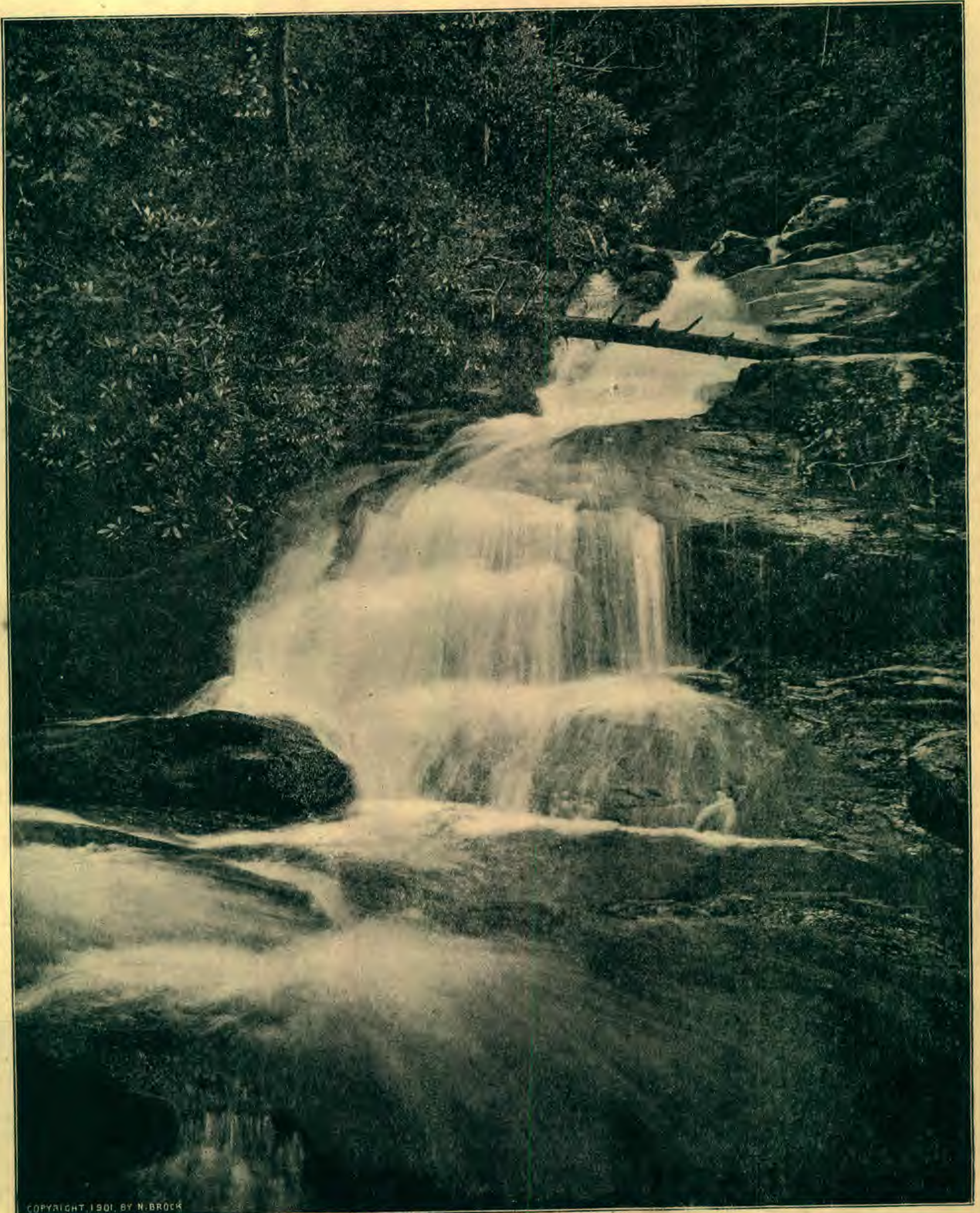


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

September 14, 1920

No. 37



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"In the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man: . . . and his voice [is] as the sound of many waters." Rev. 1: 13-15.

From Here and There

A crowd of 10,000 persons recently attended the funeral of a canary bird in Newark, New Jersey. The cost of the funeral was \$400.

Treasure estimated at \$25,000, including gold coins, jewelry, a gold slipper, and pendants, was unearthed recently by workmen operating a steam shovel near the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

The peanut, which was introduced into this country some fifty years ago, has come to have a high commercial value. The value of last year's crop in the United States was \$80,000,000, and we also imported \$40,000,000 worth.

Surg.-Gen. Hugh S. Cumming has announced the discovery of an apparently successful treatment for leprosy. The belief that the disease can be conquered is based on the treatment of forty-eight lepers in Hawaii for nearly a year. They were paroled October last, and there has been no indication of a recurrence of the malady.

The fourth centenary of the discovery of the Straits of Magellan will be celebrated at Punta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost city of the world, between November 23 and December 10. An invitation to be present has been extended to the king of Spain, who some time ago announced a proposed visit to South America, and a monument now under erection, dedicated to the discoverer of the Straits, Ferdinand Magellan, will be unveiled.

An unpaid note for four shekels in silver, bearing 40 per cent annual interest for nearly 4,000 years, was recently found among the clay tablets at the University of Pennsylvania Museum by Dr. Leon Legrain. The note was given by a man named Bur-Mama to Il Sinnutum in October, 1962 B. C., the "year in which King Rim-Sin occupied the town of Dur-Damigilisha." There were four witnesses to the note. Instead of signatures the witnesses placed their seals on the document and were not liable for payment unless it was shown they knew the character of Bur-Mama was bad when they swore it was good. A shekel of silver at the time the note was made was equal to about \$100 at the present time.

The Republic of Jones

AN interesting article by Mary L. Looman, in the *Outlook*, gives an account of the Republic of Jones which existed in the State of Mississippi during the whole of the Civil War.

Before the war it was the County of Jones, and was sometimes called the "Free State of Jones" because of the absence of slaves from the county. The county had poor soil, and its people were correspondingly poor, but they were tremendously independent. They feared no jail, for they had none, and they defied the courts when fines were imposed. They did about as they pleased.

When, toward the end of 1862, the State of Mississippi joined the Southern Confederacy, the County of Jones refused to follow the State. It is not known just why it took this stand, but the reason is supposed to have been because the county disapproved of the State's seceding.

So the Republic of Jones was organized. Ellisville, now the county seat, was the capital of the republic. There was a president, a cabinet, two houses of Congress, and an army. As Jones was inland, it had no need of a navy. The president through all its separate existence was Nathan Knight, known

throughout the republic as "Nate," a brave and determined man and very popular. He had been a leader in the county before it became a nation.

Very inconsistently the Confederacy, which was itself established on the doctrine of secession, absolutely refused to allow the Republic of Jones to secede from the State of Mississippi. The State itself fought to conquer its refractory county, and the general government aided it whenever it could find the opportunity amid its many pressing tasks. But every one in the South had so much to think about and so much to do in those hard days that the Republic of Jones was allowed to go on without much interference. Paper was scarce, newspapers were few and small, and news was slow in getting around.

Up North the existence of the Republic of Jones was barely known. Some of the people of Jones wanted to enter into an alliance with the United States of America, but the idea was never carried out. From 1862 to 1865 the tiny nation held its ground unaided. There was considerable fighting, with much bloodshed on both sides, but with no decisive results.

When the news of the fall of the Confederacy reached the Republic of Jones, it was promptly seen that the only course was to give up. President Knight resigned and advised all his subordinates to do the same. He went back to his farm, and so did the others, and they kept very quiet for a long time afterward. There were too many men whose relatives had been killed in the fighting during those four years to make it safe for the statesmen of Jones to venture freely abroad.

In 1865 some of the inhabitants of Jones petitioned the legislature to change the name of the county to Davis, in honor of Jefferson Davis, who was a Mississippian. They wanted the Republic of Jones "so completely sunk out of sight that the hand of time might never reach it." The county held to that name for some time, and then went back to the name of Jones, which it bears to this day, together with the distinction of being the only county in the United States which was ever a full-fledged republic.

It is quite likely that some at least of the new nations which have been formed since the war will have an existence as brief as that of the Republic of Jones.—*The Christian Endeavor World*.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Native Kitchen of Bolivia

REID S. SHEPARD

RARELY will anything so quicken the appetite or prepare one to thoroughly enjoy a meal under any conditions as a twenty or thirty mile horseback ride. If one has only had *desayuno* for the morning meal, the appetite will be early quickened. *Desayuno* means a light breakfast, the emphasis being on the word "light," as such a meal is composed usually of a small cup of black coffee and a small piece of bread. Breakfast is served anywhere from eleven o'clock to one.

Not caring to risk our complexion or our general health by taking such black coffee, eleven o'clock found us entering Tiraque, Bolivia, with appetite equal to any emergency. It was well that we were so prepared. After one or two futile attempts to secure a meal, we entered a small establishment in charge of two women. To my question, "Is breakfast ready?" they replied, "No, but we will prepare it at once." As the expression "at once" has been so badly used in this country of the "*mañana*," we decided to do a little "engineering" to hasten things.

