

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 38



Courtesy of American Red Cross

A LITTLE FRENCH REFUGEE

For the Finding-Out Club

The managers of agricultural fairs the country over may well accept the suggestion that they offer war savings stamps for premiums at their fall exhibitions.

France has found it possible to make a palatable bread out of red beets. The roots are cooked, grated, kneaded with flour, and baked in the ordinary way. Apples or pears may also be used, but beets make a cheaper product.

Nearly five thousand boys and girls of Manila have joined the Red Cross and are giving money and labor to help Uncle Sam's war work. It is reported, too, that our new Americans in Alaska are not to be outdone in patriotism.

England, which had three munition plants before the war, has now five thousand, and a million and a half women are engaged in supplying the Tommies with the cannon food that is helping to put Prussianism out of existence.

Bonds printed for the Third Liberty Loan numbered twenty-one million. The work was done by some four hundred persons and required several months' time. Fifty-eight large presses were in operation day and night six days in the week.

Soft, narrow ribbon adapts itself beautifully to knitting purposes, and emerges in the form of smart sweaters, scarfs, and bags. This ribbon is specially prepared for the purpose, and besides providing a real novelty, offers a pleasant means of conserving wool.

Roald Amundsen, who led an expedition to the south pole in 1911, recently left Christiania for a long exploring trip to the eastward, along the coast of Siberia, whence he will drift across the Polar Sea to learn whether there is any continental land northeast of Alaska, beyond Point Barrow. He does not expect to return for five years.

Under the orders of the War Industries Board, after January 1 next, the automobile manufacturers of this country will cease to produce pleasure cars and will put their plants on a basis of 100 per cent war work. The manufacturers have already volunteered to curtail their passenger car industry 50 per cent, but this is not sufficient to meet the program of the Government.

There's a curious old legend which says that the blackbird was, originally, not black at all, but white. Once upon a time, ever so long ago, the story runs, three days of the year, January 30, 31, and February 1, were so cold that the poor bird had to take refuge in a chimney. When it came out it was black,—probably from the soot,—and black it has been from that day to this. Near the town of Brescia, Italy, those three days are called "the blackbird's days."

The United States Government is going to set an example in saving print paper—rather a tardy one, considering the enormous output of printed matter by the many departments and bureaus. The Public Printer has been ordered to discontinue all publications not essential to war activities and to curtail to the lowest limit the amount of paper used in really essential publications. He is also authorized to sell as waste paper hundreds of thousands of obsolete and otherwise useless publications that have piled up on his hands.

The Economy Sugar Bowl

AN economy sugar bowl, made from a baking powder can by Maj. E. C. Dalton and now in use on all mess tables of the 63d Infantry at the Presidio, San Francisco, has been brought, with three other inventions, to the army medical department. The unique sugar bowl is made by boring a hole half an inch in diameter through the rim of a lid of a baking powder can and through the can itself. When these holes are in position, one upon the other, a steady flow of sugar to the desired amount may be had. According to Major Dalton, by the use of these bowls the consumption of sugar has been cut down 20 per cent in seven months' use by the 63d Infantry. He says:

"Several methods were tried for saving sugar. Sweetening coffee and tea was tried, but that is both wasteful and unfair to individuals, who have varied tastes. The open sugar bowl is a failure. If a wet spoon is thrust into it a double amount clings to the spoon. The sugar in the bowl dampened by this process must be thrown out. The baking powder can is the solution. The men pour the sugar from it directly into the spoon. They can see then just how much they are using."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes"—a Forgotten Word

YEARS ago it was quite a common thing to hear the word "yes" used in general conversation. With the passage of time, however, that excellent and refined vocable has become almost as extinct as the dodo bird. Today, alas! the nearest in sound to the original affirmative are "yeh," "yep," "yup," or "yippee." Other current synonyms are "uh-huh" and, in New England, an aggravating neutral hum of sounds something like "um."

This distressing aversion to the use of "yes" has given rise, in the inventive American mind, to a number of phrases which mean the same thing, but which will not permit one to accuse the speaker of having uttered the short word. Such are the elegant "You said it," "Ain't it the truth?" "You said a pageful," "You know it," and many others too numerous to mention.—*Life*.

"WHEN you set out to do anything, never let anything disturb you from doing that one thing. This power of putting the thought on one particular thing, and keeping it there for hours at a time, takes practice; and it takes a long time to get into the habit."

The Youth's Instructor

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OUR LESSONS TOO

A LITTLE child, with lessons all unlearned,
And problems still unsolved, before me stands;
With tired, puzzled face to me upturned,
She holds a slate within her outstretched hands:
"My sums are hard — I cannot think tonight;
Dear father, won't you make the answers right?"

Thus do I come to thee, great Master, dear;
My lessons, too, are hard, my brain is weak;
Life's problems still unsolved, the way not clear;
The answers wrong — thy wisdom I would seek.
A tired, puzzled child I pray tonight:
"Here is my slate — O make the answers right!"

— *The Friend.*

THE PLEA OF ARMENIA

J. G. MANDALION

[The following article was written for the Armenian number by one of our Armenian young men, but it came too late for that issue. The author was graduated two years ago from Union College and one year ago from the Nebraska University.]

THE number of the INSTRUCTOR calling the attention of our denominational youth to the sufferings of the Armenian people will, assuredly, be a source of deep comfort to every Armenian who reads its pages. Not because there is comfort in reiterating calamities of the past; but because with enlightenment comes sympathy and desire for helpfulness to the oppressed.

There is undoubtedly no other nation which has suffered as much persecution for the sake of the Cross as the Armenian nation. It is not necessary for me to enter into the proof of this statement. Any one the least acquainted with history will readily recognize its truth. For five centuries this people has drunk the cup of Turkish oppression to the dregs. For five centuries they have borne the brunt of an antagonistic and egotistic religion — the religion of Mohammed. For five centuries they were bled, wronged, persecuted, outraged, murdered, and for five centuries they endured it all patiently. I still vividly recall those horrid days of the Hamidean massacres, when in innocent childhood we would rush to the windows of our unpretentious church school, and pointing to the ominous distance would breathlessly whisper to each other, "The massacrers are coming." They did not come to our place, but, alas, they did go to many other places, and the result was the destruction of over fifty thousand innocent Christians.

And what has been the attitude of the Armenians toward this treatment of unparalleled atrocity? Listen! When in 1908, one year after the Turkish revolution and the fraternization of all the discordant racial elements of the Turkish Empire, the Armenians were despoiled of all defense and then were treacherously fallen upon and butchered afresh, their political and ecclesiastical leaders turned around and gave to the Turkish Government the following statement: "We have sacrificed much; we are willing to sacrifice more for the cause of our beloved country (Turkey, not an independent Armenia) and for the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity. We cherish no resentment against our persecutors."

Such generosity of soul should have been welcomed and cherished as a veritable treasure. Yet, how cruel are some human hearts! In the summer of 1915 when the friendly powers of Europe were quite unable to interfere, the Turkish Government, taking advantage, crowned its infamous record by a most unparalleled crime history has ever known. I pass on without relating in detail the horrors of 1915, the confiscating of all Armenian possessions, the huddling together of

men, women, and children in the streets like so many cattle in the fold, the separating of husbands from their wives, children from their parents, the heart-rending cries of despair, the endless journeys by foot on the way to exile, the lashes on the backs of the frail and gray-haired, the exposures of this helpless procession to the inroads and outrages of the brutish Kurds, the burning sun by day and the chill of the night, the mothers' throwing their babes into the wells, the jumpings into the rivers, the wholesale drownings out in the open sea, the targetings of human beings to the skilled musketry of the Turkish soldiers, the saberings, the hackings, the poleaxings in order to save the expense of cartridges (and dear Lord, these were human beings, not grass), all of which have already echoed and re-echoed in the publications of the Hon. Viscount Bryce, Arnold Toynbee, and in the numerous periodicals and pamphlets published in Europe and this country.

