

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 44



"I LOVE little pussy.
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm;

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away;
But pussy and I
Very gently will play."

From Here and There

Dr. J. D. Prince, professor of Slavonic languages at Columbia, is selected by President Harding as Minister to Denmark.

The president of the California Grape Growers' Exchange states that since the advent of prohibition the profits of California grape growers have trebled.

In Algeria, charms of all sorts abound. A chameleon's skull is a most valuable specific against evil spirits of the air; and in most villages you will see a mule's skull clamped to a housetop or a palm tree.

Chile is the longest, narrowest country in the world. If placed along our Atlantic seaboard, it would stretch from northern Maine to the Panama Canal, yet at no point is it wider than the State of California.

The Banking and Currency Committee of the Senate will approve plans of the Treasury Department to issue paper money of a smaller size than now in circulation, Senator Fletcher, of Florida, member of the committee, recently stated.

A century ago 1,000 feet was thought to be a stupendous depth for any shaft, but coalpits more than 3,000 feet deep are common in England. Belgium has two which exceed 4,000 feet. A shaft in the Transvaal will exceed 7,000 feet when finished.

D. Dorothy Stimson, dean of women at Transylvania College, has been elected to the academic deanship of Goucher College. Goucher has outgrown its present site. By unanimous vote of the trustees it will be removed to a larger site in Baltimore, and a campaign for \$6,000,000 inaugurated.

Food prices in Washington, D. C., are 66 per cent higher, on the average, than they were in 1913; and an increase of 4.3 per cent in the retail cost of food to the average family in August as compared with July, was shown in prices of forty-three food articles as reported to the Bureau of Labor.

Dr. Daniel Poling, one of America's great lecturers and preachers, with his family, was seriously injured in an automobile accident in the early part of July. When the doctor went to the aid of one of Dr. Poling's boys after the accident, the little fellow said: "Never mind me. Go to daddy." This is the spirit of a full-grown hero.

For gas masks a very dense charcoal with high absorptive power is required. We all remember collecting peach pits for this purpose during the war. Cocoanut shell is the material generally used. Such materials as these can evidently not be had in great quantity, but it has now been found by experiments made at the United States Forest Products Laboratory, Madison, Wisconsin, that, instead of a dense woody substance, soft-wood sawdust may be employed, and the necessary density arrived at by pressure.

What is probably the world's greatest collection of words, the Oxford Dictionary, has recently been published. It has been forty years in the making, and cost a quarter of a million pounds sterling. It has three and a half million quotations from some five thousand authors, which have been selected by thirteen hundred readers working for the dictionary head. There are fifteen thousand pages and more than four hundred thousand words. The agreement with the Clarendon Press for preparing the dictionary was signed March 1, 1879. In 1882 the first page of "copy" was sent in to the printers. Sir James Murray, the editor, was connected with the work from its inception. He passed away in July, 1915, though he had hoped to live until his eightieth birthday in 1917 and to see the work completed. Half of this monumental work stands to his direct credit, and is altogether a wonderful achievement.

"Friends of Ours"

A TRAIN rushed through a great forest, and Billy, who was traveling with Uncle Steve, complained: "Just trees! trees! on both sides of the car. I can't see anything!"

"Why!" said Uncle Steve, "I can; I can see doors, and chairs, and boats, and books, and log fires, and matches. I can see nutting crooks and sleds and —"

And, then, in the little book, "Friends of Ours," Uncle Steve goes on to tell Billy how the forest rangers watch for fires in the forest, that the beautiful trees may not be destroyed, and of how the trees are used to supply so many of our needs. There are also many other stories of workers, both in this land and in far-away countries, who help to provide us with some of the things we use every day.

Have you bought this book for your child? It is one of the books in the Primary Reading Course this year, and will prove interesting and instructive for your younger children during the coming autumn and winter evenings. Do not fail to send to your tract society for a copy. It costs but 75 cents, illustrated.

IRENE CURTISS.



Miss Una Mortlock, of Jamaica, wanted to go to school, even as you and I. But her widowed mother was very poor, and the prospect seemed hopeless. But there were three cows. Some one suggested to the mother that in time it would become necessary for her to sell one of these cows, in order to buy suitable clothes for Una whether she went to school or not. The mother knew this to be true. Then some one who was also interested in helping Una to achieve her hope for an education, told the mother that perhaps both cow and girl could together go to school. It was a happy thought! The problem was solved. Off to school they went, the cow going in one car and the girl in another. Elder G. A. Roberts, who recently returned to this country from Jamaica, brings the report that both are doing well. For ambitious young people there is always a way to obtain a Christian education.

The Youth's Instructor

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On the Potter's Wheel

E. M. MELEEN

A VISIT to an Indian pottery village is an interesting and instructive experience. One is astonished at the variety of vases, pots, and other vessels in different stages of completion, lying about in great numbers on all sides. There are to be seen no carts, horses, bullocks, or gardens; nothing but little dirty, windowless mud huts, a number of wheels resembling small, heavy cart wheels, and heaps of clay and pots.

A Mud-Hut Pottery

Every one of the score or two of mud huts is a pottery establishment. Here and there are small boys, apparently not more than six or eight years of age, turning small wheels and making small pots. Larger and stronger boys, and men, turn larger wheels and make larger pots. Workers of all ages and all sizes engage in the industry, for it is the only work they can do, and their lives depend on it. Their capital and wealth is their skill in manipulating clay on a wheel.

The people are childish and ignorant, but contented and happy, for the sale of their pots will bring rice or raggee (millet) for their stomachs. Food is all they want. A full stomach does away with the desire for a full purse. What is education, refinement, politics, society, virtue? Why strive for these? These do not fill the stomach. Having inquired of one concerning the education of himself and his people, he replied with a shrug of his naked shoulders, "Why should we want a school? Why should we be troubled in teaching ourselves and our children to read and write? Do we not get our rice by means of our work? What more do we want?" This attitude toward education is characteristic not only of the potters, but of other classes in India.

An Ancient Industry

The potter's art is as old as history. Clay pots are still made in India as they were four thousand years ago, and as they were in the land and times of Jeremiah the prophet. There is no change even in the slightest detail. Because of the apparent simplicity of the art it is considered a mean work, and the name "potter" has in India become synonymous with "fool" or "simpleton." Consequently the potter is often looked upon as such. But one who loves that which is simple yet beautiful cannot fail to be interested in watching the potter at work. Not that the potter is beautiful, nor the wheel, nor the clay, but that a vase or vessel of beautiful symmetry and figure can be so quickly formed by so simple a

process is interesting. There is no great complicated man-made machinery with grinding wheels or screeching levers and clanking chains. These things may be wonderful, but they are not so wonderful as a man's hand. That a hand, guided by the human brain, with the help of a simple wheel, can shape beautifully symmetrical forms according to the will and pleasure of the craftsman, is more wonderful than any machine yet made.

Steps in Making a Vessel

The first step in the making of any earthen vessel is the preparation of the clay. Somewhere I have read that "God can make a *man* of any kind of clay that will *stick*." Just as sticking is a necessary quality of the clay from which men are made, so sticking is a necessary quality of the clay from which pots are to be made.

The potter, after having found suitable clay, carefully removes any stones or pebbles that may be found in it. It is then moistened and kneaded by hand, beaten with sticks and stones, and trodden by foot until it has been reduced to a soft, plastic mass. It is then placed in the center of a wheel. The size of the wheel may vary from about one foot and a half



An Indian Potter at Work

to three feet in diameter. The wheel is placed in a horizontal position and revolves on a pin at its hub. After having placed the clay on the wheel, the potter turns the wheel with his hand until the desired speed has been attained, after which the wheel is left to turn by its own momentum, and the potter turns his attention to the clay. How quickly the shapeless mass changes! Almost without apparent effort on the part of the workman, it has suddenly assumed the shape of a hollow cylinder perfectly straight and round. In another instant it has become gracefully slender at the top and wider at the middle. An almost imperceptible touch of the hand has formed the beautifully curved neck and lip of the vessel. A deft touch on the inside, and the pot instantly takes on the desired curve of its side. A light touch with a sharp stick or a string, and the perfected vessel is separated from the mass of clay on the still revolving wheel, and all in less time than is required to tell it.

Scores of vessels exactly the same shape and size, so far as one can judge with the eye, are turned out in a surprisingly short time without any gauge or measure whatever, other than the eye and hand of the workman. Ignorant and helpless as the potter may be in many respects, he has acquired judgment

of eye and skill of hand which are nothing short of marvelous. No wonder that inspired writers have loved to draw lessons and choose illustrations from the potter and his art!

After the vessel has been formed, it is left in the open air to dry. Beaten by the hot rays of a tropical sun, it becomes hard and firm, but not impervious to water, and is not yet fit for use. Burning in a hot fire is required to change the clay to a hard, strong substance which makes a good pot. The pots are placed in regular rows and tiers in a large furnace, or kiln, and the spaces between the rows are filled with fuel. The whole is then covered with earth and the fire kindled. The burning continues for one or two days, according to the nature of the work, after which the pots are ready for the market. When the pots are removed from the kiln, many of them are found to be cracked and broken. They have not withstood the heat of the fire. Sometimes a broken pot may be mended with fresh clay and burned again, but such a pot is not so good as one that has not been broken.