We first sought to impress the idea that we were in haste, as we had another twenty-mile ride before us. While we were using all the persuasive words that they understood,—they talked Quichua,—we were politely interrupted by the request, "Please lend us thirty cents so that we can go to the market to buy the meat." After some delays, we decided to take a more active hand in the preparation of the breakfast, that we might be on our way. One of the women having gone to the market, we asked the other one to lead us to the kitchen.

It was in one corner of the rear yard, which was also used for chickens, horses, and pigs. Pots and dishes were scattered about the native clay stove. Everything was dirty. The situation was not at all appetizing, but realizing that it was doubtless as good as the town afforded, we decided to make the best of it. Being curious to see just how the meal would be prepared, I refrained from giving further orders and seated myself on a near-by rock.

Soup received first attention. Five or six small potatoes—there were three of us to eat—were quickly pared, the parings falling to the ground in front of the cook. The potatoes were piled up on

top of the parings, but insisted on rolling off into the dirt of the barnyard, or kitchen floor, only there was no floor.

Then dishwashing began. A little water was poured from the large-handled jug into the nearest dish, swashed around a few times, then emptied into another dish. The dishes being washed only as needed, this one must wait its turn. The first dish was quickly wiped by rubbing it with the fingers, the fingers acting on the principle of rubber window wipers. The potatoes were then rinsed off in the water in dish number two, placed in dish number one, and put over the fire which the second woman, who had returned from market, had started after much sneezing and blowing. I hope that this process of following the water which is now in dish number two, will not be confusing. Personally, I watched its course with interest.

Next an onion was finely diced, the palm of the hand serving as chopping bowl. This then joined the simmering potatoes. Then a few *chuñas*, or frozen potatoes dried, were taken with the hand from a dish in which they had been soaking, and after being

allowed to drip a second or two, were dropped into the kettle. A piece of sun-dried mutton was added next, for seasoning, and we were startled by the question, "Do you like *aji*?" *Aji* is the dried pepper from which capsicum is made; nothing hotter grows. Realizing that capsicum salve might be a good thing to relieve the after-effects of our meal, we nodded our assent, and in went a dried pepper pod, seeds and all.

By the diligent working of the stoker—the woman who fed the fire twig by twig—the kettle was soon boiling. More water was added, and salted to the taste of the cook, who tasted from time to time from the spoon with which she stirred the concoction. At last our soup was pronounced done. The need of the washing of plates and spoons was now impressed upon our hostess. Granite soup plates were recovered from somewhere back of Mrs. Firewoman, and as the last meal had left traces of egg on the plates, a dishcloth was necessary. This was quickly manufactured by pulling out a few tufts of wool from the sheepskin on which our cook was squatted. The plates were vigorously scrubbed, the process hastened from



Some of Our Bolivian Friends

time to time by dipping the dishcloth first into the water that had been deposited in pot number two, and then into the ashes and dirt that lay in front of the stove. How the dishes did shine! They were then duly rinsed and tipped up against the wall. The need of a wiping cloth other than the fingers being impressed upon our good firelady, she darted into the house, returning with a white petticoat, which did excellent service.

We ate our soup very slowly, being interested in the preparations for the frying of the beefsteak. The water that all this time had been kept in pot number

A handful of coarse salt was taken from the salt jug and sprinkled upon the flat stone, ground fine by a smaller stone, then brushed together in a pile by the hand. The small stone and excess salt can be seen on the molding stone in the picture. The meat, which in the meantime had been deftly slit cross grain by the cook, was first laid upon the pile of salt, then upon the stone and smartly pounded with the smaller stone. The spider next demanded attention. The bits of sheep wool were fished from pot number two, and the spider was scoured and rinsed, and as I was wondering whether the petticoat would

be used, the spider was shaken and placed over the fire to dry. Our cook disappeared into the house, and when she returned, I saw perched upon her hand a good-sized chunk of frying grease, which was deposited in the spider by scraping her hand over its edge. When hot, the meat and sliced potatoes were added.

By this time our soup plates had been emptied, refilled, and emptied again, and we sat patiently waiting for our meat to fry. As we insisted



The Women Who Prepared the Meal Described in the Accompanying Article

two served for the first water to wash the meat, which was then held up as more water was poured over it. The water of the second washing was caught upon the large flat molding stone in the foreground of the picture. This was swashed about by the hand of our good firewoman, who had been temporarily relieved from firing, the evident object being to wash off the top of the stone. As there was neither table, kitchen cabinet, nor chairs in the kitchen, mother earth served for all of these, with the help of stones and crevices that had been made in the mud wall.

that it be well done, it required vigorous firing on the part of our lady in white.

You may be apprehensive of the results of such a meal upon the writer and his companions, but I assure you that we suffered no apparent ill effects. The ride of the afternoon gave us a relish for the evening meal, which doubtless was prepared and served under equally insanitary conditions.

[Adaptability is counted an essential qualification of missionaries. We are persuaded that Brother Shepard and his coworkers, so far as this requisite is concerned, are well equipped for service.]

“You Might As Well Go Inside”

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX

A YOUNG convert had been undecided about joining the church. When after a long time of hesitation he yielded, and the minister was expressing his pleasure in the decision he had reached, he replied, “I had made up my mind not to join when I came to the meeting tonight, but while you were talking, I thought it was just like buying a ticket to Chicago and then riding on the platform. I thought I might as well go inside.”

Without doing injustice to this application, I believe we may carry it a natural step farther.

You who are Christian young men and women, what keeps you out of the Missionary Volunteer Society?

You have bought your ticket to the Holy City, and have purchased it at the cost of self. You have boarded the train and the signal to start has been

given. You have pledged to leave the world behind.

You may reach your destination riding on the car platform. But it is cold out there in the wind and fog. You might as well go inside.

“The difference between converts in the homeland and Chinese Christians,” observed a veteran missionary, “is that when they come out in China, they come clear out.”

There is no halfway station of compromise for those who have taken the name of Christ. There are no reservations in the peace treaty with heaven. You and I are to come “clear out.”

Can we afford, then, to stay outside on the car platform, looking back, like Lot’s wife, on the world we have forsaken?

In Deuteronomy 6:23, Moses uses a striking expression to reveal God’s purposes in leading his peo-

ple. "He brought us out, . . . that he might bring us in." We can never come "clear out" until we come clear in.

The door of the Missionary Volunteer Society is always wide open to young people who "really love Jesus." Step inside.

Some young Christians who are cutting themselves off from the privileges of fellowship and service that come to them through this welcoming gateway, complain that the yoke is hard. It need not be heavy, shared with other young people. In the young people's organization, the inspiration of comradeship will make it a pleasure and a joy. There the weak points of some are complemented by the strong points of others, and the breaches in your citadel that temptation has made are re-enforced by the encouragement of the rest. There truly may the weak say, "I am strong."

Your journey to the New Jerusalem need not be made in solitary discomfort. After you have entered, "you might as well go inside."

The instinctive cravings of young people for the companionship of young people is only natural and right, and when they are denied it, either they will grow warped and peculiar, or else the world, with its gay society, will prove too powerful a lure.

The Missionary Volunteer Society is essentially a "social service," in the true sense of the word, a heart democracy. The warmth of its fellowship of service will supply your social needs by loftier and more unselfish pleasures, and more sacred friendships, made sacred by mutual friendship to Jesus. It will woo you from the world's attractions by adding something far better to your happiness than ever was subtracted when you forsook the world.

Why should you join the society? If the foe can keep a cruiser separated from the fleet, it is easy prey to his watching submarines. His guerrilla warfare is weak against the army's united front. The devil is a past master in strategy.

Why should you join the society? When the waters of the raging floods crashed in wild fury against the ark, Noah was not riding on deck. It was not enough just to be on the ark. He went inside.

And so "riding on the platform" is dangerous business. Nearly all our young people who fall out by the way are those who remain outside, refusing to be affiliated with the Missionary Volunteers.

Iniquity is abounding now, and love is waxing cold in the chilling atmosphere of indifference or aloofness. You need not grow cold and "fall out by the way." Come inside!

* * *

Why Write Letters?

AS cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country," says Solomon. We all enjoy receiving letters from our friends, and especially so when they contain "good news," and when we are far away from our home town or country.

Some people are very delinquent in their correspondence. They like to get letters, but they do not like answering them. Sometimes they neglect this for so long that they finally forget that they are owing a letter at all. Now, this is the only way that we can visit with our absent friends; and if we are interested enough in them to want to know where they are and what they are doing, let us remember that they would also like to know of our whereabouts and welfare.

Suppose one of the members of our family or church has gone to a distant place, and cannot be here to see for himself what is happening. Very naturally, he is intensely interested to hear about each member of the family or church with whom he is well acquainted. If he is one of your family, he would be pleased if you would make some mention of each member of the household whenever you write. And if he is a friend of animals, as we all should be, he would also like to hear something about the cat and dog, or the favorite horse or cow, or even the pet canary. It may seem to you hardly worth while to mention such things, but the absent one will be wonderfully interested in anything you say about "home."

