

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 73

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No. 38

QUIT

Loafing.

Gossiping.

Fidgeting.

Grumbling.

Hairsplitting.

Saying that fate is against you.

Finding fault with the weather.

Anticipating evils in the future.

Pretending, and be your real self.

Going around with a gloomy face.

Faultfinding, nagging, and worrying.

Taking offense where none is intended.

Dwelling on fancied slights and wrongs.

Talking big things and doing small ones.

Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles.

Thinking that life is a grind, and not worth living.

Exaggerating, and making mountains out of molehills.

Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences.

Pitying yourself, and bemoaning your lack of opportunities.

Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by.

Thinking of yourself to the exclusion of everything and every one else.

— *Exchange.*

Sing!

B. F. M. SOURS

*Sing at morning, sing at noon,
Sing the livelong day;
Sing in sunshine, sing in shade,
Sing your cares away.*

*Care and fear would fly, ashamed,
If we sang our faith;
Love would triumph over fear,
Life would conquer death.*

Prayer

NICHOLAS COSTOSA

PRAYER is our only means of salvation; humanity can never overcome Satan, save by the help of God. He has promised to help us if we sincerely ask Him. If we truly love God, we will live this prayer life. We will want to spend much time talking to Him, as we do with those we love on earth.

We should not only pray in case of danger or crisis, but should daily thank God for our temporal and physical blessings. Our very life depends upon God's goodness. We should daily praise Him for the beauties of nature, the green grass, the lakes, the rivers, the mountains, and the birds. These are all gifts of God to man, and our hearts should swell with praises to our Maker whenever we look upon nature.

Oftentimes our earthly friends forget us, but our heavenly Father is always ready to answer our prayers, often giving before we ask.



Missionary Volunteers on Iceland and Mauritius

STEEN RASMUSSEN

THE European Division has within its territory two islands which practically form the two extreme points, north and south. One of these islands, Iceland, is located in the North Atlantic, reaching with its northern shores within the arctic circle; the other, Mauritius, is found in the South Indian Ocean, and stretches its southernmost point to the tropic of Capricorn. The distance between the two islands is approximately 7,500 miles.

In both of these far-away islands, the threefold gospel message has gained a good, firm foothold. A goodly number of new believers are annually being added to the remnant people of God. That the message is reaching the hearts of the young people too, is very evident from the excellent reports that reach our department office from quarter to quarter. The report from Iceland indicates that the membership of our Missionary Volunteer Societies equals more than 40 per cent of the entire church membership. A similar situation prevails in Mauritius.

Believing that a brief report from these two outposts would interest our Missionary Volunteer comrades in other parts of the world, we quote from recent communications received from our secretaries in the two places.

Brother G. Palsson, who is in charge of the Missionary Volunteer work in Iceland, writes:

"We have two societies here, one in Reykjavik, the capital, with fifty members, and one on Vestmannaeyjar, with twenty-six members. We hold our meetings

every week, and the young people are very enthusiastic about taking part in the programs. We have just finished the Bible Doctrines course, and our young people are also following the Morning Watch and the Bible Year. We are just now introducing our first Reading Course.

"I am glad to report that all the young people, and even the children, are very active missionary workers. A boy, ten years of age, sells fifty papers every month. Two girls, fourteen years of age, went out one day to sell papers. They had fifty houses in their territory, and when they were through, they had sold forty-eight papers and taken four annual subscriptions for our mission paper."

When we remember that the total population of Iceland is only 95,000, scattered over a vast territory of more than 100,000 square kilometers, one understands that it takes time to get round with our literature. The reports for 1924 show that the young people on that lonely island circulated nearly 4,500 periodicals and books through their society work, and made more than 600 missionary visits. They are also lending a helping hand in the raising of our \$10,000 fund for the Far East during the present year.