Lessons from the Potter

As stated above, inspired writers have many times used the potter and his handiwork as examples or illustrations from which good lessons may be learned. One of the best of these is found in the eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah. The prophet was, no doubt, disheartened because of the sins of his people, and he feared that God's patience with them would not endure. Then the Lord sent a message to him, saying, "Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear My words." Jeremiah obeyed the command, and leaving the city precincts, he soon arrived at the little potter village in the outskirts of Jerusalem. "Behold," says he, "he wrought a work on the wheels." Jeremiah with interest watched the potter knead the clay and prepare it for the work. He placed it on the wheel, and deftly touching it, he began to shape the vessel, here widening it, there drawing it out to a slender form, again opening the lip and giving it a beautiful figure. He saw that shapeless mass of clay quickly transformed into a fair and beautiful vessel suited to the royal palace or princes' halls. But just as it was completed and ready to be removed, because of some flaw in the material, a portion of the vessel fell away. Jeremiah expected to see the impatient and angry workman gather up the fragments and cast them aside as useless. But not so. Patiently he took the broken pieces, kneaded them together, incorporated them with the rest of the clay on the wheel, and again formed them into a beautiful vessel.

God wished to give Jeremiah an object lesson of His long-suffering and patience. Even as the potter made the vessel again, so God was able to remake the lost Israel if they would be as clay in His hand. To us comes the same word, "Canst I do with you as this potter? . . . Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in Mine hand." God has meant us all to be vessels fit for His use, but how often we have marred His fair work because of our self-will and stubbornness. Years of disobedience and sin may have spoiled the vessel, and yet if we will be as clay in His hand, He will again make of us vessels "unto honor, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use."

Before the potter begins to shape the vessel of the clay on the wheel, he sees it clearly in his mind. He

has his ideal. He knows the possibilities hidden in the clay, and he achieves his purpose by means of the wheel. The transformation is brought about by the touch of his hand. Just as the potter has his ideal, so the Master Potter has His ideal in dealing with human clay. He knows the possibilities hidden in each human being, and He seeks to achieve His purpose by placing us on the wheel of daily circumstances, the wheel of daily tasks and duties. For us it may be monotonous; it may be trying or trivial; it may require patience, submission, endurance, persistence in well-doing; and yet it all tends to effect the Master Workman's ideal. We are to be molded by the touch of the hand of God. But we may be too busy, or too much interested in many things of our own choosing, to heed the touch. We may be too intent on achieving an ideal of our own to yield to His Spirit working within us. Perhaps we have spoiled the vessel, and realizing it, we may be filled with gloom and despair, believing ourselves to be rejected and lost. Then we are to remember Jeremiah's lesson.

God Can Remake Men

God remade Jacob at the river Jabbok. He found him a supplanter, a cheat, a crook, but after long work and a hard experience for Jacob, He left him a prince of God. He remade Simon when on the morning of His resurrection He found him weak, vacillating, faint-hearted, and left him firm and strong, a "man of the Rock." He has remade many of the saints of today.

We cannot always understand God's dealings with us, because we do not know His purpose. We do not always recognize His designs. Why should we? Is it not sufficient to know that we are clay in His hands? The molding of the pot is not sufficient to make a good vessel unless it is afterward baked in the kiln. Likewise God's dealing with His people. The molding hand is no sooner removed than we are plunged into the fiery trials of pain and temptation. Will we then endure the test? "Let patience have her perfect work." "Be still, and know that I am God."

Help from America

POLAND received two hundred million dollars in cash gifts from America in 1920. Without this generous assistance that country might have fallen to pieces. Today the American Relief Association is feeding a million children one meal a day in Warsaw and vicinity, and nearly twice as many in Vienna and other parts of Austria. This past winter and spring was a time of great suffering in many lands in Europe. In Budapest alone, 40,000 people lived in railroad cars scattered along the tracks in and around the city. People lacked every necessity of life. If America had not helped, thousands would have perished. This help has given America an influence that is largely deciding in European affairs.

But it is not only societies in the world that have sent relief. Last fall an appeal was made to the Adventists in America for shoes and clothing for our poor believers in Europe. The response exceeded our highest hopes. Through the Missionary Volunteer Department hundreds of boxes were collected and shipped to this side of the Atlantic. Not one box was lost, and every conference has now received its share.

As we have visited the various countries of Europe

this summer we have seen people wearing this clothing, and have heard their happy words of joy and thanks. At one conference we happened to be present when the members of the church opened a box of clothing sent them from America. It was a touching scene. The children laughed and the parents wept. They all spent a long-to-be-remembered afternoon dividing the clothing. Visiting another conference, we noticed that many of the laborers wore American clothes. We asked how this happened. The leader said: "You see my good blue serge suit and these shoes?—they came in a box from America." One after another came and showed us the clothing received. These second-hand clothes from the States were the only things they had. They asked me with tears in their eyes to convey to the brethren in America their gratitude for the things sent.

At the summer council of the European Division the presidents of the German unions expressed their appreciation for the clothing that has been received from America. Our people in Germany were deeply touched by this benevolence, and greatly rejoiced at the words of greetings and cheer found in letters that accompanied these gifts, concealed in the pockets of articles of clothing. If a number of these have not been answered, this is due only to the fact that the recipients were unable to reply in English. Our German brethren were desirous of having this word of greeting and gratitude published in our American union papers.

Some have asked if we need more clothing this autumn and winter. We greatly appreciate the willingness of our brethren to give again, but there are clothes enough in most of the countries over here now, and we have thought that we should try to help ourselves. Conditions are such that the best way to help Europe today is to give money rather than food, clothing, or shoes. But we desire to again thank our brethren in America, and especially the young people's societies, for their kindness to those in need.

L. H. CHRISTIAN.

The Prodigal

Two sons lived at home in quietness;
One served his father well;
The other, torn by restlessness,
Into temptation fell.

"Give me, I pray thee, of thy goods—
The world is calling me;
My brother likes the fields and woods,
But I the world would see."

The father sadly bowed his head.
"Take that which is thy share;
'Tis best to stay within the fold,
'Neath father's sheltering care."

The world was gay, the way was bright,
The lure of sin was great;
The young man yielded to the call,
And left his father's gate.

But sin may please and yet deceive;
Men sow and also reap.
Nor sin nor shame could satisfy,
The young man came to grief.

Alone and sin-sick, tossed about,
Friendless, forlorn, ashamed,
The prodigal bowed his head and wept,
"To father I'll go again."

"His living spent, his heart I've rent,
Once more his face I'll see;
I'll humbly bow at father's feet,
A servant to him I'll be."

The father saw his son afar,
And ran to welcome him;
"Nay, father, nay," he wildly cried,
"Gainst heaven and thee, I've sinned."

The father called his friends around
And killed the fatted calf;
"My son has come from distant lands,
Come now, rejoice and laugh."

"My son was dead, but now he lives;
Was lost, but now is found;
'Tis meet to give the best I have,
Let happiness abound."

The faithful son with thoughtful mien
Gazed on the merriment;
"My brother has our love abused,
My father's living spent."

"And yet the fatted calf is killed,
His wickedness upheld;
My faithfulness is all unseen,
I've served my father well."

The father guessed the secret pain
Within his faithful breast;
"All that I have is thine," he said,
"Thou servest me the best."

"But this, my son, was dead to us,
And now again he lives;
The lost sheep has returned to me,
My pardon I shall give."

GRACE E. LATONA.

Why I Buy Books

BUILDING up a library, especially a private library, is something like forming a circle of friends. It is possible for men to live without friends, and men have lived without the companionship that comes from books. But the life without friends is incomplete, and the life without books is lacking. With books, as well as with friends, there is a wide range of choice. Your books and friends may not appeal to me. Mine may not appeal to you. This is one good reason for my purchase of books. My library has the books I esteem worthy of my choice.

A boy or girl cannot begin too early the forming of a circle of book friends. It is said that if one does not begin to read widely before he is eighteen, the habit of reading will seldom be formed. True indeed, "The books that charmed us in youth, we recall with delight ever afterward; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate indeed if the best fall in our way during this period of our life."

The Reading Course books are well adapted to be the foundation of a library for our young people. Buy the Reading Course books, for they are a profitable and pleasant circle of book friendships to form.

LEO THEIL.

"DOING the immediate job well means a better job at higher wages and more regular employment. By doing good, honest, efficient work, one becomes a chooser of jobs rather than a beggar of jobs."

"In spite of what the poets say, some months are thieves! They rob the patient earth of grass, the trees of leaves. But later than the ice and cold come blithesome days, When Spring, with apple-blossom cheeks, trips down green ways."

