

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

June 7, 1921

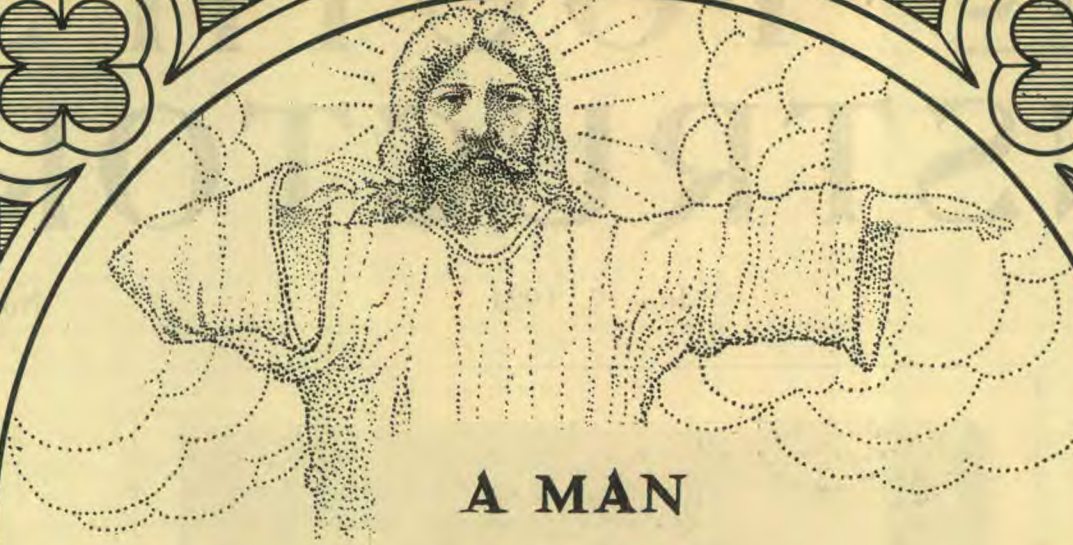
No. 23



"A young English lieutenant, fresh from a Christian home, arrived at his camp in France to find that the officers' mess was not conducted in a seemly way. The men not only talked in an objectionable way, but they had put on the walls of the messroom pictures that were far from decorous.

"The lieutenant was young and unfamiliar with army life; though his whole soul revolted, he hardly dared to protest. For several days he tried to think of some way by which he could lead his companions into a better mode of life. Then one afternoon, when he was going through his luggage, he found in his valise a small but beautiful picture of the head of Christ. It gave the young man his inspiration. Creeping into the messroom late that night, he hung the picture on the wall. There it was, a point of goodness and beauty and inspiration amid the tawdry, evil stuff that hung there.

"The young officer was not the only one to creep into that room when no one was watching. Within twenty-four hours, picture after picture mysteriously disappeared from those walls until only the picture of the head of the Saviour remained. Before those pure and tender eyes sin fled away. The simple uplifting of Christ was enough to drive evil away in headlong flight. Evil cannot be overcome of evil — it must be overcome with good."



A MAN

"I'm a man!" cries Johann, with a laugh and a shout,
As with air quite important he stalks in and out,
With his father's tall hat, and his pipe, and his cane,
And his high-sounding words—taking God's name in vain!

Do not smile, there are many much older than he,
Whose conceptions of manhood with his quite agree;
For they think it's but selfishness, swagger, and show,
And to curse men and women and God, as they go.

That is only a caricature; that's not a man!
You will find that he's built on a far different plan,
And that manhood means more than just "coming of age,
And then "cutting up antics" while crossing the stage.

As much higher as heaven is higher than earth,
Is the purpose for which every man's given birth;
And his manhood's a crown of more value, by far,
Than was ever worn by an Edward or czar.

Every man is a king, not in name, but in deed;
He's a king over self, over sin, over greed.
He can stand up alone for the right and the true;
He's a man in appearance—a man through and through.

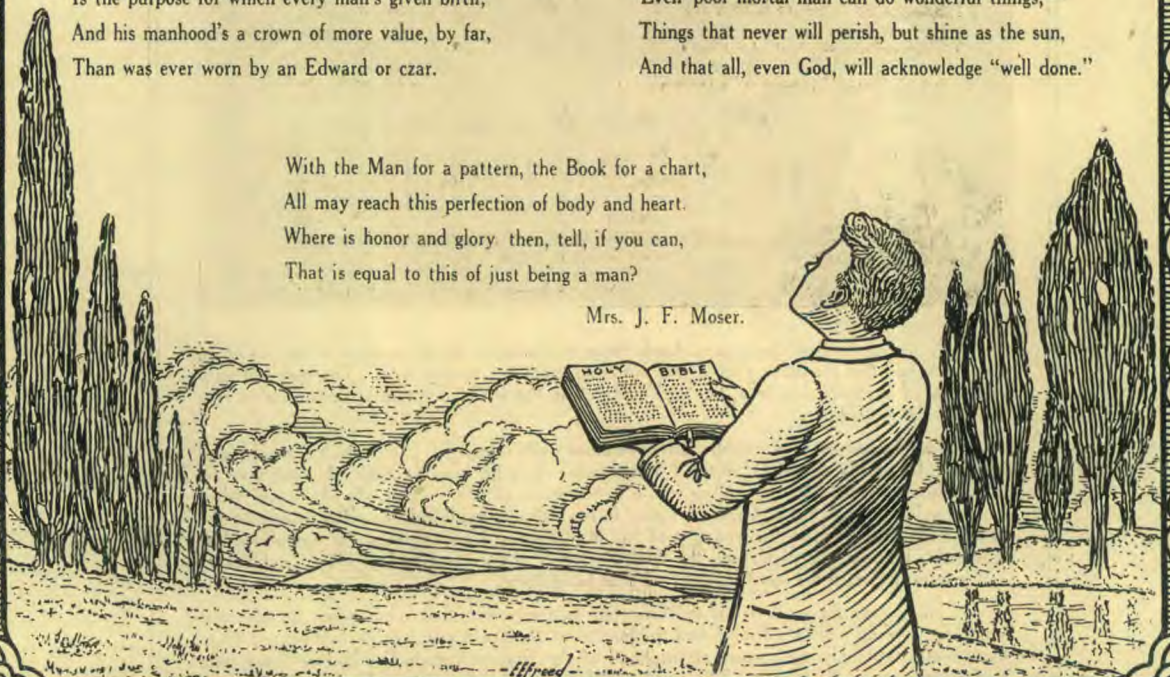
He has put away childhood—its clamor and noise,
All its waywardness, thoughtlessness, even its toys;
But although very wise, he remains undefiled,
And in malice and evil is still but a child.

This applies to his body (as well as his soul),
Which is pure as a lily and under control.
Both in public and private, it needs no excuse,
It's a temple kept meet for the Master's own use.

Now, when strengthened within by the King of all kings,
Even poor mortal man can do wonderful things,—
Things that never will perish, but shine as the sun,
And that all, even God, will acknowledge "well done."

With the Man for a pattern, the Book for a chart,
All may reach this perfection of body and heart.
Where is honor and glory then, tell, if you can,
That is equal to this of just being a man?

Mrs. J. F. Moser.



The Youth's Instructor

VOL. 69

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 7, 1921

No. 23

Bible Daughters

Elizabeth Rosser

This man had but one daughter, and she was very fair;
His hopes in her were centered; he had no other heir.
And yet she brought her father distress and grief and woe;
For he said, "Alas! my daughter! thou hast brought Me
very low."

And this man had two daughters; her father's flock one
kept.

Her cousin, when he saw her, lifted up his voice and wept.
To him the crafty father his two young daughters sold,
To pay him for his labor of seven years twice told.

This man had three daughters, the wives of his sons three.
For twelve long, dark, and weary months they rode a
shoreless sea;
Then on a lofty mountain they found a resting place,
And in due time these three became the mothers of our
race.

This man had seven daughters who kept their father's
sheep,

And watered them at even from fountains cool and deep.
Priest though he was, and wealthy, he gave one to be wife
To a poor, homeless wanderer who was fleeing for his life.

This good man had four daughters; we know he trained
them well,

For though the Sacred Record not much of them doth tell,
Above the world's low level it sets them very high,
For it mentions them as "virgins, which did prophesy."

This man had five daughters; nor son had he beside
To keep his name in memory; and, when their father died,
They came before the rulers his inheritance to claim,
That they might build his family, and keep alive his
name.

This man had six daughters, of whom the younger three —
All famous for their beauty — the older ne'er did see.
Three in the fearful tempest with seven brothers died;
Three lived, with seven brothers, their parents' joy and
pride.

[Who of the Juniors will send the editor the names of the fathers of these daughters?]

K. P. L.

C. A. RUSSELL

OF course you know what these letters stand for —
King's Pocket League. A Missionary Volunteer
is one who volunteers for missionary work.

In the army, a soldier is expected to keep his arms
in the best possible condition. The metal parts are
burnished; the working parts are lubricated. Every-
thing connected with his equipment must be ready for
instant use,— no time to fill a cartridge belt after the
order for a charge has come.

The volunteer soldiery in the King's army must keep
fit,— body active, mind alert, heart strong, conscience
clear. His service kit must be complete and in per-
fect condition. There may be a surprise — an emer-
gency call.

Who can produce an argument to prove that every
Missionary Volunteer should not become an active
Pocket Leaguer? "Like the leaves of autumn" is
the figure used by the spirit of prophecy to describe
the distribution of tracts and leaflets filled with the
message. "The silent messengers of truth should be
scattered like the leaves of autumn."

H. Clay Trumbull makes this striking statement:
"The best way to save the world in time is to save
the individuals one at a time."

"Life holds no blessing more precious than to give
itself in service for the lost."

"There are many worthy pursuits in life, there are
many desires to which we may rightly cling; but there
is only one passion for a blood-bought heart; that is
the all-controlling purpose which brought the Son of
God from the skies, and drove Him to the cross — the
passion for the salvation of men."

