

The *INSTRUCTOR*

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No. 18



Photo by Lloyd E. Smith

HALF DOME AND THE MERCED RIVER — YOSEMITE

From Here and There

About 900,000 barrels of oil are produced daily from the leading oil fields of the United States.

The Democratic convention is to hold its regular meeting on June 28, in San Francisco, California.

In order to meet the demands of scientists for beautiful insects, a farmer in France has started a butterfly ranch. Caterpillar cocoons are taken from the trees and confined in little wire cages in which the butterflies emerge.

A buried Eskimo village has been discovered in the northern part of Alaska, and the frozen bodies of eighty of the prehistoric inhabitants found in the ruins. The bodies differ from those of the modern Esquimos, especially in the shape of the head.

The largest check ever drawn in the United States amounted to \$2,648,349,171.53. This was signed by Secretary of the Treasury Glass, and went to balance up the accounts of indebtedness, but did not leave the treasury. The largest outgoing check was a loan to Great Britain of \$200,000,000.

Secretary Redfield walked into the White House the other day, wearing a neat, easy-fitting pair of shoes made out of the skin of a shark. They can be manufactured for one half the cost of calfskin shoes. The world is looking to the sea for help in materially reducing the cost of footwear.

On account of the destruction and the use of so many materials, in Great Britain, bricks have been demanded faster than the orders can be filled. Two billion more than the annual output at present are called for. In order to meet the demand for building, contractors are turning their attention to stucco.

"Are American children heathen?" Most persons would answer, No. Yet out of the 25,000,000 children in our country under twelve years of age, 12,000,000 have received absolutely no religious instruction. The majority of these do not come from the slums either, but from the best avenues of our cities. Is it not time for American parents to awake to the God-given responsibility of imparting to their children religious instruction? The church cannot bear the whole responsibility.

A wingless flier which is operated by its propeller alone has been perfected by two New York scientists, Prof. Francis B. Crocker and Dr. Peter Cooper Hewitt. The propeller of this "helicopter," has a diameter of fifty-one feet, and is placed on top of the machine. The four blades are fashioned of thin aluminum to secure lightness and strength, and move at a speed of only a hundred turns a minute. It requires no preliminary run, but can rise straight up and descend with utmost deliberation. Because of the slow movement of the propeller, the machine is inaudible at a little distance, and because of its fine network of aluminum, it is invisible also. It is declared to be much safer than the ordinary airplane.

Florida is now developing the greatest phosphate mines on the earth, as shown by Government figures. It is producing 52 per cent of the world's supply and 82 per cent of the American supply. The great phosphate beds underlying almost the entire surface of the State, are one of the reasons for the exceptional productivity of the Florida soil. It was not until two years ago, however, when the need of phosphate for fertilizer became paramount, that the fields in Florida began to be developed, and not until then was it discovered that Germany, with her wonderful trade foresight, had control of some of the best mines in the vicinity of Tampa; but the Custodian of Alien Enemy Property quickly relieved Germany of all responsibility in the further development of these mines.

Study and Health

HOW am I to get the most good from my studies, and at the same time keep myself in health?" once inquired a young, enthusiastic college student who had just entered one of our schools. Filled with youthful vigor, he sought with all his heart to obtain an education which would fit him for an active part in the work of God. To him, therefore, this question was of vital importance; and so it is to every Seventh-day Adventist young man or woman.

To us God has committed the sacred responsibility of keeping our mental faculties and physical powers in the best condition possible. Shall we be true to this sacred trust, or shall we, like so many thousands before us, spend our energies in developing and building up the mental powers and wilfully neglect and ruin the equally important physical nature?

What a tragedy for men of giant intellect and brilliant attainments to fail in health just as they reach the age of greatest usefulness! Not a few of our most gifted men are compelled all too early to lay down the work in which they are so greatly needed, because they neglected to obey the laws of their physical nature during the early years at college.

Seventh-day Adventist colleges, above all others, should send forth men of sound health, who are capable of enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. This is to be done by allowing the physical and mental powers to develop together; by uniting with close mental effort a certain amount of invigorating exercise. In other words, let the body and the mind be educated together.

Not only in nature, but in revelation, also, God has made known to us this divine plan in education. Man is so constituted that the slightest change in the condition of the body produces an immediate and powerful effect upon the brain. Can a man think with a gnat in his eye, or reason while the nerve of a tooth is twinging? Can he concentrate his mental powers when his stomach is nauseated, or when his lungs are oppressed and laboring? or give wing to his imagination when shivering with cold or fainting with heat?

One has well said of the body, "It is the mind's reflector; if bright, it flashes day; if dull, it diffuses twilight. It is the mind's servant; if robust, it moves with swift pace; if a cripple, it hobbles on crutches.

"We attach infinite value to the mind, and justly; but it is good for nothing without the body. Can a man think without the brain? Can he move without

(Concluded on page fourteen)

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My Visit to Yosemite

HAROLD GRAINGER BURDEN

THE first thrill of the trip came when at two o'clock in the morning we climbed into the old Overland and headed south. As we wound out from the sleeping city, sped through the suburbs, and gained speed on the highway, even the old engine seemed anxious to reach the mountains. Little did it realize what a time it would have, and we too, with those same mountains before we could reach the valley of our dreams, the Yosemite.

We were five boys, and with our bedding and camping outfits the car looked like a prairie schooner. Daylight found us, some sleeping, some eating, but all dreaming, and the smooth pavement, like a ribbon, still flying past us. Twice we stopped for fuel and then were off again. The foothills were in sight.

Town after town came into view and disappeared as quickly till the last had been passed, and now we were really climbing. The smooth pavement was gone, and we were following a dusky chalk line winding in and out among the hills, but always coming nearer to our goal. "Ninety miles to Camp Yosemite"—then eighty, then seventy-five, and then seventy-two—the miles were growing longer and one mile seemed five, yet we kept going.

Now we were buried in the woods and could not see where we were going; the road signs still urged us on, but the hills defiantly said "No." The old engine hesitated for the first time, but four of us got out and walked on. Taking courage, the cylinders coughed, and the car started on. Hour after hour passed, and the miles crawled slowly by.

It was well past dinner time. We had just pushed the sputtering car up a three-mile stretch of dust and ruts, and we lay scattered about under the trees, too hot and tired even to eat. Just before us, not one hundred feet from the hardest pull of the climb, the road started down, and it went down, and down, and down; we could see the unmistakable chalk line on the very bed of the valley, a thousand or two feet below, and worse—where it started up the other side. Well, we kept going the rest of the day, and night found us still thirty miles from Yosemite. We slept the sleep

of the weary—too tired to dream or worry—but morning found us full of courage.

Thrills had long been forgotten when, late the second day, we reached the top of the last grade, and suddenly some such sensation went through us as the chill that precedes the fever. Truly we had the fever,—the fever of Yosemite,—for just before us our dreams had come true. Tired? Sorry? Not for a moment!

"That's Half Dome," said one.

"No, it isn't. Half Dome is over there."

"O sure! then this is El Capitan."

"Oh, there's Bridal Veil!" said another.

That was the second thrill of the trip, but it was just a beginning of thrills, lesser thrills perhaps, but none of them to be forgotten.

Once we were in the valley, the days went fast, but each was full of interest. We made our camp with another boy from Pacific Union College, and really, camp was one of the best places in the valley, especially so at mealtime and bedtime. It was right on the bank of the Merced River, and was surrounded by rocks and trees that nearly hid it from sight. Just



Photo by Lloyd E. Smith

"GATES OF THE YOSEMITE"

to the north the perpendicular sides of Washington Column rise two thousand feet above the floor of the valley; and, half a mile to the south, three thousand two hundred fifty feet above us, is Glacier Point and the overhanging rock we had all heard of. This was the first place we planned to visit.

The second morning three of us rolled up our blankets, with some food, a camera, and a canteen of water, and were off. We were soon at the foot of the ledge trail to Glacier Point. According to the guidebook it was a mile and a half to the top. That may have been right, but what we noticed most was the fact that in that mile and a half we climbed two thirds of a mile up. It took a long hour to cover that mile and a half of zigzagging up the face of that rock, and our twenty-five-pound packs pulled back like fifty, long before the top was in sight.

But we were soon enjoying the beautiful panorama from the top. From every new viewpoint the valley presented more beauties and surprises. Here at our

feet lay the valley floor. Trees looked like splashes of dark green on the pale green of the meadow, automobiles seemed no larger than ladybirds, and people — when we could see them — were just dark specks on the white network of paths. Directly across the valley flows one of the greatest waterfalls in the world. The Yosemite Fall consists of two vertical falls separated by a six-hundred-foot cascade. The total height of the fall is over twenty-five hundred feet. The upper fall alone drops for twelve hundred feet, and at times the sheet of water is three hundred feet wide where it strikes the rocks.