Interesting Incidents

BYRD BULLARD

CARACAS, the capital of Venezuela, is about four thousand feet above sea level, but in order to get into the interior we have still to climb a rise of two thousand feet. We reached the highest point of our journey in the afternoon of the first day. The vast ranges of mountains, with their valleys, present an entrancing view. From this point the automobile had miles and miles of downward road. The first night we lodged in one of the best hotels in a small town. The furnishing of the rooms consisted of a single bed, which, if one would judge by his feelings when sleeping on it, was carved out of stone.



The Iguana of the South

By daylight the next morning we were again on our way. The road had such sharp curves in it and so many of them, that some members of the company became seasick from so much turning.

About noon of this day we left the mountains behind and entered what is called the llanos. There is no farming done in this part of the country, because about half of the year the land is under water, and the other half it is too dry to grow anything. The roads are very rough; people who are motoring through, bounce up and down continually, many times bumping their heads on the top of the automobile. The houses in this section are few, and are only for the purpose of providing food for travelers. Night overtook us, and we stopped near one of these in order to get water. While we were at the house, we told the people of our intention to camp by the side of the road. They immediately said, "O don't do that! It is dangerous! There are many kinds of animals here that attack people at night and kill them." But we thought since we should be close to the house, there would be no danger. After we had retired for the night, we heard a strange sound in the distance. Some one said, "Listen to the lions and the tigers." Soon a nearer sound was heard, a *zip, zip, zip!* This proved to be a native gnat, which is much larger than the gnats of the States, and the sting of which is very painful. These gnats increased in number until the company had to fight them continually. As no one could sleep, we started on our journey about three o'clock in the morning. The stings from these gnats made us appear as if we had contracted the measles.

Toward daylight, we saw various wild animals run across the road—foxes, wolves, skunks, and other kinds that we could not recognize. There were also wild deer in large numbers, at times as many as

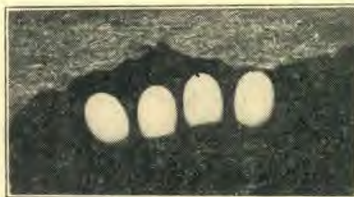
twelve and fourteen in a drove. We heard the wild monkeys in the distance, their voices sounding like the rumbling of thunder from a raging storm sweeping the country. There were hundreds of native birds taller than men. Large eagles were to be seen everywhere.

We arrived at our destination in the afternoon of this day, and were cordially received by the believers who had been brought into the truth by the efforts of one of our faithful colporteurs. Announcement of a night meeting was sent out in the little town, and at the appointed time, the whole rear yard of the place where we were staying was filled with people who had come to hear the truth. Nearly all had to stand up, as there were no seats. Women with their babies in their arms stood throughout the sermon.

Here I had my first experience in sleeping in a native hammock. I did not know that one had to lie in it crosswise, so you can imagine the time I had in getting to sleep. My head projected out at one end, and my feet at the other, and it seemed as if I were trying to balance myself on three or four strands of rope suspended in the air. I had to hold onto the sides of the hammock to stay in it. I was unable to get the covers arranged, as they would roll up in a bundle in the center of the hammock. Suddenly I fell out, making enough noise to waken every one in the house. Later I learned to sleep in these hammocks as well as if I had been in the best hotel bed in the States.

We remained in this town for about three days, then decided to visit another town farther in the interior where there are a few interested people. We started out early in the morning, and about noon our automobile refused to take us any farther. I found that one of its main ribs was broken, thus causing the engine to sag on one side, and this had pulled the connections off, letting the water run out of the radiator. Fortunately we were able to repair the damage, and reached our destination that night.

We studied the Bible with the people and talked to them that night, leaving the next morning. While we were waiting for the ferryboat, a man gave us four large alligator eggs as souvenirs. The accom-



Alligator Eggs

panying picture shows them. We were told that an alligator would sometimes lay a hundred eggs, covering them up in the hot sand to hatch.

The boats that are used in this place are made from large logs hollowed out. Some of them are about one hundred fifty feet long, and are able to carry heavy cargoes. The ferryboat in which we crossed the river was made of two of these log boats with boards laid across them, and was propelled by a sail. It was interesting indeed to watch them put live stock and automobiles on this ferry.

We heard the wild monkeys singing together in the trees, and noting the place whence the sound came, we walked down the river about two miles in search of them. On the way we saw several large alligators, from eight to twelve feet long, that crawled from the bank into the river, and stuck their

heads above the water, as if to say, We just dare you to come in here where we are. We also saw large iguanas, a kind of lizard, from four to eight feet long; some of them ran into the water and others ran up the large trees. Arriving at the monkey colony, we found about fifteen adults and little ones. I took three snapshots of them, but they did not seem to appreciate the performance.

Returning to headquarters, we left a native minister in this section to follow up the interest that had been aroused. Twenty-four persons are now reported to be ready for baptism, and more are interested.

A Fable — The Eagle and the Tortoise

A TORTOISE desired to change his place of residence. Seeing an eagle passing, he asked him to carry him to his new home, promising him a rich reward for his assistance. The eagle readily agreed, and seizing the tortoise by the shell with his talons, soared aloft.

When over the rocky shore, the eagle thought to himself, Tortoise is good eating; why not let Mr. Tortoise slip from my hold and break his shell on the rocks below?

Thinking was acting, and the tortoise was soon falling at a rapid rate. Now this was a very wise old tortoise, and he had prepared for such an emergency by concealing a parachute under his shell. As he felt himself slipping from the eagle's grasp, he pulled out the parachute. It soon filled with air, and he gently settled in the water, near the shore, much to the disgust of the astonished eagle!

When soaring high, never trust an enemy! — C. J. Budd.



I Was Wondering

About Some Prayers

THERE WAS a
DEACON.
ONCE.

BEFORE THE eighteenth
AMENDMENT HAPPENED.

AND HE didn't
BELIEVE IN whiskey.

OR BEER.

OR NEAR beer.

BUT HE had a
FINE PIECE of land.

FOR RAISING
HOPS ON.

SO ONE year he
PLANTED IT to
HCPS.

WHICH HE knew he
SHOULDN'T. DO.

BECAUSE THE hops
WOULD GO into
BEER.

BUT HE said he
HAD PRAYED about
IT.

SO IT was all
RIGHT.

IT WAS this way.

HE HAD planted the
LAND TO hops.

AND THEN he
PRAYED THAT if
IT WASN'T right
FOR HIM to raise
HOPS.

THE LORD wouldn't
LET THEM grow.

NOW WHAT do you
KNOW ABOUT
THAT?

BUT THE hops grew.
OF COURSE they did.

AND SO who
WAS TO BLAME?

I WAS WONDERING
IF WE don't
DO a lot of
OUR PRAYING that
WAY.

WE SOW the
SEED OF an evil
DEED.

OR HABIT.

OR THOUGHT.

AND THEN we try
TO SHIFT the re-
SPONSIBILITY ONTO
GOD.

BUT IT won't
WORK.

YOU CAN'T make
UP YOUR mind.

—McAlpine, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

YOU'RE GOING to do
WHAT YOU want
TO.

AND THEN ask the
LORD TO stop you.

IF IT isn't right.

WHEN YOU yourself
KNOW IT'S WRONG.

THE LORD isn't a
POLICEMAN.

Grit

I WAS down by the seashore, playing in the sand and letting the waves wash over me, having a good time.

I looked at the big solid cliff that towered away up above me and my sand patch. I thought, You're a solid proposition, all right.

I looked at the waves washing sand up and down the beach. I rolled a handful of crumbly white sand around in my fingers. I thought, You're soft.

And then it dawned on me that, after all, it's the sand that stops the breakers.

But there are some queer things about sand. It stays with its job, right there on the beach, and it's gritty. Maybe that's the reason it sticks.

And if we are going to make any headway at stopping the flood tide of evil, we must stick, and we must have grit.

A. L. ROWELL.

Enough to Keep Busy

A JAPANESE "boy" recently came to the home of a minister in Los Angeles, and applied for a position. Now it happened that the household was already well supplied with servants, so the minister's wife said, "I am sorry, but we really haven't enough work to keep another 'boy' busy." "Madame," said the Oriental politely, "I am sure that you must have. You may not know what a bit of work it takes to keep me employed."

One does not have to go to Japan to find such people; they can be found in some of our American communities too.—*Selected*.

We Need Thee

WHEN in lovely childhood,
Full of life and song,
Careless, gay, and happy,
Free, in youth's bright morn,
How we need Thee, Father,
Need Thee, every hour;
Need Thee to uphold us
By Thy mighty power.

Then in manhood's glory,
Or when steps grow slow,
Weary hearts are longing
All Thy will to know.
All along life's pathway
Keep us in Thy care;
For we need Thee, Father,
Need Thee, everywhere.

—Elizabeth Cornell Martin.

"EDUCATION should give the student a body strong and supple; an intellect able to think; a heart to love; a conscience for righteousness; an imagination to appreciate the beautiful, and a will strong to choose."

The Story of Our State Flags

A VISITOR in Annapolis when the State legislature was in session noticed a striking flag floating above the fine Statehouse.

To his query a Marylander quickly and proudly responded:

"That is our State flag. It is one of the oldest flags in the whole world."