"It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the work of
saving souls depends alone on the ordained minister."
"All who receive the life of Christ are ordained to
work for the salvation of their fellow men." "What-

ever one's calling in life, his first interest should be to
win souls for Christ. He may not be able to speak to
congregations, but he can work for individuals."—
"The Desire of Ages," p. 822.

"The work of God in this earth can never be finished
until the men and women comprising our church mem-
bership rally to the work, and unite their efforts with
those of ministers and church officers. The salvation
of sinners requires earnest, personal labor."—*Testi-
monies*, Vol. IX, p. 117.

Did you ever fall into conversation with some one,
and as it proceeded and was led into some channel of
truth, did you only wish you had some leaflet right
upon the theme of conversation to hand the individual
that the impression might be deepened? Did you ever
search through your pockets or traveling case only to
find your ammunition exhausted? I had exactly this
experience some time ago.

The train was crowded. People were standing in
the aisles. I pressed along looking for a seat, and
soon I saw one vacant place, but as I was about to
drop into this seat, a man in front of me sat down.
No sooner had he done so than he sprang to his feet
again, saying something about looking for a seat
farther down the aisle. I thought to myself, Foolish
man! With a dozen people standing and every seat
occupied, what is he thinking of? Then came the
thought, Who is this gentleman occupying half the
seat? Perhaps the Lord has some message He wants
him to hear. I believe He is as able now to bring to-
gether the one who desires truth and the one who has
it to bestow, as He was in the days of Philip and the
eunuch. I fell into conversation with this man, and
found him to be a Congregational clergyman on his
way to accept a pastorate in my home town. This
furnished common ground for conversation, which

was easily led into a discussion of some of the principles of the message. He seemed anxious to learn more about Seventh-day Adventists. On leaving the train, I reached for my supply of tracts, only to find them exhausted. Out hunting and ammunition gone! He seemed to be as disappointed as I was. The best I could do was to take his name and address and promise to send him some literature, which of course I did.

Upon another occasion on the train, I sat beside an intelligent-looking young man. I was studying over the program for a convention that was to be held, and I purposely held the paper so that he could look at it if he so desired. Presently he asked with a smile, "Do you expect to attend this convention?" I answered, "Yes, sir, I hope to." He said, "I attended a school in that city some years ago, which was conducted by Seventh-day Adventists. Are you one?" Naturally this led into a very interesting conversation, and I found this young man to be a law student in the city of Chicago, and the son of a leader of a great religious movement. As the conversation drifted into the Sabbath question, he remarked: "My father is deeply interested in this subject, which he has been studying for a number of months." I immediately remembered that in my K. P. L. collection was a tract on the change of the Sabbath. This I produced, and the young man received it gratefully, saying, "I will read it myself and then pass it on to my father, who I am sure will be happy to read it also." Just then the train stopped and he left the car. Before it started again, I felt some one touch me lightly on the shoulder, and glancing up, looked into the face of this young man. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but if you have any other literature on this subject, I am sure my father would receive it most gratefully," and he gave me his name and address. God knows every breast in which an honest heart is beating, and in His own good time He will permit some seeds of truth to be sown in the garden soil of such hearts.

I am justly proud of our tracts and leaflets. They are attractive. Many are illustrated, are printed from clear, readable type, on a good quality of stock, and are altogether presentable.

Leaves of Autumn

This is the significant title of a new series of leaflets, ten in number, just brought out by the Review and Herald Publishing Association. At this writing, May 19, 3,200,000 have been sold. Each tract is complete in itself, and touches in a convincing way some vital phase of the message. The following are the titles:

1. Inspiration of the Bible.
2. The Sure Word of Prophecy: Light Shed upon the Events of Our Day.
3. Second Coming of Christ.
4. Signs of Approaching End.
5. The Bible Sabbath.
6. The Law of God.
7. The Great Threefold Message: A World-Wide Movement.
8. The Nature of Man.
9. The Millennium.
10. The Home of the Saved.

Size 5½ x 6½ inches, four pages, folded envelope size. These are the most inexpensive tracts yet brought out, since the price is but \$3.50 per thousand.

Nothing we have been able to procure more admirably meets the demands of the Pocket Leaguers than these Leaves of Autumn.

The soldier carries his cartridge belt that his am-

munition may be always at hand. So our soldiers need a carrying case. And this also has been provided. It is made of real leather, is just the right size to fit into the pocket and at the same time receive twenty or more Leaves of Autumn. Always clean, always fresh, always smooth instead of soiled and wrinkled, they will be a pleasure to him who gives and to him who takes. The price of this real leather carrying case is but twenty-five cents. It may be ordered through your tract society.

Volunteers, join the league! Arm for fight! Preparedness is the watchword! Who will join the K. P. L.?

American Apostle of Tract Distribution

HARLAN PAGE was a native of Connecticut. His father was a carpenter, to which trade the son also was brought up. He was converted to God when about twenty-two years of age. "When I first obtained a hope," he said on his dying bed, "I felt I must labor for souls. I prayed year after year that God would make me the means of saving souls." His prayer was answered; for who ever presented such a prayer, and followed it up with diligent exertions, that had not his desires gratified?

Three days after he publicly professed his faith in Christ, he began his useful career by addressing a letter to one who had long been resisting the influence of the Holy Spirit. "Letter writing soon became his chosen means of doing good; and this method he scarcely ceased to employ for a single day. He addressed himself to relatives and strangers, to friends and foes, to the rich and the poor, to persons in all states of religious experience, to the young and old, with a diligence that is surprising. When lying on a sick-bed, he would think out new ways in which he could be useful; and when recovered, it was his first solicitude to put his plans and purposes into execution."

His next means of saving souls was the printing and circulating of small cards, with a short and impressive address, composed by himself, on some momentous truths of divine revelation. The distribution of tracts was added to the circulation of cards. His object then was to promote prayer meetings and revivals among his fellow men. On one occasion he entered in his private memoranda short notices of seventy-nine persons under concern.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE D. CHASE - - - - - EDITOR
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR
L. FLORA PLUMMER }
M. E. KERN } SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
W. E. HOWELL }

VOL. 69 JUNE 7, 1921 No. 23

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.

"While working for seventy-five cents a day, here was a mechanic performing his daily task on hire, sustaining a religious service at his boarding house each Wednesday evening; another prayer meeting on Sunday mornings at sunrise; and though he went three miles to attend public worship, he threw his energies into a Sunday school at five o'clock in the afternoon; devoting his evenings to meetings and family visitation, conversing with the sick, the careless, the anxious; distributing tracts; keeping a brief diary; abounding in prayer; and endeavoring with others to extend the work of the kingdom."

"At length, Harlan Page was appointed agent of the General Depository of the American Tract Society, which opened to him a new sphere of activity and usefulness, and which he filled with his accustomed energy. He assembled, from time to time, tract distributors and personal workers, to instruct them, as a kind of drill sergeant in the army of the Captain of Salvation, in their duties. During all these labors for others, he was no less assiduous for his own family, and had the joy of seeing his children walking in the ways of truth. It may be truly said that he was animated by a veritable passion for saving souls, and for this he would have been willing to become a martyr."

In some sense he was a martyr, for his constant labors wore out a frame never robust; and after having led to Christ by his varied instrumentality more souls than many bearing the ministerial office, he died at the comparatively early age of forty-two. Harlan Page left an example of earnestness in doing good, which, were the individual members of God's remnant church disposed to imitate, our world would soon be warned, and souls rescued from the impending doom. During his last illness Mr. Page remarked: "I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I have had evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to the dear Lord through my own direct and personal instrumentality."

Having heard his testimony, let us remember what one man in humble life, with by no means a strong constitution, but with a heart burning with an ardent desire to be useful, can do, when he is given up to the blessed and sublime occupation of winning souls to Christ. Suppose every church were blessed with ten such individuals, or five, or even one, what a shower of blessings might be expected to fall upon the neighborhood in which they live! Here is earnestness indeed — and such is the need of the church today.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Pocket League Rally Song

(Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning")

In the dear old happy homeland,
Where the truth was given birth,
Whence the message call has sounded
To remotest bounds of earth,
Pocket Leaguers by the thousand,
Up and down the verdant sod,
Scatter like the leaves of autumn
Precious truth, the truth of God.

CHORUS:

Keep the presses humming,
And the pages coming;
Though the toil be hard and long,
They fall like leaves.
Speed the publications,
Till remotest nations
Come to join the world-wide throng
In the harvest home.

From the plains of Argentina,
And Janeiro's busy marts,
From the shores of Titicaca,
Swells a cry that stirs our hearts.
On the heights of cloud-swept mountains,
In the depths of forest gloom,
By the banks of mighty rivers
Christless men are facing doom.

From the war-torn fields of Flanders,
And the trench-marked vales of France,
From the sands of vast Sahara,
Comes the summons to advance.
From the city by the Tiber,
From Iberia's broad plateau,
Sounds a call that bids us hasten
To be quick to send or go.

— Robert B. Thurber,
Adapted.

Scars

WHERE can be found a person who has never received a wound, small or great, that has left a scar? It may be that the scar is slight and causes no inconvenience, and yet it is a scar. One cannot blame the knife, stone, or fowl's bill that causes the physical injury, and we do all that we can to relieve the situation by means of soothing lotions, but still the scar remains.

There is a wound the scar of which is more difficult to efface than any physical scar. It is not caused by the knife of steel or the bite of a serpent, but it is the sharp thrust of a human tongue. Naught but the grace of God in the heart can efface this kind of scar.

On page twelve of the Army and Navy edition of "Steps to Christ" we find the example of Christ when rebuking sin. "Jesus did not suppress one word of truth, but He uttered it always in love. He exercised the greatest tact, and thoughtful, kind attention, in His intercourse with the people. He was never rude, never needlessly spoke a severe word, never gave needless pain to a sensitive soul. He did not censure human weakness. He spoke the truth, but always in love. He denounced hypocrisy, unbelief, and iniquity; but tears were in His voice as He uttered His scathing rebukes."

The late Eliza H. Morton gives excellent caution in a poem entitled "The Cutting Word:"

"It came like a flash from a summer sky;
It sank in a heart like a leaden die;
The impress was made like a brand of fire,
A livid mark from a living wire.