Sister Alice Le Meme writes very encouragingly from Mauritius. She states that the Missionary Volunteer work is moving onward with ever-increasing rapidity. We now have eleven societies out there, with a membership of 143. The annual summary for 1924 is most encouraging. We present herewith a few figures from the Junior report. There are seven Junior Societies, with a membership of one hundred seven, and their report of missionary work performed looks, in part, as follows:

Missionary visits	60
Periodicals sold and distributed	377
Portions of the Bible distributed	56
Books sold and distributed	68
Hours of Christian help work	1,318
Bouquets given	55
Articles of clothing given	15
Funds collected for home and foreign missions, approximately	\$100

This record certainly indicates that our Juniors in far away Mauritius are having an active part in spreading the glad tidings of the soon coming of the Master. Thus our army of Missionary Volunteers is marching triumphantly on wherever the banner of Prince Emmanuel is planted.

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"Often the fruits best worth waiting for ripen the slowest."



A Picture of God

IT is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who are His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges. To know God truly is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God that I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town. He had a son about fourteen years of age, and going to school.

One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, asked for the father, and said, "Is your boy sick?"

"No; why?"

"He was not at school today."

"Is that so?"

"Nor yesterday."

"You don't mean it!"

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"And I supposed he was sick."

"No, he's not sick."

"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you." And the teacher left.

The father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew when he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said, "Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went. And the door was closed. And the father said, "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school today, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And I supposed you were. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy Phil.' And here you have been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel."

Well, that was hard on Phil, to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, or had spoken roughly, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then; but they got down. And the father prayed. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry.

Then the father said, "Phil, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there's suffering. You can't detach these two things. Where there is suffering, there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin, there will be suffering. You can't get the two things apart. Now," he said, "you've done wrong; and I

am in this home as God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times. And you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie, three days and three nights." And Phil didn't say anything. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father left the boy.

Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon the food, the bigger it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. His eyes were not very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't see distinctly. The glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses. So he took them off and cleaned them carefully, and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke. And she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You see they were both bothered. By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring.

She said, "Aren't you going to bed?"

And he said, "I think I'll not go yet; you go."

"No, I guess I'll wait a bit."

And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. They then arose, and went to bed; but not to sleep. Each one made pretense to be asleep, and each knew the other was not asleep. And she said:

"Why don't you sleep?"

And he said, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?"

"Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy."

"That's the bother with me."

And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still sleep did not come.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer. I am going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latch very softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window; and there Phil lay—wide-awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets with his boy, and their tears got mixed upon each other's cheeks. Then they slept.

And the next night, when sleep time came, the father said, "Good night, mother. I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night again he said,

"A lonely man needs the best of consciences to bear him company."

"Good night, mother; I'm going up with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his boy.

You are not surprised to know that today that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

You know, I think that father is the best human picture of God I ever saw. God couldn't take away

sin. It is here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So He came down in the person of His Son, and lay down alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God. And He comes and puts His life alongside of yours and mine, and makes us hate the bad and long to be pure. To spend the day with Him—that is the true normal life.—*S. D. Gordon.*

Perseverance Is the Price of Success

J. M. STOCKARD

ON a stormy November day in the year 184—, two anxious-looking young men sat in the public sitting-room of the old Bailey House, at Weston, in what is now known as Lewis County, West Virginia.

"You'll be the one, Tom," whispered one to the other, as a waiter entered, bearing a letter in his hand.

"I am afraid not, Gib," was the reply, from a serious-faced youth, who was large for his age, being only seventeen.

As the Negro looked around, Gib fairly trembled with eagerness, while Tom's features settled into a sort of grim composure.

"Mr. Gilbert Butcher!" called the waiter.

Gib sprang forward, seized the envelope, tore it open, then waved it enthusiastically.

"It's mine!" he shouted, and was about to follow the assertion with an old-fashioned yell, when the sight of his companion's face checked him. "I am sorry, Tom, on your account. I thought Mr. Hays would certainly choose you."

But by this time Tom Jackson, recovering from his disappointment, was able to congratulate his fortunate rival.