"What! Older than Old Glory?"

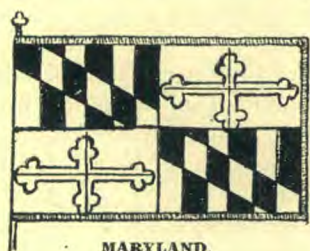
"Yes," was the reply. "This flag was the flag of Maryland when nobody ever thought of American independence. It was the flag of Lord Baltimore, to whom was granted the province of Maryland, 1634. And it has been the flag of Maryland ever since."

The flag of Maryland, with its brilliant quarterings of black and gold and red and white, representing the escutcheon of the paternal coat of arms of

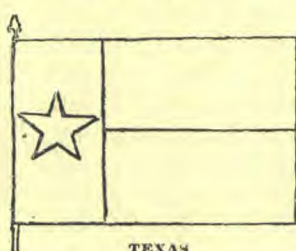
golden motto, "Hope," was flung out in 1897, replacing the earlier flags of 1882, of 1877, and of colonial days.

A number of States, like Mississippi and Rhode Island, have had several flags before the present one. Among these is Florida, whose white flag with its broad red St. Andrew's cross and State seal in the center, came out in 1899.

Minnesota, Alabama, New Jersey, Connecticut, and North Carolina are among other States who flung their present banners to the breeze in the nineteenth century. Alabama's flag is like that of Florida except that it is square, and does not bear insignia of any sort. New Jersey, Minnesota, and Connecticut flags show the State seals, the field of New Jersey's being buff, the others blue.



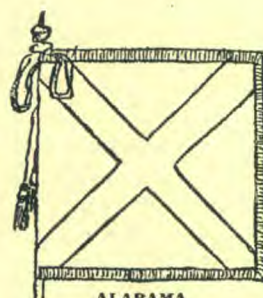
MARYLAND.



TEXAS.



RHODE ISLAND.



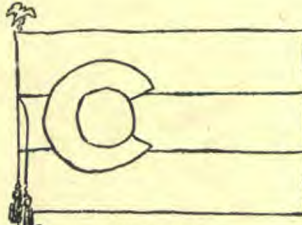
ALABAMA.



WYOMING.



LOUISIANA.



COLORADO.



CALIFORNIA.

Lord Baltimore, was not, however, officially adopted as the State flag by the legislature over whom it floats so proudly, until 1904, when more than a dozen States were flying their official flags.

So probably to the Lone Star State, Texas, belongs the distinction of having today the oldest official State flag. Texas came into the Union in 1845, with its own banner flying. This was the same flag floated by Texas when it became a republic, freed from the domination of Mexico, and recognized by the United States, in 1836. Texas was the twenty-eighth State admitted to the Union, and of the seventeen States entering after Texas during the last half of the nineteenth century only three or four had adopted State flags before the twentieth century began.

South Carolina, which was the eighth, and Virginia, the tenth, led the thirteen original States in adopting State flags. The white palmetto and the white crescent on the field of blue has been floated in South Carolina since 1861. In Virginia, the seal of the State (adopted the day after the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed in 1776) was chosen as the chief symbol on the State flag, in 1862. The same year Vermont floated its flag resembling the Stars and Stripes, with its seven red and six white stripes and the seal of the State on the blue canton instead of stars. Mississippi flung out her present State flag just after the Civil War.

Georgia's red, white, and blue, with the State seal on the perpendicular blue bar next to the staff, first appeared in 1879. Little Rhody's dainty white flag with its golden anchor, thirteen golden stars, and its

Ohio, which is seventeenth in the family of States, hung out in 1902 her official red and white swallow-tail flag with its big white O on a triangular blue canton dotted by seventeen stars.

West Virginia, Montana, and Tennessee in 1905 were next to feel the need of a State flag. Tennessee was the sixteenth State to enter the Union; and the third after the thirteen original States, a fact which is illustrated by the three large white stars of the central blue disk on its brilliant red flag.

Pennsylvania floated its blue flag in 1907, and Massachusetts its white flag in 1908, each bearing simply the State seal.

In 1909 five States—New York, New Hampshire, Maine, South Dakota, and Idaho—adopted State flags; and in 1911 six more States—Michigan, California, Colorado, North Dakota, Utah, and Oklahoma—followed the good example. Most of these chose blue flags with the State seals.

Louisiana, which had flown for a century the blue flag adorned with a design representing a pelican feeding her young, officially adopted it in 1912 when New Mexico, just admitted, displayed her significant sky-blue flag with "47" in one of the corners.

Missouri, Arkansas, and Wisconsin in 1913; Delaware, the first State historically in the Union, in 1914; Illinois and Nevada in 1915, also adopted State flags. In 1917 four more States were added,—Indiana, Iowa, Wyoming, and Arizona,—leaving but three whose legislatures up to that time had not legally provided for a State flag—Kentucky, Kansas, and Washington.—Jane A. Stewart.

Rippy Rankin's Roommate

A YELL of welcome greeted Rippy Rankin, commonly known among the students of Harlin Academy as Rip, when he entered the college ground for his second year. He was just two days late. When he could break away from the boys on the campus, he went to the office, where he learned that all his old friends had been assigned to their places, two in a room, and not a single vacant space left. Securing a room with an old friend was out of the question. They were already installed in their various quarters, and no place had been reserved for Rip.

Professor Minton himself was apparently worried over the situation; he expressed his regrets that Rip had been so delayed in traveling as to make an old roommate impossible for him.

Slowly the man went over the list of singles.

Tom Moore, he said, was occupying a single room; he was a clever fellow from Kentucky; knew all there was to know about horses and moonshiners, but in the professor's opinion, Tom wouldn't be a suitable roommate for Rip Rankin, and Rip, though impressed by the description, was quite willing to leave the matter in the hands of Professor Minton.

Rip was all his name implied; he had been the leader of all the larks at Harlin Academy the year before; he had more money than was good for him, he had friends galore, all of which went to make Rip's existence one long lark.

Everybody liked him, though his record in school was nothing to be proud of; that, however, had troubled Rip very little except for a brief interval when his father had been undecided about his returning to Harlin. After an eloquent plea from Rip, the father had given in. And now the boy was back—just the same old Rip, ready for anything that meant fun. Even the knowledge of having to room with a stranger did not worry him long; he would soon be on friendly terms with him, he reasoned, as Professor Minton went over the list.

Suddenly the man's face brightened. "Rip," he said pleasantly, "you're such a jolly good fellow I believe I'll put you in room thirty-two, second floor, with a young man from Tennessee. He came day before yesterday. He is quite reserved, but I think you'll soon get to know him."

"All right, Professor," Rip answered. "I'll show myself up to my new room," and taking his leather grip from the desk, he started up the old familiar steps two at a time.

At door number thirty-two he paused long enough to knock. Receiving no response, he entered.

For an instant Rip Rankin stood still as he took in the room. "Evidently the chap I'm to room with understands that only half of the room belongs to him, for only half is utilized. Looks like a real earnest student might occupy half of this room," Rip soliloquized as he critically eyed a row of neatly arranged books on one side of the polished table that stood exactly in the center of the room.

On either side of the table the room was furnished exactly alike. A bright rug covered the floor, while a chiffonier, a wardrobe, a single bed, and an easy chair completed the furnishings.

"Looks more like a girl's apartment on that side of the table," Rip chuckled as he made room for the porter to shove in his trunk. Immediately he began to unpack.

The first thing he took out was an armful of battered but treasured pennants. "Just forty-two," he explained to Bill Lathrop, who had quickly followed him into his new quarters. "I guess there'll be enough of these for both of us," and he raked over the gay banners roughly.

"Know anything about this chap I'm to room with, Bill?" Rip queried, as he deposited a shiny tennis racket on his half of the table.

"No, I don't," Bill answered, "but from all appearances, I should judge whoever he is, he's a perfect lady."

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and a moment later the door swung back.

A little gasp of surprise escaped their lips when they beheld framed in the open door a boy whose very presence suggested wooded hills; his well-built body reminded Rip of a certain tree that grew on a high mound of his father's country place.

"I'm glad to see a fellow camping on the other side of the table," the boy said in a voice that harmonized wonderfully with the firm-set mouth and broad shoulders.

Rip was across the dividing line instantly.

"Thanks, old chap, I hope I won't be in your way. My name is Rankin—Rip Rankin," and out went his hand of fellowship.

"My name is Rutherford—Sid Rutherford," the other responded. "I hope we're going to find study and recreation a mutual tie."

"You'll always find me there when it comes to recreation," Rip laughed, "but finding me here when it comes to study may be another proposition."

"Well, everybody to his own liking, you know," Sid answered; "but to my way of thinking, a boy hasn't any right to waste his own time, or his father's, while he's at school. I haven't got the hang of things yet, but I imagine there won't be so much work that we can't splice in a little lark now and then."

"Rip, Rip!" came a voice from the lower floor, "come on down. You can unpack later. We want you to see the new diamond."

"Be down in a minute," Rip answered, as he turned back to the tumbled contents of his trunk.