I only think of those I left behind to drink all this hemlock without my sharing it. I still see the aged form of that dear grandmother of mine whose love to me has been like the sea, with tearful eyes kissing me Godspeed as I was leaving the homeland for America eight years ago. The vision of my parents, a most loving sister, four brothers, and many relatives haunts me in my dreams. No longer do I receive any affectionate letters from the homeland, but bitter memories make me feel it is all a dream. Since three years the only cheering news I have received was to the effect that my sister and brother-in-law had been seen safe in Asia Minor. I sincerely trust the rest of my loved ones were mercifully spared. If so, it is still sad to say that it would merely be a prolonging of their misery.

Out of approximately one and a half million Armenians in Turkey, fully 800,000, the very flower of the nation, perished in this last calamity. There are a few stragglers, the remnant of the nation, who are fast starving. Shall we help these orphans and widows survive? The Master said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." They are our brothers and sisters. They are a people that would rather die than renounce Christ, and for his sake they have endured wonders in suffering. We would love to save their souls, but just now we must save their bodies. When this terrible war is over we can go to this people and say, "At that time we gave you bread and raiment, but now we have something infinitely better for you, the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the hope of a soon-coming Saviour."

May God touch the heart of every dear reader of the INSTRUCTOR to respond with sympathy to the tears of this bleeding people.

A Noble Example

THAT a significant and beneficent work may develop from humble beginnings is well illustrated by the experience of a simple peasant woman of France who lived in the middle of the last century in the little seashore village of Berck. Though possessed of the smallest income, this woman had what is so essential to the beginning of any great and noble work — a passion for helping the unfortunate.

"She was continually asking," says Dr. Armand de Lille, "that she be sent the sickest children, the rachitics, and those then called scrofulous, that is to say, the children who had glandular or osseous tuberculosis. This good woman had an instinctive faith in the reaction to be obtained at the seashore. Every morning, even in good or bad weather, the children were placed in a large wheelbarrow, which she herself pushed to the shore, while those who were larger or strong enough walked the distance with her. When she reached the sand, she installed her little charges, leaving them to sleep or play on the beach, and returning them to the house only when evening came on.

"At the end of a few months of this treatment, the little patients were transformed. The results she obtained were so astonishing that they were soon noticed by the inspector of the *assistance publique*. He thereupon confided to her a large number of children, for whom she purchased a donkey cart and continued her daily trips to the beach.

"Success continuing and the number of children becoming too large, she decided to construct a small home with twenty-five beds at the seashore itself, the donkey cart then being reserved for the provisioning of the little hospital. Soon the house was increased in size, and the inspector induced the *assistance publique* to construct in the same district a true hospital of a hundred beds, which construction was completed in 1861. It still remains, and I myself saw it only a few years ago, now surrounded by the great modern establishment.

"They had then only empiric treatment, directed by a good woman, almost ignorant, but guided by an admirable instinct as well as by a charitable heart."

The administration of the *assistance publique* decided finally to send a physician for children to inquire into the methods of treatments and note the results of this new hospital. So marvelous were the demonstrations of the efficiency of the life at the seashore in the cure of rachitic and scrofulous children that a new hospital of six hundred beds was built and put under the direction of a competent physician. From time to time new buildings have been added until the hospital today cares for two thousand patients.

Situated about the hospital are also many private clinics and villas where parents come to remain with their children while under treatment. So today, it is said that the station of Berck has within its boundaries more than four thousand little patients, and some ten thousand parents, nurses, physicians, and other employees.

Following the example of the work at Berck, private institutions were set up at other places on the shores of France, and cities and villages combined to set up yet other institutions. And so the work has grown to national proportions, and who can estimate the good that has come from the humble service rendered so long ago by the faithful nurse woman of Berck? Little did she know when she started out with her wheelbarrow and donkey cart what seeds of good she was sowing and what a harvest of thanks would later arise

from thousands of hearts who have received benefits from the measures she instituted for the care of the tiny sick folk of France.

Do you have a noble ideal? Pursue it. Without means, influence, or special training your foundations for a great work may be laid. As you sow your seeds of sacrifice and love in the furrow of the world's need, these other qualifications will come to you. If already you have an education and money, these are valuable assets, but they can never take the place of a whole-souled interest in the needs of a sick world.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Cash or Credit

MR. J., I understand you have some potatoes you wish to sell."

"Yes, sir, I have some which I will sell."

Just at this instant Neighbor A. also came to the door, and asked: "Mr. J., have you potatoes to sell?"

"Why, yes, Neighbor A., I have some, and here is Mr. G., who has asked me the same question. Do you want potatoes, too?"

"Yes, sir, that is what I came for."

On further conversation it was learned that each neighbor wanted to buy ten bushels; that Mr. J. had just about ten bushels to sell; that Mr. A. had the money to pay for his purchase; and that Mr. G. had no money, but desired to buy on credit.

Then it was that the following unique statement was made:

"Well, gentlemen, here is Mr. A. with the money, and here is Mr. G. without money. Each wants to buy my potatoes, all I have to spare. Plainly I cannot sell them to you both. One of you must go elsewhere for your potatoes. Now, while I should like to accommodate you both, I think I shall let Mr. G. have the potatoes, for he hasn't any money now, and may find it harder to get them than will Mr. A., who can go anywhere and with ready money make his purchase without difficulty. I shall therefore let Mr. G. have them, and can wait till he can pay me."

It would be difficult to tell which one of the would-be purchasers was the more astonished. But the man with the money went away without any potatoes, and the man who had no money departed with his purchase, and also carried away with him a vivid sense of an accommodation that was out of the ordinary.

Mr. G. has been many years dead. But before his death he became first an interested student, later a believer, and still later a disciple of the third angel's message. He dated his first interest in the truth to that spring morning when a Seventh-day Adventist would sell him potatoes on credit rather than to a wealthy neighbor for cash. He died in the full triumph of faith. He many times told the story of the little transaction that made him first think that there must be something besides selfishness in the religion of Jesus Christ.

Mr. J. has likewise gone to his rest; but the memory of that simple business deal is cherished by his children as a precious legacy. It is to them an illustration of his sturdy but simple faith. There is no vestige of the fictitious about this little tale. It is told just as it occurred, and as many yet living can testify. The man who sold potatoes for credit instead of for cash was my father of blessed memory. T. H. JEYS.

THE wise use of money is all the advantage there is in having money.—Benjamin Franklin.

THE FURLOUGHED MISSIONARY

Ah! the homeland fields are bonny, and the woodlands lush
and green,
With the white birch and the fir tree and the elm — they call
their queen.

I love them all, and know not which one I love the best;
For I'm at home on furlough, and there's home within my
breast!

I've longed to see the straight pine on the snowy mountain tops;
I've longed to see the canyon, with its red and golden rocks:
But what I've wanted most of all was to see my mother's face,
And to sit with her at table in my old accustomed place.

And when I go to God's house and sit among the rest,
And sing, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the tides surge in my
breast:

For there's not a flag beneath the skies so glorious as our own;
There's not a country in the world like our dear, sweet home.

Ah, the Chinese streets are dirty, and the Chinese people queer;
But after all, they're just like us, and the Master holds them
dear.

You ask if I am going back to face the guns again?
Like soldiers home on furlough, my only thought is *when!*

I'm going back to the trenches to get another shot.
I fight beside my Captain — if I fall it matters not.
So I'm going back to China, and over the seas I'll fare,
My home is in the homeland, but my heart's out there.

— Mary Elliot Fitch Tooker, in *Woman's Work*.

Our Missionaries

MISSIONARIES are an abused class. They suffer at the hands of home friends and from heathen native. They are victims of mistaken kindnesses, victims of others' thoughtlessness and ignorance. So it is not unwise to consider wherein we annoy missionaries by our thoughtlessness, even if we do not abuse them.

What Not to Do

Do not send missionaries packages, however small, upon which duty must be paid, unless you pay the duty yourself. The following incident shows the importance of heeding this suggestion:

"'Save me!' wrote a missionary frantically, 'from my Christmas friends. I have cashed in everything available to get enough duty money to pay on Christmas packages. I tremble at every coming of the postman for fear I am about to be the recipient of another gift with duty due on it. Plead with my friends to pass over next Christmas. Entreat them not to send me any presents — unless in some way you can make them understand that money to pay the duty should accompany the gift. It sounds pathetic, but we really cannot afford to receive any more presents. Starvation faces us if we do. I have had to draw on all my housekeeping fund to pay duty on presents. We have to pay at least one half the valuation of each package in duty. One dear child sent me a box of worn ribbons. Thinking that I might not properly appreciate them, and evidently making adequate provision for the highest claim possible in the event of their loss in transit, she wrote "value \$5" on the box. That brief superscription cost me \$2.50. I could have invested that two-fifty to much better advantage here, and she could have sent her package without any duty charges if she had declared it "worn ribbons."'