I would not advise you to do like a young man I knew of, who was writing to an only sister,—a young girl spending her first year hundreds of miles away from home, and hungry for any home news. He would invariably begin his letters with a few of the usual expressions, perhaps give one or two short news items, and then say, "As there is no more news to write, I will close." His sister could think of many things about which he might have written. At times, she would send a list of questions for him to answer. That assisted him in finding news to write.

If one has moved from your church to another place, he will appreciate hearing of the different members. He will be interested to learn who are the newly elected officers in the different departments of the church. If the membership is increasing, or if some of your unconverted young people, or others, are manifesting more interest in spiritual things, he will be very glad to hear that. You might also tell him about the new ones who are moving in, and of any other changes that are taking place.

When we are going about our work, we think of many interesting things to write to our friends, but when we sit down to write, we cannot recall many of them. I have formed a habit that helps me in this matter. I keep my unanswered letters, and when something comes to my mind that I think would interest a correspondent, I immediately go and jot it down on the back of the envelope containing her letter. By the time I am ready to answer the letter, I have quite a list of items recorded. And when reading her letter over, I underline parts upon which I wish to comment, or else mark them in the margin, then refer to them when answering.

I enjoy writing letters to my friends, because I know that they like to get letters as well as I do. I imagine that others would be interested to hear what I myself would like to hear, and so write accordingly. I can usually find plenty to write about, but try to choose what I consider the most important and interesting, and close when I feel I cannot conscientiously spend a longer time on the letter.

I have heard it stated that letter writing is one of the ways the devil has of getting us to waste our time. This may sometimes be the case, as when one writes long letters, filled with slang expressions, sentimentalism, or nonsense, which exert a baneful influence on the mind of the receiver. And of course some may err in neglecting other more important work to write long letters to their friends.

Our letters should be of such a nature that they will edify, encourage, and comfort the receiver. When they bring good cheer, which is needed by many lonely and discouraged souls in this world, then they are, indeed, "as cold waters to a thirsty soul."

MRS. IVA F. CADY.



FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, Sept. 1, 1920.

MY DEAR NIECE: I am hoping this letter will reach Oakdale by the time you do. How much I shall be thinking about you all your first day of school! I had anticipated being there to help you get started. Never mind, a year from now you will be so much at home you can be a real help to me when I get back. In the meantime write to me about your lessons and your domestic duties and all the little school "doings." Tell me about my dear girls there, and about the new ones, too, so I may feel acquainted when I return.

But don't let my letters come first. Make definite plans to keep in touch with the home folks all the time you are away at school. It means much to them, and it means more to you than you can understand now. Devote your first spare time to writing home a cheerful account of your journey, your arrival, and your new surroundings. You will probably have time while you are waiting for your trunk. At any rate, don't sleep until you have done that much for the dear ones who will be missing you so keenly your first days away from home. The house will seem pretty empty to your father when he comes home, and the days will be long for your dear mother. I can imagine how they will miss you at the table, and at family worship.

But I mustn't make you more homesick, for I know that at best you will have some lonely times these first days of school. You wouldn't be worth much if you could leave home and not care. This is when the tempter will come to you with plausible excuses for deserting and going home. Don't listen, dear; decide once for all that God sent you there and that you are going to stay. Satan is always afraid of people who make decisions and stand by them. Promise yourself that you won't write one homesick, discouraging word home during your first two weeks. After that there is little danger.

One thing I must write that I have dreaded to have you know. I am ashamed that there is any occasion in our schools for mentioning criticism, but you'll very soon be finding it out. Oakdale isn't heaven, Doris, and the people there are human. Some things may be done that you do not understand, and some that seem actually wrong to you; but I caution you, Be slow to judge; believe that Oakdale is a school of God's own planting—as it certainly is; believe that your teachers' sincerest ambitions are to help you—as they certainly are;

and then put forth your best efforts to be what God wants you to be there, and you will be too busy to be much troubled by the criticism of others; surely you won't be indulging in it yourself. Don't be too shocked at the things your fellow students do and say. Many of them lack the home training you have had. As you become acquainted, you will find the majority of them earnest in their Christian life and only needing to be shown better ways. In any case, there will be a rich field for personal work among such students, and I pray that you will be the help to them that God wanted you to be when he placed you all together.

Don't neglect your Bible; school temptations are more subtle than home temptations, and you'll need the inspiration of God's word as you have never needed it. Keep close to your Saviour. When you are far away from home and dear ones, you may learn to know how precious your truest Friend is.

May the dear Father keep you safe, little girl, and true to your highest ideals.

Yours lovingly,

AUNT GUSSIE.

"Character in Clothes"

UNDER the foregoing caption there recently appeared in the *Christian Endeavor World* the following brief editorial on the relation of women's clothes to their character:

"If it is true—and it surely is—that character is shown in the clothes one wears, then many women and girls today have very little character.

"A Catholic priest in New Orleans recently refused to marry a woman because her gown was indecently transparent. Many clergymen of all denominations are applauding him. Some of them declare that they would not hesitate to order out of their church a woman wearing an improper dress. But is a dress that is not proper for church wear, suitable for any place?

"I do not want to be prudish. I want everybody to be dressed prettily and comfortably. But the aim of much of our present-day fashions passes beyond the limits of comfort and beauty, and is clearly immoral. If the wearer does not realize that her clothes are immoral, so much the worse; it shows that she has grown so accustomed to indecency that it no longer shocks her. In other words, her clothes have had their way with her character."

The Correct Thing

Why I Admire Wallace

IT always does me good to see how Wallace treats his father and mother. He is as polite to his father as if he were a distinguished guest, and as attentive to his mother as if she were his best girl." It was an older friend of the family who spoke thus to Wallace's sister.

"O Mrs. Mills, you are always talking about Wallace's good points," interrupted the sister; "but then he is a dear, good boy. He's just as courteous and helpful at home as he is in public."

"Yes, I've noticed that when I've been in your home, Irma," continued Mrs. Mills, "and that's why I admire Wallace."

"You know," confessed Irma, "I really don't think I duly appreciated Wallace until this spring when I came home from college. He had been such a comfort to father and mother—he always is. Father would hardly know how to manage things without him; and mother declares that he was worth as much as a girl. He's handy about the house, and always so willing and pleasant. I really think I have a brother I can be proud of."

"Indeed you have, Irma," said Mrs. Mills emphatically. "How I wish all the young men and women in our church were as kind and thoughtful in the home as Wallace is. Surely every Missionary Volunteer should be a Missionary Volunteer first of all in the home. That's what Wallace is."

This bit of conversation brings to mind the story of an ungrateful son who forgot the fifth commandment. His parents were poor mountaineers in the South. They were sacrificing every possible way to keep their son, whom they called John, in school. Finally the cow—the only cow—was sold, for John must be permitted to finish his college course.

In John's senior year the old father said: "Mother, I'm a-gettin' anxious to see John." There were only a few dollars in the depleted treasury, but John had not been home for two years, and it seemed that his plans were such that he could not come home after graduation. His letters were now few and far between, and when they did come they were short—not the nice long, newsy ones that comforted their hearts when he first went away. And so they discussed the plan of visiting John.

Finally it was decided that father should go. So he put on his best clothes—no, we'll not say suit—and started to see John. They did not even write to tell him of their plan. When the father entered the campus, he soon discovered his son in a group of gay companions. "O John!" exclaimed the old father, his heart fairly bursting with pride and joy as he rushed up to the boy he was so hungry to see.

"What do you want?" asked John, as he stiffened up and fell back a step or two from the outstretched arms before him.

"Why, John, I'm your father!" he explained while waiting for recognition.

"You must be mistaken, sir," stammered the cruel-hearted boy who refused to recognize his father.

A moment longer the crushed old man lingered, staring at the boy he had come so far to see. Then he turned and walked slowly away, while the gay group joked about his old-fashioned hat, his patched trousers, and his home-cobbled shoes.

But do not drop a tear for this sad, neglected father, nor yet for the poor broken-hearted mother. Sympathy cannot reach them now. And it is not needed, for those who rest beneath the sod feel no more heart-aches. It is John's heart that is aching now. And the Missionary Volunteers who look back over a widening gulf of time to that last good-by know just what that means. Somehow things look very different when they lie behind us in that past where no human foot-steps fall, where there is no opportunity to say, "I am sorry," nor to prove that we would do differently if we had the chance. There is only the never-ceasing gnawing, the inward longing, like the surging of the ceaseless waves upon the lonely seashore.

"But, Ruth, you were kind to your mother, even when she was a little unreasonable," said a young friend, attempting to console her chum. "But, Mary," and Ruth's tears again flowed freely, "I can see a hundred places where I could have been kinder. I could have spent more hours of my evenings with mother; I could have borne more of the home duties. And please don't ever speak of mother's being unreasonable. As I look back now, I don't think she was. And even if she had been, I still wish more than I can tell you that I had always been kind and thoughtful."

