. The angel spoke to him and his mother, and to his father about him. His father was known as the "friend of God," and Ishmael knew of the visions of his father before he left Ur of the Chaldees. He was there when the three angels visited the tent of his father in the plains of Mamre, and was there also when Abraham lifted his

eyes that morning towards Sodom and saw in the distant sky smoke rising like the smoke of a furnace. He was with his father when Abraham made a covenant with Jehovah by passing between the parts of a slain beast. In fact, he had unusual opportunities to know God and his plans, but he chose to be a persecutor of those who are born after the Spirit. And so it is even now; many who as youth had opportunity to be something, degenerate into "black sheep" and scapegraces of fine Christian families. They "bring down the gray hairs" of their father and mother "with sorrow to the grave." "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

Six Sons

1. A treacherous son.
2. A logical son.
3. A son that helps build homes.
4. A son you will find in church.
5. A son that once roamed the prairies.
6. A son that must be studied. — *Alma Sawyer.*

The Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for February 28

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "How to Meet Temptation."

The programs for today are sent forth with the prayer that they may point the way to the victorious life. That is the worth-while life. That is the life that holds power for withstanding temptation and power for doing exploits in Christian service.

It will be appreciated if those who have clean copies of the *Signs*, *INSTRUCTOR*, and *Our Little Friend* will send them to O. F. Sevrens, 707 Vermont Street, Manila, Philippine Islands.

Our Counsel Corner

If you were spending the night with friends, and they were determined that all should attend a movie or some other similar entertainment, and by refusing to go you would disappoint them, what should you do?

When the question of right and wrong is involved, friends and their opinions and feelings should receive only secondary consideration. While we dislike to hurt the feelings of others, they in turn should not wish to hurt our feelings by requesting us to do things that we believe to be wrong. The nature of the entertainment should first be considered, and if it is such that we cannot attend, there is but one thing to do, and that is to refuse. A young woman, whose relatives were Catholics, was invited to attend a Christmas Eve gathering. During the evening refreshments were served, including wine. Although she was the only one who declined to drink wine, she stood firmly for what she knew was right. Did she do right? Most assuredly. Do right at all times, regardless of the circumstances.

W. L. ADAMS,

M. V. Secretary of Southwestern Union.

Is it right for Adventist young people to attend Chautauquas?

There are Chautauquas and Chautauquas. Some of these are conducted in such a manner as to be above criticism. I do not think we can make distinctions between them merely on the name, but we must first determine the nature of the entertainment. Whether or not it is uplifting or degrading, profitable or unprofitable, should be the determining factor in the decision. While it is all right to take advantage of everything that will place us on vantage ground, we should be careful to weed out everything that is not above criticism.

The time of the meetings, the place, and the expense are also factors to be reckoned with in the decision. Will the meetings be held at a time when we have our church services or on Sabbath evening? Is the expense more than we are justified in spending for the amount of good to be obtained?

Having investigated these matters, the question should be settled upon the merits of the case.

W. L. ADAMS.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IX — The High Calling in Christ

(February 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Phil. 3: 8-14.

GOLDEN TEXT: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 13, 14.

Loss for Christ

1. What did Paul gladly lose for Christ? Phil. 3: 8. Note 1.
2. How did he regard the relative value of his loss and gain? Verse 8. Note 2.
3. What is a knowledge of Christ? John 17: 3.

Found in Christ

4. Where did Paul desire to be found? Phil. 3: 9, first part.
5. What righteousness did he regard as of no value? Verse 9, second part.
6. What righteousness did he seek for? Verse 6, last part. Note 3.

Knowing Christ

7. Whom did Paul desire to know? Verse 10, first part.
8. What experience comes with this knowledge of Christ? Verse 10, second and third parts.
9. How do we gain this experimental knowledge of Christ? Verse 10, last part. Note 4.

The Prize in Christ

10. To what did Paul long to attain in exchange for his "loss"? Verse 11. Note 5.
11. How did he regard his standard of attainment? Verse 12, first part.
12. How did he expect to gain perfection? Verse 12, last part.
13. What did he regard as essential to reaching the goal? Verse 13. Note 6.
14. How did he express his concentration of purpose? Verse 14.
15. What is the mark or goal or prize on which all his interests were focused? 2 Tim. 4: 8. Note 7.