"I am glad you got it, Gib," said he, "seeing that I didn't. You are ahead of me in mathematics, and they say that counts at West Point."

He went sorrowfully out, and mounted a jaded-looking gray mare. He was hailed from an upper window of the hotel.

"Sorry I could not appoint you both, Tom," said an elderly Congressman. "But as I have only one West Point appointment falling to me this term, I had to let Gib have it. He is ahead of you in his studies, you know."

"I've always had to work," commented Tom, rather sadly; "Gib could go to school. But if I should ever have another chance, please don't forget me, Mr. Hays."

As Constable Thomas J. Jackson rode away, his earnest tone and manner impressed the Congressman so deeply that he remembered it later on, when Tom's second chance unexpectedly came; for Butcher, after a month or two at West Point, suddenly returned home. One of the first to meet him was Jackson, still riding as constable for Uncle Cummins, who was a justice of the peace.

"What brings you back?" asked Tom, who was greatly surprised when Gib confessed that the discipline and military severities had been more than he could stand.

It appeared that Gib had resigned. Tom hurried

to his uncle, resigned his constablenesship, borrowed ten dollars from the squire, packed his saddlebags, and headed the gray mare toward Washington, more than three hundred miles away. He knew that in two weeks the power of appointment would lapse into the hands of the Secretary of War. The winter roads were almost impassable. When the old mare gave out, Tom sold her, and managed to go on by stage-coach, though various delays nearly drove him wild with fear of arriving too late. He reached the capital cold, hungry, tired, and late at night. Mr. Hays, though surprised, greeted him kindly.

"I fear you are too late, Tom," said he. "The appointment passed to the Secretary this very day."

"The day isn't over until midnight," said Jackson. "It is hardly eleven o'clock yet. I couldn't get here sooner."

Again impressed by Tom's dogged earnestness, the Congressman took him in a hack to the Secretary's house, routed that official from his bed, and as his best excuse for such strenuous proceedings, placed Tom's weary, homespun figure and simple story before him. While the Congressman and the great war official talked, Tom fell asleep in his chair. The Secretary was a reasonable man. As he gave his ready assent, he pertinently added: "This is the kind of youngster West Point needs—he doesn't quit easily."

The following day the appointment was duly made, and Mr. Hays interested himself still further.

"Got any money, Tom?" he asked, with a shrewd perception of the young man's situation.

Jackson confessed that his financial resources were about exhausted, by explaining that he had walked from Harper's Ferry, leaving his saddlebags to come on by stage.

"How will you reach West Point from here? Should you fail, like Butcher, how would you get back home?"

"I'll not fail, like Gib. You have always known me, Mr. Hays. I thought perhaps you would lend me enough to get there—that is all I need."

Jackson's faith in himself and his patron shone in every lineament of his face. Tom Jackson went rejoicing to West Point, where he "passed," and remained, and finally was graduated with honor.

Four years later, when he returned to his old home with a lieutenant's epaulet on his shoulder, his first task was to repay his uncle and the Congressman their loans. Before the death of either, the lad who had ridden his old gray mare over the Alleghanies, and sold her to pay stage fare, and finally walked when his means gave out, passed into history from the fatal field of Chancellorsville as "Stonewall" Jackson.

"A new view is a new life."

Words to the Young

MRS. ELLEN G. WHITE

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Many of our youth do not feel the necessity of bringing their powers into vigorous exercise to do their best at all times and under all circumstances. They do not have the fear of God before their eyes, and their thoughts are not pure and elevated. All heaven is cognizant of every thought and every action. Your actions may be unseen by your associates, but they are all open to the inspection of angels. The angels are commissioned to minister unto those who are striving to overcome every wrong habit, and stand clear from the devices of Satan.