Dear Missionary Volunteer, do you still have your parents with you? Then thank God for your opportunity to brighten their lives. Consider this among your first duties as Missionary Volunteers. Remember that missionary work, like charity, should always begin at home. And there is no higher missionary work than that spoken of in the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Squeeze into that word "honor" all the kind words and good deeds that you can for those who have done so much for you. Tell them that you love them. Tell them very often, and then prove that you do. Learn a lesson from the old man who, when looking back over the past, said, "If I had my life to live over again, I'd be kinder—just kinder. That's what I'd be." If you learn the lesson of kindness, and always strive to be kind, especially at home, you will make that last good-by, when it does come, less bitter; and you will enrich your own life greatly for service.

M. E. A.

For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT was the "Mississippi Bubble"?
2. Why did the Pilgrims come to America?
3. In what manner was the State of Georgia established?
4. What part did William Pitt play in early American history?
5. Where and what are the Everglades?
6. What were the four largest cities in the United States in 1800?
7. What was Eli Whitney's invention, and what national influence did it exert?
8. In what Northern State is the bulk of cotton manufacturing centered?
9. What is a revenue cutter?
10. What is the capital of California?
11. Who was James J. Hill, and what part did he play in the development of the unsettled West?
12. Upon what Governmental bureau do mariners depend for their safety in navigation?

13. What important Governmental department is known as the "U. S. C. G."?

14. Who was Bret Harte, and how was he connected with life in the early days in one of the Western States?

15. What was the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States?—*Selected.*

Nature and Science

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of bluebirds in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer.

Facts in Comparative Anatomy — No. 1

The Tongue of the Woodpecker

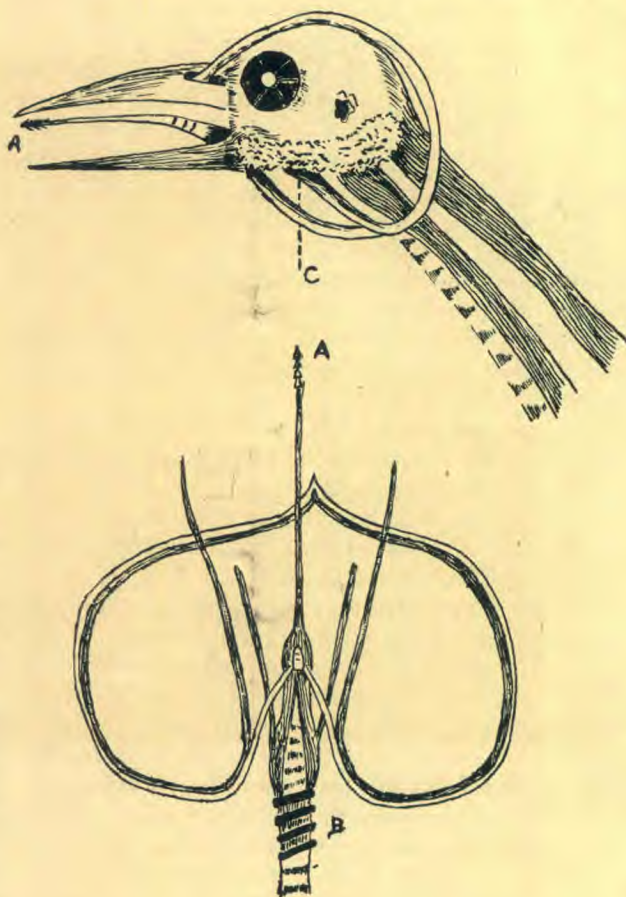
IN many ways the woodpeckers are oddities in the bird world. They have so many points of difference from most other birds that even a casual observer of birds quickly distinguishes them. Among the most noticeable of these differences are the strong stubby tail upon which they apparently sit when resting on a tree trunk, the peculiar arrangement of the toes, two being directed forward and two backward, and their peculiar ability to peck holes in wood. The internal structure of these birds is equally unique. I wish to direct attention particularly to the tongue.

The food of the woodpecker consists of beetles, ants, and larvæ of these and other insects found in decaying wood or beneath the bark of trees. In order that the creature may obtain its prey, nature has provided it with a strong beak, flattened on the sides, and sharpened on the extremity like a chisel. With this powerful instrument, holes in trees are rapidly made or bark stripped off. But such a beak, while of essential service in discovering prey, is ill adapted for the purpose of securing it; but here is where the remarkably adapted tongue comes to the rescue. The tongue of which I have made a drawing, is long and slender and provided at its end with a number of small bristles (a). This tongue the bird thrusts into the hole where the insect lies hidden and then rapidly withdraws, with the insect impaled on the bristles. In order quickly to take off these insects brought into the mouth, a contrivance of hairs is fixed at the back part of the mouth, which, acting like a brush, takes off the prey, enabling the bird to swallow it immediately.

At the hinder and lower part of the head (c) is a gland which secretes a glutinous fluid. This fluid is poured through a tube into the hollow of the lower jaw. Every time the tongue is brought back into the mouth, it is dipped into this sticky fluid. This makes the insects adhere when the tongue is thrust into the hole.

A tongue used as this one is must have powerful muscles to move it and make its anchorage secure. It

is in meeting this need that nature has been most ingenious. A study of the two drawings will make this plain. The tongue has a bony apparatus, the *os hyoides*, or "bone of the tongue," buried in its midst. The two pieces of the *os hyoides* which are thus fastened below, extend backward and then are suddenly bent upward and extend over the head hooplike to join just above the nostrils. Strong muscles attached to those portions of these bones which are in contact with the tongue pass backward and are wound in most singular manner around the windpipe (b). Two short muscles which are fastened to the underside



of the lower jaw and to the fore part of the windpipe draw the tongue forward, and direct it into the cleft of the tree.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

What the People of China Say

YOU have destroyed our faith in our old leaders, so we have forsaken our idols and our temples. Now unless you give us a new leadership, we have nothing to look forward to except religious chaos."

What are you going to do about it?

In Summer

SUMMER skies! summer skies!
Realm of glory and surprise!
Smiles so bright shine from your dome
Through the fluffy, fairy foam,
That I scarce can raise my eye
As your lazy clouds float by.

Summer seas! summer seas!
How refreshing is your breeze!
Mirrored in your waters lie
Gems of earth as well as sky
That I fain would linger, dream,
As you shimmer, glide, and gleam.

MARY LIVINGSTON-SMITH.

Missionary Volunteers of Flint, Michigan

ENNIS V. MOORE

THE accompanying picture shows a group of Missionary Volunteers of the highest order, who believe in their aim, "The Advent Message to All the World," and who also believe that it means for them to help warn the thousands of people in their own city. Yes, the neighbor next door to them needs the message as much as the native of Africa needs it. These Missionary Volunteers are not sitting idly by, saying, "There is nothing I can do. If I could only go to India, China, or some other foreign country,

The placing of the printed page in the homes is awakening an interest in the gospel message and present-day conditions which I am sure will be evident when evangelistic meetings are held. At the present time the church is inadequate to seat the Sunday evening audience.

Also a new spirit has been brought into the church. Whereas a few months ago six or eight were attending dry and uninteresting Missionary Volunteer meetings, now these gatherings are a close rival of the



how glad I would be to work for the salvation of souls!"

Every month this church has a missionary field day under the auspices of the Missionary Volunteer society; and these young people distribute four thousand copies of *Present Truth* every month. They do their work systematically, always calling at the same homes every month.

The Juniors also did unusually well with the Harvest Ingathering papers.

Sabbath morning services. Their programs are full of life and enthusiasm. When Elder W. H. Sherrig, the pastor of the church, was planning his tent effort here this summer, he said that "a real live Missionary Volunteer Society is a vital asset to a successful tent effort." He plans for the Missionary Volunteers to assist in the singing, advertising, and visiting, as well as to learn to give Bible studies. Let us pray for the advancement of the work of God in the city of Flint, Michigan.

Ten Minutes in the Morning

D. E. KEINER

THE world is full of physical wrecks. Thousands go into untimely graves because of worrying over things that never come to them. Millions waste God-given strength in this way and struggle through life with a crippled body and undermined health. All this fretting and worrying could have been avoided if they had given to God the first "ten minutes in the morning."

Many plans are not carried out. Precious time is spent for naught. They were laid with a selfish motive, and God cancels them. Why not work together with the Lord by getting your program from him in the morning? Spend ten minutes with him.

God is the author not only of the Bible, but also of natural science and mathematics. Why not place your difficult lessons before him every day. What a

grand picture! a student on his knees, with an open book before him during the "ten minutes in the morning."

You have missed a friend all day long. You crave comradeship. The evening comes and finds you out seeking for friendship. You leave father, mother, brother, and sister to find comradeship in social gatherings, games, lodges, concerts, and the ballroom. You come home late at night and drop into the bed with a deeper longing for true friendship than you had when you left. You are lonesome. Why? Because you have failed to invite the Friend of all sinners into your heart's chamber. Why not save money, worry, and time by giving to him the "ten minutes in the morning"?

You have sinned and know it. You seek for rest

and peace. You are condemned and can't get away from it. You may give all your money and means to the poor, yet there is no peace. You may write missionary letters or assist the minister to make up for it, but you cannot. Your soul is still weeping. Come, misinformed, disappointed heart, and tell it to Jesus during the "ten minutes in the morning."