"And no one will know the bitter tears,
Or the homesick cry adown the years.
Be careful, soul, of the words you speak,
For the time is short and the flesh is weak."

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

No Time to Look Up

PHILIP II of Spain once asked the Duke of Alva if he had taken note of the great eclipses which had occurred that year. The duke replied that he had had too much business upon earth to allow him time to look upon the heavens. When one recalls what business occupied that merciless monster of war, it is to be regretted that he did not neglect his business and study the skies. The Christian who takes no time from earthly business to look up to God, is in danger of occupying his time with business that is as destructive to spiritual life as Alva's was to physical life.

MARY H. MOORE.



Wireless Wonders

T. E. BOWEN

WHEN telephoning was first made possible, it seemed a wonderful feat for a person to be able to converse with another in some other part of the city or with some one in a near-by city. And it was a wonderful accomplishment.

Soon we became accustomed to this. Then we were aroused by the announcement that the telephone system had been so perfected that it was now possible for a man in Los Angeles, California, to call up a firm in New York City and carry on a business transaction. This was more wonderful still. We thought, "What next?"

It was not so many years afterward that we were again startled by the announcement that wires were no longer needed in telephoning from one city to another, in that a wireless system was now possible—the air itself replacing the hitherto-thought-necessary wire. Sure enough, soon men were talking with one another, one conversationalist being perchance somewhere in midair, the other on the earth, or one at sea, talking back to those on shore. And this was another accomplished wonder of the age.

Progress went on, even though one may have thought, "Nothing *can* transcend this!"

In the *Independent* of April 16, 1921, there appeared an article entitled, "A Chat Across the World." The account follows:

"A wireless operator on board his ship, bound from Mexico to New York, was finding time heavy on his hands, one Sunday not long ago. Suddenly he heard a voice speaking, over his shoulder, as it were. At first he thought it was his own captain, in the next cabin; and finding no one anywhere about, suspected that a trick was being played on him. Finally he picked up the receiving instrument of the wireless telephone, and listened in on a conversation, perfectly audible, between New York and the steamer 'Gloucester,' ninety miles off New York. This was the colossal game that then developed, with the eavesdropping operator at breathless attention.

"New York called Pittsburgh over land wires, and asked Pittsburgh to reach the 'Gloucester' by wireless telephone, which was done successfully. Then in the same way New York called in rapid succession Chicago; Davenport, Iowa; Omaha, Nebraska; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Salt Lake City; Winnemucca, Nevada; Los Angeles, and San Francisco. And at each point, all the way across the country to the coast, connection was made and conversation carried on with the 'Gloucester,' floating in the Atlantic Ocean. Finally New York got Catalina Island, in the Pacific off the coast of California, connected it with the 'Gloucester,' and there ensued some easy casual talk between two mere humans, one stationed in the Pacific Ocean and the other in the Atlantic. Talk about the weather was exchanged, revealing that Catalina Island had a temperature of 74° and a thunderstorm in progress, while the 'Gloucester,' ice-covered, was fighting a heavy snowstorm. The entertainment closed with the Pacific operator playing some talking-machine records to the man on the 'Gloucester,' with fine musical

effect—to which, doubtless, distance only lent enchantment."

And at this we must say, "Still more wonderful!" Think of it, talking from ocean to ocean as easily as one would talk to another face to face, and that, too, talking through the air!

And with this actual accomplishment of *man* before us, shall we count it an impossibility for a man on earth to talk with his God in heaven? Somehow it serves to dispel the wonderment we all may have had sometime in life, how God in heaven could hear His child pray to Him from earth. This, too, is possible.

"Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still." "But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself: *the Lord will hear when I call unto Him.*" Ps. 4:4, 3. "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud: and *He shall hear my voice.*" Ps. 55:17. Just how, possibly no one can explain, but here is the word that it is so. God has a more wonderful system of communication through unfathomable space than all the wonderful feats of men. And it is a perfect wireless arrangement that does not get out of order, unless it be the receiving and mouthpiece attachment at this end. As far back as the days of David this apparatus was used three times a day, and three times a day connection was made, and conversation had, with the Throne of the universe, for he said he knew God heard him pray. A wonderful wireless telephone system surely, earth in communication with God's great central, from that place where a mighty universe of worlds and systems of worlds is being controlled and directed. What a privilege for mortal man thus to converse with his Maker!

The Profligacy of Nature in Plant Life

ALL plant life on our globe is divided into Angiospermae and Gymno-spermae. Of the former there are 100,000 varieties.

There are five thousand species of orchids. The lady's-slipper belongs to this family, of which there are forty species. The rose mallow, handsomest of our wild flowers, is first of the mallow family, numbering eight hundred species. Another is marsh mallow, the root of which abounds in a mucilage that is extensively used in the manufacture of confections.

There are something over one hundred species of violets. In Brazil there is a species of violet eaten like spinach, while others found in Peru are violent purgatives. The ancients largely used the flowers to flavor wine, and among them it was the flower of honor. It was the sacred flower of the Acropolis.

The old woman who lived with her many children in a shoe has nothing on the lily, for it has a family of more than 1,300 species. Some of the children are called tulips,—and this species alone has seven hundred forms,—day lily, tuberose, hyacinth, yucca, star-of-Bethlehem, the much-abused onion, asparagus, squills, aloes, and the lily of the valley, one of the most delicate and beautiful of the lily family.

A. W. HERR.

The Egg's Secret — Life

THE secret of the egg, its nature and its origin, seriously puzzles and confounds the evolutionist. Within its walls there hides a wonder-working fairy. Though not secure from intrusion, she successfully eludes the prying eyes of mortals and is wrapped in deep mystery as to what she is or whence she came. With the lenses and mirrors of his microscope, the scientist tries to look through the curtained windows of her palace. Baffled in that, he presumes with subtle chemistry to bolt unbidden into her very presence; but the sprite, warned by the first footfall of the intruder, passes with viewless feet through some secret postern gate out into the unknown beyond, and never comes back again. After this, he compounds in his laboratory the like chemical ingredients of which he has found the egg composed, and in precisely the same proportions, and then exposes this, his skilfully built protoplasm, to a carefully adjusted heat. Weeks pass, but no life. For a third time he finds himself facing failure. At last, with humbled pride, he accepts the truth that germinal force is not some property inherent in matter, but rather an organizing impulse introduced from without, separable at any time from the mass over which for a season it is made dominant, the product of a personal creative will whose impalpable thought it is commissioned to incarnate into living form.—W. W. Kinsley.

The Mocking Bird

THE Southern mocking bird is the embodiment of Southern sunshine, open-heartedness, and life. Apart from his voice, the bird is insignificant. He is a bird slightly larger than the Northern catbird, and appears of an indiscriminate brownish gray unless quite closely examined. His most characteristic color markings are the white edges to the tail, which are conspicuous in flight. But a mocking bird might dress in any clothes and still be loved, for he is the voice of the sunshine, streams, and flowers of the South, bound up in feathers and set dancing. Mocking other birds' songs is a small part of the mocking bird's repertoire. He is no plagiarizing ventriloquist, but an original genius in his own right. He has an apparently unlimited number of trills, whistles, and warbles all his own. In these he intersperses the songs of the robin, chat, oriole, and cardinal, as well as the cries of the blue jay and the crow.

But more remarkable than his song, is the way the mocking bird sings. From a tree beside a field, or from a point of a roof, the mocker will dash out into the open sunshine and there flutter, jerk, fall and catch himself again, flirt his wings and spread his tail, dance and jig like mad—all the while pouring forth an unceasing volume of song. Back and forth above a field of strawberry pickers a mocking bird will dance and sing all day, and labor is the sweeter for the accompaniment. The pickers go home at sunset, but the mocking bird works on a twenty-four-hour schedule and continues his song all night.

Sociable is this tuneful dancer, and he usually makes his home near some house. It is not uncommon, in driving through a small Southern town, to hear a mocking bird singing in a tree in front of many of the houses. But he is a strictly partisan little Southerner. All the years we Northerners lived in our Arkansas valley, no mocking bird came there; but since then, while a native family has lived there, a mocking bird has come every spring.

MARY H. MOORE.

Information Bureau

How did the United States get possession of the Hawaiian Islands?

The Hawaiian Islands, twelve in number, lie more than two thousand miles off the Pacific Coast. When discovered by Captain Cook in 1778 the islands were densely populated by a semicivilized people living under a feudal governmental system with a king upon every island. In 1790 Kamehameha, king of the largest island, Hawaii, united the whole group under his control, and established a kingdom which lasted until 1894. Up to that time there had been eight rulers, the last being Queen Liliuokalani.

The second king, known as Kamehameha II, under the influence of the missionaries who entered the islands in 1820, abolished idolatry simultaneously throughout all of the islands. The ten commandments were adopted as a basis of laws in 1825; in 1840 Kamehameha III issued a constitution granting civil rights to the people, and in 1852 universal suffrage was proclaimed and a legislature was formed. When Kamehameha V came to the throne, he abrogated the constitution and imposed a property qualification on voters. With the death of this king, the throne passed to a high chief, and his successor was another high chief. In 1887 the financial state of the country was unsatisfactory, and the people demanded of the king certain reforms with a more liberal form of government.

His successor, Queen Liliuokalani, evaded the terms of the new constitution that her predecessor had been constrained to give the people; so leading citizens, mainly Americans, rose in rebellion, deposed the queen, and applied for annexation of Hawaii to the United States. A commission was sent to the islands to examine the situation, and in 1898 the islands were annexed to the United States. On June 14, 1900, they were organized as a Territory.

Hawaii and Alaska are the only Territories of the United States. Hawaii is self-governing, even to a greater degree than former Territories upon the mainland. The executive power is vested in a governor, who is appointed by the President, as is also the Territorial secretary, but both of these officials are citizens of the Territory. The other Territorial officials are appointed by the governor, with the approval of the upper house of the legislature.

