



THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 72

March 25, 1924

No. 13

I Am the Printing Press

ROBERT H. DAVIS

I AM the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations. I make brave men do braver deeds.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond, seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak, a myriad people listen to my voice. The Saxon, the Latin, the Celt, the Hun, the Slav, the Hindu, all comprehend me.

I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill the dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquest of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches: at sunrise, at high noon, and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

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The Youth's Instructor,
Takoma Park,
Washington, D. C.

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President Coolidge says: "Every American should be acquainted with the form and structure of the Government. Its rudiments ought to be known and understood. It is impossible to support that of which we are ignorant." Uncle Sam needs *your* backing. He is *counting on you!* He is sending out this book with his stamp of approval, to acquaint you with your duties of citizenship. Fill in the order blank and mail it today.

Ten Hours

THE story is told of how the students in one of our largest universities were surprised one morning just before commencement to see a figure in uniform parading back and forth between two of the main buildings of the institution. They rubbed their eyes to make sure they were seeing right. In the old days of the S. A. T. C. they expected to encounter students doing guard duty, but those days were past.

The inquisitive students approached the figure a little closer to examine his uniform, and discovered what seemed to them to be a postman's suit. Then they turned their attention to the gun which the parader was carrying on his shoulder, and to their amusement, discovered that it was the wooden article. Here was a university student, and a dignified senior at that, parading like a tin soldier before the buildings, clad in a postman's uniform and carrying a wooden gun. What a target for their fun he made.

This is how it happened. The particular student

who was now parading all alone on the campus with his gray uniform and his toy gun had let himself fall into the habit of missing the military drills when they were a part of the required course in the university. When the time for graduation came, an examination of his record showed that he had ten absences from drill without excuse, and these had to be made up. So when the boulevard was crowded with real soldiers in uniform who had come back from France with their records of real service, he had to parade like a tin soldier with his wooden gun. For ten hours he must step back and forth, making up for time lost the year before. And every time he engaged in conversation with any one he had to walk an extra hour. What a picture he made!

"But do you realize," asks the editor who tells the story, "that many a young man is going to have a very similar experience later in life if he gets into the habit of not being in his place, if he slides out of his duties because he thinks no one is watching him? There are boys who some day will cut a ridiculous figure in life because of the hours they are wasting. On some occasion they will expose their ignorance because they neglected their studies in school.

"There are boys who will find themselves filling just about as useless a place in the world as that student with his wooden gun, because they have wasted so many opportunities that they have left themselves unequipped for any real service in life. Who wants to carry a wooden gun when there is real fighting to be done? But boys who through carelessness have failed to store up knowledge and to build up character, will find themselves incapable of real service in the world.

"The student parading alone must have thought of the use he might have made of those ten hours now being spent in idle parading. The ten drills missed last year meant ten hours out of his precious time now. We have only so many hours of life, and if we waste them in boyhood, we shall find that we are not masters of our time later in life. Every hour well used now will mean that many more hours at your disposal later in life. But hours wasted now will have to be made up later in life when you have something else of great importance for which you wish to use the time."

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday

Printed and published by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

AT TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

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VOL. 72

MARCH 25, 1924

No. 13

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

Club Rates

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

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

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

"Sorrow follows wrong as echo follows song."



Bible Perspective

ROGER ALTMAN

WHEN you enter the public library, you find two main divisions of the books which are kept there, namely, the reference works, and those generally of a narrative nature, which may be borrowed and taken from the building. Large libraries, such as the Library of Congress and the public libraries in our large cities, are equipped with special rooms where the volumes for reference are kept. Students and others desiring to consult authorities are thus able to find them all in one place, where they are easy of access. In the reference room are found the encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, Government reports on industry, census reports, directories of large cities, bound volumes of important magazines, poetical concordances, etc.

A person desiring to while away a quiet hour in general reading does not often seek the reference room of a large library and thumb through the pages of the dictionary or the encyclopedia. He goes to the general reading-room, and selects a book written in narrative form. Then he hunts a comfortable chair, opens the book at a likely page, and reads continuously as long as time or inclination may allow. The student or the professional man, on the other hand, who is looking for definite information of a technical or literary nature, makes straight for the reference room, finds the section where the subject he is investigating is treated, pulls down the heavy volumes he needs, and energetically begins his search. He looks here and there at the various headings, searches indexes, appendixes, glossaries, and tables of contents. He is after facts or figures. The literary ability of the

author or compiler is a matter of comparative indifference.

It is probably safe to say that if all the books of narrative were summarily to be wiped out of existence, and only the works which are classified as reference books allowed to remain, the world would still be able to worry along, and would not have lost much of the knowledge which has been slowly and painfully acquired through the ages. But what a pity it would be if, when studying the life of Abraham Lincoln, for instance, we were obliged to content ourselves with the bare facts of his birth, the successive stages in

his career, and his death, gleaned from a dry and dusty encyclopedia, and were denied the reading of any of the many interesting and exhaustive biographies which have been written about that great man. The student of poetry could gain the technical information he desires concerning the mechanics of rhyme, meter, and rhythm, together with a few examples from similar sources. But that would hardly take the place of his being able to steep himself by the hour in "The Lady of the Lake," or "In Memoriam," "Thanatopsis," "Hiawatha," or "Paradise Lost."

We feel it to be a fact, however, that many young students of Christianity are using only the reference room of the Christian's library,—the Bible,—letting the dust of neglect gather thick on the shelves in the narrative section, the poetry section, the history section, and the philosophy section. When the time comes to study the Sabbath school lesson, it is necessary to dig out the facts required to answer the questions.

The Man with the Wonderful Book

*The Book of books, fair treasure of the ages past,
He brings to those who need the joyous light of life.
O'er village green, in marts where townsmen meet,
Amid the city's burdened toil and heartsick strife,
He bears the Book.*

*Across the prairie, in the forest's depths, alike;
Paths smooth or rough, in rain or sunshine, cold or
heat,
The mountain passes and the valley's cool, dark way,
Are all familiar to the tread of his untiring feet,
Who bears the Book.*

*The ships that sink below the line of sea and sky
Have hailed him. In the shore's dread dives his
voice has rung,
And alien, native, mingled in their common woe,
The praise of God, the Father's love, of Christ, have
Sung,
When came the Book.*

*On ship of desert o'er the blinding, burning sand,
With donkey load in land where Cortez once held
sway,
Across the Alps, along the road that leads to Rome,
By dog-cart, pony-cart, or mule, he brings the dawn
of day,
Who bears the Book.*

*In Siam long his bullock-cart the Book has borne;
With China's barrow, street stand in Japan, or where
His pitched tent waits for Filipino heart to wake,
In quaint Korea, Zulu kraal, at Hindu fair,
He bears the Book.*

*What race or color, white, black, yellow, red,
By him forgot, as daily at his wonted task
He sees the message leading men to God above?
The Word to him was, "Hasten, nor fruitless ques-
tion ask,
But bear the Book."*

—Ralph Welles Keeler.

We search here and there to find out how to answer some doctrinal question, or to satisfy the teacher as to what happened next. But are not many of us missing the keen enjoyment of opening the book at the beginning and reading the story — for it is a story — straight through to the end?

The story of "The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke, is a choice piece of literature, but suppose we made use of it only to answer a set of questions something like this:

1. What is the name of the main character?
2. Where did he live?
3. What jewels did he buy to offer to his king?
4. What delayed him on his trip to the desert?
5. Where did he go after failing to find Jesus in Bethlehem?
6. What did he then do?

We could find the answers to all these questions by reading a sentence from page two, let us say, another sentence from page seven, a paragraph on page twenty-five, and so forth. We might become acquainted with all the bare facts in the narrative and never read the story at all. Then if Dr. Van Dyke should call on us some evening, and the conversation should turn to "The Other Wise Man," it might run like this:

"Have you read 'The Other Wise Man'?"

"Oh, I've made a thorough study of it. I know that Artaban was the chief character of the story, that he bought a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl to take to Bethlehem with him, that he missed his three friends, failed to find Jesus, and then went down to Egypt."

"Very good. What do you think of my description of Artaban's journey on horseback from his house to the edge of the desert? What passages throughout the story do you like the best?"

"Oh, I never read it from beginning to end. I read a sentence here and there, and picked out the main points in the story."

"I see," Dr. Van Dyke would probably reply with a touch of disappointment in his voice. "I gathered

those same incidents in just a few hours during an attack of illness," he might continue, "but it took me years to weave them into 'The Other Wise Man.' Your eye, so zealous for fact, did not catch the golden glow of unselfishness and brotherly love which shines on every page."