The devil is awake before you are. The temptation is ready and the snares set before you are aware of it. You cannot escape them by moving out of the neighborhood nor by changing roommates, neither by shutting yourself in behind prison bars. You are doomed. Jesus is the only way of escape. But you must ask on time. Meet him before you meet any one else during the "ten minutes in the morning."

A saved sinner is worth more than the whole world. Many will be lost because they never met God in the morning. You may save more than your own soul if you devote to God your precious "ten minutes in the morning."

Get the grandest chorus in the world to sing for you by offering your life anew to his service and winning the victory over every sin. Heaven is waiting to send you aid during the hours of each day. Make angels sing. Send a victorious battle cry to heaven every evening. Can you afford to close your eyes, ears, and heart to such a grand heavenly support by robbing yourself and God of the "ten minutes in the morning"?

God's people are marching on to victory. No power on earth can delay them. No earthly monarch can still the voice of the ministers nor silence the shouts of praise to the heavenly commander. They are prepared for the hottest battle and the roughest pathway. They will not halt, for they have heard the loving voice of Jesus calling them home during "the ten minutes in the morning."

The Lord pays well for our time. You may have a life free from worry and anxiety, plans adaptable to every experience, good lessons without the waste of precious hours, a Friend that will fill all your needs, peace and rest in the midst of distress and confusion, a way of escape from every temptation, the songs of angels, the privilege of marching with God's elect through the pearly gates. Why should you not be willing to give the best of your time to the Master and meditate before him during the "ten minutes in the morning"?

Four New Friends for You

SENIOR Reading Course No. 14 brings to you four excellent friends that you should find room for in your circle of book friends. Again and again we hear of each of the mission books in this course: "I could hardly lay it down after I started to read it." Of the other books a number of friends of the youth have already said: "These books are just what our young people need at this time; I'm so glad they were chosen."

Now let me introduce you to the books and tell you briefly the character of each:

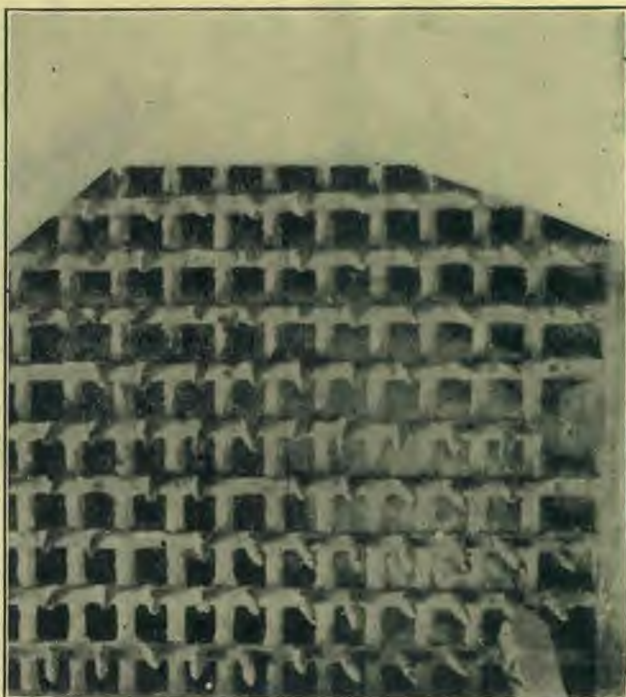
"**Our Day in the Light of Prophecy**," by William A. Spicer, is an interesting and readable book on the fundamental principles of the gospel as taught in the Scriptures. These principles are clearly and simply outlined, the Bible being used to interpret itself. The prophecies of the word of God shed light on present-day conditions, and show that the events of today are in harmony with, and in fulfillment of, the prophecies given thousands of years ago. There are thirty-four chapters in the book, each chapter treating a vitally important subject, and all illustrated with beautiful engravings, 154 in all. Cloth, marbled edges. Price, \$3.

"**The Ministry of the Spirit**," by George B. Thompson, is an inspiring book on the Holy Spirit and its work upon the human heart. It will be a wonderful help to the young Christian seeking a deeper experience. A wealth of word-pictures makes it intensely interesting for the young reader. There are 223 pages, bound in cloth. Price, \$1.

"**With Our Missionaries in China**," by Mrs. Emma Anderson and Other Missionaries in the Field, is a thrilling book on the experiences of our own missionaries in that far-away land of Sinim. It is of unusual interest, and will especially appeal to the young people who will some day be on the firing line in mission lands. 334 pages, well illustrated. Price, \$1.25.

"**In the Land of the Incas**," by F. A. Stahl, tells of our work around beautiful Lake Titicaca, still regarded as the sacred center of the Incas, the highest navigable body of fresh water in the world. Upon its waters floats a Seventh-day Adventist gospel boat. Along its shores, extending 120 miles, are scattered churches and companies of Seventh-day Adventist Indians, witnessing to the influence of the simple gospel story and the power of the third angel's message. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stahl, medical missionaries, landed among these natives ten years ago, and at first saw only discouragement, but by braving untold hardships, they succeeded in breaking down prejudice by healing physical ills until 1,500 Christian church members stand as a monument to the power of the gospel. 300 pages, well illustrated. Price, \$1.25.

Next week we will tell you about the books in the Junior and Primary Courses.



At Cartagena, Colombia, are many relics of Spanish intolerance. The old Inquisition building still stands, and visitors are shown the judgment hall where hundreds of so-called heretics were condemned to death. There are ancient dungeons where prisoners were often left to starve to death. A "bed of torment," one of the most terrible instruments of torture employed, is now used as a window grating to a subterranean passage connected with the archbishop's palace.

Preparation

I do not like new scenes,
New faces, or new friends
So well as those that I have known before.
The sweetest strain of song
First reaches but the ear;
The heart responds to hearing o'er and o'er.
With understanding slow new truths to see,
Precept on precept, line on line, must be.

Lord, teach me day by day
A little of the love,
A little of the speech, of Canaan's land,
The prompt obedience
Which is thy kingdom's law,
Before upon the glassy sea I stand;
Lest to thy presence coming suddenly,
A stranger and an alien I should be.

VIOLA SCOTT.

"It is far greater to make a change in men than to make a change of men."



Just for the Juniors



Irish Place Names

If ever you're in Ireland
And hear a man declare,
"I've just been to kill Patrick;
I'm going to kill Dare;
And after that I'm thinking
Of going to kill Kee;
And then my youngest brother
Is going to kill me,"

Don't think that 'tis to slaughter
The man may be inclined;
In fact, the thought of murder
Is farthest from his mind.
But many an Irish place name
Begins, you see, with "kil,"
A prefix with a meaning
That's quite remote from ill.

An isle of saints was Erin
In early Christian days;
And many a church arose there
By rivers, woods, and ways.
In time the churches perished,
But left their names alive;
And "kil" is "church" in Irish,
And so the "kils" survive.

Hence you may see Kilpatrick,
Killarney and Killee,
Kilcullen and Kileoran,
Killorglin and Kilkee;
Kilgobinet, Kilgreany,
Killmaiden and Killbride,
Kilcoleman and Kilsheelan,
And other "kils" beside.

In days like these, so filled with
The omens of a crash,
It gives us pause to hear of
A place that's called Kilcass.
And, when we think of burglars,
And pistols that go "pop!"
We stammer at a name so
Suggestive as Kilcop.

And then there is Killady
(Not gallant, I allow),
Kilmurray and Kilmichael,
Kilcalf and Kilmacow.
Kilcartan and Kilkenny,
Kilbritten and Kilgaul,
Kilmany and Kilmore—yes,
And lastly Killenaul!

— Denis A. McCarthy.

The Fern Rocking-Chair

UTHAI V. WILCOX

IT happened one Sabbath afternoon when Mrs. Taylor was taking dinner at the home of Deacon Jones, that her house was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Of course there was no reason to believe that had she been home that afternoon all would have been well, but somehow old Mrs. Taylor took it for granted that it was because she accepted the kind invitation that the catastrophe occurred.

"I had a feeling that day," she kept saying, "that I ought to stay at home."

And because the kindly old lady had lived in the same house for the last fifty years and there had been no fire, she firmly believed that there would never be any, and so she had no insurance.

The house was almost a landmark of the town, and had seen its best days, and the furniture showed telling signs of the passing years.

Mrs. Taylor was dazed, for she did not know what in the world to do. "It's everything I have," she wailed. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she said over and over again. And her friends were puzzled to know just what they should do. They were willing to give generously and help to support her for the rest of her life, but the trouble was that Mrs. Taylor was used to living in her own place, in her own way. No other place seemed just like home.

One night after the regular weekly prayer meeting Deacon Jones asked some of the church members to stay a little while, he wanted to talk over some things with them. The deacon was a big man, in heart, soul, and body. His religion was the kind that "worked" every day in the week. Perhaps that was one reason why he was always at prayer meeting.

When they had all gathered about the deacon down in front, he rose and said:

"Is it not time that we should do something to make our good Sister Taylor comfortable? We all know how it is: she will never feel just right anywhere but in her own home, and I don't know that we can blame her for that. I've been thinking lately," and he looked over the little audience with his keen eyes, "that it won't cost us so very much if we build a small house for her and furnish it comfortably. Of

course it will not be the same as the old one, but it will be hers, and that will make all the difference in the world."