Over to the right, Half Dome towers nearly a mile above the valley, and below it, farther to the right, Nevada and Vernal Falls sparkle in the sunlight, scarcely seeming six hundred and four hundred feet in height at this distance. It was there we planned to spend the night.

After eating a bite and taking some pictures, we started on, and in a few hours we were above Nevada Fall. First we found a place to camp, for we were a bit tired, and hungry as well. I was cook that trip, and soon had the fire built and the pot boiling. Then I started to make the flapjacks. In the meantime two jays had found me and were scolding at the top of their voices. Perhaps it was because I was feeding the chipmunks that were running around and over my knees. The animals in any part of the valley have little fear of man. Supper over and the plans laid for the next day, we had a cold plunge and a hot bonfire, and then went to bed. It was too cold to sleep comfortably, but we lived through the night, and were ready for an early breakfast and the climb to the top of Half Dome.

Leaving our packs in the brush near the top of the fall, we started up the trail leading to the foot of Half Dome. The miles went by almost unnoticed as the path wound in and out among the trees,— now by the



Photo by Lloyd E. Smith

NEVADA FALLS, 594 FEET HIGH

river, and now crawling over and around boulders. In two hours we were at the beginning of the bare rock dome, which has until last year been but little climbed. Now steps have been cut into the rock for some distance, and the last part of the climb is made possible by two steel cable railings by which we pulled ourselves up the sixty-five per cent incline to the top.

The top of Half Dome affords the grandest view of the valley, and Half Dome itself is the most awe-inspiring object in Yosemite. One feels lost, standing as it were between heaven and earth, and yet on the solid, motionless rock. Great slabs of rock jut out fifteen or twenty feet beyond the perpendicular face of the dome, where one can lie and drop stones, watching them till they disappear from sight in the chasm below. Mirror Lake is just a splash of water on the green carpet, and the river is nothing but a raveling of silk thread. Even Glacier Point seems half lost. Only Cloud's Rest and the high Sierras are above us.

So the days flew by, and when we looked back as the receding mountains hid the valley of our dreams, we could still see it all with our mind's eye — the picture had come to stay.

Rubbing Off Corners in South America

BEAR and forbear are the two pets that are necessary in every household, if all goes well, and if they are necessary in the home they most assuredly are necessary for the young people who, leaving their homes and all dear to them, go to strange lands to cope with the difficulties that are sure to confront them. The missionary has to bear and also forbear many things that in our good old U. S. A. would not come into his experience.

Children and young people in all countries are taught to believe that their country with its customs is greater than all others; and, just as a youngster is ready to fight because another disputes the superiority

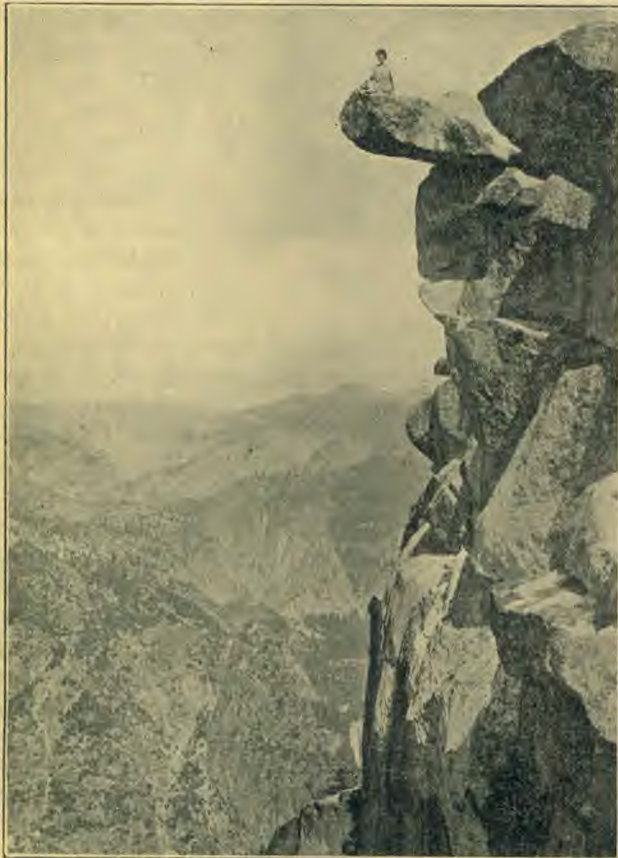


Photo by Lloyd E. Smith

OVERHANGING ROCK AT GLACIER POINT, 3,250 FEET ABOVE THE VALLEY

of his father, so most people are ready to defend their country with its practices. We cannot blame them.

Not being able to converse for a time after landing in a foreign field is providential in most cases, for during this time of apparent uselessness one has time to study the people for whom one is to work; and, thus acquainting himself with them, he possibly saves himself from many embarrassing experiences.

After nearly two years in South America I learned why a certain person had treated me rather coolly. Upon meeting this person shortly after landing, it seems that in the course of our conversation, I had remarked something about what we as young people in the States can do. It seems that I had said that "what our young people here need is push, or some one to lead them." My saying this caused a barrier to come between us, and only after a talk some two years later did I learn what the cause had been.

During these two years I found more than once that if one cannot say that the subject or object in question is better than, or equal to, what we have at home, it is better to keep quiet. We also find that here it is appreciated when the "gringos," as we the foreigners are called, leave off as far as possible the little things that distinguish between us and them. We find that the best thing to do when an important North American holiday comes along is to keep quiet and let the natives take the initiative in the celebration. The following is an example:

Here in Chile the teachers and students know what the Fourth of July means to the North American. The principal of the school did not make the announcement that because it was the Fourth there would be a holiday. No, he has learned to keep quiet on such occasions. We had our study periods as usual, and to all appearances the school would be in session the same as on other days. However, early in the morning we were forcibly reminded that there was to be a celebration. How the students did sing the "Star-Spangled Banner." How well they related to us the history of the Boston Tea Party and other incidents in connection with the great War of Independence! It made me think, as I listened, "Would I have done as much for them had I been in my native land and they the foreigners in ours? As I see the great store of sympathy that they have, and the patience that they manifest during the years that we necessarily have to mutilate their beautiful language, I thank God that he has given them those necessary pets, bear and forbear.

NELS JOHNSON.

How God Speaks

GOD'S methods in the conversion of the youth are seldom the same in different individuals. He uses the best plan that will meet the needs of the occasion. Many times we speak of the miraculous dealings with the patriarchs of old and forget the miracles God performed when he called us to be his followers. The call given to Abraham was no more wonderful than the one he makes today. In the following experiences we may glimpse the love and tenderness of God:

Won by a Mother's Prayer

"I was a young girl with only sixteen years of life's experiences. The desire of my life was to have a good time. The pleasure that appealed to me as being good was dancing. I craved it more than any other thing in the world. Often would I engage in it, though I knew that it was against my parents' wishes. My mother and father were godly people and their influence was

the best that they could make it, but still it did not have any apparent effect upon my life.

"One morning, after a night of reveling in this favorite pleasure of mine, I was sitting at the breakfast table, feeling tired and worn. My eyes were dull and my head was heavy. It seemed as if all strength had left me, and I was a physical wreck. Presently my mother came and took her accustomed place at the table. I could see by her countenance that something was worrying her. Finally, with tears in her eyes, she burst forth and said, 'O darling, why don't you stop? You are killing yourself, and losing your soul for the life to come.' The only reply that I could make was, 'Don't be so foolish, mother;' but I knew I was wrecking my life both spiritually and physically.

"Several hours later, while I was doing as much of the morning work in the kitchen as I had strength to do, I heard a voice in the little room in the attic. There was something about that voice that could not but attract me. I opened the stairway door quietly and listened with an attentive ear. There was something about those words that I shall never forget. My mother was praying for me, and the thing that sank deep upon my heart was a conviction of wrong, while I heard these words, 'O God, save my only child from destruction!' That was enough to melt a heart of stone. As soon as she returned to the kitchen, I ran to her and threw my arms around her neck, and said, 'Mother, I am going to give my heart to God this morning.' It was that mother's prayer that saved me from the paths of the wicked."

That there is power in persevering prayer we must believe. That early home training exerts a mighty influence is equally true.

The Broken Promise

"The thrill of the stage was my delight. It had been my ambition to study along this line and eventually become a famous actress. Day after day I would sit by the front window and dream of conquests to come. I was dazed to all about me. Nothing could satisfy my soul so much as one of the latest magazines or papers on theatrical plays. Every opportunity that presented itself for me to attend one of these places of amusement, was grasped.