"You don't mind if I leave my unpacking until night, do you?" he asked, giving Sid Rutherford a keen look.

"Not at all," Sid replied. "Whatever you do on your side of the table is all right with me."

"Thanks," Rip answered pleasantly. "I'll finish straightening up when I come back."

The bell to extinguish the lights for the night sounded just as Rip made his appearance in room thirty-two. He fumbled in his pocket for a match, but found none. He stumbled over a football he had carelessly left on the floor, and down he went. The noise caused Sid Rutherford to sit up in bed.

"Anything wrong across the table?" he called softly.

"Nothing short of a dented-up ankle or two," Rip answered, "and with fine chances for another accident or so before I reach the bed. Why all this blackness?"

"I learned last night," Sid responded, "that the lights go out at ten."

"I guess you didn't stumble over as much trash doing it as I have," Rip replied hoarsely as he eased his way around the bed, trying to remember which was foot or head.

"Now what do you know about that!" he exclaimed when he had reached his bed. "All my trunk trays are scattered over my bed, and I'd rather sit up all night than take the risk of moving them."

Suddenly a gleam of light shot out through the blackness. Rip's roommate had come to his assistance with a flash light.

"That's very kind of you," Rip said solemnly, as he began slipping the trays in place.

"Don't thank me for it," Sid answered. "I'm not doing it graciously at all. I'm only helping you to bed so that I myself can get to sleep."

Rip turned toward the streak of light—he wanted to look Sid Rutherford in the face just to see what sort of fellow he could be to express himself like that.

Finally the bed was cleared; and Rip, resting on the edge of it, remembered that his pajamas were down in the depths of his trunk. But without another word to the other boy, he slipped out of his top garments and crawled into bed.

"Whether you helped me graciously or not, Sid," Rip called pleasantly, "it was white of you, and I appreciate it."

Presently Rip heard Sid breathing only as a sound sleeper can breathe, but sleep wasn't so friendly to Rip. He couldn't forget what Sid had said about a fellow's wasting his father's money; he couldn't forget the kindness Sid had rendered in helping him to bed; he couldn't forget that Sid had openly confessed he helped him in order to get to sleep himself, and had also broken a rule of the academy by lighting the room for him.

"He's a queer fellow," Rip declared under his breath, "but he's on the square, all right." He believed he would make a friend out of Sid Rutherford, if he had to do it by pretending to like study.

Six months had slipped away like a long, beautiful dream to Sid Rutherford. He was becoming a noted figure in Harlin Academy, pointed out as a leader in all his studies, no slouch on the field, and physically the best man in the gymnasium. Slowly but surely Rip Rankin had made a friend of the boy. Just how he did it puzzled Rip himself. Besides, it hadn't been an easy thing to do, and Sid had been very trying at times. He demanded so much of any fellow he took up with.

Sid was always talking about standards and ideals and opportunities, and Rip's set weren't strong for any of these. At least they were slow to express themselves about them. They all liked Sid, though, and frankly sought his friendship.

Naturally Rip saw more of Sid than of the other boys. Then, little by little, Rip felt himself slipping away from the old crowd. He discovered it was rather nice to wake up in the morning with a clear, thinking brain; there was a pleasing and altogether novel sensation to be able to send home creditable reports, and a more pleasant sensation to have a note of praise from his father.

"You're responsible for all this, Sid," he declared as he proudly displayed a recent note from home. "I haven't told dad yet, but I'm going to tell him about you. I feel like my rooming with you was quite an accident, but one I'll always be proud of. You've done a lot for me."

"Oh, I guess not," Sid answered. "You were just ready to settle down; you mustn't blame me."

"But I tell you I never entered this academy with any other idea than to have a good time. It was you who roped me down to real things," Rip insisted.

"Have it your way," Sid chuckled; "but whether I'm to blame or not, it doesn't feel bad to be in line for a medal, does it?"

"If I get that oratorical medal, Sid, I'll get a vacation on the Great Lakes."

"Why not dig in and win it? See what you've done since you came here," the boy continued. "It was never an effort for me to study; it was no trouble for me to keep my room straight, for I have always waited on myself; it was no trouble for me to give up a lark for two hours' grubbing in algebra. But it was a different matter for you to do these things. It must have hurt at times."

Rip smiled faintly. To be praised by Sid Rutherford was a real compliment.

"Maybe I have done these things," Rip answered, "but the credit all goes to my roommate."

"That's nice of you, Rip, to say such things to me, and I appreciate it more than you know. But did it ever occur to you that I was born poor and always have stayed poor, and that I'm not your equal socially? I'm just your roommate."

Rip crossed the dividing line and threw his arms about his friend.

"I don't care what kind of names you call yourself, I know you are a thoroughbred. You have brought a royal idler to his feet, and if there's anything I can do to help you, I'd like to hear about it."

"You mean that?"

Rip nodded.

"I accept your offer immediately," Sid responded anxiously. "For the next three months I want you to promise me you'll spend two hours each night in hard study across the table from me."

"I'll do it," Rip cried, "but for the life of me I can't see why you're willing to take such a chance on your examinations. You don't know what you are contracting for."

"Leave that to me, boy," said Sid, ruffling Rip's already mussed-up hair. "Let's begin on that promise tonight. If we try, we can clear up that algebra that has been bothering you so."

June came, and with it the usual term-end scuffle to finish off creditably. One warm night Sid and Rip sat in silence in their room, waiting for the returns.

"I'm sure I fell down on some of that exponent business," Sid murmured more to himself than to his friend. "Those things certainly get me every time."

"I can't believe it," Rip returned. "Figures are old friends of yours. I'm sure I got every example, and I guess you haven't any reason to worry."

But when the papers were turned in, Sid's statement proved true. But only in arithmetic did Rip eclipse him.

"I was sure you would win out," Sid said softly. "I'll miss all this next winter."

"Why will you?" Rip exclaimed. "You certainly will want to come back here after you've made such a record!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't."

"What a serious affair I'm stepping into!" a fresh voice interrupted, and looking up, Rip gave a whoop of delight, and went bounding into two outstretched arms.

"Dad!" he cried joyously. "I'm the second man on exams this year, and this is the first," he said, pointing to Sid.

"Meet my father, Sid."

Sid held out his hand, but Mr. Rankin's arm went about the boy's shoulder.

"You see, we've met before," Mr. Rankin explained as he drew Sid closer to his side.

"You — you have known each other before this?" Rip stammered. "Why did both of you make such a dark secret of it, then?"

"Yes, son, I met Sid early last spring when I was in the Tennessee mountains on a hunt for coal," said Mr. Rankin, ignoring Rip's question. "I stayed in his home for several weeks, and became very much interested in him."

"Then you knew he was coming here?"

"Did he!" exclaimed Sid. "Why, he sent me. He didn't know, though, that we were going to be roommates."

For an instant Rip stood staring from one to the other. Then a smile spread over his handsome features.

"Dad, you certainly know how to pick a man when you go after one! And, dad, since you've started this thing, you're going to finish the job handsomely, aren't you?"

"Who said I wasn't going to?" asked Rip Rankin, Senior.— *Boylan.*

When I Go Home

I MUST look them in the eyes,
When I go home;
So I'm under obligations,
As I roam,
To be white and clean and square
All the time and everywhere,
Or I'd have to dodge their eyes,
When I go home.

I must look them in the eyes
And feel no shame,
Feel no consciousness of guilt
Or cause for blame.
So I'll do the best I can
To be every whit a man,
Or I couldn't face the folks
And feel no shame.

I must kiss them with clean lips,
When I return;
So the kisses of the wanton
I must spurn.
For their sweet belief in me
Unbetrayed must ever be;
I must kiss with decent lips,
When I return.

I must give what I expect,
When I go home;
Love as high and wide and pure
As heaven's dome.
Right must triumph in the end;
God's own rules we cannot mend;
I must give what I expect,
When I go home.

— *Strickland Gillilan.*

Not on the Bargain Counter

LOOK like a success, feel like a success, walk like one, think like one, talk like one, act like one," and you will be one.

A Schoolboy's Experience

LITTLE Homer lived back in the old Rocky Ridge section of Alabama. Those were lonely days, when school advantages were few, and often the children had to walk miles a day to receive instruction, and many of the teachers were as rugged as the towering mountains overhead.

One of these teachers was a man who actually seemed demon-possessed. His eyes danced like balls of fire in his head, and his anger, easily aroused, took its most vicious form in the maltreatment and thrashing of the children. This man came to the lad at the close of school one day, and said, "Homer, if you miss a single question in ancient history when it comes your time to recite at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, I will whip the very hide off your back."

The boy was frightened well-nigh to death. He rushed home trembling and tearful, to seek what consolation he could from his mother, but for once he found that no human help could avail. His mother sat up late that night trying to teach the boy his long lesson, but his fear of the certain punishment to come the following day deterred him from learning what would ordinarily have been the easiest of questions. So finally his mother persuaded him to go to bed and rise early the next morning to see if his mind were freshened and quickened.