There was pleased nodding of heads and a general hum of approval, and perhaps a sigh of relief, for the deacon had found the solution of a problem that had been bothering many.

A committee was appointed to give the matter careful consideration. Two lumber companies were visited and arrangements made for obtaining the material at small cost, and carpenters in the church pledged their work.

Mrs. Jones said that she would give some pillows and a good mattress, and Mrs. Smith said that they had a kitchen range that they could spare, and as the various ones were heard from, success seemed assured, except for the furniture, such as chairs and tables. No one seemed to have a supply of either of these necessary articles.

May and Dorothy Tait attended the meetings as members of the Missionary Volunteer Society, and besides, they were very fond of old Mrs. Taylor. She had been a grandmother to them, and they were doubly anxious to make her comfortable. As anxious as was Dorothy to help, she was not at all prepared to have May suddenly rise to her feet and say:

"I—we—my sister and I will give a rocking-chair, a nice big rocking-chair, the kind that Mrs. Taylor likes, and the Missionary Volunteer Society will find some way to supply her with a good table."

"Good!" said Deacon Jones, in his hearty voice, and the secretary wrote down the pledge. May sat down blushing, as if she were the reddest flower in a garden of red flowers. It wasn't because her sister had spoken in meeting that astonished Dorothy, but it was the daring that took her breath away. May had promised a rocking-chair as if she had money to throw away, and Dorothy knew that funds were low, for hadn't she borrowed five cents the previous Sabbath to put in the collection?

"How in the world are we going to give a rocking-chair when we haven't any chair or any money either?" Dorothy demanded in an excited whisper.

"Sh!" warned May; then she added, "I have an idea." And Dorothy had to rest on that "idea" until the meeting closed.

On the way home May explained: "It just flashed into my mind as I sat there. Haven't you noticed when we go to town that nearly everybody has ferns in their windows or on their porches?"

"Yes," said Dorothy in a tone of one who must have every little particular explained to her.

"Well, the woods back of our house are full of ferns, aren't they?"

"Yes," answered Dorothy in the same unyielding tone.

"Then all that we have to do is to dig up the ferns and sell them to folks who want them, till we have money enough for that rocking-chair."

But, of course, Dorothy was not satisfied. She began to make objections, for she seemed to have a gift for discovering the difficulties that were in the way; but May had an answer for them all.

May's idea was to visit the gully where the town dumped the tin cans, find the ones of the right size, and use them as flowerpots. "We'll put a fern in each one of them, and sell them for ten or fifteen cents apiece."

"But how in the world are we ever going to get all the ferns to town?" questioned Dorothy.

"With a horse and wagon, of course!" answered May. "You didn't suppose that I meant to take them on our wheels, did you?"

"But father can't spare any of the horses now," continued the pessimistic sister.

"But he can spare Lady Clare," May answered.

Lady Clare was a very old horse, who, having done her share of the work of the farm, now lived in luxurious ease. Though she nibbled clover and ate the best, every rib in her body showed, making her look more like the framework for a horse than a useful friend of man. There was no question but that she could be spared for such work.

Again Dorothy objected: "Are we going from house to house trying to sell the ferns, like a peddler? I think that will be just awful!"

"I'll do the selling," said May. "You can drive and I shan't mind it as long as we get the money."

The matter seemed settled, but not quite, for Dorothy raised her last objection: "But what if the society doesn't want to give the table? You know that most of them think they are giving all the money they can now, with offerings to missions and other places."

Although May was quick to answer, that was the very thing that had been disturbing her for the last few minutes, but she knew that she must not let Dorothy know of her doubt. "Why, if the society won't help, I'll earn the money myself." Dorothy must have regarded that as a joke, for she laughed rather unfeelingly.

But the matter seemed settled, and the girls set to work to carry out their program. Tin cans were rescued from the gully, and filled with rich leafy loam. The potted ferns were set in a row on the shady side of the house until there were enough to start the sale. Then one bright morning all was ready. The tin cans had been daintily wrapped with colored crêpe paper and placed in the wagon. Lady Clare, fortified with an unusually hearty breakfast of oats, was hitched up, and when all was ready, the girls waved good-by to the home folks and started for town.

"There are ninety-two, if I haven't made any mistake," said May, "and at ten cents apiece they will bring nine dollars and twenty cents, and that will buy our rocking-chair."

"Better wait until we sell them first," said Dorothy.

As soon as they reached the outskirts of the town, May began her efforts to sell the ferns. She had every characteristic of a good saleswoman. She smiled in the face of open doors, and closed ones too. She talked about her ferns in the most interesting way, as if the other one was as much interested in them as was she. If she made a sale, she was delighted. If she failed to sell, she was not in the least discouraged. Dorothy, who had begun by, "I told you so" every time she was refused, soon ceased to comment; for because of the attractiveness of the ferns and May's happy face, there were many sales.

They had reached the main part of town and were going down the best street of attractive residences, when Lady Clare's deportment occasioned some anxiety. May had just sold two ferns to a sweet-faced woman with gray hair, and came hurrying back to tell her sister about it, when Dorothy interrupted her:

"May, what do you suppose ails Lady Clare?"

"Does anything ail her?" May asked, and Lady Clare answered for herself with a groan that sounded almost human. It made them both jump. They hurried to pat the lowered head of their steed.

And Lady Clare, in answer to their solicitations, groaned again, regarding her mistress with eyes eloquent with suffering. Then May remembered Lady Clare's breakfast—her very generous breakfast.

"O dear, I wonder if I could have given her too many oats! She seemed to like them so much."

"Of course you did," answered Dorothy, who was always ready to believe the worst. "She's not used to so many oats."

Just then a very severe looking woman came along, and from under the shade of her parasol, studied the horse and the two girls.

"Who owns that horse?" she said in a voice that sounded very much like a threat.

"My father does," May replied politely.

"And he sends you out to peddle plants with an animal unfit for any kind of work. Why, he ought to be arrested!"

Both May and Dorothy were overwhelmed with the sudden verbal attack. "Why," May gasped, "she was all right when we started."

"All right!" And the unknown lady pointed at Lady Clare's projecting ribs. "Do you mean that those bones were covered when you left home?"

"Why, no I didn't mean that, but—but—she certainly eats enough."

Then Lady Clare groaned again. Perhaps she was trying to suggest that in point of fact she had eaten too much. "She is plainly a much-abused animal," said the woman. "She gives every indication of being underfed and overworked. If I see a policeman, I shall feel it my duty to report the case." With that she swept on. May and Dorothy looked at each other with fear-dilated eyes. "What in the world are we going to do?" they asked at the same time.

May stirred herself to action, and taking Lady Clare by the bridle, clucked to her encouragingly. The faithful old animal took a few steps and then stopped with a groan.

"O May!" cried Dorothy, "if only you hadn't had this fern idea! Now Lady Clare is going to die and we are going to get arrested and I don't know what

else besides." It was a gloomy picture, and even May's face looked grave. Just then some one turned the near-by corner in time to hear the horse groan again. He was a pleasant-faced man.

"In trouble, girls?"

"Yes, sir." Even plucky May found her voice trembling. "Our horse seems to be pretty sick, and I don't know what we are going to do."

The man looked from one girlish face to another and then at Lady Clare. He seemed to decide something immediately. "I live in this block and I have a stable in the rear of my house. I use it for a garage, but there's a box stall that has never been taken out. We'll get your horse around there, then I think we'd better call a veterinary."

Getting Lady Clare into the stable was more easily said than done. It took the combined efforts of the three to do it. By that time there was the usual crowd of small boys and delivery men and those people that seem to spring up from the street when there is excitement. Finally Lady Clare was unhitched from the wagon, and taken to the box stall. The gentleman who had proved such a friend in need had hurried to the house and telephoned to the veterinary surgeon, who came promptly.

Dorothy sat on the seat of the wagon, the tears rolling down her cheeks. May did her best to comfort her, when a young girl came out of the house. Something in the frankness of the blue eyes and the happy smile made Dorothy certain that here was a friend.

"Don't cry," and the girl looked up at Dorothy sympathetically. "I'm pretty sure that your horse will get well."

Dorothy wept on.

"I'm afraid that she is pretty disappointed," said May. "She never felt sure that it was a good idea of mine. And now instead of getting a rocking-chair, we'll have to use all the money we've made, and a good deal more, to pay the doctor."

"Did you want to buy a rocking-chair?" asked the girl, looking puzzled.

Then May explained, and Dorothy dried her tears and lent her aid. The girl seemed very much interested.

"Why, it's too bad!" she exclaimed. "How much money have you made already?"

"Three dollars and a half," sighed May, with a glance at the wagon. "You see, we had just got to where the houses are thick."

"I see. Well, we'll have a sale of ferns right here on our front lawn."