Topical and doctrinal study of the Bible is very valuable. We would not say a word to disparage that. But there is no substitute for reading the Bible through. Only in this way can we hope to ascend high enough in our experience with the things of God, partly to take in the sublime and tremendous sweep of the matchless story of God's dealings with the children of men since time began. By reading persistently and continuously every day, we may catch a vision of the mighty God marching through the ages before His chosen people.

A topical study of the Bible may be likened to examining a piece of beautiful tapestry at very close range, thread by thread, perhaps with a magnifying glass. This is certainly a laudable pursuit, but it would seem strange for a lover of beautiful fabrics to confine his study entirely to this method, and never stand at a distance where his eye could compass the tapestry as a whole and appreciate the delicate blending of its many colors into a goodly picture of the romantic past.

Just so with the Bible. We may keep our study of it so confined to a few texts on the Sabbath, the state of the dead, and the minute interpretation of some particular prophecies, that we will fail to discern how all these threads of verse and topic are woven with transcendent skill into one sublime picture of the face of Christ.

"I use the Scripture, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons to defend this party or defeat its enemies, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to be, to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored."

Emmanuel Missionary College Broadcasts

OLLA TITUS

ABOUT five years ago, Elder C. L. White held a very successful tent effort at La Fayette, Indiana. Among the number who took their stand for the truths which he presented, was a young man of exceptional ability along scientific lines, especially radio engineering.

When he gave his heart to God, he also gave his life, mind, and future to the spreading of the great plan of salvation. He saw the possibilities of the use of radio in proclaiming to the world the news of the soon coming of Jesus. From that time, this thought was uppermost in his mind. He built wireless set after wireless set, but did not keep them long. They were either sold or dismantled and built into better ones.

It was about this time that I, with my little home-made receiving set out in the country, heard the calls, CQ, CQ, de 9FD, 9FD. My call book revealed the name and address of the operator, Mr. John E. Fetzer. I purposed to visit this station to get acquainted with Mr. Fetzer, thinking he could probably give me some information about wireless.

That visit was the turning-point in my life. Upon his table I found a very neat wireless set, an open

Bible, and some tracts on the destruction of the earth. All these interested me and caused me to ask many questions. Mr. Fetzer patiently answered them all. With many Bible studies and talks, he slowly but surely led me to understand some of the great truths heretofore hidden in the Bible.

Then, as we were both interested in the same things, namely, radio and the Bible, we decided to go to Berrien Springs to college. When we arrived, our first work was to install his radio station in the dormitory. The plan that he had in mind was to demonstrate what could be done with radio, and to interest the leaders of the denomination in establishing a broadcasting station at the college. After several days' work, all was in readiness, and a call was sent out. We were rewarded by hearing an answer from a distant State.

Great was our joy when we learned that our signals had been heard in France. This gave us a greater inspiration to get a broadcasting station. The only objection was that no one seemed to realize the great place radio is to play in warning the world, and so they would not contribute to the enterprise.

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"Reputation and character should not be driven tandem, but abreast."

Visiting the Paramount Chief

LLOYD E. BIGGS

THE paramount chief of Barotseland invited us to visit him, and plan for mission work in his territory, so the writer, with Elders E. M. Howard and J. V. Wilson, made the four-hundred-mile trip to Leauli, the seat of government for the Barotseland Protectorate, in May of last year.

We left Livingstone by bicycle one afternoon. Our sixteen carriers had started before daylight with our loads, each boy being responsible for about seventy pounds of luggage, which he carried on his back by means of two sticks. We overtook them about eight o'clock that evening, twenty-three miles along the trail, and slept out under the stars.

The next morning we pressed on ten miles to Katambora, the southern end of the transport service on the Zambesi River. This last stretch was very sandy, and we had to push, pull, drag, and even sometimes carry our bicycles, so the barge waiting for us was indeed a welcome sight.

Our next task was to load the boat, and stop the many leaks with long strips of Nile grass, but we finally got off at about mid-afternoon.

Our party on board consisted of fourteen black boys to paddle, the cook and "boss boy," called "Long-one," who stood six feet, seven inches, in his bare feet. The barge was about forty feet long, and five and a half feet wide in the middle, coming to a point at both ends. A canopy protected us from the sun as we slowly journeyed up the river day after day, six boys paddling at the bow, and six at the stern.

That first evening on the river I was introduced to the tiger fish. This fellow is brownish red in color, covered with enormous scales, and has sharp teeth like a cat. His length averages from fourteen to twenty inches. He feeds on the smaller fish, chasing them into the shallows, where they are easy to catch. Life in the Zambesi is indeed a survival of the fittest, for the fish all eat other fish in rotation, the crocodile finally taking care of the largest inhabitants. This was flood season, and thousands of acres of land were covered with from four to six feet of water.

Our first stop was at Chikamatonda's kraal, where one of our native teachers is conducting an outschool. We sailed right across the flat country, boat and all,

arriving at the school early in the morning. Old Chief Chikamatonda was very glad to "see" us, even if he is blind. He is a grand old native, and although nearly helpless physically, is still a shrewd and sympathetic ruler of his people. In our interview with him, he pleaded with us to send a white missionary to live near his people and teach them the true religion.

From here we passed on to our Kalimbeza Mission, where a fine class of boys, directed by their teacher, Gladstone, sang several verses of "There's a Land That Is Fairer than Day," as a welcome. Gladstone, whose native name is Imasuka Akabeswa, has finished the eighth grade, and is one of the finest boys we have in this part of Africa. He is alone at this mission, as on account of a shortage of workers, we have been compelled to recall the white man who has had charge here. During our stay, the chiefs of near-by tribes came in, accompanied by their headmen,—about two hundred of them,—and in tears begged us to send them a missionary.

Pressing on our journey to Leauli, we passed scores of dangerous rapids, and at one place the boat had to be hauled overland for about two miles in order for us to get around Gonyi Falls, one of the most beautiful along the river. For several days our way lay through a rolling country covered with beautiful hardwood trees, and abounding, so it is said, in almost every species of wild game. But as we neared our destination, the land flattened out again, being covered with tall grass, reeds, and water.

The paramount chief, Yeta III, a full-blooded Barotse, received us very kindly. He is highly educated in Sesuto, but does not speak English. He has a fine, clean, almost modern house, and is worth several thousand pounds. His people respect him very highly, and in all matters of native custom he is judge, but in matters of crime the English government takes a hand.

We spent several hours with the chief,



Photo by Lloyd Biggs

Paramount Chief Yeta III, of Barotseland



Photo by Lloyd Biggs

Pulling the Boat Out of the River for the Two-mile Land Trip Around Gonyi Falls

discussing our work and our beliefs. He is very much interested in our mission enterprises. Several of his boys are in our Rusangu Mission, and he is willing to open the way for us to enter Barotse-land. The question our workers face now is whom to send. The day is long past when any but well-educated persons can make a success in such a field as this. The work which we undertake must be done not only faithfully but efficiently; and those who represent us must come into close touch with English officials of the highest type.

One of the most interesting experiences of our return journey was our visit to the big queen, Morena Makwae. She is a relative of the paramount chief, and has jurisdiction over a certain territory under him. She is now living with her *eighteenth* husband, who is a very docile creature. In the early heathen days, before the missionaries and the government came in, it was her habit to get rid of a husband any time she felt so inclined, by the simple method of having him pitched into the Zambesi as food for the crocodiles. But this old gentleman has been in favor for some years,



Photo by Lloyd Biggs
Morena Makwae at Moloea, Barotseland, and her "good" husband

and seems to know his place and keep it. He has no power or authority whatever. I wished to purchase a cane from him, and before he could set a price, or even knew whether he wanted to sell the article, it was necessary for him to hold a long conference with his wife. She finally gave her consent, set the price, collected the money, and the stick was mine.

I suppose the queen weighs three hundred fifty pounds at least. She was exhausted after walking twenty yards from her house to the court, where she receives visitors. The Barotses all stand in great awe of her. Our paddle boys would not go by without paying their respects, which consisted of crawling on their knees for some distance into her yard, and once there, they all bowed and groaned and clapped their hands in great solemnity.

The trip out to Leauli took twenty-seven days, but coming down the river, homeward bound, was easier traveling, and we made it in twelve days back to Katambora. Then came another long bicycle ride in the hot sun, and we were home once more.

Aunt Sally on Joining

WELL, you certainly have grown!" cried Aunt Sally as she held her niece Margaret by the elbows and scanned her fresh, happy face with shrewd, kindly eyes. "I never thought a girl could shoot up as you've done from September to spring vacation. I guess your mother *will* need me to help let down your skirts. Now take an apple and a fresh doughnut and sit right down in the big chair and tell me all about everything while I darn your Uncle John's socks."