A lawmaking body, consisting of a senate of fifteen members, and a house of thirty members, elected by the people, meets biennially, and has power to formulate any law not in conflict with the Federal Constitution. The governor has power to veto, but a two-thirds vote of both houses passes any measure over his veto.

Hawaii is represented in Congress by one delegate, who has floor privileges in the house, but no vote.

The judiciary consists of a supreme court, four circuit courts, and numerous district courts. The justices of the supreme and circuit courts are appointed by the President, with the approval of the United States Senate. These appointments are customarily made in accordance with recommendations of the governor or the local bar association.

Why are quotation marks not used in the Bible?

Quotation marks are not used in the Bible for the sake of appearance and simplicity. There are so many quotations that the page would often appear speckled, if such marks were used; and frequently such a complex arrangement would be required that the meaning is clearer without the quotation marks than it would be with them.

When should pronouns used for the Deity, other than those beginning a sentence, begin with a capital letter?

A publishing house may establish its own style, though ordinarily all follow the same general rules. Most houses capitalize pronouns referring to the Deity. The Review and Herald has not done so until recently, when it changed its style in order to be in harmony with our other publishing houses. Some printers think a neater looking page results from not capitalizing such pronouns.

What is epistaxis?

It is the name given by medical science to nosebleed. Epistaxis (ep-i-stāk'sis) is taken from two Greek words meaning upon and to drop.

In our eighth grade we were talking about the Statue of Liberty, and wondered how many candle lights would make as strong a light as the Statue of Liberty. Will you please tell us?

The captain of the United States Signal Corps, T. D. Bowman, gives the following information concerning the strength of the lighting system of the Statue of Liberty:

Power of light in torch	15,400 candle power
Power of light in interior of statue	9,900 " "
Power of light in flood lights, exterior	69,300 " "

The flood lights were installed in 1916, and serve to illuminate the entire exterior of the statue and base.

From Bootblack to Congress

THE Minnesota State University is in Minneapolis; Hamline University is in St. Paul. The rivalry between the two centers of learning and sport is as keen as it ever was between the twin cities.

But Hamline—in those days—could play ball. There was a game at the State University grounds. The bleachers were packed with students and the public, and the score was 14 to 1 in favor of Hamline. Feeling was at fever pitch, and the pitch was melting. Richardson, a Hamline player, was so exasperating in his persistent sarcastic taunts that, finally, the wrath of the "State U" boys broke bounds, and they mobbed their tormentor—twenty-five or thirty of them piling upon him.

He was down. He had had his sweater sleeves tied around his neck, rather than donning the garment regularly, and part of his foes pulled on one sleeve, part on the other, in a strangle hold. His tongue was protruding.

The excited students, mad with fury and keen for victory, did not realize that their revenge might prove fatal.

Tom Schall, of the Hamline nine, saw the fight. He butted against the solid mass in vain. What could one do against thirty?

He could take a flying leap to the top. He could stride, with hobnail shoes, over the impacted heads and shoulders—in spite of hands reaching for his feet—and fall with a crash into the very center of the seething mob. There his two fists could score like the claws of a wild cat, until his fallen comrade could wrench himself loose, and then the two could fight it out. And how they fought!

Re-enforcements arrived, and, finally, the heroes, Schall and Richardson, with no bones broken, emerged from the battle.

Among the fans, was a State University girl, who saw that heroic leap, and forgot that the vaulter was a Hamline "enemy." He was everything a hero should be—in her eyes. She wanted to meet such a man!

Who was Tom Schall?

He was the son of a German widow who failed to earn a living as seamstress, and who, for years, had been a cook in various hotels and restaurants. She could hardly speak English and could neither read nor write. She was a Christian woman, and taught her boy due reverence for God and the principles of truth which became the fiber of his soul. But what chance had she to give him an education? He played about the garbage pails of the restaurant kitchens, and foraged for scrap iron and waste paper, until he was big enough to black boots and sell newspapers. When he was twelve years old he scarcely knew the alphabet.

Then came a farmer who offered to take Tom Schall to his farm, where he could go to school and do chores for his keep; so, for the boy's welfare, the mother gave him in charge of the man. The farmer proved to be inhuman. He did not send the boy to school at all. Instead, he set him to tasks of a full-grown man. Tom escaped, one night, and started to walk twenty miles to his mother, who was in Fairmont, Minnesota. The farmer, noticing the boy's absence, quickly mounted a horse and overtook him. And Tom Schall was actually driven back to the farm, the farmer lashing his bare legs, all the way, with a whip.

The following night, Tom again escaped, and, this time, by avoiding the highways and hiding all day in wheatfields, he reached his mother. Then the farmer reappeared, to persuade the widow to relinquish the boy again. Tom, fearing she might yield, set out to

face the world alone, a twelve-year-old soldier of life. He slept in barrels and boxes, and ate what his few nickels would buy. He had his shoe-blackening kit and twelve years' toughening to make him self-reliant. He could sing; he could dance; he could fight.

He was so droll that when he boarded a passenger train and the conductor demanded his fare, he was able to amuse and satisfy that official by singing a song and dancing a jig in lieu of a ticket; in this way he arrived at Wheaton, Minnesota.

But as soon as Tom stepped on the station platform, the town bully emitted a great guffaw at his comical appearance. The twelve-year-old wore huge shoes, and a pair of men's trousers, with the

legs cut off to his length but with the seat reaching to his knees. The trousers were held up by one suspender fastened with a nail. The bully shouted, "Look at the scarecrow!" and gave the boy a slap on the back. The onlookers laughed and jeered.

Tom Schall did not laugh. He fought that bully. Like the untamed savage that he was, with fists, feet, and teeth, he fought the whole crowd. The onlookers were shocked at his fury, and called for the town marshal to arrest him as an undesirable citizen, for Tom was upsetting the prerogatives of the village "toughs." A local school teacher, Mr. Munger, happened to be on the station platform, and he said:

"No, a boy who has spunk enough to fight a whole town, has some good in him. I'll take charge of him."

Mr. Munger took Tom to his home, gave him a bath, a suit of boy's clothes, and a pair of soft shoes that fitted—handsome shoes with buckles that made the wearer proud; he had never before possessed anything so fine.

For Tom's protection, Mr. Munger took him into



© Harris & Ewing

Hon. Thomas D. Schall, United States Representative

his own room at school, where the boy divided his attention between the pictures in a book and the beautiful shoes on his feet, sprawling his legs so that one foot stuck out in each aisle.

The boy across the way spat upon the shoe nearest him. The next second, he was dragged from his seat and soundly punched by the infuriated Tom. Mr. Munger strode down the aisle with a stern: "Thomas!"

The voice of his protector was all-controlling, and Tom's conduct was denounced as inexcusable. Tom explained that the provocation was an insult, not only to himself but to his benefactor—Mr. Munger—who had presented him with the shoes. His gratitude, he declared, was the justification for his pugnacity. His eloquent defense won the renewed admiration of his teacher. That teacher is, today, a dentist in Washington, D. C., and he is not ashamed when he occasionally meets Thomas David Schall, Member of Congress from Minnesota.

The waif was duly entered in the Wheaton school; later he went to Ortonville, near by, where he secured work which made him self-supporting, while he continued to attend school. At first, a saloonkeeper gave him a room in exchange for cleaning the cuspidors and sweeping out. By tending furnaces, he earned sufficient to buy his food, which he cooked himself. Then he achieved the school janitorship.

The first year, he failed in every one of his studies, and one of his classmates, a little girl, twitting him with his failure, said she couldn't see why he didn't quit school. Yet he stubbornly plodded on with his studies.

While in the high school, he paid for his board in a private home, in exchange for chores. A girl of the household gave a school party; all the members of the class were invited with the exception of Tom Schall. Sitting in his upstairs room, listening to the gayety of his schoolmates, he heard some of the boys ask: "Where's Tom?"

"Tom Schall?" replied the young hostess. "Why he's not invited, of course. He's our slop boy."

Tom vowed then that he would study, and rise above that supercilious girl who disdained the "slop boy."

In the Ortonville school, there was to be a declamation contest, and the teacher called for volunteers. Tom did not presume to offer himself; the teacher turned directly to him and said:

"Thomas, why don't you try it?"

Thereupon, the boy who had won a previous contest, sneered: "You? Huh!" which so stung Tom's pride that he decided immediately to meet the challenge. He chose Daniel Webster's famous oration, and for weeks, to the tune of the streams of milk in the pail, the strokes of the broom, and the grinding shovel of the furnace, he practised: "Sink or swim; live or die; survive or perish!" The town attorney drilled him in pronunciation.

When the night came for the contest, some friends proceeded to dress him in a white shirt and stiff collar. He tolerated the shirt, but balked at the collar. He won first prize. This was the beginning of his powers of eloquence, which, last June, brought fifteen or twenty thousand hearers to their feet, in frantic applause, when this same Tom Schall seconded the nomination of Senator Hiram Johnson for the Presidency.

His Ortonville oratorical triumph made him the representative of the school in the State high school

contest. There he achieved only second place, but his ambition to excel was aroused, and his success gave him unquestioned standing at home. The girls fussed over him and taught him how to dance; the boys invited him to join the ball team, and the men of the town invited him to deliver the Fourth-of-July oration. With all this turn of fortune in his favor, Tom Schall attracted the attention of some officials of Hamline University, who offered him a scholarship.

During the vacation prior to his going to college, he ran a merry-go-round, sold ice cream, and peddled books and merchandise in order to get sufficient money to start in Hamline. There he supported himself by tending furnaces and running a student laundry,—hiring a woman to do the washing while he, with a bicycle, gathered and delivered the clothes.

His reputation for oratory followed him to college. He became class orator, winning the right to represent Hamline in the State collegiate contest—an extraordinary distinction for a freshman. Again he labored untiringly in the preparation for the great forum.

When the eventful night arrived, and the hour approached for him to make his address, he forgot to be afraid of his handicaps, for his mind was possessed by his theme. The cheering of the various colleges and the music of their bands, the confusion, the brilliance of the audience, were all apart from himself. He remembered only his oration, and threw himself into its delivery with the utter abandon of a true orator.