"Of course we love the thrill of opening packages from home, but this luxury is not for us. Unless the folks at home accompany the package with the money for duty, it is far better that presents of value should be in the form of drafts, or of books and magazines which are free from duty."

Don't ask a missionary to give an address, then consume the time that should be allotted to him in special music, introductions, and other things that could be well omitted.

When a missionary is scheduled to speak, he feels that he must give a résumé of the work his mission has covered, and a strong presentation of the needs of the field. He has a thrilling supply of material that cannot be compressed into less than an hour's talk, and he would like to talk much longer. His heart

is full. Imagine, then, the feelings of such a man who has rearranged his schedule of addresses so that he can accept a certain invitation to speak, and has made a long, hard journey, to meet a magnificent audience to whom he could appeal for the cause of missions, being given the time at 9:30 after the entire hour has been allotted to music, announcements, pleasures, and introductions. First things should be made first.

What to Do

Send magazines to the missionary. Even fashion magazines now and then are not unwelcome. Missionaries like to be able to keep somewhere near the simplest of prevailing fashions, so that when returning on furlough or going to a summer resort they do not attract too much attention by their antiquated dress. As one missionary said, a fashion magazine would help her to know when meeting other missionaries just what year they came to the field. This knowledge may not be so important as it is satisfying, but it is at least natural that one should be interested in what the folks at home are wearing.

Write friendly, newsy letters that do not throw any burden on the missionary. Send post cards, or scrapbook letters, such as the "Follow the Flag" Scrapbook Letters now being sent to the boys "over there."

Above all and more than all pray for the missionaries. Some one has said:

"Whether on land or on sea, whether at the front or on furlough, the one supreme cry of the missionary to the church at home is, 'Pray for Us.'"

"Pandita Ramabai voiced the pleading of every missionary when in answer to the question 'What message shall I take for you to the church at home? What are your greatest needs?' she said simply, 'Tell them to pray for us. Prayer will meet all our needs.'"

"A great light shone in the eyes of another missionary as he spoke about the things that had put new courage into his work. 'The one message that stands out above all others received while I was on the field was this one which came from one of our conferences: "You and your work are remembered at the altars of our churches and as we kneel in our homes."'

"We may employ all other best methods for caring for our missionaries and rendering their work as effective as possible, but powerless and fruitless they must be unless above them all is prayer.

"Let those who are searching for the best of all methods pray for their missionaries daily and specifically in their own closets of prayer; let them band together with them groups who shall make regular.

earnest intercession; let them call special meetings for prayer and enlist their churches in the limitless work of intercession.

"Do you hear them pleading, pleading
Not for money, comfort, power,
But that you, O Christian worker,
Will but set aside an hour
Wherein they will be remembered,
Daily at the throne of grace,
That the work which they are doing
In your life may have a place?

"Do you see them seeking, seeking
For the gift of priceless worth
That they count of more importance
Than all other gifts of earth?
Not the gold from rich men's coffers,
Nor relief from any care;
'Tis a gift that you can give them,—
'Tis the Christian's daily prayer."

A Letter from a Soldier

IN a letter to his mother, one of our Takoma Park young men makes a request for letters from friends to those in the camps. He says:

"There is one thing you may tell every one, and that is to write letters often, short, cheery ones, to the soldier boys; or send them occasionally a small token of remembrance. As I write, one of the boys here is homesick, for he has had no mail in a week. It is not fair that our friends at home, who are free to come and go as they please, and who can read the daily news as they wish, should neglect their friends in the army. This is one of the main reasons why some fellows seek outside companionship, sometimes in disreputable places. Tell the church people to let the boys know in a personal way that individually they are being prayed for. *They need to know.* It is not enough to hang the flag over the pulpit, and pray for them on Sabbath. In this constant association with men in the camp they feel the need of personal assurance from friends that they are not forgotten before the throne of grace, that Christians are standing back of them. I am quite sure that one Adventist boy is lonesome for his church folk. When a fellow in uniform comes into church, why not go to him immediately and speak to him? He may be passing through some test of faith. As a usual thing no army man is there who is not a Christian, or at least a gentleman.

"Private E. C. MITCHELL,

"Company 11, Evacuation Hospital,

"Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania."

What the Little Card Did

ELDER SHERRIG, who was pastor of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, church, went into Y. M. C. A. work, and was sent to a Southern army camp. He asked the Grand Rapids Missionary Volunteer Society if they would not like to furnish a reading-room at the "Y" hut. This they gladly did, sending books, pictures, curtains, cushions, and mottoes, making the most attractive reading-room in the camp. A card was tacked on the wall, which read: "This room furnished by the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society of Grand Rapids, Michigan."

One day while three regiments of soldiers were getting ready to go "over there," a young man from another part of the camp stopped in to use the telephone. The phone booth is off the reading-room. As he came out he hesitated for a moment and then asked, "Mr. Secretary, do you know whether anybody in the regiment is an Adventist? I saw a Young People's Society card in the reading-room."

Brother Sherrig took the lad aside and had an earnest talk with him. Four years ago he ran away from an Adventist home, and had never informed his parents of his whereabouts. He had joined the army and was about to leave for Europe. That night he gave his heart to God, and at once posted a special delivery letter to his mother. Three days later Elder Sherrig met him again by appointment and found him rejoic-

ing in the Lord. He went "over there," but he took the Saviour with him. It was the cozy room and the wall card that aroused the memories of home and God, which called this wandering boy to confession and consecration. Can we not believe that no unselfish effort to be helpful is lost?

M. E. KERN.

Anxious to Help

THIRTY children in a Brazilian Sabbath school were each given by their teacher a nickel coin, the smallest in that part of Brazil, and valued at about three cents. They were told to "put it to the exchangers," and in three months to bring in what they could make. They were instructed to make gardens and to sell the vegetables, to sell our missionary paper, or rent hens from their mothers and sell the eggs.

At the end of three months they were all invited to the church where a program had been arranged for their friends. Great was the surprise of all to learn that without exception they had multiplied their pieces of money, and to the extent that in all it amounted to about ten dollars gold.

One tiny tot of three years earned her share by wiping her mother's dishes. Two little boys who lived in the city and could not make a garden, gave the money that their grandfather had given them for Christmas. But all shared in the spirit of loving service in order that others might enjoy the same blessings of the gospel that they enjoyed.

L. V. WÜRZ.

God's Law

WITH ten thousand angels bright,
God came down on Sinai's height (Deut. 33:2),
Midst the fire and smoke and cloud (Ex. 19:16, 18),
And the sound of trumpet loud,
Waxing louder, louder still (Ex. 19:19),
Echoing far o'er vale and hill.
Midst this grandeur, God made known (Ex. 20:1-17)
All his law. By it is shown
How wonderful his love to men (Deut. 33:3)
In giving them these precepts ten (Ex. 20:1-17),
Perfect, holy, good, and pure (Ps. 19:7, 8; Rom. 7:12),
Always, ever to endure;
Law that cannot be erased,
Nor by time can be effaced (Ps. 111:7, 8),
Safe within the ark 'twas placed (Ex. 25:21; Heb. 9:4),
Guarded by God's care.

When to earth our Saviour came,
All this law he taught the same (Isa. 40:8; Matt. 5:17)
As 'twas given on Sinai.
Those who would this law deny (Matt. 5:19),
Saying it has passed away,
Teaching men not to obey,
Counted "least" on earth will be (Matt. 5:19)
By the angels. They can see
That to follow in God's way
Is the best, and they obey (Ps. 103:20)
All his precepts. They delight
In God's Word and doing right.
So called "great" are those who do (Matt. 5:19)
All God's law, though they be few (Isa. 24:5, 6);
Many blessings ever new
They receive from God (Ps. 1:1-3; Rev. 3:10; 22:14).