Margaret gladly accepted the invitation. Between her bites she answered Aunt Sally's questions.

Yes, school was perfectly wonderful. She was having the best time she'd ever had in all her life. No, she hadn't been homesick once. Yes, the studies were harder, of course, but she didn't mind that. No, the food wasn't much like mother's, but one learned to endure it. There were spreads and boxes from home that helped out. Yes, she had met the dearest girls and made loads of new friends. Since she had joined so many different things, she knew almost every girl in school.

At that Aunt Sally dropped Uncle John's half-mended sock, and looked critically at her niece.

"Joined things?" said she. "What have you joined?"

Margaret began to count on her fingers. There was the Literary Society, she said, which only the girls with real, true literary ability were asked to join, and the Debating Club, and the Missionary Volunteer Society, which every one joined as a matter of course, and a very select club which was made up of only ten very dear friends.

"Four!" exclaimed Aunt Sally. "Well, that's cer-

tainly enough for one girl to belong to, I should think. That is," she added, "if she really belongs to them. How is it with you, Margaret? Do you belong, or have you only joined?"

Margaret, puzzled, forgot to eat while she gazed at her aunt.

"Why, of course I belong, Aunt Sally," she said. "Didn't I just tell you how I'd joined them all? If any one joins a thing, she belongs, doesn't she? I don't know what you mean."

Aunt Sally drew the edges of a big hole together and threaded her needle again before she replied.

"No, Margaret," she said, after what seemed a long pause to her impatient niece, "not every one who joins a thing belongs to it. Joining and belonging are two very different things. You know Mrs. Baxter, who lives just below your house. Well, she's the greatest joiner I know. She's joined the Missionary Society and the Correspondence Band and the Dorcas Society and the Missionary Reading Circle and the Woman's Club—not to mention the Sabbath school and the church. And yet she doesn't honestly belong to any of them. There's something more to belonging than just signing your name to a pledge and paying your dues. Belonging means standing ready to help at any time you're needed, being ready to do disagreeable things if it's necessary, and working with all your might to make your society or club or church the very best of its kind. And it's those things that Mrs. Baxter doesn't do. She's all right as an ornament, but she's not a part of the machinery. You see, she's joined, but she doesn't belong."

Margaret was listening. Aunt Sally was the greatest person for new ideas and thoughts that never oc-

curred to any one else. They just seemed to come to her somehow, and she was never afraid to give them expression.

"And then there's Dorothy Brown," she continued. "You know her better than Mrs. Baxter. When she joined the Missionary Volunteer Society, every one rejoiced. She's so talented and popular we all thought she'd bring no end of good things into the society with her. But she didn't. Last week there was a social, but Dorothy wouldn't take any part, though the committee urged and urged her to play and sing. At the Thanksgiving supper she told us at the last minute that she couldn't serve because she was going to a concert over at Roseboro. She has almost never taken part in a meeting, and she says she hasn't time to serve on a committee. In short, you see, my dear, Dorothy has never belonged to our society at all. She's just joined!"

"I'm beginning to see," said Margaret. "I never thought of it in that way before, but now I'm begin-

ning to wonder whether I really *belong* to the things at school or not. There's the Missionary Volunteer Society. I'm pretty sure I don't belong to that. I joined because it seemed the popular thing. Everybody was signing up."

"Well, if you don't," finished Aunt Sally, snipping her thread, and rolling Uncle John's socks into neat bundles, "if you don't belong, be sure you begin the minute you get back. There's nothing finer in the world than really to belong to something—to put your whole heart into the life and work of it, and to help make it an ideal society or club. And, on the other hand, there's nothing that makes one so useless as just to join a thing and never do anything to help further its interests. Don't forget, Margaret," she concluded. "You see, I don't want any one who belongs to me to be just a 'joiner.'"

"I won't, Aunt Sally," cried Margaret. "I'm going to *belong* just as hard as ever I can the minute I get back."—*The Wellspring, adapted.*

The Monastery of St. Bernard

MARY LOUISE MENDEL

THE famous monastery of St. Bernard was founded by Bernard de Menthon in 652, chiefly for the purpose of rescuing travelers lost in the snow of the high passes on their journey across the Alps.

It still nestles among the Swiss mountain peaks, 8,108 feet above sea level, a home for the twenty Augustine monks and their seven assistants who are in charge. It is a shrine of historic interest to the twenty to twenty-five thousand visitors who annually make the trip, which was fraught with so many dangers in the olden days, in comfort and safety over the St. Gotthard railroad.

"The approach from Martigny," says one writer who recently made the pilgrimage, "is so long and uneventful that one does not realize the heights to which he is climbing until Bourg St. Pierre is passed, and the bridle path is reached at the Cantine de Porz. But thence to the top the unmistakable Alpine scenes abound to left and right. The air grows keen; the mountain sides are bare and lonesome, for the tree line has been passed; some snow patches lie in the hollows.

"Then, just as the perplexing windings of the path have driven you to despair, the monastery looms through the mist. One of the brethren welcomes the stranger with great courtesy, and he is served with food without money and without price, dropping an

offering in the alms box at the door before leaving.

"There are two weather-beaten buildings, stone-and-mortar structures, that seem a part of the bare rock and snow of the region, and near by is a tiny lake, which, even in summer, is often frozen over. On a platform by the lakeside the Roman armies of long ago erected a shrine in honor of Jupiter Poenius, where travelers over the pass stopped to express gratitude, or leave presents or votive tablets. It was from this shrine that the mountain took its name of Mons Jovis, locally, Mont Joux.

"In the morgue, a triangular out-house, are the bodies of several travelers found by the famous St. Bernard dogs, which are kept for identification. The visitor may look through the window and see the bodies ranged against the walls, dressed just as they were

found, the features perfectly preserved. In that altitude the bodies do not decompose, but dry up and crumble bit by bit.

"In the monastery proper are engravings and pictures given by faithful visitors, a collection of coins, and numerous antiques found in the vicinity."

It fires the imagination to glance back over the centuries and see the procession of daring travelers crossing and recrossing this famous pass. The great St. Bernard was the chosen route for many a Celtic

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MONASTERY OF ST. BERNARD AS IT APPEARS TODAY

"The greatest mistake — giving up."

WE get information, after leaving school or college, in three different ways:

From what people say.

From seeing and doing things.

From books. From reading. From the printed page — newspapers, magazines, bulletins, and all the rest.

But chiefly, for anything outside the close range of everyday life, from books, newspapers, and magazines. The printed page. The storehouse of the world's ideas and information. The University of Print.

We most of us have an idea that education is a sort of pestiferous thing, won by hard work in schools. Useful, of course; we know we have to have a certain amount of it to get by. We're even willing to work to get it. But unless it comes along labeled "Education!" we don't ordinarily think much of it.

That's all wrong.

In the first place, education is far more than a mere necessity: it's the main thing that, in the long run, can show us a good time. It increases our usefulness; it increases our chances for success; it increases, immeasurably, our power of enjoyment. We have to know about things to be able to enjoy them. Try cutting into the middle of a book on some subject you don't know a thing about, and see! If you can enjoy it without knowing what you're reading about, you're a better man than I am!

What School Does — and Doesn't

In the second place, you don't get education in schools, you get only the beginning of it there.

If schools can start a fellow on the road to a good education, if they can make him want to learn and show him how, they've done a fine job, whether they teach him anything else or not. From that point on it's easy.

Even college can't turn out by any means a finished product. Ask the city editor of any newspaper, or the business manager of any big store, whether or not he wants his new employees to be college graduates. You'll find that in most cases he'll rather grudgingly say, "Yes, because in the end they become more valuable."

In the end! After they've learned how to use the cargo of facts they got at school or college — after they've finished their "education" in the school of experience!

When I was just finishing my work in law school, I remember the dean gave a talk to the whole class.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "you doubtless feel, by this time, that you know law. I'd like to disabuse your minds of the idea. We don't teach you law in this law school; at least, not the detailed body of the law that you perhaps imagine you've been learning. All we can do is to give you a sort of outline map of the whole subject — and show you how, when you need it, you can find out about any particular thing."

School can't dig up all the vast amount of buried treasure for any one student; all it can do for any one is to provide him with a sort of spade, show him where the treasure lies, and teach him how to dig.

That's what school does for a fellow: teaches him how to dig.

Get out of your head the idea that school is going to give you an education. It can give you a start, and it is the only institution that can, but if you're worth your salt, your real education begins about where school leaves off. If you've made the most of your school opportunities, school will have shown you how to go about, or keep on, getting educated.