"One day a young man, a friend of mine, came, and requested me to accompany him to a certain play. This I consented to do, unknown to my mother. As we were leaving the house, my mother made the request that I should not attend any theater. This I promised by replying, 'Why, surely, I won't do that!' However, at the same time, I intended to break my word. There was one thing that we were taught at home, and that was never to break a promise. But this promise was one that I broke, and I was very uneasy about it all through the program.

"On my return home I quietly went to bed, but a deep sense of guilt did not permit me to get much sleep that night. I thought of the terrible lie that I had told. 'A lie! A lie!' I continually turned it over in my mind. As soon as morning came, I immediately proceeded to find the dearest one on earth to me and confess the wrong. A willing and ready forgiveness was waiting for me, and she told me that she had earnestly prayed that I would give up that one desire and surrender my heart to God. She asked me if I did not think the time had come when that should be done? I replied that I thought it had. It was at that moment I made the great decision of my life, one of consecration to God and his service."

Many times it takes hardships and privations to bring us to a realization of our duty to God. It was so with a young man who had hired out to work in a small logging mill in one of the Northern States. He says:

"It was my job to fire the boilers and look after all the needed repairs about the machinery. One day one of the pieces on the carrier broke and caused all work to cease for several weeks. New parts were immediately ordered. After waiting for some time, news was received that the necessary repairs had arrived, and that they were at the freight depot. It fell to my lot to go after them, as I understood about them better than any one else.

"Hitching the light team to the sleigh, I started out to make the trip. The morning was bright and clear, and to all appearances was an ideal day for such a trip. I arrived at the depot, obtained what I had come for, and started on my return. After traveling three or four miles it began to snow, with a little wind in the north. I knew that at such times of the year there was danger of blizzards. This happened to be one of those dreaded snowstorms. It became so cold and blinding that the horses were not able to keep the road or to face the storm. Being compelled to stop, I dug a great cave in the snow in order to shelter myself and the horses.

"The day wore on, and still the storm grew worse and worse. It grew dark, and became colder and

colder. After several hours of biting weather it seemed as if every muscle and tissue in my body was frozen. I clapped my hands together to keep them warm. Finally, thrusting them down in the pockets of my inside coat, I fumbled across a piece of paper. I drew it out and opened it to see what it was. It was a small tract that had been sent me by a friend, which after receiving I had put in my pocket, forgetting it until this time. I had nothing to do but to read the article and think. Most of it was torn and unreadable. But the words that stayed by me were, 'The Lord is thy help in every time of trouble.' I was in trouble, and at that time sent my prayer to God that he would deliver me from the cold — my first real prayer.

"After fifteen hours of waiting and watching, for I did not dare to go to sleep, the storm lulled enough to enable me to proceed on my journey. I drove fast, and when I arrived at the barn door, flung the lines on the ground, calling for one of the men to come and unhitch for me. I ran to the house to warm my frozen hands and feet. I decided that that was the last day on the job. I left soon after that, and made my way to one of our academies which some months before my parents had tried to persuade me to attend. It was through the reading of that tract that I became interested, and by its help I was led to take the step that I have taken in the Christian pathway."

HOWARD K. HALLIDAY.

The Value of a Man

W. A. JOHNSON

ACCORDING to one way of looking at it, a man is worth about \$3.50 a day from his shoulders down, and anywhere from \$25,000 to \$1,000,000 a year from his shoulders up. This may be said to be the estimate of the average successful business man.

The scientist, however, looks at the question from another viewpoint. According to him a human being weighing 150 pounds is worth \$9.73 in terms of its constituent elements. For illuminating purposes a man is valued at \$2.45, since he contains 3,500 cubic feet of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, which at 70 cents a 100 cubic feet equals the foregoing price. Also a man contains enough carbon to make 9,360 lead pencils; enough phosphorus to make 800,000 matches, or enough to kill 500 persons; enough magnesium to make a pretty fire display, and enough water to fill a thirty-eight quart reservoir. The fat on a man is worth \$2.10, and there is sufficient lime to whitewash a good-sized chicken house. The average human body contains enough albumen for 100 eggs. The body is seasoned with about two cents' worth of salt.

Furthermore, it makes no difference how sour a man may look, he contains about sixty lumps of sugar. There is also a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, sulphur, and hydrochloric acid in his system. There are fifty grains of iron in the blood of an ordinary man, enough to make a nail of sufficient size to hold his weight. Of such material is our clay compounded.

But the value of a man does not consist in his physical composition, nor do we believe that man's value can be expressed in dollars and cents. It is not what he has or even what he does that expresses his worth, but what he is. When Cyrus, the conqueror of Babylon, was asked, "What is the great thing to learn in life?" he replied, "To tell the truth." Sometimes it

requires real courage and true greatness to tell the truth, but the greatest homage we can pay to truth is always to use it. A message which Frederick of Prussia sent to the senate of his country read, "I have just lost an important battle, and it was entirely my own fault." This simple confession of truth evidenced a higher degree of greatness than all the victories which he ever won on the field of battle.

Truth is the foundation of all the knowledge that is worth while, and it is the cement which binds nations together. It is not the army, commerce, or law, that holds a nation together, but the truth that is in the hearts, minds, and deeds of its people. The fact that one man could not be bought from his high ideals of truth and right even by a king, made the United States possible. In colonial days, when General Reed was president of our Congress, the British commissioners tempted him with ten thousand guineas to betray his country and become false to his trust. General Reed replied: "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!" We may not be a great politician, a great lawyer, a great minister, or attain marked success along any line of worldly pursuit, but we can always be a man. As Garfield expressed it: "I mean to make myself a man, and if I succeed in that, I should succeed in everything else."

Men are not to be valued by their looks, habits, or appearance, but by the character of their lives and conversation. Neither should money be a consideration in placing valuations. Two citizens were courting the daughter of Themistocles. The father advised her to marry the poor man, saying: "You had better marry a man without money, than money without the man."

When a man enters the business world, hoping to achieve success, he must make truth and honesty his principal stock in trade. It has been affirmed that if all the lies told across the counters of mercantile houses were laid upon the shelves, there would be no room for the display of goods. This cannot be true; it is at least a gross exaggeration. It is honest statement and square dealing that makes commercial houses possible. The wicked may spread himself "like a green bay tree" for a season, but he will soon "pass away" and "not be found." A young man once said to his friends, "I am tired and ashamed of lying, in the shoe store where I am employed. I intend to quit now and start a store of my own and see if I can by honest dealing make a living. Will you patronize me?"

"Most certainly we will patronize you," was the reply. Today that man manages one of the largest institutions of its kind, and its patrons are numbered by thousands.

Some years ago there was employed in an Irish linen factory a little red-headed boy. One day the superintendent received an order for ninety yards of a certain grade of linen. It was found that there were three yards less than the desired quantity in the factory. The superintendent proposed by a process of wetting, to stretch the linen to the requisite length. Preparing the linen, he took hold of one end, and directing the lad to take hold of the other end, said, "Adam, the linen is too short, it must be stretched; pull, Adam." The boy replied, "I'll not pull. I'll not make the linen lie!" The little fellow was ordered out of the factory with the words, "You are a fool. You'll never make a linen manufacturer." True, he never did become a linen manufacturer, but by resisting this temptation to "make the linen lie," he laid the foundation of future greatness. He became one of the world's greatest commentators on the Bible. This red-headed boy was Adam Clark.

Every one desires to have truth on his side, but not every one sincerely wishes to be on the side of truth. To believe and live the truth may lead away from the traditions and doctrines of men, but it will assuredly conduct one to the throne of God.

Fred's Conversion

THE parents of Fred and Gustave, who lived in Germany, had decided that their boys should go to America, that wonderful country where so many had made their fortunes. At that time Fred was sixteen years old and his brother almost two years younger.

They had corresponded with their uncle in a metropolis of the Middle West, and he promised the parents to help the boys get a start.

Uncle had been looking for the boys for about three weeks, wondering why they did not come. But early one morning in the delightful month of lilacs, they made their appearance.

Both boys were full of ambition to make good, and they had healthy, robust constitutions to back up their strong desire.

First they tried their fortune in the city, but soon discovered that the city was not to their liking. Then their uncle helped them to get a job on a prosperous farm. That was just what they wanted—plenty of good hard work, and an abundance of invigorating, fresh air.

Meanwhile their uncle prayed for their spiritual needs. Once or twice he told them of the wonderful

truth that had enriched his life, but they were much more interested in raising wheat and corn, buying automobiles, and so on.

After about two years their uncle lost his family, and consequently felt the need of company, so he asked Fred to stay with him for a few months. During the winter months many farmers of the Middle West are not very busy, so Fred was able to accept his uncle's invitation.

On his arrival he announced that he must be back on the eighteenth of January, which would give him a stay of a little more than two months with his uncle.