If the law could pass away,
Never need there come the day
To uplift the crucified;
Jesus never need have died
For mankind, a sinful race,—
They would not have needed grace.
When God's law is done away
Sin cannot be, prophets say (Rom. 4:15).
In the Scripture, this we're told
By those holy men of old;
And God's word's revered by them
As they testify to men.
Though all earthly things decay (1 Peter 1:24),
And the heavens pass away (2 Peter 3:12, 10; Matt. 5:18),
God's law still remains alway (Matt. 5:17-19),
Intact, sure, and good.

NELLIE M. BUTLER.

GOOD MANNERS

Be a Friend

A PLAN given by a writer in the *Christian Endeavor World* for building up a young women's Bible class, brought such good results that we believe our Missionary Volunteer Societies, churches, and Sabbath schools would find it worth trying.

"This class had an excellent teacher, an attractive classroom, and a membership of a dozen pleasant girls. With a little effort they got the new members they were seeking, but most of the new ones dropped out after a few months. One evening the teacher and a few of the most earnest girls met to consider the reason of their failure with the girls who had come to them.

"The records showed that fifteen new members had been enrolled in six months, and only three of these had continued to be regular attendants.

"There's something wrong with us," said one girl. "We must find it."

"Let us see why the three stayed," suggested the teacher. "Perhaps our hint is there."

"Well, Anna Jarvis and Ruth got to be great friends, and that kept Anna with us. Doris Trent and Amy just seemed to take to each other from the first. And Esther Lawrie lives near me; so I call for her each Sunday and for the class meetings."

"In other words," said the teacher, "each girl that stayed had found a friend in the class."

"O, but Miss Lowe! We were friendly to all the girls."

"Yes, you were in an impersonal sort of way. You gave them a pleasant greeting when they came in, and promptly forgot all about them. When you planned to go anywhere, or do anything interesting, or invited any one to your home, it was your own close friends you included. The new girls were left out."

"Yes, they were," admitted Edith. "We were glad to have them in the class to boost our averages, but we never really took them into things. I remember at one of the church affairs that little Molly somebody came alone, and sat alone, and looked so friendless that my conscience hurts me yet that I didn't leave our group and take care of her. And she never came back."

"We'll get Molly to try again, and all these other girls we neglected. And we will try this plan: Each time a new girl comes to the class I will quietly appoint one of the old girls as an official friend. The friend is to sit beside the new girl in class and in church, to give her a special individual invitation to Christian Endeavor and all other church meetings, to see her at these meetings and at socials, introduce her to people, and see that she has a good time. She is also to visit the new girl and invite her to return the visit. Do not just say, "Come and see me sometime," but say: "Now I want you to come and see me next week. What day shall it be?"

"They tried it. Each new girl was taken in charge by a friend, and was not allowed to get lost. The next six months the class doubled its attendance, and not

one of the newly enrolled was lost. As long as the class held together and the plan continued, the wonderful growth kept up.

"There are many elaborate and ingenious systems for keeping track of newcomers and for winning back those who drop out. But there is no system so efficient as the old simple way of real friendliness. We go where our friends are, whether we are card indexed and looked after or not. The young people who come into our churches, often strangers and lonely, are especially open to the appeal of friendship. If we succeed in finding a friend for each one, we shall bind them to the church with bonds that will not loosen."

The Gigglers on the Train

A FEW weeks ago comment was made in the *INSTRUCTOR* upon the uncomeliness of loud and boisterous laughing in public places; but the giggler as well as the noisy laughter is an unwelcome person in good society or in public places. A pathetic but deserved rebuke was recently given to two giggling girls on a train in Europe. Into their compartment came a man with his wife. No sooner was the woman seated than she began to count her fingers, "one, two, three," repeating the count over and over. The girls nudged each other and began to giggle. Thus they continued until the husband, incensed at their rudeness, said to them: "See here, girls, perhaps you will stop your giggling when I tell you that this is my wife; that we have lost three sons at the front, and I am taking their mother to an asylum."

We suppose the girls apologized; but apologies cannot always redeem the injury wrought by careless behavior. The power to laugh is heaven-born; but not the will to use it against the unfortunate.

The "Social Culture" Club

A WELL-KNOWN college in the State of Washington had reason to observe that the table manners of the students were not all that might be desired, so they organized a Social Culture Club, and all the teachers and pupils became members. Fines were imposed upon the members who broke the ordinary rules of good behavior at table, and these were some of the fines:

Using toothpick in public.....	2 cents
Snuffling under table.....	2 cents
Not sitting erect at table.....	1 cent
Tilting chair back.....	2 cents
Talking with mouth full.....	2 cents
Uncomplimentary remarks about food.....	2 cents
Placing another dish on plate.....	2 cents
Knife or fork misplaced.....	1 cent
Spoon left in cup.....	1 cent
Incorrect holding of knife or fork.....	1 cent
Arms or elbows on table.....	2 cents
Overreaching.....	1 cent
Eating from knife.....	2 cents
Buttering bread on tablecloth.....	1 cent

The wholesome effect on the table manners of these young people was quickly apparent.—*Selected.*

How Animals Sleep

ELEPHANTS sleep standing up. When in a herd a certain number will always stand watch while the others sleep; for the big, powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep unguarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back, and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds sleep

standing on one leg. How they maintain their balance in this stilted attitude is a problem.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Lions, tigers, and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Code and Cipher Messages

DURING war time one hears a great deal about code and cipher telegraphic messages. The difference between these two kinds of messages is this: "A *code* is an arrangement by which two persons agree, when exchanging messages, always to substitute certain words or symbols for the real *words* of the message; while a *cipher* is the substitution of some symbol for a letter of the alphabet." The former deals with *words, phrases, or sentences*, while the latter deals with symbols for letters. Thus these substitutes might be agreed on for a code:

a = the
French ship = market
sailed from New York = price
sailed from Boston = quotation
today = is
for Marseilles = an even number
for Bourdeaux = any number with a fraction

"With such a code, a German spy in New York could cable a seemingly harmless message to a friend in Holland, such as: 'The market price is 110.' That would mean, of course, 'A French ship sailed from New York today for Marseilles.' Whereas a very slight change in wording, 'The market quotation is 110½,' would mean, 'A French ship sailed from Boston today for Bourdeaux.'

"Messages of that sort could be exchanged daily between a broker in Wall Street and a broker in Amsterdam, and by the addition of a few more words, could be infinitely varied and would look like perfectly legitimate commercial correspondence."

In cipher every word is spelled out; but the words are spelled by means of symbols. Thus Baltimore might be spelled xvsI II = :0Λ.

b = x
a = v
l = s
t = I
i = II
m = —
o = :
r = 0
e = Λ

"That is called a *substitution* cipher, because some other letter or symbol is arbitrarily substituted for every letter.

"But another kind is called a *transposition* cipher, because in this the letters of the alphabet are simply transposed by agreement, the simplest and most obvious example being to reverse the alphabet, so that z stands for a, and y for b, etc. Such a transposition cipher would read:

Alphabet of plain text —

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z

Alphabet of cipher —

z y x w v u t s r q p o n m l k j i h g f e d c b a

and Washington, according to this cipher, would be spelled dzhsrmtglm."

Code messages are always in use for economy's sake; but in time of war they serve for *secrecy* as does no other form of message. The cipher message serves only to delay the unraveling of a message; for an expert requires but two or more hours to unravel an ordinary cipher message.

Many enemy messages are written out in the enemy language, then coded and afterward put into cipher. Such messages are called *enciphered code*, and require a knowledge of the code for translation.

One deciphers or decodes a message when he translates it.

The Playfair Cipher Message

The Playfair cipher message is regarded as the cleverest form ever devised, and is the one used by the British army in the field. The managing editor of the *World's Work* gives in the June number of this magazine, the following description of these ciphers:

"First a square is drawn, divided into fifths each way. This arrangement gives twenty-five spaces, to contain the letters of the alphabet — I and J being put in one square because there would never be any plain sentence in which it would not be quite obvious which one of them is needed to complete a word of which the other letters are known.