How are you going to use the tools of learning that school gives

you? Even if you have learned how to dig, that's a very different thing from doing it.

That's where books and magazines come in. The University of Print.

Books are full of information. They are rich mines of ideas.

But has it ever occurred to you that the ability to read is a very dangerous thing?

A jackknife is a very useful little weapon. If you're smart, you can whittle a wooden ball inside a cage with one, or cut just the right crotch for a slingshot.

But try putting a sharp jackknife in the hands of a baby. See what he does with it. The chances are he'll try putting it into his mouth first. If he has good luck and gets it in sideways, so that he finds out without cutting his lips, that it doesn't taste good, he'll likely pull it out again, and try it on his fingers or toes. When he cuts himself, he'll drop it and scrunch himself up and howl. He doesn't know how to use it.

The ability to read is a dozen times more dangerous than any jackknife.

All around us is the great University of Print, the Treasure House of Human Knowledge. Schools give us the ability to read, the tools with which we can gain our full share of the education we need to make life useful and enjoyable and thoroughly worth while. But in too many instances we use our tools with but little more sense than the baby uses in putting the jackknife into his mouth to see if it tastes sweet.

Read to Sharpen Your Wits

Don't fool yourself with the idea that you can use the ability to read for no better purpose than to kill time, and get away with it without hurting yourself. Reading that gives you nothing but a chance to pass the time away, teaches you, after a while, *not* to think.

Instead of sharpening your wits, instead of stimulating your brain, it dulls it. The injury may not be so obvious as a cut from a jackknife, but it's just as real — and far more serious.

Imagine a fellow's going to college, and just sitting around in an easy-chair and loafing on the small of his back until the other chaps come back from class, day after day.

After a while, naturally, he gets flunked out. At college there is a faculty to see to it that each man makes at least some use of his opportunities, or gets out.

But in the world outside beyond the years of school, we're thrown entirely "on our own." When we loaf in easy-chairs or on street corners, there's no faculty to tell us we're making fools of ourselves. It's only gradually that the dim idea percolates to us that we've thrown away our opportunities, that we're flunking out in life. And we usually realize that too late.

The Unive

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University of Print

ID



Some time ago I was talking with a kindly, very well liked man with gray, bushy hair, who has been unusually successful in the editorial field where he works. Other men look up to him. Many, who started out on equal terms with him, years before, have come to him for a helping hand, later on—and found it. He was telling me his idea of why some men succeed in the battle of life where others fail.

"Unless a man has a succession of new things to turn over in his mind," he said, "he soon gets into a rut. I try to see to it that something new comes in every day—some new mental food, to grow on. Sometimes it comes through people I meet in the office, or trips that I get a chance to take, or other things I do. But I can't count on such things. They're too irregular—don't always happen. So I make it a practice to read one hour a day in some interesting book, some good book, that's really worth while—I've been doing that for more than twenty years."

Knowing something of the tremendously busy life that he has lived these many years, I came pretty near gasping with surprise.

"Where in the world have you found time," I asked, "to tuck in an hour's reading each day? Why, I've never been able to find you free even in an evening!"

He smiled. "No, I don't often get an evening to myself," he admitted. "The fact is, my time is so taken up with things that I can't avoid, that I've had to make a little sacrifice to stick to my hour-a-day of good reading. I imagine most men could arrange it more easily—but I believe it's been worth it. If I had it to do over, I'd certainly do it again."

"But when do you find the time?" I insisted. "How do you arrange it?"

"In the morning. My alarm clock goes off at half-past six, and I read for an hour, in bed. I get up at half-past seven."

For more than twenty years that man, with less time available than most of us have, had been waking himself out of a comfortable sleep each morning in order to take his hour-a-day course in the University of Print!

On the other hand, imagine yourself on an early train coming into a city—Chicago, Boston, New York—any big city. The train is filled with commuters. Pretty soon they'll pour out through the station in a great black current and each start off to his own particular stool or office or desk for the work of the day. But now, on the train, nearly every one in the whole train is holding a newspaper in front of him.

Each is taking a whirl at the University of Print. How much do you suppose most of them are getting out of it?

Hardly more, I'm afraid, for the most part, than a university student would get from sitting on the

bleachers to watch the other fellows at football practice, day after day.

Do you think they really get much more than that—merely a half-hour's idle recreation, with hardly anything on their minds except their hair?

It's worth thinking about.

Don't "Get Lost" in a Newspaper

Suppose each man, before starting in on his newspaper, asked himself what it was he wanted to find out from it. In fifteen minutes he'd likely be able to find out every single thing that the paper had to offer him, and put it down a better-posted, more alert, intelligent man.

Is that the way you're going to read newspapers—or are you going to waste three quarters of an hour or worse on everything that comes along, from divorce suit to the last funny strip?

While, naturally, there are plenty of good reasons for reading a newspaper every day and keeping posted on some of the main things that are going on in the world or in any particular line of business, it's quite true that most newspaper readers overdo the thing to a point that probably is actually harmful.

Whenever a book or a newspaper or anything else actually keeps you from thinking, instead of helping you to think, it's time to consider cutting down on it, if not cutting it out altogether. The opportunities for worth-while reading are too great to be wasted.

Interesting and Worth While, Too

Don't for a moment get the idea that in order to be worth while a book or article or anything else has to be uninteresting. No, indeed! The more worth while it is, the more interesting it ought to be.

There are plenty of books and magazines that give you new ideas, and information, additional education, and yet are just as interesting as anything you can find. They will make you grin and give you a good time, too.

Only, you can't leave discovering them to chance.

Most people do leave the selection of what they will read mainly to chance. As a result, they're likely to find five or six or a dozen things that just happen along for every one that is really worth reading. That's where, without realizing it, so many men get to spending more time on a newspaper each day than it's really worth.

They just stumble into it. It just happens, as so many other aimless, shiftless things happen.

They don't stop to plan for reading that would be worth more to them, and likely more interesting as well.

It stands to reason that not all reading matter is what I am here calling "worth while." Look at the average dime novel, or Sunday supplement.

It also stands to reason that much that might be labeled "worth while" isn't interesting. Somebody once wrote on the flyleaf of a volume of sermons by a famous divine:

"If there should come another flood,
For refuge hither fly!

Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry."

But after all, there are a great many books and articles and stories and what not that are both very interesting and decidedly worth reading.

Worth While, but Uninteresting

Let's say, however, that there are a dozen books, at least, that are really not worth reading, no matter how interesting they are, for every one that is worth reading. And let's say that, out of the books that are worth reading, there is no more than one in a dozen that is, for us, genuinely interesting.

"The best gift—forgiveness."

That shows you why we can't leave our reading to chance. If we did, according to the figures just given, only one book out of every hundred forty-four that we came across would be both interesting and worth spending our time on. And the figures are probably really much greater than those.

On the law of averages, on those figures, we would not even strike the first book that was both interesting and useful until we'd coasted greasily through sixty or seventy that merely wasted our time, and struggled painfully through a dozen more that bored us to death.

Don't leave it to chance!

By planning, and taking a real interest in finding books and stories and articles that are both useful and good entertainment, we'll be able to get amazing results.

Even though only one book out of a hundred and fifty — or one out of a thousand — meets our requirements, there will still be more to choose from than most of us can read in a lifetime.

How can we find them?

That's the big question. There are just four easy steps in the answer:

Decide what to read.

Ask questions.

Make lists.

Use libraries.

Decide What You Want to Read

Let's take them one at a time. First, decide what to read. There are so many books and magazines, so many different kinds of reading, that we might as well start by deciding to follow up, first, some line that appeals to us particularly.

Next, ask questions. You'll be amazed to find how much people know about books and how willing they are to help you.

The storehouse of learning is chaos only to people who have never tried to dig any treasure out of it. To those who have used it, some part, at least, is known and charted. If one person doesn't know the particular thing you want, he may be able to suggest some one else to ask. You'll be surprised to find how

many good suggestions you'll get, and how easy it is to get them, once you really set about it.

Third, make lists. There'll be too many suggestions to keep track of in your head. After books have been suggested, you'll soon find by asking more questions about them that some will outrank others. Be sure to keep written memoranda of the different suggestions that come to you, and make a definite list of books that sound particularly interesting, that you want to read as soon as you get the chance.

So That Nothing Escapes You

Notice that last! As soon as you get the chance. There'll soon be more suggestions than you can use at any one time; you must make sure that you have a list of the best to put aside for future reference. Otherwise you'll forget, or never get around to it.