Notes

1. Our lives are here compared to a great ledger account of losses and gains. God keeps this life account with each one of us. Paul thought his birth—the fact that he was of "the stock of Israel," his zeal for the law, his earnest service, his education as a Hebrew, were his *gains*. But when he caught a vision of the excellency of Jesus, his eyes were opened, and those things which before had appeared as gains, now appeared in their true light as disgusting refuse, and were all swept away as one great loss. The miserable Pharisee who lifted his eyes to heaven and thanked God that he was not as other men, counted his tithes paying, his fastings, his forms of worship, as gains. To these he clung, and so lost that which the penitent sinner found by faith in the mercy of Jesus.

Are we counting our birth,—the fact that our parents are Seventh-day Adventists,—our talents, our education in our own schools, even our untiring service for God, and our faithfulness in formal worship as *our gains*? If so, we need a vision like Paul's to reveal to us the utter lack of eternal value of anything and everything outside of "the excellency . . . of Christ." It is only as the merits of Jesus make even our most zealous devotion acceptable that it can be counted true "gain." In us alone there is no good thing. The life of Jesus must be imparted to us or we are as truly lost as is the vilest sinner.

2. Paul not only "counted" all things loss for Christ, but he actually lost them. He "suffered the loss." His vision of the surpassing excellence of Jesus gave him a true sense of the relative value of things temporal and things eternal. He saw all his "gain"—all the good things of his own righteousness as refuse, unclean, and loathsome. A "loss" is of something having value, but refuse is thrown away as not worthy of being any more touched or looked at. Paul eagerly—not mournfully or regretfully—cast away all things that he might "win" Christ. This, in the light of his heavenly vision, was indeed and in truth, gain.

3. It was Paul's one aim to have his life bound up with Christ's life. Righteousness which is "of the law" requires that the outward acts of the life be in harmony with the letter of the law; righteousness which is "of God by faith" reaches to the innermost thoughts and feelings, to the very

disposition, and requires that they be in perfect accord with the spirit of the law. Only Christ living in us by faith can perfectly keep the spirit of the law of God. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." A man who refrains from open murder, though harboring hateful feelings in his breast, feelings of anger with his brother, keeps the letter of the law; he has the righteousness "of the law,"—"the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees" (Matt. 5:20),—but he can "in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The righteousness "of God by faith" floods the soul with genuine love and sympathy for every one of God's creatures. This was the righteousness which Paul had experienced.

4. The power which raised Jesus from the dead is the same which raises believers from spiritual death now (Eph. 1:19, 20), and shall raise their bodies from literal death hereafter. Rom. 8:11.

If we enter into "the fellowship of his sufferings," we will gladly bear the cross whenever it is laid upon us. We will not say, "I pray thee, have me excused." If we are made "conformable unto his death," we shall daily bear the cross (Luke 9:23), and our lives being conformed unto his death will be transformed by his life.

5. The resurrection from "the rest of the dead," as the literal rendering gives this verse, refers to the first resurrection.

6. In verses 13 and 14, the Christian life is illustrated by a race course. He who wins in the race must keep his eye constantly on the goal, "looking unto Jesus" who is the author and finisher of our course. Looking back is sure to result in going back. "Remember Lot's wife." If in stemming a current we cease pulling the oar against it, we are carried back. Let our motto be, "This one thing I do."

7. The "prize" is the "crown of righteousness,"—"the crown of life,"—"the crown of glory that fadeth not away." God himself has given us the high and heavenly calling to win this prize; he will help us win it. Let us not disappoint him, though it cost all the refuse of this poor life of ours. The New Testament in Modern Speech gives Philipians 3:7-14 as follows:

"Yet all that was gain to me—for Christ's sake I have reckoned it loss.

"Nay, I even reckon all things as pure loss because of the priceless privilege of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord—and for his sake I have suffered the loss of everything, and reckon it all as mere refuse in order that I may win Christ and be found in union with him, not having a righteousness of my own, derived from the law, but that which arises from faith in Christ—the righteousness that comes from God through faith.

"I long to know Christ and the power which is in his resurrection, and to share in his sufferings and die even as he died; in the hope that I may attain to the resurrection from among the dead.

"I do not say that I have already won the race or have already reached perfection. But I am pressing on, striving to lay hold of the prize for which also Christ has laid hold of me.

"Brethren, I do not imagine that I have yet laid hold of it. But this one thing I do—forgetting everything which is past and stretching forward to what lies in front of me, with my eyes fixed on the goal I push on to secure the prize of God's heavenward call in Christ Jesus."

Intermediate Lesson

IX — The Woman of Samaria

(February 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4:1-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4:14.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 183-195.

PLACES: Judea; Samaria; Galilee; Sychar, thought to be the ancient Shechem between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; Pharisees; the woman of Samaria; the Samaritans.