The girl, whose name was Edna, was the sort of person of whom generals are made. A table was carried onto the front lawn and covered with white cloth, and the ferns were arranged on it. The children of the neighborhood were promptly on hand to see what was about to happen, and they were all sent scampering home to ask for a dime. Passers-by were stopped, and when they went on they carried a fern and left ten cents. By the time the veterinary had pronounced Lady Clare out of danger, there was enough to pay the bill.

"But they wanted to get a rocking-chair, father," Edna said, looking up at her father with an air of expecting him to find a way out of the difficulty. She told him the whole story of Mrs. Taylor and the fire.

"I wonder if we haven't a rocker about the house that would do," said her father.

"Of course! that brown one with the cane bottom is very comfortable, and it doesn't seem to fit anywhere in this house—and it's quite new." And it was agreed on.

Lady Clare was not able to make the journey home that evening, so Edna's father took the girls home in his automobile, and Edna went along for company. On the way they talked over the pledge of the Missionary Volunteer Society and the need of a table. They found that there was a little left after paying the expenses of the veterinary, and with this as a starter they thought that the rest would be easy after the whole story had been explained to the members. Edna was now very much interested, and promised to come to the meeting and do what she could to help.

When Mrs. Taylor's cottage was ready to be furnished, there were many pieces of furniture, and the old lady was more comfortably situated than ever before. But of all her chairs, it was the "fern chair," as she called it,—having heard the story,—that she settled upon as *her* chair.

In front of Edna's home a row of ferns is growing, starting up afresh each year and prettier every spring. And Edna is a regular member of the local young people's society, and has found many friends as a reward for helping to supply the "fern chair" on that memorable day.

Voyageur, the Peerless Leader

A NUMBER of Hudson Bay traders were pushing their way into the frozen realms of the North. Muffled to their eyes with heavy furs, and with well-laden dog sleds, they were prepared for a long journey over the icy trails.

One night there was a heavy fall of snow which refused to pack, and lay in great mounds of white on the hard white surface. A day or two later the traders from the southland were delighted by a glorious spectacle in the sky. A hazy cloud seemed to rise from the west and extend to the zenith. Then great circles formed around the sun in which mock suns blazed out in all the colors of the rainbow. Gradually the cloudiness increased and dimmed the circles as the sun became the center of a brilliant cross. The traders gazed in wonder, but the experienced Indian guides shook their heads. To them it meant that soon a fierce wind from the north would lift that light snow into the air, and the landscape would become a howling, swirling blizzard. They imparted their fears to the white men and all put fresh vigor into the march.

The day passed on in silence and the danger sign was beginning to be ignored by the white men. Not so by the Indians; they were quietly preparing. That night Voyageur, the leader on the first sleigh, was given an extra fish and tied securely so that he couldn't wander away. The Indians depended a good deal on Voyageur. Many a time he had led the train safely over a dangerous place, many a time with unerring instinct he had led them to their destination. All that was necessary was to point to some headland in the dim distance and say, "Voyageur, that is our next point, now for it." Straight as an arrow would be the trail he made, as with traces taut and without further guidance, he gallantly led his train along. So the Indians prepared him well for the strain they felt sure he must endure.

And they were right, for the following afternoon the fitful gusts of wind which seemed to start from

nowhere and suddenly die down again, warned them that the on-coming blizzard would be a terrible one. They had but time to make the last preparations and take their bearings when the shrieking monster reached out his greedy hand for his victims. The air was suddenly so filled with snow that no eye could see more than two or three feet ahead, and the roar was so terrible that no human voice could be heard. The life of every one in the party depended on the strength and endurance of the gallant dog at their head. Hour after hour the brave Voyageur led his party into the very teeth of the tempest. A halt was called for lunch, for in the bitter cold an underfed man will soon freeze. Then on and on they traveled again through the blinding storm. The day wore on, and a grayness told the party that the long dark night was approaching. It was then that the traders became thoroughly alarmed. To spend the night with no shelter might mean death. Hurriedly they called a consultation. It seemed so foolish to wander on with no guide but a dog. Quietly the experienced Indians insisted that nothing better could be done. The dog would bring them to shelter more surely than the guides themselves.

Suddenly, however, even this hope failed them, for Voyageur, the peerless, dropped in his tracks and lay on the snow. They examined him. Nothing seemed to ail him. Sharp and stern commands failed to move him. This was indeed a serious matter. Finally the heavy whip was brought and the noble dog was cruelly beaten. He took it all without a whimper, but still refused to move.

"Paulette, you must lead us on. We'll surely die here," shouted the man in charge.

Paulette, who was the best Indian guide in the company, quickly made ready and, noting the direction in which Voyageur had been traveling, started on before the train was quite ready. He had gone but a few yards when he returned with a cry of terror.

"We are on thin ice over the river," he shouted. "The dog has saved our lives."

The condition of the ice told the experienced Indians that they had run out over the great Nelson River. The party made a hasty retreat, and by a short detour they reached the friendly shelter of a forest. Voyageur was indeed the hero of the day.

What is this? I see some of the Juniors are smiling. "We have read that before," they say. Yes, the story of Voyageur is only one of forty or more just such interesting ones in "My Dogs in the Northland." The boys and girls who have read the book will agree with me when I say that that isn't the most interesting one, either.

Have you the set to which this book belongs? "A'-Chu and Other Stories" has some interesting tales in it about real, live boys and girls that are living in that land across the sea. Then "Knowing Insects Through Stories" introduces you to the little people — ants, bees, butterflies, and many others — that live right around you.

If there were time or space, I should like to tell each boy and girl about every one of our Junior Read-

ing Course books, for they are very good friends of mine. I can tell you where you can get them. If you send to your tract society secretary, he will be glad to send you the whole set. Do not delay the letter. The price is \$3.60.

Then, after you have read and enjoyed each one, your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary will send you a certificate showing that you have completed the course. It will be a sort of diploma graduating you from the 1920-21 Reading Course. Will not every Junior make up his mind to have one?

HARRIET HOLT.

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for September 25

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: Missions Survey.

The meeting of today is to be devoted to the study of missions. The program has been prepared by a committee composed of members from your own society. There will be stirring songs and interesting stories, and perhaps you will hear a helpful talk, for there is so much that is intensely interesting, so many inspiring incidents in the everyday life of each foreign missionary. Today you will have news from the front-line trenches, and no Missionary Volunteer can afford to miss that.

Our Counsel Corner

Have you any material to send us for our "Missions Survey" program? Last quarter we neglected getting material until so late that we did not have the inspiring program that we might have had with greater preparation. H. L. S.

Should the Missionary Volunteer Department furnish material for the "Missions Survey" program, it would defeat the very purpose for which the program was created. The *Review* and *Herald*, the *Signs*, and the *Watchman* contain many items which would be appropriate for that meeting. The Department wishes to encourage our young people to become faithful readers of these publications, and so have appointed this day each quarter when the Missionary Volunteers will make up their programs from the items in these papers. Appoint your "Missions Survey" committee early in the quarter and impress upon them the fact that it is their duty to read the papers and clip all items which might be usable. You will soon find that you have a wealth of material for an interesting program. The question, then, will not be that of getting material, but of careful selection. H. H.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII — The Review

(September 25)

This review is based on the golden texts for the quarter. See how many of them you can quote from memory.

1. To what is true wisdom compared? What effect does it have on a man's life? Prov. 3: 13, 18. Note 1.
2. What will God do for those who earnestly study and conscientiously follow his plan of education as outlined for the Eden school? Ps. 32: 8. Note 2.
3. How will God's education change our imperfect lives? 2 Cor. 3: 18. Note 3.
4. How early should this education begin, and what is the advantage of beginning early? 2 Tim. 3: 15; Eccl. 12: 1. Note 4.
5. Into how much of life will God's education enter? Deut. 11: 19, 20. Note 5.
6. Of what value to us is this true education? Prov. 3: 13, 16, 17.
7. What are some of the characteristics of that wisdom which true education gives? James 3: 17. Note 6.
8. In gaining this education, what sympathetic helper have we? Heb. 4: 15, R. V. Note 7.
9. How may we gain this wisdom? James 1: 5.
10. If we have this wisdom, how will we make use of it, especially in giving the last message of God to the world? 2 Tim. 2: 15.
11. How strong will be our interest in "rightly dividing the word of truth" so that the work may be quickly finished? John 4: 34.

12. How will God's people be regarded by the world if they follow his plan of education for Israel? Deut. 4: 6.

13. When the students in the school of earth have successfully finished their course and are promoted to the school of the hereafter, how will Jesus, our kind, faithful Teacher, feel regarding the result of his patient toil? Isa. 53: 10, 11. Note 8.

Notes

1. The tree of life has been transplanted to Eden above; but its branches hang over the wall down into this world below, so that even before we enter the heavenly school we may be partakers of its fruit. To us in this world, God's word is the tree of life, and its leaves are "for the healing of the nations"—the healing of my life and yours from the wounds and bruises of sin.

2. To be instructed by the God of heaven, to be taught day by day the way in which we should go, so that we shall never be found on any sidetrack of the enemy, to be guided step by step by the mighty One who never makes a misstep—what more can the Christian ask? Such a tender education of heart and mind and soul is as far above and beyond any education born of earth as its Author is above and beyond any frail, erring human teacher. Such "knowledge is power" indeed. This was the education our all-wise Father planned for the students in the Eden school.