Right now I have, on written lists, the names of five books that I've been wanting to read for months. Some books that were suggested to me years ago, that I know would be worth while and particularly interesting, I've not read yet. But I'll do it some day. Be sure to keep a list.

Last, learn to use libraries. Some books you will want to buy — to have for your very own; others, perhaps, your friends will lend to you. Likely some of the people you ask will have the very books they recommend. But the big treasure house of worthwhile published material, of all kinds, is the library. The public library — the school library — even the circulating library. Learn to find your way about in libraries. They are the great classrooms, the administration buildings and laboratories and storerooms of the University of Print.

Another thing:

The more we read, of the "chosen" instead of the "chance" list, the more we'll find we want to read. As, little by little, our education increases beyond the point where school gave it its first good shove, our interest in new subjects, and new kinds of books, will also develop.

And in time, we'll suddenly discover that, thanks largely to the University of Print, we're really getting educated! Developing! Getting into the leadership class!

Revenge

CLAUDE F. LICKY

IF a man should take your time and call it his, and rob you of your pay; if he should take your pleasure and your peace, and give you pain and sorrow; if he should take your independent mind, and claim your reason; if he should turn your energy and your zeal to do his service, and deprive you of the gain of all your labor, and use it against your good,—if such an enemy should, I say, seek thus to absorb your very life,—what would you do?

You say, "I would shun him. I would do even more,—I would kill him."

There is such an enemy in the world today. He lived six thousand years ago, and yet he is young. With age his strength has grown. His power is great. The world is his promenade; he is everywhere. Yet with all his dominion he dwells in the human heart. He works by control of the human will. His name is Revenge.

When wayward Tom must spend two study hours in the "green-carpet room," Revenge says, "Don't let them get ahead of you! Just kill the time." Tom

resolves to show them "who is who," and cheats himself. School ends just where it started.

The laborer says, "My boss refused the raise — I'll quit my job. I'll strike." Sorrow, want, and hunger enter the home. Peace is taken by revenge.

Reason tells a man that good is preferable to evil. By the mind he perceives that an evil choice brings harm. But in the power of revenge, man makes a choice that returns upon himself a curse. Many a youth has turned from his mother's kind reproof to the first drink at the bar of revenge, in the end to live in the prison cell. To revenge, Samson offered his life a sacrifice. The lives of millions of men were employed for five long years in the terrible war of revenge. Revenge has the labor of the world at his command. The reward he offers is ruin, failure, despair, sorrow, and death. His pay is sure. Yet service to him is not compulsory. If his dwelling-place in the human heart be given to another whose name is Love, his power is broken. Why not, then, away with the foe, and admit your friend, and live in happiness?

"The best day — today."

OUR PLEDGE

By the grace of God,—
I will be pure and kind
and true,
I will keep the Junior
Law,
I will be a servant of
God and a friend to
man.

OUR LAW

Keep the Morning Watch.
Hold up my end. (Thrift,
trust-worthiness, cour-
age.)
Care for my body.
Keep a level eye. (Purity,
honesty, truth.)
Be courteous and obedi-
ent.
Walk softly in the sanctu-
ary. (Reverence.)
Keep a song in my heart.
(Cheerfulness.)
Go on God's errands.
(Service.)

Pattie Makes a Resolution

PEARLE HANNON

THE twenty-five girls in Miss Miles' English class were thoroughly excited. A contest had been announced, and a prize offered for the best essay. Three weeks were to be allowed for the preparation of the themes, and Miss Miles advised the girls to begin work on them at once.

Pattie Perkins led the class. Her original work often brought favorable comment, and her grades were usually the best. Jane Andress was not a brilliant student, but she was a steady plodder who did her work thoroughly, conscientiously, and her grade card showed a record very close to Pattie's own. But despite the mild rivalry between the two girls, they were fast friends.

That evening, as Pattie sat by the fire trying to study, her thoughts *would* wander from the next day's assignment to the contest, and she felt a special glow of pleasure as she pictured the beautiful leather-bound volume of poetry—the promised prize. Finally she closed her book with a bang, and drawing a sheet of paper from her notebook, wrote the title of her theme, "Our English Language," across the top of the page, then began on the outline. She had only jotted down the first few words, however, when mother called:

"O Pattie dear, here is that package of bulbs you promised to leave at Mrs. Wade's on the way to school yesterday. She was so anxious to have them. You'd better run over with them now."

"Botheration!" exclaimed Pattie as she put on her coat, "I really intended to take them, but I put it off in the morning when I was so late getting started, and then just completely forgot!"

Down the street she hurried, but at the corner, she met Jane and Adelle, who were on their way to see her.

"O Pat!" exclaimed the girls in duet. "You're just the person we're looking for. Will you help us with the invitations to the Junior Rally?"

"Of course!" Pattie was all enthusiasm. "But what about it? I didn't know we were to have a rally."

As a matter of fact, she had delayed getting ready for Junior Mis-

sionary Volunteer meeting until the last moment, being anxious to finish a new book, and then discovered that it was too late to get there on time, so had missed the service where the question of a rally was discussed and decided.

Jane and Adelle explained, and gave Pattie the names of those to whom she was to write and mail invitations. It was a long list, but Pattie was willing.

"And you'll surely send the letters off tomorrow?"

The girls were at Mrs. Wade's gate now.

"Surely I will," promised Pattie, waving her hand in farewell.

"I hope she'll keep her word," said Adelle as she

and Jane hurried on to see the other members of their committee. "Sometimes I think her name should have been Pattie-Put-Off. You never can depend on her, but she's such a dear, one just *has* to forgive her somehow!"

Two days slipped by before Pattie thought of the invitations again. She had honestly intended to do as she had promised, but it was so easy to procrastinate. The letters should go out the first thing in the morning! She would write them tonight! But company came when she had only just begun her task, and so it was put aside.

More than a week slipped by, and it was only a few days till the rally, but the invitations were still neglected; and the time in which to prepare the contest theme was growing shorter and shorter, but still Pattie put it off till some more convenient season.

"How many answers did you get to your rally bids?" asked Jane, as Pattie came into the committee room, where the girls were meeting to talk over some final plans.

Her frank dismay and a flush of embarrassment told the story, though she did not say a word.

"Patricia Joan Perkins! You never sent those invitations! Now did you?"

Adelle, who had been standing near by, and heard the question, pointed an accusing finger at the culprit.

And Pattie had to plead guilty.



Good Morning!



I'm Helping Daddy Today

Spring Waking

*A Snowdrop lay in the sweet, dark ground.
"Come out," said the Sun, "come out!"
But she lay quite still and she heard no sound.
"Asleep!" said the Sun, "O fie!"*

*The Snowdrop heard, for she raised her head.
"Look spry," said the Sun, "look spry!"
"It's warm," said the Snowdrop, "here in bed."
"O fie!" said the Sun, "O fie!"*

*"You call too soon, Mr. Sun, you do!"
"No, no," said the Sun, "Oh, no!"
"There's something above, and I can't see through."
"It's snow," said the Sun, "just snow."*

*"But I say, Mr. Sun, are the robins here?"
"Maybe," said the Sun, "maybe."
"There wasn't a bird when you called last year."
"Come out," said the Sun, "and see!"*

*The Snowdrop sighed, for she liked her nap,
And there wasn't a bird in sight,
But she popped out of bed in her white nightcap;
"That's right," said the Sun, "that's right!"*

*And soon as that small nightcap was seen,
A robin began to sing,
The air grew warm, and the grass turned green.
"'Tis spring!" laughed the Sun, "'tis spring!"
— Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.*

"Well, it's too late to send them now," sighed Jane. "We'll just have to phone the girls on your list, Pattie, and I doubt if they will come on a last-minute invite. They know the others were asked more than a week ago."

For a moment Pattie stood irresolute. Then she cried, penitently, "Let me attend to it, please! I'll write them this afternoon, and deliver them personally this evening, with an explanation about why they are so tardy, and I think the girls will overlook it this time."

"You will surely do it tonight?" Adelle looked at her searchingly, a bit distrustfully.

"Surely," vowed Pattie. "You are invited to come along as bodyguard, if you don't believe it!"

And so the time she had planned to devote to completing her outline and beginning her essay, Pattie spent on the neglected invitations.

The following days fairly flew! Pattie managed to finish her outline, but had not started the theme. She did not forget it — no, indeed! She had even decided just where in her own bookcase she would keep the confidently expected prize volume. But it was easier to put off writing till tomorrow than to do it today.