When he had finished, there came no applause. He walked down the aisle. Not a sound broke the absolute silence, and his heart sank with the dread sense of failure—as did Abraham Lincoln's after his imperishable Gettysburg speech.

Finally, the spell was broken. The whole house burst forth in unprecedented applause. A girl classmate, sitting behind him, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him; other girls crowded up, and the boys lifted him upon their shoulders and carried him about the hall. Some one gave him a huge bunch of American Beauty roses.

When the chairman stepped to the front of the stage, to announce the results of the contest, there came a hush of eager suspense:

"Edgar Slocum, of the State University, third prize; Roy Wallace, of Carleton College, second prize."

Tom was chagrined. Was he to go without recognition, after all? Were the plaudits of his college premature and partisan?

"Thomas D. Schall, of Hamline, first prize."

When the exercises ended, his college mates carried him outside to a buggy, took the horse from its shafts, and pulled Tom through the streets, a band leading the procession and the whole college zigzagging behind. When they returned to Hamline, there was a bonfire and a "spread," where the professors made speeches of congratulation and the university acclaimed the "slop boy" as its pride.

No later glory could ever exceed the joy of the lonely heart of Tom Schall in the unrestrained pride of his university. He looked up at last! The future was bright! He felt the vitalizing force of victory, the psychology of success. Later contests followed; even the Northern interstate contest—all were Tom's.

By doubling up his law course with his academic, he crowded his graduation into practical business life as a lawyer. He had a desk in an outer room of a law firm, where he made a living as collector of bad debts, while waiting for real law cases. Then clients

began to come — provided he would accept a cow or merchandise for his fees. He accepted everything, and converted it into cash.

He was beginning to feel that his troubles were over. His little apartment, with his loving, cheery wife, was heaven. The future could not have been brighter. Then, one day, he stepped up to an electric cigar lighter, fed by the city electric current. Something short-circuited; there was a flash — and the world went black. Tom Schall was blind — hopelessly blind.

Henceforth, he must walk forever in the night. He had begun life an outcast; must he end it a sightless mendicant? He could fight even fate, when he could see to strike; he could defy the world, when his own welfare alone was the prize; but now, another's happiness, dearer than his own, was added to the stake.

Here was the supreme test of him whom the young woman had seen leap over the top. Now, with the superb moral strength of the man, combined with that of the woman whom God had given him, Tom Schall bowed, but did not break.

Once, while he was a ragamuffin, and James G. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidency, Tom had carried a torch in a Blaine procession and had listened eagerly to a political speech. At its conclusion, he was one of the first to clamber upon the platform to shake hands with Mr. Blaine. Prominent men tried to push the bootblack aside; but Mr. Blaine held the dirty hand of the boy, and, looking earnestly into his eager face, said: "When I am shaking hands with the boys of America, I am shaking hands with her future great men."

"Great men!" Those words became ineffaceable on Tom's heart, and the germ of political ambition, at that moment, was planted in his breast.

But now — what could he hope? Of what avail was ambition? He was blind!

Physical and spiritual gloom rested on him — until the other pair of eyes, which looked into his heart, and, from it, out upon the world, became the windows of his soul. His glorious feat of physical courage on the ball field, which had won the young woman's love, was a symbol of the more glorious courage of the man whom no odds could crush. He was captain of his soul! He leaped again, with a mighty vault, and trampled destiny!

When the Progressive party came into existence, in 1912, Thomas D. Schall, the blind lawyer of Minneapolis, was nominated for Congress on that ticket; but, as was the case of all other Minnesota Progressive nominees, he was defeated.

The race gave him favorable publicity, and, in 1914, he re-entered the contest for Congress as an Independent Progressive. He received no help from the Republican State Committee, and it is essential that this fact be remembered, in the light of subsequent events; for with a majority of 1,400 he was elected, and took his seat March 4, 1915. Tom Schall was re-elected as a Progressive Republican, in 1916, with a majority of 9,000.

The House of Representatives, March 4, 1917, was evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats, and Thomas D. Schall, the Progressive — by grace of the State law, not a Republican — sat on the Republican side. It was expected that, in the organization of the House, he would vote with that party, and his vote would elect James R. Mann, Speaker, and thus give the desirable chairmanship of committees to

Republicans. All considerations of self bade him stand with the Republicans, whose principles, in the main, were his faith. If he voted with the Democrats, his own political future appeared doomed, for the Progressive party had passed into history, and the doors of the Republican party, already slammed against his re-entry, would be bolted forever.

The United States had entered the World War. With Republican control of the House, against a Democratic Senate and President, this Progressive member, physically blind and almost inexperienced in politics, saw before the House of Representatives, partisan dissension and disputing, with prolonged delays and cross-purposes.

Of what weight was the political future of one man, against the needed harmony of action by both branches of Congress in standing by the responsible Administration?

There was no one in Washington with whom he dared confer. In his dilemma, he went to Oyster Bay and laid the situation before the one man in whom he had supreme faith — Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt discussed the crisis from every angle, and agreed emphatically as to the danger of prolonged parliamentary wrangles, when the fate of the nation was at stake. He declined, however, to advise the young Congressman to make the personal sacrifice, for the price it meant to his own fortunes appeared obvious, and no one but Schall had a right to decide whether he should pay that price.

There has seldom been greater tenseness in the House than there was when Representative Schall, the first member to rise, upon the nominations for Speaker, addressed the chair:

"We are met, today, efficiently and harmoniously to organize the House, and quickly to put it into condition to transact the public business. The issue of the organization of this House, is the issue of the nation. . . . The question is whether the nation, involved in an international crisis, shall show to the world a solid front. . . . The extraordinary peril, today, renders partisanship dangerous, for it would be interpreted as showing a divided spirit. Today there should be just one party, and that is the *American party!* . . . I have asked God to guide me, that, in my vote, I might not be false to any man, much less betray a trust confided in me. . . . Should the Republican party succeed in organizing the House, evenly divided as it is, with a Democratic Senate and a Democratic President, it would accrue no possible advantage, and would only furnish an excuse for Democratic failures. The party that has controlled our nation during the development of this crisis, should reap the harvest of the seeds they have sown. . . . Leading Republicans from all over the country — among them no less than the illustrious ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and Elihu Root and Charles E. Hughes — pledge their words to stand by the President in this international crisis."

Mr. Schall then extolled both candidates, — Mann, the Republican, and Clark, the Democrat, — but said clearly that he would vote for Mr. Clark:

"It is my patriotic hope that, not tomorrow but today, after the first roll call, the trained lightning may flash the message of our unity, a warning to all the world that, despite internal differences, when external danger threatens, from North to South, from East to West, *Americans stand for America!*"

The Clerk: "Did the gentleman from Minnesota intend to place Mr. Clark of Missouri in nomination for Speaker?"

Mr. Schall: "It was not my intention. I merely wished to state the reasons and motive for my vote; but since I am going to vote for Mr. Clark, I see no reason why I should not. I deem it an unusual honor, and gladly place him in nomination for speaker."

The die was cast! As Mr. Schall resumed his seat, the Republican partisans who had been sitting near him, moved away. He sat in "splendid isolation." Mr. Clark became Speaker of the House, and the Administration — legislative and executive — was undivided. If there should come a delay, it would not be through party obstruction.

Tom Schall had not "gone over the top" in vain, when he cried, "Rally! No party but the American party, today!" and laid his own political future upon the altar, as "his bit" in the world crisis.

His first election in 1914 was with 1,400 majority, that of 1916, with 9,000; in 1918 with 26,000, and in 1920 he received a plurality of 40,000 — perhaps the greatest percentage of votes cast for any present member of Congress. The Democratic organization of the House in 1917, put him on the Rules Committee — the most important of all the committees, and one which only the oldest and ablest members achieve. When the Republicans came into power, in 1919, they retained Mr. Schall on the Rules Committee, in frank recognition that he had done Congress, as well as the country, a great service, for which he had been unjustly ostracized in 1917. The "slop boy" had been found worthy of full honors, even as in college days.

Tom Schall never forgot his mother. He always kept in touch with her, took care of her, and visited her at regular intervals. As soon as he was able to earn his own living, he constantly contributed to her support. She died about four years ago.

Tom Schall should be an inspiration to those who claim that the chances to succeed and overcome handicaps are past and gone.— *Capt. Paul V. Collins, in Success.*

He Lost His Chance —

- In dissipation.
- In not being prepared.
- In idling, or in trifling amusement.
- In a disagreeable, repelling personality.
- In lacking self-confidence and initiative.
- In allowing false pride to stand in his way.
- In not making the most of a small position.
- In not adapting himself to varying conditions.
- In whining and complaining because he had no luck.
- In gambling, patronizing poolrooms and the races.
- In not making himself indispensable to his employer.
- In cheating and trying to take a mean advantage of others.
- In not taking a personal interest in his work and bettering his best.
- In failing to control a hot temper, to keep his poise under provocation.
- In allowing himself to be crippled by the "blues," and mastered by his moods.
- In lying abed in the morning, and always considering his personal comfort first.
- In dreaming of far-away opportunities in New York, in the Far West, but not on the farm or the near-by town.
- In not asserting himself enough and holding his own, but allowing others to crowd him out and push him aside.— *The New Success.*

"FROM a study of a large number of actual cases, it has been found that, at 25 years of age, the boy who remained in school until he was 18, had received \$2,000 more salary than the boy who left school at 14, and that the better-educated youth was then receiving more than \$900 a year more in pay. This is equivalent to an investment of \$18,000, at 5 per cent. Can a boy increase his capital as fast in any other way?" Increased capital means increase of mental ability; and that is what every boy who succeeds must have.

Hints to Girls

Don't Make the Wrinkles Deeper

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not the pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows —
Oh, do not make them deeper!

There's nothing makes a face so young
As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts that have been broken.
Much have thy parents borne for thee;
Be now their tender keeper,
And let them lean upon thy love —
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

— *Anonymous.*

Don't Be in Haste

A YOUNG woman writing to Dolly Gray, who conducts a department in the *Washington Post*, for counsel on one of her personal problems, makes the following frank confession:

"I am a Virginia girl, but have been living in Washington for nearly four years. I was graduated a few months ago in a most useful profession, that of nursing.