Setting of the Lesson

The land of Palestine was divided into three parts. Judea was the southern portion, Samaria the middle, and Galilee the northern. To go from Judea to Galilee, Jesus must pass through Samaria. The Samaritans were a mixed race having descended from the remnant of Israel and the heathen who settled in Palestine after the Jews were carried to Babylon. The Samaritans offered to help rebuild the temple, but the Jews refused their help. The Samaritans then tried to hinder the work. Afterward they built a rival temple on Mt. Gerizim where they offered sacrifices as Moses had commanded, though they did not entirely give up idolatry.

"The Jews and the Samaritans were bitter enemies, and as far as possible avoided all dealing with each other. To trade with the Samaritans in case of necessity was indeed counted lawful by the rabbis; but all social intercourse with them was condemned. A Jew would not borrow from a

Samaritan, nor receive a kindness, not even a morsel of bread or a cup of water. The disciples, in buying food, were acting in harmony with the custom of their nation. But beyond this they did not go. To ask a favor of the Samaritans, or in any way seek to benefit them, did not enter into the thought of even Christ's disciples."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 185.

"Traverse the desert, and then you can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well.
Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth.
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,
But fiery thirst lives on to the last."

Questions

1. Why did Jesus leave Judea? Through what province of Palestine did he pass on his way to Galilee? John 4:1-3.

2. To what city in Samaria did Jesus come? Where did he sit to rest at noon? Verses 5, 6.

3. Who came to the well to draw water? Where had the disciples gone? What request did Jesus make of the woman? Verses 7, 8. Note 1.

4. How did the woman show her surprise at what Jesus asked? What strange reply did Jesus make? Verses 9, 10.

5. How did the woman's answer show that she did not understand the meaning of what Jesus had said? What questions did she ask? Verses 11, 12.

6. What did Jesus say was the difference between the water in the well and living water? Verses 13, 14.

7. What did Jesus really mean? Note 2.

8. For what did the woman then ask? Whom did Jesus tell her to call? What conversation then took place? Verses 15-18. Note 3.

9. Whom did the woman recognize Jesus to be? What question did she raise about the place of worship? Verses 19, 20. Note 4.

10. How did Jesus show that the place of worship was not important? How must God be worshiped? Verses 21-24.

11. For whom was the woman looking? Whom did Jesus say that he was? Verses 25, 26. Note 5.

12. When the disciples returned, what caused them to wonder? Where did the woman go? What did she say to her friends? What did the people do? Verses 27-30.

13. What did his disciples urge Jesus to do? What did he say? What did the disciples say to one another? What did Jesus say was as food to him? Verses 31-34.

14. To what harvest did Jesus call their attention? What grain was already ripe for the harvest? What reward will the reapers of this harvest have? Verses 35, 36.

15. What saying about the harvest is true? How would this be true in the work of the disciples? Verses 37, 38.

16. Whose words brought many Samaritans to believe on Jesus? What invitation was given to him? What did many more say? What did they know? Verses 39-42. Note 6.

Illustrations

How did Jesus illustrate the meaning of salvation?

How did he illustrate the work of saving souls?

How had he illustrated the work of the Holy Spirit in the life, when talking to another person?

Notes

1. "To offer a drink to the thirsty traveler was held to be a duty so sacred that the Arabs of the desert would go out of their way in order to perform it. The hatred between Jews and Samaritans prevented the woman from offering a kindness to Jesus; but the Saviour was seeking to find the key to this heart, and with the tact born of divine love, he asked, not offered, a favor."—"The Desire of Ages."

2. As water is necessary to life, so the "living water" which Jesus alone can supply is necessary to everlasting life. "He who seeks to quench his thirst at the fountains of this world, will drink only to thirst again. Everywhere men are unsatisfied. They long for something to supply the need of the soul. Only One can meet that want. The need of the world, 'the desire of all nations,' is Christ. The divine grace which he alone can impart, is as living water, purifying, refreshing, and invigorating the soul."—*Id.*, p. 187.

3. "The listener trembled. A mysterious hand was turning the pages of her life history, bringing to view that which she had hoped to keep forever hidden. Who was he that could read the secrets of her life? There came to her thoughts of eternity, of the future judgment, when all that is now hidden shall be revealed."—*Id.*, pp. 187, 188.

4. The temple which the Samaritans had built on Mt. Gerizim had been destroyed by their enemies. But they would not acknowledge the temple at Jerusalem to be of God.

5. "The Samaritans believed that the Messiah was to come as the Redeemer, not only of the Jews, but of the world. The Holy Spirit through Moses had foretold him as a prophet sent from God."—*Id.*, pp. 192, 193.