One evening she sat alone by the window, dreaming in the gathering shadows, when suddenly the telephone rang. Jane's voice came over the wire. "Hello, Pat! I've got my essay done at last, and am having the crowd over tonight to celebrate. We're going to make fudge and play some games, and have a sing. Of course you'll come?"

Pattie gave a little gasp of dismay as she glanced at the wall calendar near by. It was only *two days* till the essays must be handed in. She had never dreamed that three weeks could pass so quickly.

"O Jane," she confessed ruefully, "I haven't even started my theme. I didn't realize the time was so nearly gone. I'll just *have* to stay home and work tonight."

"Really, Pat? Well, I'm sorry. We'll miss you. Run in later if you can. Good-by."

The next two days were busy ones for Pattie. Mother had company, and needed more of her help than usual, and the school lessons were longer and harder than ever, so it seemed. The paper she finally passed to Miss Miles was far from her best effort. And Pattie knew it. For the first time, there entered her mind a bit of doubt as to whether or not she would win the prize.

A week passed, and once more there was great excitement in the English classroom. The results of the contest were to be announced. Pattie's eyes were clouded, and she looked almost unhappy as the teacher said a few words about the "excellent work" done by her students.

"The prize," said Miss Miles as she held the beautifully bound book in her hand, "goes to Jane Andress."

And there was great applause as Jane went forward to receive her reward. Even Pattie clapped. She knew her friend had worked hard on the task, and she herself had not. But despite facts, her disappointment was keen.

As the class was dismissed, Miss Miles called Pattie to her desk.

"Do you know why you failed, my dear?" she queried.

Pattie looked straight into the kind eyes of her teacher.

"I—I think I do," she answered.

"Then will you promise me something today?"

The girl hesitated a moment. Then she threw up her head, and brushing away a tear, said firmly, "Yes, Miss Miles, I'll promise you and resolve with myself to overcome this habit of procrastination."

"With His help," added the teacher, "I know you will succeed."

Careless Slovenliness

MARJORIE GREENE was a pretty girl, with good taste in dress and a pleasant voice and manner. On first acquaintance she always made an extremely favorable impression, which never wore well on familiarity. The reason was because she was disorderly, on account of a certain mental indolence which kept her from holding herself to any task. If there were household duties to be done, she would put them off as long as she could, or would leave them before they were completed. Mrs. Greene was her own housekeeper, and often used to say, "It's harder to get Marjorie to do a thing than to do it myself."

These habits went into the keeping of her room, her clothing, and even her choice of company. The want of will to face a task made it easy for her to take the line of least resistance; it was easier to put a garment on a chair in her bedroom than on a hanger in her closet; it was easier to put off mending a torn piece of clothing than to "do it now." She found it easier to choose the company that sought her than to seek and win her way to that company which was of her own selection.

When Marjorie was seventeen, she went to the country to spend a month on Uncle Timothy's farm with her cousin Lucile. The life of the farm was a revelation to her. She had just finished high school, and it had always been her habit to sleep as late in the morning as possible without being late for school. In vacation time she stayed in bed even later. It was

summer, and the days were long; but Lucile Greene was up with the sun. The farmer's daughter had many of the lighter duties of the house and yard to do, and she was about them betimes. Marjorie had the redeeming quality which is popularly and slangily known as "gameness." It led her to arise with Lucile and to help her in the duties of the early day.

At first inwardly she was sorry she had come to Uncle Timothy's, and if it had been near her home, she probably would have returned home in a few days. However, the distance and the expense of the journey were considerable, and her parents had gone from home in another direction. She made the best of the situation, and presently found herself beginning to like it. The early morning was exhilarating. There was something like clockwork about the precision of all the arrangements about Uncle's farm. There was something very orderly and satisfying about the habits of Lucile. One day when Lucile had gone to the village and Marjorie was alone for a little while with Aunt Rose, she gave voice to some of her thoughts.

"Auntie, I would have hated the life Lucile is living here all the time, even a month of it, when I came. I'm afraid I am the most slovenly and lazy girl I know."

"I hope not, dear. You have been keeping right beside Lucile and helping her all the time like a little Trojan. But the work gives zest to play when it's playtime."

"The trouble with me," said Marjorie honestly, "is that I like it to be playtime all the time."

"We all do, dear," smiled Mrs. Greene. "The greatest lesson of our education is to put our will in command. Much of what is called laziness or disorder or slovenliness is the want of will to act. The most valuable thing our early training does for us is to get our will to the place where it is actually in control of us. There are big and terrible mistakes, so-called careless mistakes, in life. They do not grow out of carelessness at all, but only out of not caring enough to do one's best and to keep on doing it."

"I see a great deal more clearly than I did before I came here," said Marjorie.

"What shall you be?" asked Aunt Rose abruptly. "I mean, shall you teach, or be a business woman, or just a plain housewife?"

"College first; then, I think, a teacher."

"I'm glad," said Aunt Rose.

"Whatever I do, it will be done better for the lesson I have learned from Cousin Lucile, of putting my duty first and my pleasure afterward."

"I think," said Aunt Rose, with her kindly smile, "that you mean to say from forming the habit of putting your will on the seat of power and keeping it there. But anyway—"

"Anyway," interrupted the girl, "it will mean better teaching, or bookkeeping, or just housekeeping, or whatever I do."—*Leander Turney.*

"A WISE son maketh a glad father, but how often a foolish son is his mother's special pet!"

"THE sunshine of appreciation often causes the human soil of timidity to smile with a harvest."

"PROCRASTINATION bars many a talented young person from the great fields of opportunity."

"WHEN we add humble service, our Father multiplies friends. Is He not the heavenly Multiplier?"

Snowstorms in Africa

H. C. OLMSTEAD

ONE usually thinks of Africa as a land of sunshine, heat, mosquitoes, and malaria. We sing of "Afric's sunny fountains," and truly the sun in Africa seems to be more effective than in many parts of the earth. Certain rays seem to produce head-



Photo by H. C. Olmstead

A Snowstorm in Johannesburg

ache, or more serious results, making it imperative for most people to keep the head well protected from its beams.

Much of South Africa, however, is really cold in winter, owing to the fact that the elevation is nearly a mile above the level of the sea. Over a large part of the country there are frosts nearly every night of the season, and the warmest clothing is necessary. But the winters are dry, excepting in the lower altitudes near the sea. If much moisture fell during the winter, it would most certainly be largely in the form of snow, and all the climatic and agricultural conditions of the country would be changed. As it is, a little snow falls nearly every winter.

The accompanying picture of a snow scene was taken in our yard in Johannesburg during the month of August, 1917. At that time snow fell almost continuously for more than two days. It was a strange sight to see barefooted natives cleaning snow from the walks, and snowballing suddenly became popular. Many farmers provide no shelter or dry feed for their cattle, sheep, and goats, and at such times the poor creatures suffer severely, and some die.

The Use of Spare Time

"I HAVE scored thus far," says A. P. Terhune, "only a limited success, but the secret of such scant triumphs as I have won has been condensed into one word, *work*."

"When I say work, I don't refer to the work by which one earns his daily living. Self-respect forces a man to give his best possible work to such a position—self-respect and self-interest as well. I mean the toil that can be found in addition to one's duties."

"Deskmates of mine laughed at me for spending my spare time in labor. Most of them are still earning about the same salary they were earning then. Some are earning less."

"Yes, the keynote of all worth-while success is work. The supreme secret keynote is double work."

"The greatest sin is fear."

The Monastery of St. Bernard

(Concluded from page 7)

invasion of Italy, and for the barbarian hordes from the north which came pouring down like a great avalanche over her sunny fields. Roman legions marched that way to subdue Gaul and Germany. Later came the colonists and the missionaries, taking primitive Christianity to the barbarians. The armies of Charlemagne hurried across its snowy wastes to save the Pope from the ravages of the Lombards, and then followed a long line of pilgrims coming from France and Germany to visit the "sacred shrines" of Italy.

During the tenth century these mountains were the haunt of Saracen robbers who plundered merchant caravans, and held high church dignitaries for ransom. Then through the Middle Ages German emperors crossed the pass repeatedly, and May of the year 1800 witnessed the famous passage of Napoleon Bonaparte on his way to Marengo. The students of the whole northern world journeyed this way to the universities of Bologna and Padua, and finally comes the ever-increasing stream of modern tourists.

Next to the Etna observatory, St. Bernard is the highest inhabited spot in Europe. After about eight years' residence here, the monks are broken in health from the strain of the altitude, and are compelled to take refuge in the valley, while others come up to take their places.