"I am young, and have a good time with those I really admire, but during the few years I've been here, I must say I have not met any nice, desirable young men. The few I've met were the kind who want to kiss a girl on very short acquaintance and go to places of amusement every night. They don't seem to have any desire for a good, industrious, professional girl, one who would love a home, and would make a wonderful wife.

"I am not a plain-looking girl, by any means, and have many talents."

Her counselor in response writes:

"A girl without a home and connections in the city where she is employed finds it difficult to meet desirable men friends. Those you meet are really not gentlemen in the true meaning of the word. The fact that their actions are distasteful to you but proves that you must sacrifice transient pleasures for your principles. Perhaps fate will take a hand. Many young nurses have married dignified and successful young doctors. This may be your good fortune."

If I Had a Daughter

PROF. ARTHUR RAMSAY, principal of an exclusive young ladies' seminary at the national capital, the Fairmont School, says that if he had a daughter to send to school he would expect her to learn the following seven fundamentals, whatever her scholastic attainments:

"I should expect that she be taught, by precept, example, and daily habit, the fundamental laws of health.

"I should expect that she be taught, likewise by precept, example, and daily habit, good manners.

"I should expect that my daughter be taught to study.

"I should expect that the school afford my daughter a rich and varied opportunity to learn through experience.

"I should expect that she be taught the dignity and the necessity, the method and the joy, of useful work.

"Along with what has just been said, I should expect that she be taught the value of money and the beauty of simplicity.

"I should expect that she be brought under the influence of the master spirits of the ages, in literature, art, science, philosophy, and religion, and thus be given a fair chance of making an intelligent choice for herself between the great and abiding values of

life and the shallow vagaries of the passing moment; so that she might catch somehow (the teacher ought to know how) the spirit of cheerfulness, helpfulness, sympathy, and service."

Life's Helpers

SOLOMON offers good advice for present-day conditions. His suggestion to the children of God is to "withhold not good . . . when it is in the power of thine hand to do it." Prov. 3:27. It would seem that many are too selfish nowadays to carry out this instruction. It costs so little to bring sunshine into darkened and saddened hearts, and it is always a boomerang to the giver. One writer has ably expressed it thus:

"It takes so little to make us glad:
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one we can understand,
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt and fear we had;
So little it takes to make us glad."

"Some people are gifted with the power of doing the right thing in the right way and at the right time. They are kind, gentle, sympathetic, and responsive. They think of others. They anticipate danger and point it out. They are on the lookout for service, and ready to perform it. They make it easier for those about them to be good and to do good. They do not hesitate to lend a helping hand at every opportunity. They speak the encouraging word. They straighten out the tangles that perplex and annoy their companions. They smooth rough places. They go out of their way to relieve distress or to supply a need. In their presence the day passes pleasantly. Away from them, things look drearier, and burdens grow heavier."

Jesus came to "relieve the oppressed." His children will always consider it a privilege to walk in His footsteps.

"Stop a minute and say 'Hello'
As down life's road you go;
For a kindly word and a cheery smile
Will shorten the way by many a mile
For some poor fellow who's moving slow.
Stop a minute — and say 'Hello.'"

Welcome and happy are life's helpers. There is room for many more. LIZZIE M. GREGG.

Sadie's Convert

SADIE'S eyes could sparkle and they were fairly dancing now. Miss Miller knew something important had happened, but she was hardly prepared for all Sadie had to say.

"I just can't wait to tell you, Miss Miller," Sadie said as she drew her older friend to one side of the church vestry. Miss Miller, the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, was making one of her visits to the church at Blantyre. She had not seen Sadie for nearly four months, but she was always the friend and confidante of her Juniors, and Sadie had spied her as soon as she had come in the door. With eagerness she had slipped between, around, and through the groups of dispersing worshipers and had reached her just in time to whisper, "There she is. Do you see that nice gray-haired lady just stepping out the door?"

Miss Miller nodded, and the look of gladness that took possession of her little friend's face, sent its warm glow into her own heart.

"She has just been baptized," the voice fairly trembled with the wonder of what it was saying, "and she heard about the truth first from me!"

It was a simple explanation which Sadie gave Miss Miller. Her mother had subscribed for a club of the *Signs of the Times Magazine*, and Sadie had done her share in distributing them. Week after week she had called at the home of the gray-haired lady, until one day the door was opened especially wide and many questions were asked the little missionary. Sadie hadn't been able to answer all. She did her best, and then she told the lady that she knew some one who could answer every question.

That is how it happened that a Bible worker had begun to make regular visits to the "nice, gray-haired" lady. And that is how it happened that Sadie could tell her friend, that Sabbath morning, of her dear little lady who thanked God for the papers she had given out. HARRIET HOLT.

Harmony and Contrasts

SOME time ago I read of two young women who were rivals in the affections of a certain young man. One of them realized the effect of colors, and took advantage of this knowledge by wearing a dress of the color she was sure would harmonize with the upholstered furniture in the parlor of their hostess at an entertainment. The other, disregarding the law of harmony in color, happened to wear a garment which harmonized with neither the furniture, nor the dress of her rival.

Undoubtedly the young man, who was present, did not place so much value on real worth as might have been his privilege and for his benefit; but the outcome of the affair was that he chose the one wearing the color harmonizing with the surroundings.

Two ladies wore each a blue dress, one of which was much inferior in luster to the other. At first the wearer of the dull color felt her loss, but after a few moments of reflection relinquished selfishness, and was glad that the dulness of her garment lent brightness to the other. Contrasts are likely to result in dissatisfaction to one or other of the interested persons to the same extent that selfishness rules in the heart.

What is true of contrasts in dress may also be true in matters intellectual and spiritual. There are persons who have the ability of impressing associates with the full value of their intellectual and spiritual attainments, while there may be much more of real worth in the one who does not shine so brightly. Let us be satisfied to have our possessions so hidden in Christ that others may shine before the world if they so desire. MRS. D. A. FITCH.

The Hot Springs

THE stage drivers in Yellowstone Park are bothered considerably by the foolish questions asked by their passengers, and often resort to satirical answers. Once a lady tourist, who seemed deeply interested in the hot springs, inquired:

"Driver, do these springs freeze over in winter?"

"Oh, yes, yes; a lady was skating here last winter and broke through and got her foot scalded!"—*Selected.*

THERE is not one man in a thousand capable of being a successful rogue, while any one may succeed as an honest man.—*E. W. Howe.*

Interesting Up-to-Date News

NEW JERSEY has enacted a very stringent prohibition law. While it has been one of the wettest States, it will now, through the enforcement of this law, become one of the driest of States.

Unfortunately New Jersey has a governor whose sympathies are with the "wets." He is credited with the boast that he would make Atlantic City as wet as the Atlantic Ocean. Evidently the people of New Jersey do not intend to give the State entirely over to the governor, for when the bill for a bone-dry prohibition enforcement law was presented to him for his signature and was vetoed by him, the legislature promptly enacted it over his veto. It went into effect April 30.

As It Is in New York State

The secretary of the New York State Prison Commission says that in 1917 the total commitments to all penal institutions in the State were 129,000. In 1920 the total commitments were 59,000; less than one half as many. Those committed to county jails for intoxication in 1917 totaled 13,000, but in 1920 there were only 1,641 such commitments. The number admitted to the county penitentiaries in 1917 was 15,000, but in 1920 there were only 3,000. These are facts; remember to use them when somebody tells you that a better régime existed under license than under prohibition. It is altogether false, and the years will magnify the falsity.

In New York State, according to the report of the statistician for the New York State Hospital Commission, alcoholic first admissions into State hospitals for the insane decreased from 10.8 per 100,000 in 1910 to 1.9 in 1920. It is stated that during the last year every State where a hospital for inebriates has been maintained in the past has either abolished the institution or changed its use.

In Washington, D. C.

The superintendent of the District workhouse pronounces prohibition both a crime preventive and a crime cure. The workhouse record proves it to be so. Prohibition "has reduced the population until, now and then, the number of prisoners resembles an assemblage responding to a call to donate money to an unpopular cause. . . . During the last fiscal year" there were 1,778 fewer prisoners transferred to the workhouse than during the preceding year.

The jail superintendent says there were 2,146 fewer prisoners received than during the previous year; there were eighteen fewer prisoners convicted of murder than during the previous year; and there were 1,055 fewer persons sentenced for intoxication.

In Massachusetts

Prohibition results are the same wherever the dry régime is tried. In 1916, in the Boston City Hospital, there were 203 deaths from alcoholism. In 1920 there were but 24 deaths from this cause. Does not prohibition prohibit?

The director of the division of communicable diseases, says that there were nearly 2,000 fewer cases of venereal diseases that came under the commission's attention last year than during the preceding year.

Beer as Medicine

Much is now being said concerning beer as a medicine, Attorney Palmer having ruled that it may be prescribed by a physician. Under existing law no physician can prescribe the medicinal use of whisky

or brandy without a federal permit, yet of the 152,627 physicians in the United States 78 per cent have taken out no permit, and therefore do not prescribe liquor in any form. In 24 States no physician has a permit to prescribe liquor.

Practically four out of every five physicians in our country do not find it necessary to use intoxicants in medicinal practice. With such a situation there can be no legitimate claim for beer to be added to the list of medicinal remedies.

"Beer has never been recognized as a medicine. It is not listed in the United States Pharmacopœia, the recognized standard authority in the science of medicine, nor in any recognized text generally accepted among the medical profession. In thirty-eight States the prohibition laws prohibit the prescribing of beer as a medicine. Since the opinion of Mr. Palmer, Ohio adopted by a very large majority a bill to prohibit both beer and wine for medicinal purposes."

The Ohio Northern Druggists' Association says: "We do not believe in beer as a medicine. We do not believe in drug stores' selling it, and we never shall."

"According to announcement on April 24 by Samuel C. Henry, secretary of the National Druggists' Association, the executive committee of the association has adopted resolutions placing on record their conviction that the manufacture and sale of beer and other malt liquors for medicinal purposes should not be permitted."