Everything went on finely, except that Fred could not find a job at any price, to the great surprise of both. He wanted to work and earn money while staying with his uncle. After a few days he became lonesome for want of something to do. His uncle had a few books, such as "Daniel and the Revelation," "The Great Controversy," and "Steps to Christ."

"Fred, why don't you read while you wait?" suggested his uncle.

"I might just as well," and so Fred began to read his uncle's entire library. Soon his interest deepened in those heavenly messages to Daniel and St. John. He also attended Sabbath school, since he had nothing else to do. Day after day he would read diligently those truth-laden pages of prophecy, and of the compassion and love of God, in "Steps to Christ."

"Well, what do you think of what you have read, Fred?" asked his uncle one day.

"Oh, it is pretty good!" answered Fred.

"Do you believe that the seventh day, or Saturday, is the Sabbath of God?" asked his uncle.

"It looks that way."

"Would you not like to keep the Sabbath as God requires?"

"Not now; I promised my boss to come back, and he would not think much of my Christianity if I should break my word."

"Should you not obey God before man?"

"I simply cannot do it," said Fred.

The eighteenth of January drew nearer and the last prayer meeting on Wednesday evening was at hand.

"I suppose you want to attend the prayer meeting tonight, Fred?"

"Yes, I might just as well."

The Scripture reading for the evening happened to be—but shall I say happened? No, I believe God put it into the heart of the leader to read Revelation 3:14-22. "Unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot; I would thou wert cold or hot."

The Spirit of God had his way in Fred's heart during the reading of the word, for when the time came to testify to the love and goodness of God, he gave his heart wholly to his Saviour. His emotions almost prevented his speaking; but his testimony was registered in heaven.

After the meeting he went out and had a little meeting alone with God. Many things were settled in a few moments. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The Spirit of God did for Fred in a few moments what the words and arguments of man could not do.

An hour after the prayer meeting, Fred sent a telegram to his employer, telling him that he would not return to work.

Then Fred said to his uncle: "I want you to forgive me, uncle, and if I may, I want to stay with you and do the best I can to help you in your business."

"Forgiving you," said the uncle, "is a thing of the past. As for staying with me, you are the most welcome guest I could have." CHARLES CHRISTIAN.

The Empire of the West

CALIFORNIA, the great imperial commonwealth of the Far West, is known throughout the world as a land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers; a land whose mountains hide all the treasures of mineral wealth, whose streams wash down golden sands, whose forests produce an endless variety and quantity of building material, and whose valleys produce everything that is good to taste and see.

It is an empire of itself, protected on every side by nature's barriers of mountain, sea, and desert. Something of its size can be realized when we know that the seven States of New York, Ohio, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New Jersey could be comfortably placed within its borders.

Probably the most attractive feature of California is its delightful and varied climate, for here is found the climate of every country in one. We may dwell in the eternal snows of the Alps, and in a few hours be famishing on a second Sahara. We may dwell in a land of ferns and palms, bananas and dates; or, traveling a little to the northwest, find ourselves by the cooling ocean side; or, perhaps farther north, where the changing seasons are more distinct, where spring, summer, autumn, and winter are felt in all their fulness of delight.

It is this variety of climate, this long stretch north and south, that makes California the garden of the world; for here can be grown the fruits and flowers, grains and nuts, of every land. As we view the rice fields of the Sacramento Valley, we almost imagine ourselves in the Orient; or when passing by the fields of snowy cotton balls, imagine we hear the hum of old Southern plantation songs. But when we come to groves of dates, palms, and bananas, we really wonder whether we are in an oasis of the Sahara or in some tropical isle of the Pacific.

Southern California is the land of the orange and the lemon, and thousands of carloads are gathered from the beautiful groves and shipped away every year. Here also is the largest olive grove, where 100,000 trees covering 2,000 acres, yield annually a million gallons of oil and one and one-half million gallons of ripe olives. There are vineyards covering thousands of acres, and walnut groves, beautiful to behold. From the Imperial Valley are shipped annually over 5,000

carloads of cantaloupes, besides watermelons, winter melons, and casabas.

Going north, we come to the land of the table grape, whence 16,358 carloads of Flaming Tokays, Muscats, and other varieties are sent to Eastern markets yearly; besides the great quantities used in the raisin industry. These great valleys also produce rich harvests of grain, alfalfa, sugar beets, beans, hops, and all manner of vegetables and flowers. Still farther north we find ourselves in far-reaching orchards of peaches, prunes, apricots, pears, plums, nectarines, apples, cherries, figs, and every kind of berry. Many of these fruits are shipped, either raw or dried, to less favored States by the thousand carloads. California also leads as a honey maker, there being 6,870 apiaries, which produce 8,900,000 pounds of sweetness a year.

Besides the ordinary stock farms, poultry farms, etc., we may visit silk farms, pigeon farms, ostrich farms, and alligator farms, all commercial and profitable.

But California is more than a land of plenty: it is favored with many natural curiosities; indeed, it is a veritable wonderland. We need only to mention the Yosemite Valley, or the forests where are found the oldest living things on earth — the giant Sequoias, whose massive trunks, over one hundred feet around at the base, continue to send the sap four hundred feet where it still supplies life and creates beauty. Here also are the highest and lowest points in the United States, strangely placed not more than fifty miles apart. From the burning sands of Death Valley, two hundred feet below the sea, one can see

the eternal snows of Mt. Whitney rising 14,500 feet.

Not content, however, with exclusive wonders, California seems to have selfishly imitated almost every other wonder known. It has its own Gibraltar, guarding one of the most famous bays in the world. It has its own Vesuvius, which spits forth fire and growls out "Lassennie" curses. It has its miniature Yellowstone, where California's mud has been boiling for centuries, but never gets done, and where the safety valve of the underworld is released and the pressure of ages is set free; also its own petrified forests, where giant redwoods lie as great stone monuments pointing to antediluvian days. It has its own Geneva — Lake Tahoe, nestled one mile high among California's Alps, which rise 5,000 and 10,000 feet above it. It owns its own weird Garden of the Gods in its Pinnacles; its own Royal Gorge in the Kings River Valley; its own Venice and Genoa in the beautiful towns of the south; its own Appian Ways stretching over 10,000 miles; its own Nile and Euphrates, which make the valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin even as "the garden of God."

J. HENRY WHITE.



Photo by Lloyd E. Smith

LAKE TAHOE AND HIGH SIERRAS

A Universal Language

WHEN God confused the tongues of the builders of the tower of Babel, and gave to each an individual speech that has lasted throughout the ages, he did not leave them without means of communication, but gave them a great universal language. This language, though often misused and abused, is spoken by every one and understood by all. By means of it man has unveiled his inmost soul and interpreted his deepest emotions, whereas in the vocabulary of his mother tongue he could find no words expressive of so deep feeling. By it man has revealed his moods and tempers; has screamed out his fears; has moaned out his griefs and woes; has laughed out the joys too hilarious for words. By it man has been given a sweeter, clearer conception of God; by it he has been beguiled and led deeper and deeper into sin; by it strong wills have been broken and stubborn hearts melted.

Some one has truthfully said that "Music begins where speech ends." It is truly a universal language, for it speaks alike to the Italian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, the German, and the American, and is even a means of communication with the lower animals. How well we understand the lonesome howl of a dog, the whinny of a horse, the squeal of a pig, the call of a bird, or the cackle of a hen. These may not sound like music to you, but what is music but "the science or art of pleasing, expressive, or intelligible combination of tones"? And these are certainly expressive if not intelligible.

The whine of a lonesome puppy is a minor interval in the form of a chromatic scale; while, if he be in good spirits, his bark is composed of major intervals. Likewise the whinny of the horse and the pig's squeal are chromatic, but not necessarily minor, except when in pain. "Any animal will give expression to pain through minor sounds." The call of the cuckoo is a major third, while the cackling of a hen is also composed of major intervals, and both are cheery sounds. The cat's meow usually consists of five chromatic descending tones followed by two or three ascending melodic tones in the major.

Not much more does their music speak to us than does ours to them. Horses have been known to do their bravest work in battle, and to have been aroused from stupor to step the highest and prance the best, when under the influence of martial music. It speaks encouragement to them as well as to their masters. What an inspiration it gives a bird to hear a strain of cheery music! To him it says the world's all love, and as happy and care-free as he, so he hops about from perch to perch and sings as if he'd burst for joy.

A strain of doleful music will turn a dog's nose to the sky and make him whine and howl, while a note of cheer will entirely change his tune. "Minor intervals are suggestive of sadness or grief, and for the reason that they are produced by restraint or repression, they are unnatural and require an effort to produce them." What is more expressive of sorrow or pain than a groan? It tells more in one breath than any number of words could begin to express. It is but a succession of musical tones in the form of a chromatic scale and ending in a minor. Laughs are in a major key and vary to a great extent. Some are a chromatic, ascending to and descending again from the fifth. More often they are of major intervals or a short descending chromatic.