Emmanuel Missionary College Broadcasts

(Concluded from page 4)

Mr. Fetzner was not discouraged. His policy was, "Find a way or make one." He and another friend, Mr. George Peterson, started definitely to work for a broadcasting station. They studied the science of radio for several weeks, preparing for an examination to get a broadcasting license. This they both passed successfully, and were later issued a special call of KFGZ. The next thing was to build the station. They took out the set we had in the dormitory, dismantled it, and made first a small twenty-watt broadcasting station. This gave excellent service over a radius of about forty miles. It proved very popular in the surrounding towns. Many letters were received from these people, telling how much they enjoyed the programs.

At the end of the last school year, this little station was dismantled and sold. Plans were then laid for installing a large station. Last summer Mr. Fetzner spent all his time on radio. He designed and built a large station for a wealthy undertaker in La Fayette. As a result of his study and practice work, he now holds a first-grade commercial license and a diploma from one of the best radio schools in the world.

Recently, the long-looked-for financial assistance came. Mr. Talge, of Indianapolis, gave a goodly sum of money toward the buying of a powerful Hamilton station, which has been delivered to the college. Mr. Fetzner expects to have it in operation by early spring. It will have a radius of about one thousand miles, covering a territory of approximately four million square miles. Two sermons are to be given each week. This will be one of the largest evangelistic efforts ever undertaken by Seventh-day Adventists.

Our Counsel Corner

In Our Counsel Corner the Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer questions concerning young people's problems, their society work, and Christian experience. The Department cordially invites your questions on these matters, and assures you of careful attention. Questions relating to general church problems had better be sent to the Editor of the *Review and Herald*. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C., accompanied by the name and address of the sender, so that a personal answer may be given if the question cannot be printed. In publishing the question in Our Counsel Corner, the name of the questioner will be withheld if so desired.

Where Adventists are compelled to send their children to the public school, and the school gives an entertainment to raise money, in which the girls and teachers adopt untidy dress to represent poor people, and select little boys and girls to sing comic songs, and after the program is over, they sell boxes of candy and eatables to the highest bidder, should Adventists let their children take part in this amusement or let their children go to such places at all, and especially on Friday night?

B. L. W.

It is difficult to answer a question of this kind without knowing the character of the entertainment and the spirit of the occasion. However, all will be agreed that the children should not attend ordinary places of amusement or socials on Friday evening. The spirit of Sabbath observance would lead us to refrain. So far as I am acquainted with the ordinary country school box socials, I have not been well impressed. From what I have learned of them, they frequently draw the rowdy class of people of the countryside, and the occasions themselves often descend to boisterous conduct and undue familiarity in associations.

Public schools must be encouraged, and it surely is proper for them to raise money for equipment or other such purposes. Whether the box social is the best way to secure this fund, is open to discussion. Whether Christian young people should attend these socials will depend upon whether the social itself is an occasion fit for a Christian. We ought not to attend any sort of gathering in which a Christian would not feel free to enjoy the company of our Saviour.

H. T. E.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I—The Unfathomable Love of God

(April 5)

Questions

God's Love to Us

1. WHAT is God said to be? 1 John 4: 16; Ex. 34: 5-7.
2. Why are we drawn to love Him? 1 John 4: 19.
3. In whose image was man created? Gen. 1: 26-28.
4. What home did God give to man? Gen. 2: 8, 9; Ps. 115: 16.

Man's Failure

5. What test was it necessary for man to experience before God could confer the gift of immortality upon him? Gen. 2: 16, 17. Note 1.
6. What was the result of Adam's failure to stand the test? Gen. 3: 17-19, 22-24; Rom. 5: 12.
7. What provision did God, in His infinite love and wisdom, make for the world in case of man's failure? 2 Tim. 1: 9.

Man's Redemption

8. How is it shown that redemption embraces all that man lost in life, character, and possessions? Luke 19: 10; Eph. 1: 13, 14. Note 2.
9. Who claims man's original possessions, and also the service of man? Luke 4: 5-7.
10. Through what great gift may we claim exemption from the service of Satan? 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20; 1 Peter 1: 18, 19. Note 3.

11. What was involved in Christ's taking man's place as the second Adam? Rom. 8: 32; Heb. 2: 16; 4: 15. Note 4.
 12. Which one of the fruits of the Spirit is of most value and service to the world? 1 Peter 4: 8; 1 Cor. 13: 4-8, 13. (Charity means love.)

Notes

1. "Our first parents, though created innocent and holy, were not placed beyond the possibility of wrong-doing. God made them free moral agents. . . . They were to enjoy communion with God and with holy angels; but before they could be rendered eternally secure, their loyalty must be tested. . . . God placed man under law, as an indispensable condition of his very existence. . . . He endowed him with high intellectual powers, and presented before him the strongest possible inducements to be true to his allegiance. Obedience, perfect and perpetual, was the condition of eternal happiness."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 48, 49.

2. "An 'earnest' is a portion of the estate which is paid over to the purchaser on the completion of the purchase, as the token that all is his and that it will all come into his hands in due time. Like that part of a man's wages given to him in advance when he is engaged; like the shilling put into the hands of the recruit; like the half crown given to the farm servant at the hiring fair; like the bit of turf that in some old ceremonies used to be solemnly presented to the sovereign on his investiture; it is a portion of the whole possession, the same in kind, but a very tiny portion, which yet carries with it the acknowledgment of ownership and the assurance of full possession. So says my text, 'The Spirit of God is the earnest of the inheritance,' a small portion of it granted to us today, and the pledge that all shall be granted in the future."—*"Biblical Illustrator" (Ephesians),* p. 82.

3. "There are sometimes rare and beautiful wares brought into the market, that are invoiced at almost fabulous rates. Ignorant people wonder why they are priced so high. The simple reason is that they cost so much to procure. That luxurious article labeled one thousand dollars was procured by the adventurous hunter, who at the hazard of his neck, brought down the wild mountain goat, out of whose glossy hair the fabric was wrought. Yonder pearl that flashes on the brow of the bride is precious, because it was rescued from the great deep at the risk of the pearl fisher's life, as he was lifted into the boat half dead, with the blood gushing from his nostrils. Yonder ermine, flung so carelessly over the proud beauty's shoulder, cost terrible battles with polar ice and hurricane. All choicest things are reckoned the dearest. So is it, too, in heaven's inventories. The universe of God has never witnessed aught to be reckoned in comparison with the redemption of a guilty world. That mighty ransom no such contemptible things as silver and gold could procure. Only by one price could the church of God be redeemed from hell, and that the precious blood of the Lamb, — the Lamb without blemish or spot, — the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."—*Cuyler.*

4. "Many claim that it was impossible for Christ to be overcome by temptation. Then He could not have been placed in Adam's position; He could not have gained the victory that Adam failed to gain. If we have in any sense a more trying conflict than had Christ, then He would not be able to succor us. But our Saviour took humanity, with all its liabilities. He took the nature of man, with the possibility of yielding to temptation. We have nothing to bear which He has not endured."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 117.

3. Who came with the ark when it was brought? How was the ark received by the people? What effect did this have upon the Philistines? Verses 4-8. Note 3.

4. What appeal was made to the army of the Philistines? What were the results of the battle? Verses 9-11. Note 4.

5. How was the news of the battle taken to Eli? What effect did it have upon him? Verses 12-18.

6. Where were the Philistines permitted to take the ark? What befell Dagon the first night? What occurred the second night? 1 Sam. 5: 1-5.

7. What further experiences did the Philistines have in caring for the ark of God? Verses 6-12. Note 5.

8. After seven months what did the Philistines do? What plan did they have for getting rid of the ark? What did they seek to find out? 1 Sam. 6: 1, 2, 7-9.

9. What evidence was given that God was caring for the ark? Verses 10-12.

10. How was the ark received by the Israelites at Bethshemesh? How did the Lord impress upon them the sacredness of the ark? Verses 13, 14, 19.

11. Where was the ark next taken? Verses 20, 21; 1 Sam. 7: 1, 2.

12. What did Samuel persuade the people to do? Verses 3, 4.

13. While the people were gathered to worship the Lord, what did the Philistines do? Verses 5-7.

14. What preparations did Israel make? Verses 8, 9.

15. What was the result of the battle? Verses 10-13.

Things to Think About

What caused the defeat of the Israelites in the first battle with the Philistines?

What gave them victory in the second battle?

What causes personal defeat in the battle with sin?

What brings victory into the life?

Notes

1. "This expedition was undertaken by the Israelites without counsel from God, without the concurrence of high priest or prophet."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 583.

2. In the wilderness, when the ark set forward, Moses prayed, "Rise up, Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate Thee flee before Thee." But Moses and the people well knew that it was not the ark containing the tables of the law that gave them success, but that it was God's appearing for them that defeated their enemies. The ark was but the symbol, the sign, the token, of His presence.