"Next a 'key word' is chosen — and herein lies the cleverness and the simplicity of this cipher, because every time the key word is changed, the whole pattern of the alphabet is changed. Suppose the key word is Gardenia. It is now spelled out in the squares:

G	A	R	D	E
N	I J			

"The second a is left out, as there must not, of course, be duplicates on the keyboard. Now the rest of the alphabet is written into the squares in their regular sequence:

G	A	R	D	E
N	I	J	B	C
H	K	L	M	O
P	Q	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z

"That is the complete keyboard. The method for using it is this:

"The message is written out in plain text; for example:

DESTROY BRIDGE AT ONCE

(Only capital letters are commonly used in cipher work.) This message is now divided into groups of two letters, in the same order, so that it reads:

DE ST RO YB RI DG EA TO NC EX

(The X is added to complete the group and is called a null.) These groups of twos are now ciphered from the keyboard into other groups of twos, by the following method:

"Where two joined letters of the original message appear in the same horizontal row on the keyboard, the next letter to the right is substituted for each. Thus, the first two letters of our message are DE. They occur in the same horizontal row on our keyboard. Consequently, for D we write E, and for E we go 'on around the world' to the right, or back to the other end of the row, and write G for E. This gives us DE enciphered as EG.

"Where two joined letters of the original message appear in the same vertical row on the keyboard, the next letter below is substituted for each.

"Where two joined letters of the original message appear neither in the same horizontal nor the same vertical row on the keyboard, we imagine a rectangle with the two letters at the opposite corners, and in each case substitute the letter found on the keyboard at the other corner of the same horizontal row. This sounds complicated, but in reality is very simple. For example, take the third two-letter group of our message — RO. The rectangle in this case is —

RDE
BCF
LMO

and for R we substitute E, and for O we substitute L.

"Substituting our whole message by this system, it reads:

Original: DE ST RO YB RI DG EA TO NC EX
Cipher: EG TU EL XC AB EA GR UM IF RZ

"As telegraph operators are accustomed to send these gibberish messages in groups of five letters (so that they can check errors, knowing, for example, that when only four appear in a group, something has been left out), these enciphered groups of twos are now combined into groups of fives, so that the finished cipher reads:

EGTUE LXCAB EAGRU MIFRZ

"The foregoing sounds extremely complicated, but the truth is that anybody, after half an hour's practice, can put a message into this kind of cipher ('Playfair' cipher) almost as fast as he can print the straight English of it in capital letters. And unless the person who reads it knows the key word which determined the pattern on his keyboard, he would have to be an expert to decipher it, and even he could do it only after a good deal of work.

The Chess Board Cipher

"Another ingenious cipher is called the 'Chess Board.' First, a sheet of paper is ruled into squares exactly like a chessboard — that is, a square divided into eighths each way. This arrangement gives, of course, sixty-four small squares. Then, by agreement between the people who intend to use this cipher, sixteen of these squares are agreed upon and are cut out of the sheet with a knife. Suppose, for example, this pattern is chosen,

■		■		■	■	■	■
■	■		■		■	■	■
■	■	■		■		■	■
	■		■	■			■
■	■	■		■	■	■	■
	■	■	■	■		■	
■			■	■	■	■	■
■		■	■	■	■	■	

and the squares showing in white are cut out.

"Next, another sheet of paper is ruled into a chessboard, of exactly the same size as the first. The perforated sheet is now laid on top of the second sheet, so that the squares on the one exactly cover the squares on the other. Now, with a pen or pencil, the plain text of the secret message is printed on the under sheet by writing through the perforations of the upper sheet, only one letter being written in each square. This, of course, permits the writing of sixteen letters of the message.

"Suppose the complete message is to be: 'Authorize payment ten million dollars to buy copper for shipment to Germany.' Then the lower sheet, after we have written through the perforations, will look like this:

	A		U			
		T		H		
			O		R	
I		Z				E
			P			
A						Y
	M	E				
	N					T

S	A	D	U	L	R	R	Y
A	L	T	O	H	O	F	T
R	L	Z	O	I	R	Z	E
I	M	Z	Z	P	I	E	E
I	P	E	P	G	O	M	C
A	P	Y	T	U	L	A	Y
H	M	E	B	O	O	M	N
R	N	O	T	T	E	S	T

The perforated sheet is now turned to the right through one fourth of a complete revolution, so that the top of it is at the right side of the lower sheet and so that the two chessboards again 'match up.' This operation exposes, through the perforations, a new set of sixteen open squares on the lower sheet. The writing of the message is continued, and the lower sheet now looks like this:

Again the perforated sheet is turned to the right, and sixteen more letters are written. Once more the whole sixty-four squares are utilized, looking like the above diagram:

"These letters are now put upright, like this:

	A	U	U	L			
A	L	T		H			I
	L		O	I	R	Z	
I		Z	Z		I	E	E
			P			N	
A					L		Y
	M	E		O			
R	N	O					T

S	A	D	U	L	R	R	Y
A	L	T	O	H	O	F	T
R	L	N	O	I	R	N	E
I	M	Z	N	P	I	E	E
I	P	E	P	G	O	M	C
A	P	Y	T	U	L	A	Y
H	M	E	B	O	O	M	N
R	N	O	T	T	E	S	T

THE COMET'S REPLY TO THE ATHEIST

HENRY HOWARD BALLARD

Beyond the glitt'ring worlds of light
For ages past I've been employed:
And in my vast and rapid flight
I've found no place of God devoid.

I've soared around the burning sun
And gazed where mortals never dare,
And in the journey I have run
Have always found that God was there.

With piercing vision I have gazed
Among the scattered worlds afar,
And where their brilliant splendors blazed
Have ever found that God was there.

I've plowed the fields of liquid space,
And scanned the ocean, earth, and air,
But never found the smallest place
But what Almighty God was there.

Creation's grandeur I've surveyed,
And seen its riches stored abroad;
But far beyond where thought has strayed,
The ample space was filled with God.

In all that vast, unmeasured round
Through which my piercing view I dart,
No place without a God I've found
Except the atheist's wretched heart.

"These letters are now read from left to right and from the first line down, like ordinary reading matter. They are then grouped into fives for telegraphic transmission, and an X added at the end to make an even five-group there. Thus the message, as transmitted, reads:

SADUL RRYAL TOHOF TRLNO IRNEI MZNPI
EEIPE PGOMC APYTU LAYHM EBOOM NRNOT
TESTX

"When this message is received, it can, of course, be quickly deciphered by printing it out on a chess-board and placing over it a sheet perforated according to the prearranged pattern.

"This survey of codes and ciphers does not more than scratch the surface of the subject, nor more than suggest the almost infinite variations that are possible—in ciphers especially. It simply gives a groundwork for an understanding of the secret messages that have fallen into the hands of government officials."

Stories with a Point

MR. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, writer, lecturer, and preacher, has written several interesting and helpful character-building books. "The Problems of Youth"¹ is one of his most helpful works. The following stories are taken from this book:

Fish Hawks Knew Location of State Line

"A traveler, having occasion to journey along the Rhode Island State line some years since, was shown a large clump of forest trees, just within the border of that little commonwealth, which was literally blackened with fish hawks' nests. The farmer who was with him told him that the reason lay in the fact that Rhode Island alone, of all the New England States, protected the lives of these hawks. The hawks had found this out, and all up and down the line between Connecticut and Rhode Island were to be seen the results of this protection by one State and war on the part of the other. On the Connecticut side of the fence for miles and miles scarcely a nest of this great bird was ever found, while in Rhode Island the nests were everywhere, even in the tops of the chimneys of abandoned houses. So far as was known there was only one pair of fish hawks which nested in southeastern Connecticut, and they had taken possession of an inaccessible pine tree in a great swamp; but on the Rhode Island side of the line the birds were as tame as are the storks in Holland.

"Now the difference in men's hearts and lives is like that. If you give nesting room to evil thoughts and impure and wicked desires in your imagination, you may depend upon it that these filthy birds of unholy purpose will come to abound in your life."

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Ambassador

"One of the most interesting men who has ever been in Washington public life was Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese ambassador. He was a great man to ask questions, and one day he asked a newspaper reporter what salary he received. The young fellow, wanting to make a big impression on the ambassador, answered glibly,

"One hundred fifty dollars a week."

"It is too much; it is altogether too much," said the more candid than polite Chinaman. "You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week."