The musical language has a wide vocabulary. The words to a song tell us exactly the meaning of the

tones, but if the song has no words, it still conveys the same meaning. It may say, "I am tired," "I am happy," "I am lonely," "I am gloomy," or "I am gay," but the six subjects most easily expressed are:

1. "High"—"The flames rose higher and higher."
2. "Low"—"The moaning wind sang low."
3. "Loud"—"The thunder crashed and rolled."
4. "Soft"—"Softly she crept along."
5. "Fast"—"Swiftly he sped through the air."
6. "Slow"—"The creepy shadows slept."

Many of these are illustrated in the "Storm and Calm" of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, or in Haydn's representation of chaos in the overture to his oratorio, "The Creation." These are so characteristic in their construction that the most inexperienced amateur may appreciate and comprehend them.

The musical language deals not with the abstract, but with the real and the romantic. It speaks not of quality, but feelings alone.

Saul appreciated the power of this language when he called David to drive the evil spirit from him with strains of sweetest music. The story is told of a woman who, being caught by a mountain lion, sang to him for six hours, until rescued by a hunter, the lion lying still and contented so long as the concert continued, but snapping and growling angrily between numbers.

Music is truly a language, and he who cannot understand or appreciate it is to be pitied. Shakespeare voiced a great truth in these words:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

DORIS HOLT.

Facts About Rubber

RUBBER was first discovered by the Indians living on the banks of the Amazon in Brazil. They called the substance *cahucha* and used it to make pouches and shoes, and to a very limited extent, rain-proof clothes. In 1772 the English scientist Priestley found that the strange material would remove pencil marks from paper, which accounts for the present name, "rubber."

Following the investigations of Priestly, a man named Mackintosh discovered that if a piece of cloth were covered with rubber, the material so treated would be waterproof. But the rubber-treated cloth was sticky, so Mackintosh finally found a way out of his difficulty by laying the sticky sides of two pieces of cloth together. This discovery gave birth to the handsome raincoats of today.

Next came a young chemist named Charles Good-year, who was working with one of the companies that had been organized to manufacture mackintosh coats. He made failure after failure, until at last all his friends had disappeared and he was thrown in prison for failing to pay his debts; but finally he completed investigations that led to the discovery of vulcanization.

Up to this time all rubber was called Pará rubber, named from the town of Pará in Brazil, from which place all rubber was shipped. Experiments in transplanting were started, and it was discovered that the wild trees from South America could be made to grow in other countries.

Plantation rubber is treated with an acid—lime juice is commonly used—which causes the milky fluid

(Concluded on page fourteen)

COLLEGE BELLS

(With apologies to Poe)

VERNON E. BERRY

HEAR the clanging of the bells—
Rising bells!

As down each dormitory hall their turbulency swells.

How they wake up every sleeper
From the slumbers of the night!
First the tones are dim and weaker,
Then they grow to noise that's deeper,
Till the racket is a fright.

Then we wake, wake, wake,
And we wish it were a fake,

All the din and all the racket that so regularly wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
From the din, the noise, the racket of the bells.

Hear the fifteen-minute bells—
Iron bells!

All attention on the campus now their warning note compels.

Through the crystal air of morning,
Lest some student should be late,
Now they ring extended warning
To him who, their message scorning,
May perchance to class be late.
How they ring, ring, ring,
Oft a smile they bring—

Just the melancholy sameness of their tone,—
Just the dull, unvaried sameness of their tone.

Hear the loud five-minute bells—
Ditto bells!

O the rush and hurried action that their ringing now impels!

For the classes soon convene,
And the minutes in between
Soon will pass.
Then the ones will curse their fate,
Who have heard but still are late
To the class.

For there always is a cause;
And we'd better stop and pause,

When we hear the warning bells,
When we hear the rhythmic dinging of the bells.

Hear the small electric bells—
Tiny bells!

When the classes start and finish—'tis the message each one tells.
Though these bells are very small,
Yet they time the classes all,—

Order bring.

When the class time's almost through,
And the teacher's patience, too—

Then they ring.

Then they ring, ring, ring,
And a needed recess bring,

Just the ringing of the bells,
Just the quick and sudden ringing of the bells.

O thou charming dinner bells—
Pleasing bells!

O the world of joy and gladness thy sweet melody foretells!
Sweetest prophecy is thine,
Of the hour when we shall dine.

Oh joy!

Of the friends that we shall meet,
And the things that are to eat,

And enjoy.

Till the work bell's tones are falling,
Every one to labor calling,

By the ringing of the bells,
By the long and rhythmic ringing of the bells.

Hear the soft retiring bells—
Mellow bells!

O the care and tiresome study that their ringing sweet dispels.

When new students may retire
Or may slight in youthful ire

Slumber's call:

For but few complain or grumble
Though the dormitory rumble,
While they wrestle, run, or tumble
In the hall.

Thus the tones are never-ceasing,
With their numbers still increasing,

That go bounding from the bells,
From the myriad kinds and sizes of the bells.



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE CAMPUS

Why I Did Not Go to High School

LOLA PRESTON

NELL, daughter, now that you have finished grammar school, I wish we might arrange for you to attend one of our denominational schools."

I leaned against the wall with a sickening sensation as I heard my mother utter these words. Denominational school! the very words grated on my ears. I had known only one or two Adventist young people, and they were not the type of persons that I wished to spend much time with. I could not bear to be all day in a schoolroom with an indefinite number of them.

Just outside the city limits of LeGrande, a beautiful new high school had been erected. It had not even yet been used, and my highest ambition at that time was to be among the first to start as "freshmen" in that well-equipped building.

September came, and with it the high school opened. I went the first day to visit. I was charmed with the beautiful classrooms. I felt dignified, sitting in the assembly hall. Oh, if I could only stay there, I should absorb knowledge speedily!

Mother realized that the sooner she removed me from the vicinity of that high school, the more easily she could get me to enter the school she desired me to attend. She began preparation at once to go to my aunt's in Oakland. As our things were all packed and I realized that further pleading would be in vain, I quietly resolved that I had finished my education so far as school work was concerned. I would go with mother like a little martyr, but like the proverbial horse, "I would not drink."

There seemed to be no denominational school in Oakland that could accommodate me; so I began to feel relieved. One day late in September mother said, "I understand that there is a ten-grade school at the sanitarium at St. Helena; let's go up there and see what we think of the place."

"O no, mother! Let's just stay here, and let me take up music. I'm really tired, and need a rest from school," I said cheerfully.

My mother began to be suspicious now, for no one had ever before heard me intimate that I was tired of school. She suggested that we at least go up to the sanitarium and see what it was like. I was afraid she would thus gain her point, but I did not demur. All the way I grew more and more prejudiced, until I determined to find there a people so fanatical in belief and peculiar in appearance, that my mother would not wish to dwell among them, although she herself was an Adventist.

It seemed bad enough to me to be among such people when they were well, but I understood almost everybody to be sick at a place like that.

Great was my surprise when we were met at the station by a large car and a professional chauffeur. No, there could be no mistake; there was a large sign in gold letters on the front, "St. Helena Sanitarium."

We wound around beautiful hills which I was compelled to admire in spite of myself, and when we stopped in front of the main building, I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was an imposing structure, and real call boys emerged therefrom to meet the guests. Every one looked happy, neat, and intelligent, and I was surprised, if not disappointed.

After an interview with the manager, it was decided that I should stay with a certain family down in the valley near the school, and my mother should return to Oakland. We found the people with whom I was to stay very kind indeed, and it was with a certain degree of relief that I condescended to stay with them.

I saw that my fears were ungrounded, and my preconceptions entirely false; so I decided that it might be interesting to go to school after all. I went, and the two years I spent there were very happy ones. When I finished there, I came eagerly to Pacific Union College where I have been four years.

I am deeply thankful that I did not go that year to high school.

Campus Etiquette

UPON taking our seats in the chapel one morning, the day appointed for the regular meeting of the Missionary Volunteer Society, a large placard on the rostrum confronted both students and teachers with the glaring inscription, "The Wrong Way." Our curiosity was aroused, but we were soon to learn what was wrong. We were to have an object lesson on campus etiquette.

After those who were to take part in the program of the morning had come upon the rostrum, a young man entered the room by the door at the left, and a young lady by the one at the right. They passed each other and went out by the door from which the other came. What was the significance of this unusual performance? Ah! We noticed that no greetings were exchanged, and no hat was lifted. Instead, the young man, with a bored look, as if he dreaded passing any one for fear he might have to say something, stared away in another direction, seemingly endeavoring to

concentrate his mental faculties upon some object upon some object up in the gallery. So this was the wrong way of acting, when students meet on the campus or wherever they may be.