During the night sleep fled from his eyes; the dread of a severe flogging caused him to toss about until the morning sun began to rise, and he was in a worse state of mind when he got up than when he went to bed; his flesh was cold, and the hardest kind of effort did not bring the desired effect.

As the mother handed Homer his bucket containing the customary lunch, with an ominous quiver she said, "Son, there is only one hope for you. Go down in the woods just before you get to Rocky Ridge schoolhouse, and pray God to open your mind and teach you that history lesson. If God doesn't help, that teacher will flog you mercilessly, for he is well-nigh crazy."

Over the Rocky Ridge the lad went until he came in sight of the schoolhouse in the valley. Then he remembered his mother's words, and, turning suddenly into the pine woods, made his way to a majestic, towering tree, and there, falling on his face in prayer, poured out his youthful heart unto the Lord, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom, to save him from the awful, impending punishment, and to instruct him.

Immediately little Homer was conscious of a hearing and an answer from the eternal world above, and with it came a sweet rest and assurance, a brightness of soul and intellect, that brought him to his feet with a joy he had thought impossible.

Turning into the school path, he grasped his history at eight o'clock, and by nine recited, not missing a single word. So rapturous was the boy over his success, that he could not veil it from the perturbed teacher, who made no attempt to conceal his mortification when he snarled: "Go to your seat; you surely saved your hide this day."

That boy has now grown into Homer W. Hodge, the inventor of the gospel automobile plan. Now he has become a minister of the grace of God, and has learned through long practice the power and purpose of prayer. Of his experience, Mr. Hodge said:

"It was God that answered me when I cried, though I was not even saved at the time, and only

eleven years old. That answer was ahead of Marconi, the inventor of the wireless, and it brought practical results—an answer and all without even a battery, wire, or relay. No expense, only a broken and contrite spirit. I sent my first message to heaven in 1869, but have now become an old operator on the line, and I should think it a ground wire if no messages were to come to me in return. But the pay is even better now than years ago, and the delight of talking to the Saviour at the other end of the wire has increased, so that while I have never seen Him, I love Him so dearly that I hope ere long to see Him face to face, and be with Him forever.”—*The Youth's Counselor*.

Two Prospective Athletes

JOHN,” Mother Adams called, “come here and put your shoulder to the wheel for just a minute; Mary and I have more than we can move,” and she waited for John to take the wheelbarrow where they were working among the plants. Grasping the handles, young John raised them upward and slowly pushed the barrow forward, while his mother and Mary held the light boxes from falling off.

A half hour later Uncle Harold, who had come up just as Mother Adams called, was lying on the lawn with his nephew and niece near him.

“That was quite a call you got awhile ago, wasn't it, John?” he said. “Glad you had been doing some training on that apparatus of yours in the woodshed. You couldn't have pushed that load so easily—maybe not at all—if you hadn't been in training. You didn't think when you began that it would help you in your work, but every bit of training that you give your muscles makes it easier for you to do things. If you learn to breathe deeply, you develop your chest, and if you do stunts that help your chest, it makes it easier for you to breathe more deeply.”

“I'm breathing lots deeper than I did a month ago,” Mary suggested. “I like my exercises better than play, for I feel better. I believe that girls should have strong muscles, just as well as boys.”

“That's the spirit!” her uncle applauded, patting her shoulders. “The girl who does things, needs to be strong and healthy. You could work with your mother, and could almost push the wheelbarrow because your arms are strong. Since you started physical training at school, you're getting to be a real athlete.”

“I'm gaining all over, uncle,” and John rolled up his sleeve, where the muscles swelled up in great lumps.

“Fine. Some day later I'll tell you about your arm muscles. Today, though, I want to tell you something about what your mother asked you to do—‘put your shoulder to the wheel.’ A long time ago this expression was started, but it means just as much today as it ever did. There are muscles that lie over the shoulder, and when they are thick it is not very likely that you will get a broken shoulder.

“You remember how Tom Blake fell and was in bed for days because he had a broken collar bone. Tom would very likely not have had that bone broken if the muscles over his shoulder and chest had been thick and tough. They weren't, and Tom had to suffer.

“Now, you can get those tough, thick muscles if you work for them. The muscles that lie over your

chest and over your shoulder are easily worked, and if you work them, they will grow strong. I want you both to do this. Practise every day, and determine that you will always be able to put your shoulder to the wheel—and never have broken bones because your muscles are not able to cover them as they should.”

Uncle Harold turned a handspring, and came to his feet. “I'm off, and when I have time I'll tell you more about that muscle in your arm, young man,” and he strode off across the grass.

Here are some of the exercises that John and Mary used.

Drill I

Stand erect. Raise the arms from the sides and bend them at the elbows so that they will form a V-shaped angle on each side of the chest, and so that you can hook the fingers (first fingers) together. Then try to pull them apart. Pull hard, then relax or let them grow loose. Repeat this time and again, doing it at least fifteen times. If the first fingers get tired, change and use the second or third or even the little fingers. The thing to do is to get the arms pulling hard against each other. Do this.

Drill II

Lock the hands back of the head, interlacing the fingers. Force the head back as far as possible, and then, trying to hold it in that position, use the strength of your arms to pull it forward. Use every bit of strength you can in the muscles of your chest and arms, holding the head far back and pulling with the muscles of the arms and chest. Repeat until tired. Nearly every one can do this ten or fifteen times, and keep it up every day.

Drill III

Secure a piece of stout twine from fourteen to twenty-four inches in length. Holding this at arms' length with both hands, use all the strength possible in pulling this string, each arm pulling against the other. You can feel the muscles across the chest grow hard. It is a great drill, and fits one for a tug of war.—*Dr. M. N. Bunker*.



Many, O Lord my God are
Thy wonderful works which
Thou hast done, and Thy
thoughts which are to us-
ward; they cannot be reckon-
ed up in order unto Thee. If I
would declare and speak of
them, they are more than
can be numbered.

The Leaf-Cutting Ant

W. H. ENGLAND

THE Zompopo is a prominent and notorious member of the ant family that abounds in Central America. The guides of this species make scouting expeditions in search of delicate and tasty shrubs. On locating a shrub, possibly a beautiful and highly prized plant, he immediately cuts off a few leaves; then divides them into convenient-sized pieces with his scissors-like nippers, hoists one piece over his head in banner fashion, makes a few circles to get his bearing, and then, with a lively step, marches to his nest.

The folks at home greet him enthusiastically, as may be inferred from the crowd that quickly gather around him. They seem to be highly pleased with the sample brought home by their leader; so on the return trip a real army from the household follows in the wake of the leader, anxious to have a part in the pillaging expedition. Each return trip a larger company take part in the work. Some cut off the leaves, while others occupy themselves in cutting the leaves into smaller pieces, so they may be more readily carried. Within a surprisingly short time, the bush, bereft of all foliage, looks like a forked stick stuck into the ground.

It is difficult, or almost impossible, to exterminate these ants. You may persistently pursue them from place to place, but they seem to have the ground so honeycombed with subterranean passageways that it is exceedingly difficult to destroy them. When least expected, they raid gardens without respect to persons or days, working Sabbath as well as week days. They would surely receive the prize for perseverance.

You may awake after a restful night's sleep intermingled with sweet dreams of home, only to find that the Zompopos have stolen a march on you, and completely trimmed your pretty climbing Con de Amor vine at the end of the porch.

One day I was watching some of the little workers, who were industriously plying their nippers on a leaf, in order to divide it into pieces small enough to be easily carried. Before they had more than half finished dividing the leaf, several other Zompopos came along and offered their services toward carrying the entire leaf. The leaf was large, and they were young and small, not having grown to their full size, consequently they moved the leaf very slowly. Finally a large drone of a Zompopo happened along, picked up the leaf, hoisted it above his head, and with the smaller ants still clinging to the leaf suspended in the air, started off toward the nest. The little fellows still struggled and tugged away trying to carry the leaf, and really seemed encouraged on seeing their efforts rewarded as the leaf neared the nest. They seemed altogether ignorant of the fact that the big Zompopo was carrying the leaf, while they were only taking a free trolley ride. To all appearances they thought they were carrying the load, and I can imagine they boasted a bit to their companions of the big load they had carried. Perhaps they boasted of the wonderful co-operation they had shown in the work that was accomplished. But it is better to boast unduly than openly to bolt, or refuse to co-operate with those who are bearing the burdens.

Characteristics of Youth of Today

IN one of the popular religious periodicals of the day, Rev. A. C. Crews, D. D., calls attention to some of the present-day evils that are robbing the youth of the strength of character that makes for real success in life. He says:

"There seems to be a restless spirit in youth today that regards an evening spent quietly at home as 'dull.' When the work of the day is over, there must be 'some fun' of one sort or another; but it is always more or less expensive.

"The long lines of men and women, young and old, standing in front of theaters and moving-picture shows, waiting to buy tickets of admission, indicate that immense sums are being expended in amusement. Of course, everybody needs a little entertainment now and then; but it is evident that the young folks are at present getting rather more than is good for them.

"Many of the shows—in fact, it might be safe to say the majority—are not of value.