The Testimony of Others Concerning Jesus

THOU sayest and teachest rightly, neither acceptest Thou the person of any, but teachest the way of God truly." Luke 20: 21.

"No man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him." John 3: 2.

"The officers answered, Never man spake like this man." John 7: 46.

"He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Matt. 7: 29.

"His word was with power." Luke 4: 32.

"Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God." John 3: 2.

"The common people heard Him gladly." Mark 12: 37.

"All bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." Luke 4: 22.

"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3: 17.

He was our example. Let us follow in His ways.

Tell When, Where, and Who

IN answer to prayer, a part of Palestine was once visited with long drouth and afterward with copious rains and harvests, an entire family healed, a raging fire quenched, God's purpose to destroy a stiff-necked people changed, the sun and moon apparently stopped in midheaven for an entire day, a thunderstorm made to burst right in wheat harvest, a leprous hand cured, a dead child revived, a good king's life lengthened, and, for an assuring token, a dial's shadow actually turned backward.—W. W. Kinsley.

THE father of What-Will-Be is not What-Ought-to-Be, but What-Has-Been.—Dr. Frank Crane.

From Here and There

A rich vein of silver, nine feet broad, has been discovered in the Mayor District of the Yukon Territory. It is said to be the richest vein ever struck in this territory.

The New York Legislature has passed a motion picture censorship bill, which provides a censorship board of three members to review all films before they are shown in the State.

Harvard University now demands that students who study ancient and modern languages, and those who specialize in English, must pass an examination in knowledge of the English Bible.

David H. Blair, of North Carolina, has been appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This places Mr. Blair at the head of the bureau which has in it the department of Prohibition enforcement.

Peter A. Jay, of Rhode Island, now minister to Salvador, has been selected to be minister to Rumania. Colonel George Harvey, of New York, has been chosen ambassador to Great Britain, and Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, to be ambassador to France.

A letter from Poland to Germany costs ten marks (formerly \$2.50), and a postcard four marks. The postage from Germany is not so high as from Poland, but whereas formerly a letter cost 10 pfennig, or 2½ cents, now it costs 15 cents. Other postage is in proportion.

Before the World War the people of the United States owed to other countries \$5,000,000,000. This debt has been paid, and there is now owed to us \$10,000,000,000. We hold the largest gold reserve in the world, while our bank deposits exceed \$24,000,000,000, exceeding by millions the entire bank deposits of the world.

Shutters of solid, bullet-proof steel, that drop instantly to cover the openings of a cashier's booth, on the pressure of a button, constitute a new solution of at least one phase of the holdup problem. The system of armor-plate curtains is designed for banks, movie theaters, and similar locations whose exposure is likely to tempt the criminally inclined.

Three hundred fifty-one persons met death in New York State, including New York City, by automobiles, in the four months ended April 30, the National Highway Protective Society announced recently in an appeal for more stringent laws. In the first four months of last year 158 persons were killed. In New York City during April, sixteen persons were killed by automobiles, nine by trolleys, and seven by wagons.

The Soo Canals connect Lake Superior and Lake Huron. The locks of these canals are the largest in the world, and the busiest. More than 25,000 vessels are said to pass through the canals in the course of a year, and the total annual tonnage of the ships is three times as great as that of the Suez Canal. Nearly 100,000 passengers are carried through the Soo Canals during one tourist season, which is about four months in length.

There are 868,000 telephones in New York City, or one for every 6.3 persons. This equals the combined systems of Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco. There are twenty-eight thousand skilled employees. In twenty-five years New York's telephone system has grown from 10,000 telephones to 868,000. In 1916 the average daily traffic was nearly three million calls. The unprecedented demand for new service makes New York City the telephone capital of the world. In 1919 the company provided more than 84,000 new telephones. During the first seven months of 1920 it installed 66,000 new stations, and yet there are 77,000 applications for service waiting to be filled.

Poor Richard's Sayings

O LAZY-BONES! Dost thou think God would have given thee arms and legs, if He had not designed thou shouldst use them?

Neglect mending a small fault, and 'twill soon be a great one.

A flatterer never seems absurd; the flattered always takes his word.

Who has deceived thee so oft as thyself?

Wink at small faults; remember thou hast great ones.

When befriended, remember it; when you befriend, forget it.



The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — Doing the Will of God

(June 18)

Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS, paragraphs 1, 2, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraphs 3, 4, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraphs 5, 6, looking up texts.
4. Questions 1-6.
5. Questions 7-17.
6. Questions 18-22.
7. Review the Synopsis.

Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "If Christ is dwelling in our hearts, He will work in us 'both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'"—*"Steps to Christ," p. 80.*

1. It is the aim of the threefold message of Revelation 14: 6-12 to bring out a people who shall do the will of God as expressed in His law.

2. In this experience, Christ is both our example and our power. His relation to the will of God was a subject of prophecy before He came into this world. Ps. 40: 7, 8. While here upon the earth, Christ expressed Himself very emphatically concerning this matter to His disciples (John 4: 34), and to the Jews (John 5: 30), and also to the people (John 6: 38). To this purpose He adhered even when it involved His death. Luke 22: 41, 42.

3. To do the will of God, Christ did not depend upon any power within Himself as the Son of God, but His works were wrought in Him by the indwelling Father. John 14: 10. He thus left us an example (1 Peter 2: 21), teaching us how we ought to walk (1 John 2: 6).

4. When man was created, the law of God was written in his very being, and he was endowed with such mental and moral power as enabled him to reveal the will of God in his life. This was his crown of glory and honor. Ps. 8: 5. Through sin this power was lost. Rom. 3: 23. God sent His own Son to become a man in order that through His experience the righteous demand of the law might be met in us. Rom. 8: 3, 4. The life which He lived in His body here upon the earth, He now imparts to those who believe in Him, ministering it to them in the gift of the Holy Spirit (verse 2); and by this indwelling in their hearts (Eph. 3: 17) He writes the law of God there according to the new covenant promise (Heb. 8: 10). Thus through our personal union with Christ, God works in us (Phil. 2: 12, 13), making us perfect to do His will (Heb. 13: 20, 21) through Christ Jesus.

5. The ritual service of the earthly sanctuary was unable to accomplish this work (Heb. 10: 1), since it was a mere shadow of the good things to come. This could be done only through the sacrifice which Christ offered both in His life of devotion to the will of God as a man upon the earth, and in His death on the cross, by which He took away the shadowy service and established the reality of doing God's will. Verses 8, 9.

6. The secret of success in working the works of God is to believe on Christ (John 6: 29), accepting Him as the power of God (1 Cor. 1: 24), who will work in us mightily (Col. 1: 29).

Questions

1. What is the aim of the threefold message of Revelation 14: 6-12? See synopsis, paragraph 1.
2. What prophecy indicated what the attitude of Christ toward the law of God would be? Ps. 40: 7, 8.
3. How did He express Himself toward His disciples concerning this? John 4: 34.
4. How did He express Himself toward the Jews? John 5: 30.
5. For what did he tell the people He came down from heaven? John 6: 38.
6. What did He say to the Father when facing the death of the cross? Luke 22: 41, 42.
7. Who wrought these works in Him? John 14: 10.
8. What did He thus leave us? 1 Peter 2: 21.
9. How ought those to work who are in union with Christ? 1 John 2: 6.
10. What was written in the being of man, and with what was he endowed? See synopsis, paragraph 4, first part.
11. With what was he thus crowned? Ps. 8: 5.
12. How was this power lost? Rom. 3: 23.
13. How is Christ's life of obedience ministered to believers? Rom. 8: 2.
14. What experience does this gift of life bring to the believer? Eph. 3: 17.
15. What promise is thus fulfilled? Heb. 8: 10.
16. Who then works in us? Phil. 2: 12, 13.
17. Through whom are we thus made perfect to do the will of Christ? Heb. 13: 20, 21.
18. What was the ritual service of the earthly sanctuary unable to accomplish? Heb. 10: 1.
19. How was the reality of doing God's will established by Christ? Heb. 10: 8, 9.
20. What is the secret of success in working the works of God? Heb. 10: 8, 9.
21. What does Christ become to us? 1 Cor. 1: 24.
22. How does He then work in us? Col. 1: 29.

8. What question did John then ask Jesus? What reply did Jesus make? To whom did He give the sop? Verses 25, 26.

9. What question did Judas then ask? What did Jesus say to him? Matt. 26: 25. Note 4.

10. After Judas had received the sop, who entered into him? What did Jesus say to him? John 13: 27.

11. What did the other disciples not understand? Verse 28.

12. What did they think Jesus might have meant? Verse 29.

13. After receiving the sop, what did Judas do? Verse 30. Note 5.

14. How did Jesus and His disciples close the service of the evening? Where did they go? Matt. 26: 30. Note 6.

15. What did Jesus say would cause them all to be offended that night? Verse 31. Note 7.

16. Where did He say he would meet them after His resurrection? Verse 32.

17. Of what did Peter feel very sure? Verse 33.

18. Yet what did Jesus declare to him? Verse 34.

19. What did Peter feel he would be ready to do rather than to deny his Lord? How did the other disciples also feel? Verse 35.

Things You Should Know

What ordinances of the church did Jesus establish on the night He was betrayed?

What is the meaning of each?

How important is it that we observe these ordinances in the right spirit?

Notes

1. The following abbreviated extracts help us to understand the importance and meaning of the Lord's Supper celebrated as He directed:

"When believers assemble to celebrate the ordinances, there are present messengers unseen by human eyes. . . . Christ by the Holy Spirit is there to set the seal to His own ordinance. . . . All who neglect these seasons of divine privilege will suffer loss. . . . The administration of the sacrament was to keep before the disciples the infinite sacrifice made for each of them individually.

"The communion service points to Christ's second coming. It was designed to keep this hope vivid in the minds of the disciples."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 656-659.

2. "As they realized the full import of His words, and remembered how true His sayings were, a sudden fear and self-distrust seized them. They began to examine their own hearts to ascertain if one thought against the Master found lodgment there. With the most painful feelings, one after another inquired, 'Lord, is it I?' But Judas sat silent."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, pp. 85, 86.