3. "How could they expect it should bring a blessing when Hophni and Phinehas were the men that carried it? It would have given too much countenance to their villainy if the ark had done any kindness to Israel while it was in the hands of those graceless priests."—*Matthew Henry.*

The Philistines would have had reason to be afraid had the Israelites been true to God, but they did not know that Israel had forsaken the God of their fathers.

4. "The most terrifying calamity that could occur had befallen Israel. The ark of God had been captured, and was in the possession of the enemy. The glory had indeed departed from Israel when the symbol of the abiding presence and power of Jehovah was removed from the midst of them. With this sacred chest were associated the most wonderful revelations of God's truth and power. . . . But when they looked upon the ark, and did not associate it with God, nor honor His revealed will by obedience to His law, it could avail them little more than a common box. They looked to the ark as the idolatrous nations looked to their gods, as if it possessed in itself the elements of power and salvation."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 584.

5. *Emerods*: "As to the nature of the disease, not much can be inferred from 1 Samuel 5: 9. The Revised Version reads, 'Tumors broke out upon them.' That the disease was externally loathsome is evident from Deuteronomy 28: 27, where it is classed with the boil of Egypt, the scurvy, and the itch."—*Hastings' Bible Dictionary.*

Junior Lesson

I—Death of Eli; God's Care for the Ark

(April 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 4: 1-18; 5: 6; 7: 1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods." Ps. 95: 3.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 583-591.

Questions

1. During the time when Samuel was the prophet of the Lord, what did the Israelites undertake without seeking counsel from God? 1 Samuel 4: 1. Note 1.

2. What was the result of going out to battle in this way? To what did the Israelites lay their defeat? What did they think the ark might have power to do? Verses 2, 3. Note 2.

Be bigger than your troubles; do the thing you are afraid to do; you get nothing for nothing. Happiness is a by-product of industry. And every good word you send into the world is a silent messenger, mighty power, working for peace, health, love, joy, and success to all the world, including yourself.—*The Nautilus.*

What the World Is Doing

GEN. NELSON A. MILES recently sent a letter to Congress, asking that it appropriate the money to erect a suitable monument at the battlefield in Montana where Gen. George Custer and his command were massacred by the Indians in 1876.

THE total number of automobiles in the world exclusive of the United States, is estimated at 18,200,000, which is an increase of over 3,400,000 since the beginning of 1923. In this country, according to revised figures, there are about 15,000,000 automobiles and trucks.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has asked Congress for an appropriation of \$300,000 to be used in improving conditions at Ellis Island. It is hoped that if this money is appropriated, many of the causes of complaint by immigrants can be removed. The plan contemplates "new equipment for dormitories, detention rooms, dining-rooms, kindergarten, and nursery."

DEFINITE arrangements have been made for an attempt to discover the famous floating palace of the Roman emperor Tiberius. It is known to be in the mud somewhere on the bottom of Lake Mimi, and it is believed to contain art treasures equal to those found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Private individuals are backing the enterprise, but the government has given its approval.

It is estimated that over \$250,000 damage was sustained by the giant liner "Leviathan" when she grounded in New York Bay recently. Twenty of the vessel's steel hull plates were ripped open, and her back amidships was so seriously damaged that much interior readjustment will be necessary. Shipping experts think the "Leviathan" will not be ready for another voyage until April.

A WINGLESS airplane taxi has made its appearance in California. This curious vehicle is made from an airplane fuselage, mounted on skids. It is steered by the usual aerial rudder, and a drag arrangement does service as a brake. It has been operated on short pleasure trips, and also over snow-covered highways. On straight roads it has made a speed of one hundred twenty miles an hour, but the usual speed, of course, is much less. This venture has proved so profitable that the builder plans to make four more such machines.

FOR the second successive year the air mail service of the Post Office Department has been awarded the Collier trophy for the most notable advance in aviation. The award was made "to pilots and other personnel of the United States air mail service for successful demonstration of the practicability of night flying in commercial transportation." In 1922 the trophy was awarded the post office air service for "their wonderful achievement in completing a year's operation under the different routes from coast to coast without a single fatal accident."

A DUSTY attic of an old mansion at Mount Holly, New Jersey, has produced an old ledger said to be Benjamin Franklin's original account book. One entry shows that Franklin printed 1,600 copies of his protest to the king of England against the Stamp Act. The book contains Franklin's personal accounts for the eight years prior to 1766 when he was in partnership with David Hall, a Scotch printer. Until this volume was found, some of the details connected with Franklin's early printing activities were unknown. The value of the ledger is placed at \$1,200.

IN a recent letter to the head of the Annapolis Naval Academy, Secretary of the Navy Denby expressed his attitude on the use of intoxicants among the cadets. "There having come to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy several instances of intoxication on the part of midshipmen at the Naval Academy," said the letter, "you are hereby requested to inform the regiment of midshipmen that hereafter any midshipman found guilty of being under the influence of intoxicating liquor or having intoxicating liquor in his possession within the limits of the Naval Academy grounds will be subjected to dismissal from the United States Naval Academy and the naval service."

How did our flag come to be called "Old Glory"? It is said that the name originated with Stephen Driver, an old man living at Nashville, Tennessee, at the outbreak of the Civil War. Driver, who was loyal to the Federal Government, was eager to preserve a flag which had been presented to him for heroic service while in the Navy. He concealed it in a bedquilt, saying to his family and friends, "The North will save the Union, and I will yet see my old flag—Old Glory—floating over the statehouse of this city." When General Buell captured Nashville, the old patriot Driver brought out his flag from its hiding place, took it to General Buell, and asked him to raise it over the statehouse. As the flag was hoisted on the staff of Tennessee's capitol, Driver, in the midst of a great throng of people, shouted, "There once again floats Old Glory."

A. T. VANDEVENTER, seventy-year-old Oklahoma farmer, wears a crazy-quilt suit which was made by his wife out of samples from tailors' books. She worked over six weeks in making it. Every seam is neatly done, and the 2,877 patches are symmetrically arranged. The buttons were whittled out of a pine board, and covers of gorgeous colors crocheted over them. To top off her work of art, Mrs. Vandeventer made her husband a cap of even more startling colors. There are 117 pieces in the cap alone. The elegant vest is made only of silks and satins of many colors. The outfit is called the "rainbow suit" because it contains every hue of the rainbow.

MAHATMA GANDHI, the leader in the noncooperationist movement in India, who was sent to prison in 1922 for sedition, was recently released unconditionally on account of his health. He had an operation for appendicitis, and when his physicians declared that six months on the seacoast would be necessary for his recuperation, the British government freed him. The name "Mahatma," meaning wonder-worker, was given him on account of the great influence he had over the people, whom he urged to employ passive resistance against the English. Gandhi announces that during his solitary confinement his views have been modified.

PHILADELPHIA has a trackless trolley line. As if fighting for its life among the new, commodious, and comfortable means of street transportation, the electric street car has begun to try out new devices to keep in the competition. The new trolley carries two poles because the circuit is completed without a ground, and the poles are so attached to the roof that they can swing in any direction from the wires. While the car generally follows the wires, it swerves to the curb to take on or discharge passengers. It can also turn out over the whole width of the street to avoid other vehicles.

THE director of the mint reports that the various mints of the United States coined 254,277,250 pieces of new money during 1923. This represents a value of \$114,575,080. In addition to this, the mints struck off 4,369,000 coins for the government of Peru. The United States coinage for 1923 consisted of 2,268,250 gold double eagles, 56,631,000 silver dollars, 2,452,000 half dollars, 11,076,000 quarters, 56,729,000 dimes, 41,859,000 nickels, and 83,423,000 pennies.

ENGLISH starlings, fifty of which were released in Central Park, New York, in 1890, are now common in all the Northeastern States; but until the last two or three years they have not gone south in any considerable numbers. They have spent their winters in the north, as the English sparrows do. But last fall huge flocks went south; so it may be that they have learned to migrate in America as they usually do in Europe.

Two high schools in Peoria, Illinois, with the aid of business and professional men of the city, have launched a campaign for the purpose of raising money to erect a national memorial to Woodrow Wilson. According to the plan, \$300,000 is to be contributed by the 3,000,000 high school pupils in the United States, each pupil contributing 10 cents.

THE Geological Survey says the production of petroleum in the United States broke all records last year. The total output is estimated at 735,000,000 barrels, which is an increase of about 30 per cent over the output in 1922. In addition to domestic production, over 82,000,000 barrels of petroleum was imported.

"The best teacher — one who makes you want to learn."