"I wonder how much the average young man who smokes, spends for tobacco in the course of a year? If he uses cigars and cigarettes to any extent, it is probably safe to say that at least a dollar a week gets away from him for this indulgence, which can be regarded only as positive waste.

"Workers in offices and shops usually get their lunch 'down town,' and here is a chance for the prodigal spirit to show itself.

"It costs me at least sixty-five cents every day for my noonday lunch," remarked a young clerk in my hearing a short time ago. "I always go to a good place. I haven't any use for the cheap lunch counter." He was getting only twenty dollars a week, but economy did not seem to have any place in his program.

"Shortly after hearing this statement, I saw one of the richest men in my city sit down in a modest restaurant to a

bowl of bread and milk, for which he paid fifteen cents. This was not because he was too stingy to buy a big meal; but he realized that the simple repast was better for his health, and he had become accustomed to reasonable economy. Largely because of this he was listed among the millionaires.

"The other evening about five o'clock I walked past a candy store, and could not help noticing the rushing business it was doing. It was simply packed with customers, largely young girls, who were buying chocolates at seventy-five cents a pound. The clerks could not hand the boxes out fast enough to meet the demand. No doubt many of these purchasers were persons of modest means who could ill afford the cost of this luxury.

"A little candy now and then probably does no one any harm, but there can be no doubt that the sweet-shop is absorbing altogether too much good money.

"We talk much of the high cost of living, but it is surprising how many people seem attracted by the high-priced goods. One young fellow told me that he had just paid sixty-five dollars for a suit of clothes which he had had made to order by a popular tailor. His chum was wearing a suit which looked just as good, which he had obtained ready-made for thirty-five dollars.

"It is surprising how many folks are indulging in automobiles these days. Even young men who have their future to make, seem to think that they cannot get along without a car, and very often go in debt to obtain it. 'Joy riding' is one of the most popular pastimes of the day. Of course it is very nice, but it is tremendously costly. The cheapest kind of motor car cannot be run for less than six or seven cents a mile, when all the items of expense are considered. It is much better for the young fellow on modest pay to deny himself this luxury. If he looks after the dollars and dimes, the time will come when he can ride in his own chariot without fearing to face the bill for tires, repairs, etc.; but let him not be in too much hurry about it.

"There can be no doubt that prodigality, by which I mean the reckless expenditure of money, is one of the greatest evils of the time. The penalty will surely have to be paid in the near future, for conditions cannot always remain as they are.

"In seeking to answer the question, 'What shall I do with my money?' my first suggestion to the young people is, *Do not spend it all*; avoid prodigality; exercise wise economy; cultivate habits of thrift; and live within your income."

While many of our own young people feel the sobering responsibility of those to whom Heaven has graciously intrusted the knowledge of God's plans for the world, and therefore cannot be reckoned among those who are prodigal in the use of their money and time, yet there are some who have been caught in the extravagant, pleasure-loving net. It is to be hoped that these, too, will soon awaken to the seriousness of life and will gladly choose its weightier responsibilities and privileges to the frivolous and extravagant amusements and customs of the world. F. D. C.

Which Is Your Society?

WE have one society especially that I think is worthy of mention. Miss — is a very capable leader; besides, she has others who are standing by her side to help make a success of the society. Miss — is one of the band leaders. I think she is leader of the Personal Workers' Band, and it is very interesting to hear her relate some of the experiences that the workers in her band have. A number of young people have been converted as a definite result of the work done by the Missionary Volunteers in this society. We shall issue at least twenty-five or thirty Standard of Attainment Certificates to the members of — society, and that before camp-meeting. There is also a large number of Reading Course Certificates to be issued soon; some are already on record. We have a number of other active societies that are also doing good work; while a few are doing very little, or nothing at all. But I feel that it just takes more work, and if a person constantly keeps at it, by and by we shall have the pleasure of seeing some results.

A CONFERENCE SECRETARY.

Flying at One Hundred Two Years of Age

MRS. ANN SISSON, of Mansfield, England, who is 102 years old, says: "I had no choice when I was born, but now I am old enough to have my own way. When I began my first hundred I couldn't walk, and when I began my second hundred I could walk but couldn't fly, so I decided to take up aviation."

But Mrs. Sisson is not satisfied with merely flying; she now purposes to learn to pilot her own machine.

Our Counsel Corner

Is there any harm in attending moving-picture shows that are of an educational character? If not, why is so much said against the moving-picture show, and why is no discrimination made between them?

T. R. C.

It is obvious that there is nothing wrong in pictures because they move any more than in pictures that are stationary; the harm is to be found in the class of pictures shown, making the same distinction as in reading matter. They must be judged by their influence, by their standards of right and wrong as compared with Christian ideals.

Educational pictures that are really educational, that show scenes in nature, industrial welfare, and manufacture, foreign lands, current events, and things of this nature, are beneficial.

It is true, however, that it is impossible to find only such

pictures in any amusement house. There may be one such film, but along with this there are seven or eight questionable ones. Is it safe for any young person to go to the moving-picture show to obtain a possible grain of good, and while there receive much that is positively harmful?

Probably the reason that not more discrimination is made in condemning motion pictures is because at least 98 per cent of those shown are not particularly helpful or at all beneficial; consequently all pictures are blamed. The vast majority are really dangerous in their influence on many minds.

Seventh-day Adventists are not alone in their condemnation of the moving-picture theater. Even current popular magazines are alarmed at the trend of the films. The *Sunday School Times* says:

"The dramatic instinct is not in itself wrong, but it is *this necessary complicity with sin that makes the modern theater an institution distinctly of the world, the flesh, and the devil*. A Christian does not need to understand this root principle that makes the theater wrong to know that out from the institution there flow untold streams of evil. This should settle the question for one who is Christ's. The very passage that tells us to do all things to the glory of God, is followed by these words: 'Give no occasion of stumbling, either to Jews, or to Greeks, or to the church of God: even as I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of the many, that they may be saved. Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ.' 1 Cor. 10: 32 to 11: 1."

It must follow that unless we can choose wisely the films that are to be shown and know that they are really educational in the highest sense, we must abjure the moving picture as given at the "shows."

U. V. W.

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics for November

- NOVEMBER 5. Senior and Junior: "Whose Temple Ye Are."
November 12. Senior and Junior: "The Onward March in South America."
November 19. Senior and Junior: "Thank You versus Please."
November 26. Senior: "Christian Simplicity in Dress."
Junior: "Christian Service."

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VII — The Outcome of the Struggle for World Supremacy

(November 12)

SEED THOUGHT: "The dream of Nebuchadnezzar was a parable of the world power and its opposition to God."

Synopsis

1. Although the Lord warned His people against making any alliances with a worldly power (Isa. 30: 1, 2), yet Ahaz sought the help of Assyria (2 Chron. 28: 16), and Hoshea turned to Egypt for assistance (2 Kings 17: 4). As a result of their evil course, Israel was carried captive by Assyria (verses 6, 18), and Judah was later carried to Babylon (1 Chron. 9: 1).

2. After there seemed to be no hope from a human viewpoint that the prophecies concerning the future glory of the kingdom would ever be realized, the Lord gave most definite assurances through the prophet Daniel concerning the establishment of the everlasting kingdom. In his dream of the great image, God made known to Nebuchadnezzar what would come to pass "in the latter days" (Dan. 2: 28); that the head of gold in the image represented Babylon (verses 37, 38); that a second and a third kingdom would follow his (verse 39); that a fourth kingdom would follow (verse 40); and that this last kingdom would be divided (verse 41). History shows the fulfillment of this prophecy. These are so many historical steps leading up to the consummation of all human history — the setting up of the everlasting kingdom of God. Verse 44.

3. In interpreting the dream, God informed Nebuchadnezzar that His everlasting kingdom would follow the over-

throw of all the worldly kingdoms. The religion of Babylon did not have a personal union between deity and humanity (Dan. 2:11), which was the glory of the true religion (Isa. 57:15), and the wise men of Babylon consequently failed to establish their claims when put to a test (Dan. 2:10). Daniel and his companions depended upon that God who communes with men (verses 17, 18), and He did not fail them (verse 19). Thus was Nebuchadnezzar led to acknowledge the superiority of the God of heaven.

Questions

1. What warning did the Lord give to His people concerning making alliances with worldly powers? Isa. 30:1, 2.
2. In spite of this warning, of whom did Ahaz seek help? 2 Chron. 28:16.
3. To whom did Hoshea turn for help? 2 Kings 17:4.
4. Because they rebelled against God, what experience came to Israel? Verses 6, 18.
5. In what calamity did Judah's course result? 1 Chron. 9:1.
6. What was made known to Nebuchadnezzar in his dream of the great image? Dan. 2:28.
7. What kingdom was represented by the head of gold? Verses 37, 38.
8. How were the two succeeding kingdoms described? Verse 39.
9. What was foretold concerning the next kingdom? Verse 40.
10. What feature of the fourth kingdom was emphasized? Verse 41.
11. What does history show relative to this prophecy? See synopsis, paragraph 2.
12. Toward what great event is human history directed? Verse 44.
13. What was the teaching in Babylon concerning the union of divinity and humanity? Verse 11.
14. What was the teaching in Jerusalem? Isa. 57:15.
15. What failure did the wise men of Babylon admit? Dan. 2:10.
16. Upon whom did Daniel and his companions depend? Verses 17, 18.
17. How was their faith in God rewarded? Verse 19.
18. What did this lead Nebuchadnezzar to do? Verse 47.