"Some time later the Chinese minister learned that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that instead of a hundred fifty dollars a week he received but sixty dollars. Consequently, when the reporter again presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting Fang with these words: 'You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie to me about such a thing as that, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week, you are not worth anything, sir!'

"Wu Ting Fang believed in Paul's estimate that truth is a girdle that holds character together, and that falsehood disintegrates it and destroys it."

The Pratts Kept Their Promises

"When King Edward of England, then known as Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, visited this Western country as a young man, he was entertained on a big cattle ranch. A fishing excursion was arranged for one day, and a gruff old rancher promised that his nephew would provide bait for 'the Englishman,' of whose rank he was ignorant. The man who was entertaining the prince sent for the rancher the previous evening, and anxiously inquired: 'Has your nephew brought the bait?'

"No."

"We want it by daylight."

"You'll hev' it," calmly replied the old man.

"This is a matter of great importance. Are you sure that we shall have it?'

"Didn't Jabez give you his word?'

"But how do I know that he will keep it?" said the uneasy host.

"How do ye know?" said the rancher sternly. 'Because he is a Pratt. None of the Pratts ever was known to tell a lie, and I reckon Jabez isn't a-goin' to break the record.' And he tramped off, in great indignation.

"You must pardon the old man, Your Grace," said the host, turning to the Duke of Newcastle, who was standing by. 'He does not know who you are.'

"Pardon him? I call that very fine! Why should not the Pratts be proud of their honest blood, as well as the Pelham-Clintons?'

"The daylight brought Jabez and the bait."

The Lost Bells

"The cathedral of the quaint Irish city of Limerick was erected by the king of Limerick, Donald O'Brien, toward the close of the twelfth century. The building is chiefly remarkable for its magnificent peal of bells, with which a beautiful legend is associated. The bells were made by a young, enthusiastic Italian, and were the result of his ambition to produce so beautiful a peal as to be absolutely unrivaled. They were the fruit of many years of labor, and at last were hung in a monastery in Italy, being the delight of all who heard their music. The Italian bought a house in the vicinity of the convent, and for years passed his evenings in listening to the sweet chimes. During a national feud, however, the bells were stolen, and broken-hearted, their maker, an old man now, left his native shores to go in search of them. He set sail for Ireland, and was sitting on deck when the ship was sailing up the Shannon. Suddenly the strains of melodious bells were borne on the evening air across the city to the quiet dreamer in the boat. As he listened, he became

¹This book may be obtained for \$1.50, by writing to the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

entranced; he could not be mistaken. They were indeed the cherished sounds of his long-lost bells, which had been hung in the cathedral of Limerick. With his earnest face set steadfastly toward the church, his fingers gradually relaxed their hold on the side of the vessel, and when the ship arrived in port, he was dead.

"Some of you have been beset by robber lusts and passions, and have lost the sweet music of faith and hope and innocence out of your hearts. Your search may be happier than was his of the old legend. You need not wait for death to find the lost music, for Jesus Christ is able, through forgiveness, to revive the musical powers of your soul and cause the chords of your nature to vibrate in harmony with the heart of God."

The Broken Telegraph Pole

"In Baltimore one Sunday morning, as the people were going to church, a telegraph pole, large and strong and round, looking as stalwart as any other in the line, suddenly did a strange thing. Without any warning, like a great strong man struck down by an unseen bullet, the pole groaned, and then, with a snapping, tearing, grinding sound, the upper portion fell to the street, leaving about twenty-five feet standing. The people looked on and wondered. A crowd soon gathered, marveling at what should have caused such a catastrophe. There was no hurricane, not even a brisk breeze, and surely not enough to sever such a pole as that, which had weathered so many storms. Just then a small boy began to climb the stump that was left, to investigate. When he reached the top, he found that right where the pole had broken was a scooped-out place where a pair of woodpeckers had cut out their nest, and there in the nest was a poor little woodpecker, frightened half to death. Unnoticed, but steadily, stroke after stroke, the birds had dug their way back into the heart of the great strong telegraph pole, until they had sapped its strength.

"Sometimes a man comes crashing down in the city. His outer life has seemed strong and round and respectable. People have believed in him and trusted in him, but he suddenly comes down in his ruin. The whole world marvels at it; but after a little it is discovered that some secret sin had eaten into his heart, and the strength of the man's life was gone, though he looked to the world as strong as ever."

The Harmonizing Dome

"A beautiful incident is told by a traveler of his visit to the cathedral of Pisa. He stood beneath its wonderful dome, spacious and symmetrical, and gazed with awe upon its beauties. Suddenly the air became instinct with melody. The great dome seemed full of harmony. The waves of the music vibrated to and fro, loudly beating against the walls, swelling into full accord like the roll of a great organ, and then dying away into soft, long-drawn, far-reaching echoes, melting into silence in the distance. It was only the guide, who, lingering behind a moment, had softly murmured a triple chord. But beneath that magic dome every sound resolves into harmony. No discord can reach the summit of that dome and live. Every voice in the building, the slamming of seats, the trampling of feet, the murmur and bustle of the crowd, are caught up, softened, harmonized, blended, and echoed back in music.

"If a dome, the work of man's hands, can thus harmonize all discords, can we doubt that under the great

dome of heaven, God can make 'all things work together for good to them that love' him? Every affliction, loss, grief, or sorrow which God sends, every joy and happiness, will be blended into harmony within the ever-arching dome of his grace, and be as the music of heaven."

Ten Thousand Dollars for a College Youth

"A few years ago a young man in Harvard College brought a suit before the New York courts on a plea that \$10,000 a year be set apart out of his income to appropriately support him while he was a schoolboy. The papers made a good deal of it, and no doubt a good many young fellows who had been selling books or working in the harvest fields in order to earn money to help themselves through college, were inclined to envy that gay young blood with his ten thousand dollars a year pocket money. But they had no reason for envy. History since its dawn does not record the name of a single man who spent ten thousand dollars a year in college, who laid in college the foundations of greatness. Where one young man is permanently harmed by poverty, a dozen are smothered to death in the feather bed of luxury. The path of true greatness is not that of self-indulgence, but of struggle and self-denial."

Hints from Here and There

Mosquito Netting for a Darn

A PIECE of mosquito netting, basted over a bad hole in a stocking, will be found a great aid in darning.

To Counteract Unpleasant Odors

When cooking cabbage or other vegetables which diffuse unpleasant odors, place a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon on a pie tin and set over a hot stove. This will give a very pleasant aroma.

Suet for Red-Ink Stain

To remove red-ink stains from white goods, pour melted suet over the stain and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Then wash in lukewarm water with a good white soap, gradually increasing the temperature of the water until hot enough to take out the grease. This leaves the material snowy white.

Keep the Brushes Clean

It is impossible to overestimate the danger to the hair of unclean combs and brushes. Such toilet articles should be carefully cleaned and disinfected once a week, and there is a way to do it so as not to injure them. The brush and comb must first be quickly washed, then dipped in water with boric acid, and then sunned and aired. An expensively backed brush may be cleaned by dipping the bristles alone in a strong solution of ammonia and water. After this run hot and cold water alternately over this part of the brush, shake it vigorously, and put it, bristles down, over a rest of some sort, or dry in the open air.

If the bristles of a brush have lost their stiffness or elasticity treat them to an ammonia and salt bath. First wash the bristles in hot water to which ammonia has been added, and then dip directly into water to which salt has been added.

Borax also cleans a brush well. Dissolve the borax in hot water and dip in the bristles. Rinse thoroughly; when clean, then dry, with bristles up, in open air. Combs can be cleaned with borax or ammonia, but ammonia sometimes discolors celluloid combs.

Two Ways of Seeing

Two little girls went berrying
On the very same summer day;
Down in the meadow across the brook
They went the selfsame way.

Two little girls came home again,
When the summer day was spent—
Up from the meadow across the brook
The very same way they went.

And "Oh!" said one, "I found a lot,
So juicy and big and red!
And all the time I was picking them
A bird sang overhead.

"It was nice and cool beside the brook
Where the moss was green and thick;
And I sat on a great big stone to rest,
And played I fished with a stick.

"I picked some pretty flowers, too,
All that my hands could hold;
And I saw a web as fine as silk
And a spider yellow as gold."