3. It is impossible to separate the Spirit of the Lord from true Christian education. It is the life-giving element with which every subject studied is vitalized. It is the agency which reveals the glory of the Lord in the Book of revelation, the book of creation, and the book of life's experiences—God's lesson books. When wisdom is thus sought, the distorted, misshapen, uncomely image of our sinful characters will gradually be remolded into his own glorious image—the image in which man was created.

4. The sly and artful enemy of souls sets his wicked traps especially for the feet of the unsuspecting youth. For well he knows that the child entrapped is the future man or woman bound by his chains. In childhood and youth, before "the evil days" come, is the time to preoccupy the soul with the education which God says will restore his image in the soul. This education begins in the home school.

5. Any education that does not prepare for life is unworthy the name. It is the purpose of secular education to prepare the student to meet successfully the various problems of this life. The education which God desires his children to have not only fits the student for a life of usefulness here, but it reaches infinitely beyond and prepares him for a life of honor and glory throughout eternity. In order to accomplish this it molds every phase of life, "when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." This was the education God outlined for the schools of the prophets.

6. True wisdom defined by the apostle James describes the education that Jesus received. If that wisdom is ours, Jesus must reign and rule in our hearts and lives. If that education is not ours, the wisdom that "descendeth not from above" will fill and wreck our lives. Earthly wisdom is characterized by bitter envying, strife, confusion, and every evil work. It is the devil's wisdom. (See James 3: 14-16.)

7. In olden times the father was the priest of the household, and the priests were the teachers of the nation. So our great high priest is our Master Teacher. He is a true teacher, for his heart is ever touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He was without sin—he successfully solved every problem in his life school. He did it for himself, and with him on the throne of our hearts, he will do it for us.

8. Any true teacher feels a keen disappointment at the failure of a student to pass a final examination. How will Jesus feel if one who has entered his school here below is absent when the roll is called up yonder? We are now living in the day of God's judgment—in the day when the heavenly Teacher is giving his final examinations. Not one need to fail, for he is our wisdom as well as our redemption.

Intermediate Lesson

XIII — The Review

(September 25)

Five Parables

Matt. 13: 31-35, 44-53

In what way is the kingdom of heaven like a mustard seed? like leaven? like a hidden treasure? like a rare pearl? like a fisherman's net?

Stilling the Tempest

Luke 8: 22-25

What occurred when Jesus and his disciples were crossing the lake?

How did the disciples show a lack of faith?

How were they saved?

The Demoniacs of Gadara

Mark 5: 1-20

Who met Jesus when he and the disciples landed at Gadara?

What did the evil spirits cause the man to cry out?

What request did they make?

What was the result?

What did the people of the city do?

What request of the healed man did Jesus deny?

The Daughter of Jairus

Mark 5: 21-43

What request did Jairus make?

Under what circumstances was his request granted?

How was a woman in the throng healed of her infirmity?

Other Miracles

Matt. 9: 27-38

How were two blind men healed?

What miracle caused the multitude to marvel?

What explanation did the Pharisees make?

What did Jesus say of the harvest?

The Twelve Sent Forth

Matthew 10

Name the twelve disciples.

What did Jesus send them forth to do?

What power did he give them?

What assurance of the Father's care was given them?

Feeding the Multitude

Mark 6: 34-44; 8: 1-9

How eager were the people to hear the words of Jesus?

On what two occasions did Jesus work a miracle to supply their needs?

How many people were fed?

How many baskets of fragments were saved?

The Bread of Life

John 6: 22-71

Whom did Jesus say he was?

What lesson did he teach from the miracle of the loaves?

Jesus Walks on the Sea

Matt. 14: 22-33

In what dangerous situation were the disciples one time when they were crossing the lake?

How did Jesus come to them?

What experience did Peter have on that occasion?

The Syrophenician Woman

Mark 7: 24-30

What longer journey than usual did Jesus once take?

How did Jesus test the faith of a heathen woman?

What lesson should the disciples have learned from this incident?

The Transfiguration

Matt. 17: 1-13

What took place upon the mount when Jesus and three disciples went to pray?

Of what was this event a representation?

Healing the Demoniac

Mark 9: 14-29

What had been the experience of the disciples who were left at the foot of the mount of transfiguration?

How did Jesus relieve the distressing situation?

Why could not the disciples cast out the evil spirit?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "So shall it be at the end of the world: angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just." Matt. 13: 49.

2. "He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him." Luke 8: 25.

3. "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." Matt. 9: 22.

4. "Then touched he their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9: 29.

5. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10: 8.

6. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10: 42.

7. "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14: 27.

8. "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger." John 6: 35.

9. "Great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15: 28.

10. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark 8: 36.

11. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Matt. 17: 5.

12. "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17: 19, 20.

"Who loiters on an errand will be able
To hurry if his supper's on the table."

Prohibition Imperiled

THE Eighteenth Amendment, which makes America dry, is *imperiled* and we must *fight* to hold the victory won. With the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, many unwarrantedly concluded that the fight was over: but the wet forces have not given up; they are now shrewdly laying their plans to elect a *wet majority* in both houses of Congress next fall; if they should succeed, the Volstead law, which limits the alcoholic content of beverages to one half of one per cent, will be repealed, and three per cent, five per cent, or even a higher per cent will be allowed. This would mean the *nullification* of prohibition, intoxicating beverages would be sold everywhere unrestricted, and the debauchery due to drink would be a *hundredfold* worse than it was prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

"I Can"

"I CAN" is a wonderful success winner. A young man who had paid his way through school under difficulties became possessed of the idea that he could do whatever was required of him. He was a teacher of country schools. One day a youth said to him, "I would go to school if you could teach me algebra."

"Certainly I can teach you algebra. What made you think I couldn't?"

Since algebra was a comparatively new subject in that section, the prospective student had supposed it was beyond the reach of the new teacher.

The young man who so confidently expressed himself capable of teaching algebra, had never looked into one; but he lost no time in securing a book. And when his pupil had covered about one third of the course, the teacher had mastered the entire work. Twice he found he needed help, and rode nine miles to secure it; and that was before the day of automobiles and airships.

Years later this same man was wanted for county surveyor. He was asked if he would take the work. He accepted it, though he knew nothing of surveying.

He had a daughter in college who had taken a year's course in it. He wrote her at once for books on the subject, and when she returned from school, he had the subject so well in hand that he knew more about it than she did after her year's work.

It pays to think, "I can;" it pays to say, "I can;" and best of all it pays to act out the "can" principle in all one does. It brings rich returns in strength of character.

F. D. C.

The Increase Demands Action

HAVE you not observed that the last year has greatly increased the number of smokers among boys? How does it make you feel to see a group of neighbor boys taking their first lesson in smoking?

It gives you, I know, a feeling of mingled pain and disgust. Of pain because you know that the boys are forging the chains that will bind them for life to a harmful and expensive habit; of pain because you know that every new recruit to the nicotine habit will influence other boys to follow in the same evil way; of pain because you know that to the intelligent, well-informed mother, the knowledge that her boy is smoking will be a great grief. It brings a feeling

of disgust that full-grown men care so little for their influence on boys and other men that they will continue to smoke, thus encouraging boys to smoke, though science, physicians, teachers, and employers pronounce the smoking habit a decided influence in the spoliation of boys, mentally, physically, and spiritually.

It brings a feeling of disgust to think how the tobacco interests duped the people in their "tobacco for soldiers" campaign, and so reaped for themselves immense gain at the expense of the nation's boys.

I asked a police-woman in one of our large cities recently if she had ever observed women smoking. "Why, it is almost as common as gum chewing," was her reply. While this may have been intended merely to emphasize the common trend, it does show that the habit is alarmingly on the increase, not only among boys and men, but also among girls and women.

This is a national calamity, and it is far wiser to enter our protest now through educational propaganda than to wait until the evil habit has gripped the entire nation. Now is the time for every one interested in the well-being of his fellow men to gird on the service armor and do everything possible to arouse the people to the menace of the tobacco habit.

Why can we not, why should we not, circulate a million copies of the ANTI-TOBACCO INSTRUCTOR? This would give only one person in a hundred a copy; and would require that each one of our people circulate but ten copies; but it would give a wonderful impetus to the anti-tobacco campaign. Who will circulate his ten? Will you not?

F. D. C.

A PROBLEM

Given: A world that is dying today,
Dying without God.
Mad in pursuit of pleasure or gain,
Aching hearts bleeding from sorrow and pain,
Homes that are saddened for hearts that are
stilled,
Hungry-eyed victims with misery filled.
Millions are helplessly looking this way,
Walking earth's green sod.

THE SOLUTION

Needed: Young Christians with hearts true as steel,
Fearing naught but sin.
Men who to conscience and duty are true;
Men who will stand whether many or few,
Firm as Gibraltar, though standing alone;
Men who can pray straight through to God's
throne;
Men who can love and men who can feel,
Free from dross and tin.

C. A. RUSSELL.

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