3. The disciple leaning upon Jesus' breast was John, called "the beloved."

4. "John in deep distress at last inquired, 'Lord, who is it?' And Jesus answered, 'He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of Him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born.' The disciples had searched one another's faces closely as they asked, 'Lord, is it I?' And now the silence of Judas drew all eyes to him. Amid the confusion of questions and expressions of astonishment, Judas had not heard the words of Jesus in answer to John's question. But now, to escape the scrutiny of the disciples, he asked as they had done, 'Master, is it I?' Jesus solemnly replied, 'Thou hast said.'—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 654.

5. "In surprise and confusion at the exposure of his purpose, Judas rose hastily to leave the room. 'Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then having received the sop, went immediately out: and it was night.' Night it was to the traitor as he turned away from Jesus Christ into the outer darkness.

"Until this step was taken, Judas had not passed beyond the possibility of repentance. But when he left the presence of his Lord and his fellow disciples, the final decision had been made. He had passed the boundary line."—*Ibid.*

6. "Before leaving the upper chamber, the Saviour led His disciples in a song of praise. His voice was heard, not in the strains of some mournful lament, but in the joyful notes of the Passover hallel:

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations;
Praise Him all ye people.
For His merciful kindness is great toward us,
And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.
Praise ye the Lord."

"After the hymn, they went out. Through the crowded streets they made their way, passing out of the city gate toward the Mount of Olives."—*Id.*, p. 672.

7. The word "offended" as here used, does not mean "angry" as we understand the word, but "caused to stumble." The disciples had cherished the hope that Christ would set up an earthly kingdom, but Jesus knew in the events soon to take place, they would be filled with fear and disappointment, and that instead of seeking a place close to the Saviour, they would flee to save their own lives, thus leaving Him alone.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — The Lord's Supper Instituted; Jesus Points Out the Traitor

(June 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 13: 21-38; Mark 14: 22-31.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 26: 20-35; Luke 22: 19-23, 31-34; 1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "This do in remembrance of Me." Luke 22: 19.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 652-661.

PERSONS: Jesus, with the twelve.

PLACE: The upper room of a dwelling in Jerusalem.

Setting of the Lesson

"Christ is still at the table on which the paschal supper has been spread. The unleavened cakes used at the Passover season are before Him. The Passover wine, untouched by fermentation, is on the table. These emblems Christ employs to represent His own unblemished sacrifice."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 653.

"Can he that dippeth with Thee, then, betray,
Deny Thee? Ah, what bitter pain were mine,
Should those sad eyes at last be turned away
In agony divine!

I see Thee hanging on the awful wood,
I hear Thy mournful, broken-hearted cry!

'One is a traitor.' Oh, ingratitude!
Master, it is not I?"

Questions

1. As Jesus and His disciples were eating the Passover meal, what new service did Jesus give them? What did He say as He gave them the unleavened bread? Mark 14: 22.

2. What did He do with the cup of unfermented wine? What did He say of it? Verses 23, 24.

3. What did He say of the time when He would again drink of the fruit of the vine? Verse 25.

4. What is shown as often as this ordinance is celebrated? 1 Cor. 11: 24-26. Note 1.

5. As they were still seated at the table, what statement did Jesus sadly make? John 13: 21.

6. What was the effect of these words upon the disciples? What question did they ask? Matt. 26: 22. Note 2.

7. In what position was one disciple? What did Peter signal this disciple to do? John 13: 23, 24. Note 3.

I Was Wondering

About Prayer Meeting

IT'S PRAYER MEETING NIGHT.

AND PRAYER MEETING'S A DULL PLACE.

AND THE BELL IS RINGING.

AND HE'S GOT A DOZEN EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING.

AND BROTHER JONES HAS JUST GOT THROUGH SUPPER.

OR TWO DOZEN MAYBE.

AND HE SAYS HE'S TIRED.

BUT THERE'S A REASON.

HE WAS OUT TO THE CLUB LAST NIGHT.

AND ONLY ONE.

AND IT'S WARM IN THE HOUSE AND COMFY AND EVERYTHING.

HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO.

AND HE'S GOT A GOOD BOOK.

I WAS WONDERING HOW MANY BROTHER JONESES THERE ARE IN MOST CHURCHES.

AND HE DOESN'T BELIEVE HE OUGHT TO BE OUT EVERY NIGHT.

ENOUGH TO MAKE SEVERAL GOOD PRAYER MEETINGS EVERY WEEK, I SHOULDN'T WONDER.

— *McAlpine, in the Christian Endeavor World.*

Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

Donald F. Haynes
Lawrence Chapman
Frank Parkhurst
Murland Sylvester
Edmund Blaelm
Jewel Brooks
Ira Sims
Archie Gibson
Hubert Smith
Mike Reichert
Halmar J. Webb
Oscar Jones
Nelson W. Curtiss
Victor Rallsage
John R. Jones
Walter Griffin
Robert Griffin
Bernard Kennedy
Edwin Griffin
Westley Mitchel
Wilber Mitchel
Robert Whittaker
Vergil Gunther
Vergil Harter
Paul Felker
Warren Felker
Byron Compton
Leslie Jackson
Leonard Jackson
Emerie Sanders
George Sanders
Frederick Huguley
Ronald Loe
Hubert Douglas Smith
Merritt Leslie
Clyde Sauder
Alvin Luitjens
Roy Higgins
Lester Moore
Milton Mundall
Donald Stump
G. W. Gollihue
Robert Benton
Clarence Martinsen
Fred Smith
George Koeppen
Maurice Cochran
George Freeze
Percy Cole
Howard Allison
Milner Grant
William Kilp
Albert Gaede
Alexander Porter
C. Russell Smith
J. R. Brittain
Richard G. Ubbink

Howard Allison
John Kertesz
Frank Kertesz
William Dawson
Charles Uittschiebe
Arthur T. Hazelton
Otto Pace, Jr.
Merrick S. Vincent
Ralph Harrison
Jessie Bowman
Paul Heady
Wilbur Herrin
Frederick Buschmann
Edward Buschmann
Harold Buschmann
Mabel Chastain
J. R. Brannon
Neff Chastain
Thelma Ellis
Charles Cannada
George Brannon
Willie Elliott
May Verne Wright
Herbert Graham
Merrill Cannada
Earline Taylor
Clinton J. Parr
May Clair Smith
Mrs. J. S. Smith
Elmer Lund
Joe Travis
Harold Randall
Verel Bartholomew
Harland Ernston
Norman Cardey
Hjalmar Lindroth
Ezra McConnell
Frances Daughenbaugh
Grace McCall
William McIntyre
Blanche Buttermore
Lorna Barr
Mrs. Etta Plymire
Mrs. J. McIntyre
Mrs. Pearl Manry
Mrs. Naomi Beard
Helen Beard
Frances Lawton
Harry Buttermore
Carl Manry
Amelia Barr
Zynaida Barr
Grace Buttermore
Edith Colwell
Mrs. J. S. Barr
Mrs. Zenia A. Barr
Mrs. T. O. Saxton

Mrs. L. A. Saxton
Jay Uncapher
Richard Ryan
Glenn McCall
John Barr
Curtis Barr
Royden Saxton
Cleone Lewis
Kenneth Lewis
Charles Slade
Harold Coursen
Minnie Olson
Flora Hall
Elizabeth Staughton
Fred B. Mitchell
Milton Marmaduke
Ruby Richmond
Ernest Parrish
Eunice Graham
Mrs. Ney Rice
Leister Neiderheiser
Archie D. Wood
Mark Tannahill
James Carlson
Agness Nash
Lena Wilson
Walter Carlson
Ella Hayes
Clara Smith
Dorothy Ehrman
Ethel Nash
D. E. Baldwin
Mrs. C. E. Hahn
Samuel Kingery
Donald Reed
E. C. Glasgow
Hazel Parker
Layton Wood
Nera Akin
Mrs. E. Wells
L. A. Hutton
Pearl Neiderhiser
Mrs. R. H. Hart
Dorothy Glasgow
Thomas Vanata

Tilly Vanata
Minnie M. Hahn
Hilda Hutton
Clara Orange
Maud Walburn
Edward Curtis
Mamie Nash
Mabel Nash
Mrs. Ed. Baldwin
Hattie Cepreske
Mrs. R. T. Nash
Bessie Norton
Mrs. George Vanata
Jennie Kingery
Russell Alkire
Erwin Alkire
Fred Daugherty
Neal Daugherty
Roy Haskell
William Randolph
Ted Thornton
Richard Martin
Albert Bradley
Gerald Baugher
Robert Mackey
Jack Mackey
Vernon White
Charles Schneider
John Neville
Walter Lee
Lyle Lee
Eugene Mackey
Victor Hughes
William Hughes
Robert Hughes
Arthur Kugel
Clyde Bradley
DeMoss Bradley
Harold Hansen
Lawrence White
Melvin Kinnick
Lyle Schneider
Billy Love
Leonard Love
Kenneth Dayton

True Reporting

WE are very apt to grumble
When we see a shower of rain,
But you'll hardly hear it mentioned
When the sun shines out again.

And we all remember sorrows
And can speak of dreary days,
But the years of health and gladness
Seldom have their meed of praise.

There are some who love to publish
All the harm that Satan works,
As a measure of the trial
That in every good path lurks.

If we'd only take the trouble
To report God's blessings too,
We would hardly need to worry
At what Satan finds to do.

For we'd all be so elated
By the victories that we'd gain,
That we'd hardly seem to notice
Any sorrow, loss, or pain.

So it just behooves God's children
To be careful how they speak,
For our words will be a standard
Of our faith, both strong and weak.

MARY M. ROBBINS.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Bible Daughters (poetry)	3
K. P. L.	3
American Apostle of Tract Distribution	4
Sears	5
Wireless Wonders	6
The Mocking Bird	7
Life's Helpers	12
Sadie's Convert	12
Interesting Up-to-Date News	13
True Reporting (poetry)	16