And "Oh!" said the other, "I couldn't find
A berry fit to eat!
But a lot of bugs and creepy worms
Kept wiggling 'round my feet;

"I'm sure there was a large green snake
Down where the grass was thick,
And I stubbed my toe on a great big stone,
And scratched my hand on a stick;

"I thought I saw some pretty flowers,
But when I went to look
A horrid spider crawled on me
And I nearly fell in the brook."

Now which of these two would you rather be?
And what do you think *your* eyes would see?

—Annie Johnson Flint.

Character and Reputation

[The following article was sent in by one of our church school teachers as a contribution from one of his eighth-grade pupils.—Ed.]

THERE was once an accomplished girl, who was honored and respected by her acquaintances. She was well spoken of and loved by many. The impression she left on the minds of people in general was a favorable one, yet at home she was deceitful, jealous, and dishonest. She was a young woman of good reputation, but her character was far from good. Her reputation was only the general estimate which others held of her, but her character was what God knew her to be.

Some young people are very jealous for their reputation, but care very little for the kind of character they are forming. It is well to have a good reputation, yet we are not to sacrifice principle for the sake of what others will think of us.

When the wise man said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," he did not mean that a good reputation was better than a strong character. We should always do the things we know to be right, regardless of the opinion others will hold of us.

Character is formed by habits. Our habits of life are made up of actions, and our actions are formed by thoughts. There are two great classes of thoughts, habits, and character—good and bad. Some claim that it is harder to form good habits than it is to form bad ones, but we are no more liable to reap tares after we sow tares than we are to reap wheat after sowing wheat.

In the great reckoning day we shall be judged according to what God knows us to be, not by what others think we are or what we think ourselves to be. We shall be judged by the kind of character we have

formed here and by the character we are building each day.

To a certain degree we are responsible to God for the reputation we have, because generally it is an index to our character. The Scripture tells us to "abstain from all appearance of evil." If we do not observe this, others will notice it, and it will bring reproach, and is liable to tell on the lives of others.

We should pay close attention to the characters we are building day by day; then the reputation will take care of itself, for it is better to please God than man. Reputation is on the outside of us, but our character is within.

Paper Guards

IN certain hospitals in France the American Red Cross has provided a pad of paper with each drinking glass which is used by more than one person. Be-



These Juniors are members of the Pawtucket, Rhode Island, church. They are earnest workers, and love to sell magazines and papers. Perhaps their pleasant smiles beguile some into purchasing their periodicals.

fore drinking from the glass a sheet of paper is torn from the pad, folded double, and fitted over the edge of the glass as a protection to the lips of the drinker. Each sheet is, of course, used but once, thus lessening the chances of contagion. These simple guards are more easy to obtain than paper drinking cups.

"POPPIES squander their fragile gold
In the silvery aloe brake,
Coral and ivory lilies unfold
Their delicate lives on the lake.

"Kingfishers ruffle the feathery sedge,
And all the vivid air thrills
With butterfly wings in the wild-rose hedge,
And the luminous blue of the hills."

Largest History in the World

THE largest history ever published is "The War of the Rebellion," issued by "Uncle Sam" in 120 huge octavo volumes, of 1,000 pages each, with a gigantic atlas in thirty parts. The books occupy thirty feet of shelf room and weigh one quarter of a ton. The series cost \$25,000,000, is limited to 11,000 sets, and has been in course of publication for more than twenty years.

Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON { Assistant Secretaries
ELLA IDEN
MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
MEADE MAC GUIRE Field Secretary

Our Counsel Corner

[This corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

WE have no social gatherings of any kind in our church, because the older people think it is wrong to get together for "a good time." Do you approve of gatherings for the young people if they are planned with care?

S. M. S.

Older friends are amply justified in looking with disfavor upon what some young people call "a good time;" but a good social time which contains only such activities as the Master approves is an excellent soul-winning agency. "Especially," says Volume VI, page 172, "should those who have tasted the love of Christ develop their social powers, for in this way they will win souls to the Saviour."

The Missionary Volunteer Department approves most heartily of every effort to conduct the right kind of social gatherings, and I hope you will have such gatherings occasionally in your society. This paper will contain helpful suggestions from time to time. These you would do well to clip and file; and the Testimonies will guide you in selecting games and suggestions from other sources. May the Master bless you in conducting social gatherings that will indeed be "social to save."

M. E.

I should like very much to know what offerings made by the young people count on the Missionary Volunteer Goal for 1918. I put most of my money in the Sabbath school. Can I report it toward our society goal?

H. M. J.

All offerings for foreign missions, *except those given through the Sabbath school*, count on the Missionary Volunteer Goal. Annual and midsummer offerings, Harvest Ingathering funds, and foreign mission offerings given through the church and Missionary Volunteer Society are all included. So be sure to report all such offerings, for only as they are *reported* will they be credited to the goal. It would be a fine thing if all our Sabbath-school offerings could be applied on the goal also, but this cannot be done, as the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering is always given to a specific field, and therefore could not be used for another special enterprise arranged by the Missionary Volunteer Department.

E. I.

Just for the Juniors

What One Junior Did

HE is only a lad of twelve, but has a missionary zeal perhaps beyond his years. He lives not in a large city, but in a one-store village where people are few and every one knows everybody else.

One day last January Frank stopped where several men were working and presented "The World War" and "The Return of Jesus." One workman bought the latter book and read it. It contained the food he was hungry for; he was convinced he ought to give himself to Christ. His mother and sister also read the book, and a desire for more truth seized them.

When two weeks later I visited this village in the interest of the Sabbath school and Missionary Volunteer work, this brother and sister attended our evening service, and the following night came for a special Bible study. To my great surprise they told me they had been reared in the Roman Catholic faith, but their souls' needs had not been supplied. Just two days later one of our ministers visited these people, and they surrendered to the Master.

Since then the mother and sister have been baptized. It was a pleasure to meet them at our recent camp-meeting and to hear their testimonies in favor of the truth.

What a rich harvest for a little effort in seed sowing!

EDNA L. WALKER.

Sharing

I'M going to pop some corn," said Rob, as he came in after school and stamped the snow off his shoes in the entry.

It was a fine day for popcorn. Outside it was cold as cold could be, with the sort of snow that tingles your eyelids and tickles your nose. But the kitchen was warm and bright and cozy. And the fire in the stove had burned down to a bed of fine hot coals—the kind that are made on purpose for popcorn!

Then what do you suppose was the matter? For though Rob made a great clatter getting out the pan and the popper, and though he fell to work briskly rubbing the corn off the cobs, still it was not a happy noise, and it was not a happy hurrying.

"Rob," called his mother, "didn't Helen come home with you?"

"The girls stayed to practice their singing," Rob answered.

I wonder if Helen's being away was the matter. However, Rob went on with his popping and pretended not to notice.

"I'm going to eat it before she gets here," he was thinking. "I never have enough when we make it together. It'll be fine having all I want."

The yellow kernels of corn went pippety pop over the red coals. My, but they were merry! Poppety pip they went. And every kernel threw off its stiff yellow coat and put on a fluffy, ruffly frock of white.

"It's popping like anything," said Rob, with his eyes on the dancing corn.

But his eyes did not dance as he said it. And though the corn looked gay, and sounded gay, and smelled most delightfully eatable, Rob did not seem to care. You see, that uncomfortable feeling would not let him!

"I'll wait till the pan's full," he thought, as he emptied the popper.

So the corn heaped higher in the pan, till really you would have thought there was enough for any boy, however hungry, if he intended to eat it all himself. And still Rob kept on popping, till there was too much for any boy to eat, and no doubt about it!

"I guess I've popped enough," Rob decided.

He tasted the corn, but it did not seem so good as he had expected. And he had not forgotten the salt, either! or the butter! or to keep the corn piping hot in the oven! But then you cannot enjoy popcorn when you have that uncomfortable feeling!

"Bother!" cried Rob suddenly. "Is she going to stay all night?"

Just then a door opened and closed, and Helen ran into the kitchen.

"Popcorn!" she cried. "O Rob, how nice of you to get it ready. Um-m-m, but it smells good!"

"Hurry," said Rob. "It's getting spoiled."

"It's the best ever," said Helen, her mouth full.