Intermediate Lesson

VII — Prison Doors Opened; Gamaliel Gives Counsel

(November 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 5:12-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5:29.

LESSON HELP: "The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 77-86.

PLACE: The temple, hall of the Sanhedrin, prison, and homes in Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Angel of the Lord, apostles, multitudes, sick folks, priests, rulers, officers, Gamaliel.

Setting of the Lesson

The disciples continued to tell the story of Jesus in the city of Jerusalem. Priests and rulers were greatly surprised to hear the clear, bold preaching of the apostles. "The power of the risen Saviour had indeed fallen on the disciples, and their work was accompanied by signs and miracles that daily increased the number of believers."

"Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll."

Questions

1. Following the death of Ananias and Sapphira, what works were wrought by the Holy Spirit through the apostles? Where did the believers assemble? What did the unbelievers not dare to do? Acts 5:12, 13. Note 1.
2. What is said of the number of believers? What wonderful work of healing was done? How did the people in other cities share in the blessing? Verses 14-16.
3. What was the feeling of the rulers concerning this work? Verse 17.

4. What did these men do to the apostles? Verse 18. Note 2.

5. Who visited them during the night? How were they set free? What were they told to do? Verses 19, 20.

6. What had men forbidden them to do? Acts 4:18. Note 3.

7. Whom did the apostles obey? When the priest called the council, for whom did they send? Acts 5:21. Note 4.

8. What did the officers find at the prison? What report did they bring back to the council? Verses 22, 23.

9. While the priests were considering what to do, what message was brought? Who went to the temple to get Peter and John? Why were they not treated roughly? Verses 24-26.

10. When they were brought before the council, what question did the high priest ask? What was Peter's answer? Verses 27-29.

11. Of what crime did Peter then accuse the priests? What else did he say of Jesus? What did Jesus wish to give to all? Verses 30, 31.

12. What was a witness with the apostles? To whom is the Holy Spirit given? Verse 32.

13. What effect did the words of Peter have upon those who heard? Verse 33. Note 5.

14. Who then rose to speak? What warning did Gamaliel give? What did he say of the experience of Theudas? Verses 34-36.

15. What success had another man as leader of the people? Verse 37.

16. What was Gamaliel's counsel concerning Peter and John? Why did he think it safe to let them alone? Verses 38, 39.

17. To what did the council agree? But what did they do to the apostles? Verse 40. Note 6.

18. How did such treatment cause the disciples to feel? What did they continue to do? Verses 41, 42.

Topics for Discussion

Is the statement of Peter in the memory verse true under all circumstances?

What two things made some of the people fear to join the disciples?

What two illustrations of Peter's courage are given in this lesson?

Was Gamaliel's counsel wise or unwise?

Notes

1. By the experience of Ananias and Sapphira the people understood that hypocrites were known, and they feared punishment if they pretended to be disciples when their hearts were not right. The priests had already decided that any who believed on Jesus, should be put out of the synagogue, and through fear of men others held back.

2. "The priests and rulers saw that Christ was extolled above them. As the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection, heard the apostles declaring that Christ had risen from the dead, they were enraged, realizing that if the apostles were allowed to preach a risen Saviour, and to work miracles in His name, the doctrine that there would be no resurrection would be rejected by all, and the sect of the Sadducees would soon become extinct."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 78.

3. God "showed them plainly that there is a ruler above man, whose authority must be respected. The Lord sent His angel by night to open the prison doors."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. V, p. 713. The rulers said, "Speak not at all." The messenger of the Lord said, "Go, stand and speak."

4. "The priests and rulers had decided to fix upon the disciples the charge of insurrection, to accuse them of murdering Ananias and Sapphira, and of conspiring to deprive the priests of their authority. They hoped so to excite the mob that it would take the matter in hand, and deal with the disciples as it had dealt with Jesus."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 80.

5. These men were not cut to the heart on account of their sin in persecuting the disciples, but they were filled with anger that these humble men dared oppose them.

6. "Although the apostles were miraculously delivered from prison, they were not saved from examination and punishment. Christ had said when He was with them, 'Take heed to yourselves: for they shall deliver you up to councils.' By sending an angel to deliver them, God had given them a token of His love, and an assurance of His presence. It was now their part to suffer for the sake of the One whose gospel they were preaching."—*Id.,* p. 81.

A Prayer

O MY Father, I have moments of deep unrest — moments when I know not what to ask by reason of the very excess of my wants. I have in these hours no words for Thee, no conscious prayers for Thee. My cry seems purely worldly; I want only the wings of a dove, that I may flee away. Yet all the time Thou hast accepted my unrest as a prayer. Thou hast interpreted its cry for a dove's wings as a cry for Thee. Thou hast received the nameless longings of my heart as the intercessions of Thy Spirit. They are not yet the intercessions of my spirit; I know not what I ask. But Thou knowest the name of that need which lies beneath my speechless groan. Thou knowest that, because I am made in Thine image, I can find rest only in what gives rest to Thee; therefore Thou hast counted my unrest unto me for righteousness, and hast called my groaning Thy Spirit's prayer. Amen. — *George Matheson.*

Baseball or Books?

I COUNT as one of the turning-points in my life, the day that I came home with twenty-five dollars that I earned picking up prunes. You who have not lived nor visited in California, where prune picking is one of the main sources of revenue for the schoolboy during late vacation days, and who do not know what back-breaking toil it is to crawl around all day long over the clods gathering up the fruit that has fallen from the trees, will perhaps not appreciate what that twenty-five dollars meant to me. All the weary hours that the sun had sweltered me, and the rough earth had blistered me, I had been trying to decide what to do with the money I should get in partial recompense for my labors. But decide I could not. There were so many things I wanted,—a better bicycle, more baseball paraphernalia, et cetera,—that choice seemed impossible. So I asked my good sister what she would advise. Her answer was, "Brother, if I were you, I should send for a set of John Lord's 'Beacon Lights of History.' I saw in the *Literary Digest* only yesterday an advertisement of those volumes. You can get them for twenty-five dollars, postpaid."

Now, history books were as far from the things I had wanted, as the nadir is from the zenith, and the suggestion fell upon seemingly fallow ground. My sister, seeing the disappointment registered on my face, immediately launched into an extended dissertation on the value of reading, the companionship of books, and the ephemerality of baseball and bicycles. For the climax to her argument, she told me that Professor Rine, who at that time, as since, had captivated me with his abundant information and ceaseless flow of language, was largely what he was, because of his continual reading of worth-while books and magazines. It seems that in some of my few confiding moments, I had told my sister that I wished some day to be just such a man as Professor Rine, and so, when she emphasized the point that the path to my ambitions was by way of the bookshelf, I capitulated.

Some two weeks later the books arrived, and as I took them out of the box and arranged them on a shelf in the library, which sister had graciously leased me, I was among the proudest of the proud sixteen-year-olds. That very day I read the lives of Elijah and Paul, and before the week ended I had also read

those of Mohammed, Luther, Peter the Great, and Bismarck. Within a year I had read the entire fifteen volumes, not because of a sense of duty, but from interest and fascination.

To the acquisition and enjoyment of that set of books, as much as to any other one thing, do I attribute my constantly increasing love for good reading. I can truthfully say with Gibbon, the historian, though of course with less force, "My early and invincible love of reading, I would not exchange for the treasures of India." ALONZO L. BAKER.

Goldenrods

THE harvest days are over,
The summer's almost past;
The fields have turned to russet,
The woods are changing fast,
And ruddy orchards all aroun'
Are basking in the sun.

On many a yawning hillside,
In every meadowland,
Along the woodland pleasant
That in waning glory stand,
And in every dell and hollow
The goldenrods are yellow.

They bloom along the hedges,
They garnish every nook,
And gleam beside the waters
Of every meadow brook;
And in every glen their golden flame
Is splendid as a dream.

They flutter by the wayside,
Its winding course along,
They dance beside the fences,
A gay and happy throng;
And by each bridge of stone and moss
Their furry banners toss.

They flaunt within the breezes,
And frolic in the light;
Like burnished shafts from in the sun,
They gleam so fair and bright;
And glorify this world of ours —
Those pleasant golden flowers.

And often, O how often!
I long when I grow old,
That love thus blossoming in my heart
Might fringe my days with gold,
As the goldenrods that deck the earth
When summer's over with.

WALLACE WAKEFIELD.

An Optimist

WHEN Mrs. Brown was walking with her small niece, she happened to remark that her feet were tired. "My feet get tired sometimes, too," said the little girl, "but I just think what an awful nice ride my stomach's having." — *Harper's Magazine.*

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