The sign was now changed to one which read, "The Right Way." Again the actors appeared, passed each other, and disappeared as before. This time we noticed a difference. A pleasant "Good morning,

Mr. C.," and "Good morning, Mrs. U.," was heard, the lady speaking first. There was no question as to this being the right way.

The poster having "The Wrong Way" printed on it was again set up. The young woman came through the door, appearing to be on her way to school, with satchel in hand. Presently, the young man came through the same doorway, and called, "Say, Mrs. U." After he had told his business, he turned and retraced his steps, Mrs. U. again proceeding on her way. This performance was also repeated, but in a different manner. Mr. C., who understands good form, overtakes Mrs. U., greets her, takes her satchel, and asks permission to walk with her a way, as there is a business matter upon which he desires her opinion.

To be able to act the part of a lady or gentleman, requires study and effort, and is a necessary preparation for the work we are to do. ALFRED KOSKY.

A THOUSAND soldiers are easily obtained; one general is hard to find.— *Chinese Proverb.*

MAN is often an enemy to things of which he is ill-informed.

KNOWLEDGE without practice is like a bow without a string.



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

THE JOURNALISM CLASS



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

CONFESIONS

GLADYS ROBINSON

IMOGENE was sobbing in her room. She thought maybe some one would come in, put loving arms around her, and sympathize with her. But no one came. How blue the world looked!

She soliloquized, "Nobody cares for me. No one sympathizes with me. Mother doesn't realize how tired I am, but makes me work." (A fresh flow of tears.) "I feel like going away and staying till every one will miss me. Maybe I would be appreciated then." This was some comfort. She stepped to the writing desk and penned the following note to her friend Alice, who lived only a few houses away:

"DEAR ALICE: I'm tired of trying to be good. I fail so many times. There is no spirit of sympathy here at home. Mother doesn't understand me. Father laughs at me, and pays no attention to my sensitive feelings.

"Don't you think it is more delicate and noble to be easily touched by sad things?"

"I have the blues so much. I know I'm not worth anything (teardrops falling thick).

"Yours mournfully,
"IMOGENE."

Alice read the note thoughtfully. She knew there was nothing in her friend's life to warrant such emotion. She had all she needed to eat and wear. Her home was pleasant and happy, and her parents did all they could for her pleasure.

The next day Alice called for Imogene to take a walk. Imogene loved a quiet walk and talk with Alice.

"I received your letter, yesterday," began Alice.

Imogene blushed a little. She did not feel so tempest-tossed today.

"I have about decided that you are intoxicated."

A look of displeasure passed over the face of the younger girl. This was not smooth talk. But she could not be offended at Alice.

"As alcohol affects the control of the muscles, so this something that you have taken affects the control of your emotions. Do you like to read?"

"I should say I do," answered Imogene. I read a hundred books through when I was in the eighth grade last year. In fact, when I am reading is about the only time I am really happy."

"Will you tell me the names of some of the books?" asked Alice.

Imogene named seven or eight, but could remember no more distinctly. The books named were not bad, but every one was a story.

"What a stream to let run through that brain of yours! I see I've guessed correctly; you are intoxicated. Listen to the symptoms: 'The person has a dreamy look in his eye; work and practical duties are distasteful; the sufferer acts snappish unless handled with gloves; his feelings, exposed to the surface, are always being wounded; in his heart he nurses the blues.' Did you ever see any one in this condition?" asked Alice, as she squeezed Imogene's arm a little tighter.

"Maybe I have," and Imogene gave a knowing look.

"And now, girlie, I'm going to tell you a story in which I am the only one who knows all the facts."

What is better than getting a peep into Alice's heart? thought Imogene.

"When I was about thirteen," began Alice, as the girls sat down in the shade beside Crystal Lake, "a passion for reading possessed me. I did not like cheap literature, but chose so-called good stories. These were sifted through my mind in rapid succession. After finishing a book I would rehearse the tale in my own mind, with myself as the heroine. The daily little annoyances were magnified till they were the size of the difficulties presented in the story. I was not understood, my motives were misconstrued, and my fine sensitiveness was being shocked every day by the 'harsh, cruel world.' This was what I thought.

"One day while washing dishes in the kitchen, I heard father say, 'How moody and touchy our Alice is getting; what can be the matter?' I did not hear mother's answer. But I could hardly wait till the dishes were finished. I rushed upstairs, threw myself on the bed and sobbed violently. 'How little the folks understand!' I moaned."

"I didn't suppose you ever felt that way," broke in Imogene.

"That wasn't my last weep," continued Alice, as her eyes wandered over the beautiful flowers and the green grass around the lake. "I seemed to take comfort in tears, and then imagining that my friends were hovering near to sympathize. It reminds me of what

a little girl in one of Samantha Allen's books lisp as she is shedding tears over a storybook: 'It ith tho thweet to thit and weep.' I feel disgusted with myself to think I should ever have been so silly.

"I'm sure it was in the Lord's providence that we moved from that place. At Hermon I met a friend. She was much older than I, but I loved her devotedly. On Sabbath afternoons she and I would sometimes walk together. Then she would read to me from some good book. I remember one of her favorites was, 'The Everyday of Life,' by Miller. I wasn't one bit interested, but I enjoyed being with her. While she was reading, my mind would be spinning much more exciting yarns. When she would come to an especially good quotation she would comment upon it and then ask what I thought. I hadn't thought, but she acted as if I had. And after frequent inoculations of that sort I began to enjoy her reading. Occasionally I would even read a bit of the same by myself. I had long before this cast aside the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR unless it contained narration.

"Like the drunkard who drowns his troubles in drink, I would drown mine in an exciting tale. I would wander around in the realms of imagination where real life did not intrude.

"After I was baptized, I knew this thing must be put away. I did gain a partial victory. I prayed about it, and thought that the Lord would take away these weak tendencies, and work a miracle in my brain at once. The prayers, I fear, were not the effectual, fervent kind. I would go along safely for several weeks. Then my mind would call for its old-time food. I'd think, 'Just one good story will not hurt me. My mind needs relaxation, I've been studying hard lately, and I haven't had any fun.' Then I would run down to the drug store and get a *Ladies' Home Journal*. Story after story lured me on. I felt the effect for days. I was forgetful and lessons were a drudgery. Then I would repent and live in grace for a time. Then I'd hear about one of the latest books out. 'It is so cleverly written, and so true to life!' Surely if it was true to life it would be all right. Thus I would fall again. The book was fairly devoured, and the same disastrous results followed.

"One Sabbath I heard a sermon on, 'God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.' I was startled. 'Do I have to meet all these foolish yarns of mine in the judgment? Will these be uncovered to the world? God forgive me. By his grace, I'll stop.' From that time on I mingled real determination with my prayers.

"When that restless, dissatisfied, lonesome, don't-know-what-is-the-matter feeling came over me, and I wanted to be all alone, then I would make a call on a friend, or plan a surprise for mother, or bring over some of the neighbor's children to play.

"The story writer might close here and say, 'The girl lived happy ever after.' In one way this was true, for the miracle had been wrought and I was no longer a slave. But poor brain! Its habits were firmly established. Its custom was to let everything pass through it rapidly and then out into the bottomless hole. So, when I studied, my lessons would follow this well-beaten track. Therefore, before every test I had to do strenuous reviewing.

"This was not all. Whenever I was alone, instead of thinking about the real things and the true things, stories of all kinds would simply create themselves in my mind. What wouldn't I give now for all of those

thousands of hours spent in worse than useless day-dreaming!" said Alice, earnestly.

"The hardest lessons were yet to be learned," she continued. "As I grew older and had more responsibility, I found life disappointing. I had to learn that the world was not made for me, but I was made for the world. People in general did not care if I was tired or unhappy. When I acted glum, they just moved away from me. I was not the 'charming young creature' of my dreams.

"In society I was uncomfortable. My conversation was dull and stupid. I felt it keenly. What did I have to say? My mind had nothing stored in it that I cared to present to others. So I set about trying to find interesting things to talk about. Yet I can't help feeling that 'the bird with a broken pinion never soars so high again.' One of the things for which I am most grateful in my Christian experience is the thought that God will mention these no more forever. They are cast into the sea." Alice paused. A little robin came hopping up to the girls — they sat so very still.

Soon Imogene gave her shoulders a decided shake, and as she looked squarely into her friend's eyes, she said: "I think I'd better be going home to help mother with the supper. She had a headache this afternoon."



Photo by F. O. Rathbun

CALIFORNIA DAISIES

April Voices¹

KING WINTER'S storm clouds rolled away
And left all blue instead of gray.