She went dancing about the kitchen as gayly as if she were a grown-up bit of popcorn herself. And suddenly, Rob knew that the popcorn smelled good, and that it tasted good, and that it was the best ever! For when Helen skipped into the kitchen, you see, the uncomfortable feeling skipped out!

"I meant to eat it by myself," he told Helen.

But Helen only laughed.

"Why, you couldn't eat it without me," she cried.

"It wouldn't taste right!"

"It didn't," said Rob.—*Abigail Burton.*

The Sabbath School

XIII — The Review

(September 28)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 46 to Exodus 18.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: The lessons for the quarter cover the period from the time when Jacob and his household removed from Canaan and settled in Egypt to the arrival of the children of Israel in the vicinity of Mt. Sinai on their way from Egypt back to Canaan.

"God's love and blessing then and there
Are now, and here, and everywhere."

Questions

Jacob Settles in Egypt

Genesis 46-50

In what part of Egypt did Joseph provide a home for his father and his brethren?

How were they received by Pharaoh and the Egyptians?

What was the situation of the Israelites at this time?

How did the Israelites prosper?

Of what promise did Joseph remind them before his death?

Birth of Moses; Oppression of Israelites

Exodus 1, 2

Tell the story of Moses' life until he was a lad of twelve.

Where did he spend the next twenty-eight years?

What was the situation of the Israelites at this time?

What caused Moses to flee from Egypt?

What was his work for the next forty years?

Moses Called to Lead Israel

Exodus 3, 4

When the Lord wished to speak to Moses, how did he attract his attention?

What did the Lord wish Moses to do?

What excuses did Moses make?

What signs were given as evidence that the Lord had appeared to him?

Who was associated with him in his work?

Moses and Aaron Before Pharaoh

Exodus 5, 6

What definite request did Moses and Aaron make of Pharaoh?

What was Pharaoh's reply?

What further oppression was put upon the people?

What effect did this have upon their faith and courage?

The Plagues

Exodus 7-11

Name the ten plagues in order.

Which of these did the magicians counterfeit?

In which of the plagues did God make a difference between the Israelites and the Egyptians?

How many times did Pharaoh say the people might go, then when the plague ceased, refuse to let them go?

How many times did he confess that he had sinned?

The Passover

Exodus 12

What feast did the Lord institute to commemorate the deliverance of his people from the bondage of Egypt?

How was this first feast observed?

What sign protected the homes of his people from the destroying angel?

How large a company went out of Egypt?

Through the Red Sea

Exodus 14

How were the Israelites led in their journey?

What difficulties beset them at the Red Sea?

How were they delivered?

How were their enemies overcome?

Water Made Sweet; the Manna

Exodus 15, 16

Relate the experience of Israel at Marah.

How was bread provided for the great company?

Describe the appearance and taste of the manna.

What special miracles pointed out the Sabbath day?

Water from the Rock; a Battle; Jethro

Exodus 17, 18

When the people again needed water, how was it provided?

Describe the battle with Amalek.

What good resulted from the visit of Jethro?

Memory Test

By whom and under what circumstances was each of the following quotations spoken?

"Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?"

"Who am I, that I should go?"

"Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick."

"Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

"God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

"I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

"See my face no more; for in that day thou seest my face thou shalt die."

"Rise up and get you forth from among my people."

"Let no man leave of it till the morning."

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "All things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. 8: 28.

2. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Ps. 146: 5.

3. "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses." Ps. 107: 13.

4. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20.

5. "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Ex. 4: 12.

6. "I will take you to me for a people, and I will be to you a God." Ex. 6: 7.

7. "Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked." Ps. 91: 8.

8. "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Ps. 91: 10.

9. "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." 1 Cor. 5: 7.

10. "He led them on safely, so that they feared not: but the sea overwhelmed their enemies." Ps. 78: 53.

11. "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat." John 6: 31.

12. "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10: 4.

THERE is but one failure, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.—*Canon Farrar.*

Comments on Three Parables

IN his book, "The Art of Story-Writing," Dr. J. B. Esenwein gives the following beautiful and helpful comments on three of the Saviour's parables:

The Lost Sheep

"This illustrative story is an example of what may be called the simple parable. It scarcely needs explanation, except perhaps as a re-enforcement of its lesson. Its story element, though slight, is sufficient to redeem it from being merely a metaphor with a similitude at the close.

"In construction as a piece of story-telling, notice its remarkable compression, the personal way in which the hearer is at once made an interested party, the comparative values of ninety-nine sheep and one, and the tremendously emphasized value set upon the one, because it was lost. Notice, too, the effective simplicity of statement: could the multiplication of words convey the purpose and earnestness of the shepherd half so well as those simple Saxon words, 'go after that which is lost, until he find it'? Finally, notice how big a scene Jesus paints, with not a single false stroke from start to climax — a big scene as a human picture, and a bigger scene as the application of the story suddenly sweeps us up to a vision of great rejoicings in another world. Even if one were to reject the spiritual teaching, how could he fail to marvel at 'The Lost Sheep' as a literary masterpiece?"

The Sower

"In this parable we see almost the same literary values as in 'The Lost Sheep,' with an advance in the use of materials — the keen, accurate observation of nature — and a further advance in mysticism, for the interpretation is added to show the exact contact of the parable at all its points with the complete spiritual situation it illustrates. In 'The Lost Sheep' the whole situation is included in a simple comparison; in 'The Sower' the teaching is complex and progresses to a climax of its own."

The Prodigal Son

"In this charming story — for, however divine its teaching, it is precisely that — we find the high tide of parabolic narration. Considered merely as a story, its theme is admirably chosen, for that weariness of an uneventful and serene life, that disgust with the commonplace, and that impelling lure of the wanderlust, so skilfully suggested in the case of the younger brother, are phases of human experience always old and always new, and universal in their appeal to our sympathies.

"With yet rarer skill there is woven in with the story of the self-willed and impulsive youth who wins our hearts from the start, a second parable — that of the elder brother. Here is introduced, with the touch of fine art which distinguishes the Master Narrator, that strong element of contrast which enhances the effect. As in the case of the younger brother, very little is really said regarding the temperament and disposition of the elder, but with subtle and convincing art we are made aware that he is a man of irreproachable character and blameless conduct — one who never sinned and never repented, who always had a good opinion of himself, and who probably was not pleasant to live with. Note here how the righteousness of one brother, set side by side with the transgressions of the other — and these not a whit minimized or condoned — yet serves merely as a foil to enhance the 'values'

of the younger, to enlist our sympathies for him. This in itself is a miracle of story-telling!

"The plot of this story as a whole is slight; it is simply and succinctly told; the setting is merely suggested. Plot, setting, and narration are adroitly subordinated to the incomparable character portrayal which has just been referred to. Not only the two youths, but the link between the two — that fine father, loving, tolerant, ripe in wisdom — lives and moves before us, and each reveals himself so that we see into his very heart. And all this is done without direct description of the men, or any apparently conscious revelation of temperament or bent. What a wonderful art in the Narrator! *How did he do it?*"

The Hero in Ebony

WE are indebted to that well-known writer, Irvin Cobb, just returned from the European battle front, for the "interesting story of how a Negro soldier has been the first American to receive the Croix de Guerre, with the accompanying palm branch decoration from the French Government. Others before him may have been honored with the cross alone, but the distinguished honor has been conferred upon this hero in ebony of the additional palm decoration, together with the cross.

"Mr. Cobb says that a French general visited the hospital where the colored man was recovering from wounds received in the brave encounter which almost cost the hero his life, and pinned the cross and the palm decoration upon his breast, and then stooped down and kissed him upon both cheeks."

In one of our Eastern cantonments a white private passed a Negro officer without giving the customary salute. When reproved for this neglect, he replied that he never would salute a — nigger! The officer immediately removed his army hat and coat, hung them on the limb of a near-by tree, and inquired, "Will you salute those?" "Certainly," answered the white man. "And remember," continued the officer, "that it is not the man inside the uniform you are saluting, but the principles of government of which that uniform is a symbol." The private's hand went out in swift apology, for he recognized that he had met a soldier, and a gentleman as well.

In these tragic and memorable days, when yellow men and brown men and black men and white men are fighting side by side to defend the principles of liberty, is it not time to put aside racial prejudices and discriminations?

L. E. C.

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