6. "As soon as she had found the Saviour, the Samaritan woman brought others to him. She proved herself a more effective missionary than his own disciples. The disciples saw nothing in Samaria to indicate that it was an encouraging field. Their thoughts were fixed upon a great work to be done in the future."—*Id.*, p. 194.

Too Busy

Too busy to read the Bible,
Too busy to wait and pray,
Too busy to speak out kindly
To some one by the way!
Too busy with care and struggle
To think of the life to come,
Too busy building mansions
To plan for the heavenly home!

Too busy to help a brother
Who faces the winter blast,
Too busy to share his burden
When self in the balance is cast!
Too busy for all that is holy
On earth beneath the sky,
Too busy to serve the Master,
But — not too busy to die!

— Robert Hare.

To Missionary Volunteer Officers

TO all the officers of Missionary Volunteer Societies everywhere, Greeting:

The Lord has called you to an important work, the possibilities of which are limited only by your vision, your ability, and your consecration. When your term is out, may it be said of you as it was of Moses, that you were *faithful*.

God does not require you to do just what some one else has done, but he requires you to do your best. And that *may* be better than the work of some other whose standard you desire to reach.

A leader, writing a very earnest appeal for help, says:

"I am very anxious to get all the helps I can for the officers and band leaders as well as for myself. My chief desire is that we shall be very spiritual. There are forty-seven members in the society. I am most anxious that this year shall be a grand success in every way. It is my purpose to follow out the advice and plans as closely as possible, that are outlined in the new book, 'Missionary Volunteers and Their Work.'"

If all our leaders have the ambition, the determination, and the consecration of this young woman, I am sure we shall see great things accomplished in 1920.

M. E. KERN.

Democrat or Snob?

WE are coming to estimate people by what they are and what they can do, rather than by what they have, and this is making for a higher plane of sympathy and good will," says Mr. F. B. Pearson.

If we are really doing this commendable thing, we may well congratulate ourselves; but it is evident that the true democratic principle has not been imbibed by us all.

Only recently I heard of two Sabbath school girls who quite ignored another girl in their class just because she did not come up to their idea of fastidiousness. The two are attractive girls; but this spirit is far from being a commendable asset. It is rather a decided discredit to them. On their own account they can ill afford to cultivate such a spirit toward any one. They should the rather make special effort to be friendly and kind, thus helping to lead the less fortunate, if so she be, on to better things; and this very effort will beautify and strengthen their own characters.

But it is not at all improbable that the quiet, unpretentious girl may really possess finer qualities of mind and spirit than either of the girls who are inclined to slight her; and that this spirit in years to come may give her precedence over them. Let us be democratic and not snobbish. A "snob" is even more ugly in

character than the word is in sound. A friendly, generous spirit toward all with whom we associate is worthy of cultivation, however high the price one has to pay to gain it.

F. D. C.

Three Means of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth

AS we try to become acquainted with our heavenly Father through *his word*, angels will draw near, our minds will be strengthened, our characters will be elevated and refined. We shall become more like our Saviour."

"And as we behold the beautiful and grand in nature, our affections go out after God. While the spirit is awed, the soul is invigorated by coming in contact with the Infinite through his works.

"Communion with God through *prayer* develops the mental and moral faculties, and the spiritual powers strengthen as we cultivate thoughts upon spiritual things."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 71.

Let us all seek during 1920 to make the most of each of these means of mental and spiritual growth.

Vienna's Low Estate

A RECENT ISSUE of the Washington *Herald* gives the following glimpse of Vienna's tragic situation at the holiday season:

"An epidemic of typhus and scurvy has broken out here, adding to the terrors of famine and freezing cold. Slowly but surely this city—once one of the gayest capitals of Europe—is being depopulated.

"As the new year approaches, the remaining population sees nothing but the grim specter of death hovering over it like a menacing, black cloud.

"The Christmas dinner of ninety per cent of the population consisted of sour cabbage and a few crusts of moldy bread. Not five per cent of the people tasted meat.

"Dogs and cats are rapidly disappearing from private houses and are being eaten. Horseflesh is considered a delicacy to be enjoyed only by the rich. A widespread crime wave is accompanying the other dreadful horrors to which the capital is subjected. Frantic appeals are being sent to the outside world to give aid, for it is feared that the city will be a vast graveyard by spring unless help is forthcoming."

Things Never Wasted

I KNOW that love is never wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer,
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing,
Must live, as a joy in the air.

— Lucy Larcom.

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