Where Jack Frost mocked us round our fires
And made grimaces at our sires,

Old Sol takes up his bright domain
And drops sweet kisses on the pane.

The birds forget the cold's annoy
And, like a naughty, truant boy,

Mount some wild limb, no longer coy,
And sing as if they'd burst for joy.

The crickets hear their cheery notes
And to the chorus join their throats,

While Mr. Bullfrog sits and gloats,
And pussy willows rend their coats

Of green and brown for softer gray,
And bob and whisper all the day.

The insects humming in the air
Sound joyous; but, kind friends, take care

Lest some old "skeeto" stern and fierce
Your tender epidermis pierce.

The odors of the chuckling breeze
Have gently waked the honey bees.

Surprised to find the world so bright,
They buzz and buzz with all their might.

Soon all the flowers catch the strain
In time to echo the refrain.

¹This poem was written when the college number was expected to bear an April date, but circumstances compelled a change in date.

The sunshine, tripping through the dells,
Disturbs the sleeping heather bells.

They brush the dew from off their coats
And ring out full and mellow notes.

The placid millpond in whose lap
The dainty lily takes her nap,

Is rudely wakened from his dreams
By rippling laughter of the streams.

The jonquil lifts her golden head
And whispers to the violet bed

That "April, April, now is here,
The grandest month of all the year;

The winter's cold and storms are past
And spring has really come at last."

DORIS HOLT.

Facts About Rubber

(Concluded from page nine)

to coagulate, and the rubber separates from the water, forming a soft, spongy mass or biscuit, which eventually finds its way into the factory of the manufacturer.

From the time the crude biscuit of rubber reaches the factory the person of greatest importance in the remaining operations is the chemist. Mixtures are added to produce grades of rubber having the desired qualities for the special work in hand. An entirely different compound would be used in making tires from what would be employed in making bands or belts. If the tires on your auto stand up well under rough weather, you can thank the chemist for producing the right kind of compound. It has been estimated that in the United States alone \$800,000,000 is expended annually for automobile tires.

Certain materials added to rubber will make it as hard as stone, certain other few will make it as soft as velvet, while some substances develop the rubber into a product as unstretchable as horsehide.

ARLIE MOON.

Study and Health

(Concluded from page two)

muscles? If not, let him look well to the condition of his brain, nerves, and muscles."

It has been demonstrated that healthful manual labor in field or shop will do more than any other thing to preserve the body in that condition which will most favorably affect the mind; and that the student who works from three to five hours a day can actually accomplish more in his studies than the one who devotes all his time to mental effort and neglects his physical powers. This result is not to be wondered at. Dr. Wood was right when he said, "It should never be forgotten that the knowledge acquired does not depend nearly so much upon the length of time spent in study as upon the intenseness of the application; and this depends upon that life and vigor of the mental faculties, which are so directly promoted by exercise."

Eminent educators in the United States and Europe assert that the minimum amount of time which should be devoted to manual labor by the academic or college student is three hours daily. Some advocate that even six hours daily be devoted thus to exercise. Dr. Ware, of the Cambridge Theological Seminary, once said: "I have not the slightest doubt that three hours a day systematically devoted to bodily exercise would be found to promote the intellectual progress of students by imparting a vigor to the powers, more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of time."

Let us who are students, then, not be afraid of

physical work, for it will not only help us to earn our way through school, but will also bring one of the most precious of all blessings into our lives — good health.

HERBERT C. WHITE.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topic for May 15

SENIOR: "Prayer and Personal Work."

JUNIOR: "Junior Pledge — Being Pure."

There is nothing in the Missionary Volunteer Society that counts for more than prayer and personal work. Our Saviour spent long nights in prayer, and his life was spent in service for others. He has commissioned us to take up his work and carry it forward.

Surely every Missionary Volunteer will be present at this meeting. If you have already been doing personal work, come prepared to tell others of the blessings you have received. If you have not as yet been doing personal work, consecrate your life today to serve the Master — to follow in his footsteps. And always remember that if our work is really to accomplish anything it must be preceded, accompanied, and backed by prayer.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VII — Agents in Divine Revelation

(May 15)

Angel Messengers

1. Through whom does God reveal a knowledge of his will? Amos 3: 7.
2. What agency does God use in communicating revelations to his prophets? Rev. 1: 1. Note 1.
3. In what more direct way does God sometimes communicate with man? Gen. 22: 11, 12, 15-18. Note 2.
4. How did God once reveal his purpose to Gideon? Judges 6: 11, 12.

The Work and Position of Gabriel

5. Who was "caused to fly swiftly" in order to give Daniel "skill and understanding"? Dan. 9: 21, 22.
6. Who is "the man Gabriel"? What honored position does he occupy in heaven? Luke 1: 19; Dan. 10: 21.
7. How do we know that Gabriel is the angel chosen to open the purposes of God to men? Rev. 22: 9. Note 3.
8. How did Zechariah receive special heavenly instruction? Zech. 1: 9-17.
9. What message did the angel Gabriel bring to Zacharias? Luke 1: 11-19.
10. What judgment rested upon Zacharias because he doubted the words of Gabriel? Verses 20-22, 63, 64.

Jesus' Attending Angel

11. How was the message given to Mary concerning the birth of Jesus? Verses 26-33.
12. What relation does this angel of divine revelation sustain to Jesus? Rev. 1: 1; 22: 16.
13. How should we regard the messages carried by his angel? Rev. 22: 6, 7. Note 4.

Notes

1. "In the past, God has revealed to man many of his plans and purposes. Again and again, in different ages, he has spoken to men in various ways, through his Holy Spirit, by vision, and by sending angels to bring his messages to those through whom he would reveal his will. Almost from the earliest records of God's dealings with his chosen people, to the closing book in the Bible, we find that God has repeatedly spoken to his prophets and his people through the agency of angels."—*"Ministry of Angels," p. 98.*

2. "In this instance a direct message from heaven was given to Abraham through the agency of a heavenly being. The angel spoke in a language Abraham understood, giving him a message that greatly cheered his heart, and that revealed to him God's acceptance of his sacrifice. When the Lord had thus tested his servant, he also revealed his purpose toward him and toward his seed."—*Ibid.*

3. "The words of the angel, 'I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God,' show that he holds a position of high honor in the heavenly courts. When he came with a message to Daniel, he said, 'There is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael [Christ] your prince.' Of Gabriel the Saviour speaks, in the Revelation, saying that 'he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John.' And to John

the angel declared, 'I am a fellow servant with thee, and with thy brethren the prophets.' Wonderful thought—that the angel who stands next in honor to the Son of God, is the one chosen to open the purposes of God to sinful men."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 98, 99.

4. "Christ sent and made known the Revelation to John by 'his angel.' A particular angel seems here to be brought to view. What angel could appropriately be called Christ's angel? May we not find an answer to this question in a significant passage in the prophecy of Daniel? In Daniel 10: 21, an angel, which was doubtless Gabriel (see Daniel, chapters 9, 10, and 11: 1), in making known some important truths to Daniel, said, 'There is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael your prince.' Who Michael is we easily learn. Jude (verse 9) calls him the 'archangel.' And Paul tells us that when the Lord descends from heaven, and the dead in Christ are raised, the voice of the archangel shall be heard. 1 Thess. 4: 16. And whose voice will be heard at that amazing hour when the dead are called to life? The Lord himself replies, 'Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear *his voice*' (John 5: 28); and the previous verse shows that the one here referred to, whose voice will then be heard, is the Son of man, or *Christ*. It is the voice of Christ, then, that calls the dead from their graves. That voice, Paul declares, is the voice of the archangel; and Jude says that the archangel is called Michael, the very personage mentioned in Daniel, and all referring to Christ. The statement in Daniel, then, is, that the truths to be revealed to Daniel were committed to Christ, and confined exclusively to him, and to an angel whose name was Gabriel. Similar to the work of communicating important truth to the 'beloved prophet' is the work of Christ in the Revelation of communicating important truth to the 'beloved disciple;' and who, in this work, can be *his* angel but he who was engaged with him in the former work, that is, the angel Gabriel?"—*Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 353, 354.

Intermediate Lesson

VII — Sermon on the Mount; the Father's Care for His Children

(May 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 6: 19-34.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Luke 11: 34-36; 12: 22-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6: 33.

LESSON HELPS: "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," pp. 128-143; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 312, 313.

PLACE: The mountain side, near the Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus, the twelve, the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

The rich and the poor, the high and the low, among men, were in the company that listened to Jesus as he sat upon the mount. It is said that "the love of money was the ruling passion in the Jewish age." So it is now.

The songsters of the air, the flowers brightening the hillside, objects visible and familiar to all, were chosen by the Saviour to illustrate the precious lesson of love and trust which he wished to teach.

"No sparrow falls without his care,
No soul bows low but Jesus knows;
For he is with us everywhere,
And marks each bitter tear that flows.
And he will never, never, never,
Forsake the soul that trusts him ever."

Questions

1. Why is it not worth while to lay up treasure upon earth? Matt. 6: 19.
2. Where may we find a safe place for our treasures? For whom do we lay up these treasures? Verse 20.
3. What great truth did Jesus state concerning the heart? Verse 21. Note 1.
4. What is the light of the body? Only what is necessary to have the whole body full of light? Verse 22.
5. What will be the condition of the body if the eye is fixed upon evil things? Verse 23. Note 2.
6. Why can no one serve two masters? What two masters are mentioned? Verse 24. Note 3.
7. When we are serving God, what would he not have us grow anxious about? Verse 25.
8. In what way did Jesus use the birds as an example of his tender care? What question did he then ask? Verse 26.
9. However anxiously we may take thought, what can we not do for ourselves? Verse 27.
10. What question should this raise in our minds? What are we asked to consider? How do the lilies grow? Verse 28.

11. With all his caretaking, who was not arrayed like one of these? Verse 29. Note 4.

12. How did Jesus repeat the lesson of loving care? Verse 30.

13. About what things should we take no anxious thought? Verse 31.

14. What does the heavenly Father know? Verse 32.

15. On what condition may we claim the promise that the necessary things of life shall be given us? Verse 33.

16. How did Jesus sum up the whole matter? Verse 34.

Something to Think About

What are "treasures upon earth"?

What are "treasures in heaven"?

Read Romans 6: 16, and note what verse in the lesson is made more clear by it.

Notes

1. Jesus does not forbid our having treasures, but he warns us to put them in a safe place. "In every effort to benefit others, we benefit ourselves. He who gives money or time for spreading the gospel, enlists his own interest and prayers for the work and for the souls to be reached through it; his affections go out to others, and he is stimulated to greater devotion to God, that he may be enabled to do them the greatest good."

2. The direction of the eye shows the purpose of the man as does the laying up of treasures the affections of the heart. He who has a single purpose to do God's will, who steadfastly looks to God, will be guided and filled with the light of God. He whose purpose is turned upon the low, dark ambition of selfishness, worldliness, and sin will become a body of darkness. And if he who has known the light, turns to the darkness, how great is that darkness!

3. The term "mammon" means wealth or riches.

4. "Consider, says Jesus, how the lilies grow; how, springing from the cold, dark earth, or from the mud of the river bed, the plants unfold in loveliness and fragrance. Who would dream of the possibilities of beauty in the rough brown bulb of the lily? But when the life of God, hidden therein, unfolds at his call in the rain and sunshine, men marvel at the vision of grace and loveliness. Even so will the life of God unfold in every human soul that will yield itself to the ministry of his grace, which, free as the rain and sunshine, comes with its benediction to all. It is the word of God that creates the flowers, and the same word will produce in you the graces of his Spirit." — "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," p. 133.

"What Then?"

"He is counting on you."

He has need of your life

In the thick of the strife:

For that weak one may fall

If you fail at his call.

He is counting on you,

If you fail him —

What then?

"He is counting on you."

On your silver and gold,

On that treasure you hold;

On that treasure still kept,

Though the doubt o'er you swept.

"Is this gold not all mine?"

(Lord, I knew it was thine.)"

He is counting on you,

If you fail him —

What then?

"He is counting on you."

On a love that will share

In his burdens of prayer,

For the souls he has bought

With his lifeblood; and sought

Through his sorrow and pain

To win "home" yet again.

He is counting on you,

If you fail him —

What then?

"He is counting on you."

Oh! the wonder and grace,

To look Christ in the face

And not be ashamed;

For you gave what he claimed,

And you laid down your *all*

For his sake — at his call.

He had counted on you,

And you failed not.

What then?

— Bessie Porter Head.

In a united family, happiness springs up of itself.
— Chinese Proverb.

Theory and Practice

THE importance of practical training in writing for publication and in editorial work is admitted by those who frame our college curricula and by those who have editorial work to do. How to combine the theory of textbooks in journalism, and the practice which will prepare all of our workers who should use the newspapers and all who ever write for our own papers or magazines to produce acceptable manuscripts, is a problem for teachers and students and editors to work on.

The class in journalism at Pacific Union College presents this issue of the INSTRUCTOR as a part of its practical work, with grateful thanks to Mrs. Chase for the opportunity afforded. An editorial committee, with J. Henry White as editor in chief, had the planning and arranging of the material, besides contributing along with the rest of the class. The pictures were furnished by two Pacific Union students, and the poem, "College Bells," by another, not in the class.

Other efforts of this class to unite theory and practice consist of the following: The February number of our college magazine, *The Mountain Echo*; news letters and special articles in the *St. Helena Star*, aggregating 277 inches of space; news items for the *Pacific Union Recorder*, amounting to 180 inches; reports of sermons in *The Weekly Calistogian* each week since Nov. 23, 1919; short articles for the weekly *Signs of the Times*; and three miscellaneous articles.

As but one semester is devoted to the course, only a beginning can be made. "Practice makes the master."

LAURA FOSTER RATHBUN.

Hope

"Lo, the magic of springtime, dreams are changed into truth!
Quicken my heart, and restore the beautiful hopes of my youth."

HOPE is a magic potion that spurs a weary heart on to many a fruitless quest. It is the thing that makes life worth living. Perhaps it will be better tomorrow, is the thought that makes present pain bearable. Its voice is low and soft, but the loudest thunder cannot drown it. Alice Hawthorne says:

"Soft as the voice of an angel,
Breathing a lesson unheard,
Hope, with a gentle persuasion,
Whispers her comforting word:
Wait till the darkness is over,
Wait till the tempest is done,
Hope for the sunshine tomorrow,
After the shower is gone.
Whispering Hope, oh, how welcome thy voice,
Making my heart in its sorrow rejoice!"

Hope is the only thing that sustains the pilgrim groping in the sin-cursed earth, for as he travels,

"Hark! a little song of hope,
Where the stream begins to leap.
Though the forest far and wide
Still shuts out the bending blue,
We shall finally win through,
Cross the long divide."

Few indeed are those self-satisfied ones whose every desire has been fulfilled. Every soul looks for something better. But imagine that hope being taken out of your life! What would be left?

"To the last moment of his breath,
On hope the wretch relies,
And even the pang preceding death
Bids expectation rise."

There is a strange fascination about the mysterious morrow. What will it hold for me? Will it bring some rich experience? or will it be commonplace, as today has been? The poet has aptly said:

"Every day is a fresh beginning
Every morn is the earth made new.
You who are tired of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you."

Hope makes people endure the most bitter experiences uncomplainingly. It drives the blinded heathen from one city to another in search of light. It makes men cross deserts and oceans. It upheld the heart of Henry Hudson when searching for the northwest passage, and caused him to exclaim:

"Yes, I seek it still,—
My great adventure and my guiding star!
For look, ye friends, our voyage is not done;
We hold by hope as long as life endures."

Robert Louis Stevenson says, "Little do you know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

Whence came this universal, intangible something that works such wonders with a human soul? Jeremiah, from the richness of an experience with the Creator, was led to testify, "Blessed is the man . . . whose hope the Lord is." And three different times, in agony of soul and remorse for complaining, David cried, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God."

God, then, is the source of all hope, and he who placed it in the heart of every child of his creation, will lead the hopeful to the city of his heart's desire. Because this is true—

"My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

LOLA PRESTON.

One Taper Lights a Thousand

I stood in the old cathedral
Amid the gloaming cold;
Before me was the chancel,
And unlit lamps of gold.

From the mullioned window's chalice
Was spilled the wine of light,
And across the winter's valleys
Was drawn the wing of night.

The frescoes of the angels
Above me were unseen,
And viewless were the statues
Each pillared arch between.

The chancel door swung open;
There came a feeble light
Whose halo like a mantle
Fell o'er the acolyte.

And one by one he kindled
The silver lamps and gold,
And the old cathedral's glories
Before my eyes unrolled.

The taper's light was feeble,
The lamps were stars of flame,
And I could read behind them
Immanuel's wondrous name.

The taper—light's evangel—
Touched all the chandeliers;
As if by Heaven transfigured,
Appeared the saints and seers.

Along the sculptured arches
Appeared the statues dim:
And pealed the stormy organ
The peaceful advent hymn.

And as the form, retreating,
Passed slowly from my sight,
Eclipsed in lights it kindled,
Was lost, the taper's light.

One taper lights a thousand,
Yet shines as it has shone;
And the humblest light may kindle
A brighter than its own.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.