The power of little acts of evil, of small inconsistencies to mold character, are not estimated as they should be. The grandest and most elevated principles are revealed to us in the Word of God. They are given to us to strengthen every effort for good, to control and balance the mind, to lead us to aspire to reach a high standard. In the history of Joseph, Daniel, and his fellows, we see how the golden chain of truth may bind the youth to the throne of God.

They could not be tempted to turn aside from their course of integrity. They valued the favor of God above the favor and praise of princes, and God loved them, and spread His shield over them. Because of their faithful integrity, because of their determination to honor God above every human power, the Lord signally honored them before men. They were honored by the Lord God of hosts, whose power is over all the works of His hand in heaven above and the earth beneath. These youth were not ashamed to display their true colors. Even in the court of the king, in their words, their habits, their practices, they confessed their faith in the Lord God of heaven. They refused to bow to any earthly mandate that detracted from the honor of God. They had strength from heaven to confess their allegiance to God.

You should be prepared to follow the example of these noble youth. Never be ashamed of your colors; put them up, unfurl them to the gaze of men and angels. Do not be controlled by false modesty, by false prudence which suggests to you a course of action contrary to this advice. By your choice words and a consistent course of action, by your propriety, your earnest piety, make a telling confession of your faith, determined that Christ shall occupy the throne

in the soul temple; and lay your talents without reserve at His feet to be employed in His service. For your present and eternal good it is best to commit yourself wholly to the right, that the world may know where you are standing. Many are not wholly committed to the cause of God, and their position of wavering is a source of weakness in itself, and a stone of stumbling to others. With principles unsettled, unconsecrated as they are, the waves of temptation sweep them away from what they know to be right, and they do not make holy endeavor to overcome every wrong, and through the imputed righteousness of Christ, perfect a righteous character.

The world has a right to know just what may be expected from every intelligent human being. He who is a living embodiment of firm, decided, righteous principles, will be a living power upon his associates; and he will influence others by his Christianity. Many do not discern and appreciate how great is the influence of each one for good or evil. Every student should understand that the principles which he adopts become a living, molding influence upon character. He who accepts Christ as his personal Saviour, will love Jesus, and all for whom Christ has died; for Christ will be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. He will surrender himself without reservation to the rule of Christ.

Make it the law of your life from which no temptation or side interest shall cause you to turn, to honor God, because He "so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As a redeemed, free moral agent, ransomed by an infinite price, God calls upon you to assert your liberty, and employ your God-given powers as a free subject of the kingdom of heaven. Be no longer under the thralldom of sin, but as a loyal subject to the King of kings, prove your loyalty to God. Through Jesus Christ show that you are worthy of the sacred trust with which the Lord has honored you in bestowing upon you life and grace. You are to refuse to be in subjection to the power of evil. As soldiers of Christ we must deliberately and intelligently accept His terms of salvation under every circumstance, cherish right principles, and act upon them. Divine wisdom is to be a lamp to your feet.



Be true to yourselves, be true to your God. Everything that can be shaken will be shaken; but rooted and grounded in the truth, you will abide with those things that cannot be shaken. The law of God is steadfast, unalterable; for it is the expression of the character of Jehovah. Make up your mind that you will not by word or influence cast the least dishonor upon its authority.

To have the religion of Christ means that you have absolutely surrendered your all to God, and consented to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Through the gift of the Holy Spirit moral power will be given you, and not only will you have your former intrusted talents for the service of God, but their efficiency will be greatly multiplied. The surrender of all our powers to God greatly simplifies the problem of life. It weakens and cuts short a thousand struggles with the passions of the natural heart. Religion is as a golden cord that binds the souls of both youth and aged to Christ. Through it the willing and obedient are brought safely through dark and intricate paths to the city of God.

There are youth who have only common faculties, and yet by education and discipline under teachers who are actuated by high and pure principles, they may come forth from the training process qualified for some position of trust to which God has called them. But there are young men who will make a failure because they have not determined to overcome natural inclinations, and they will not listen to the voice of God in His Word.

O that every one might realize that he is the arbiter of his own destiny! Your happiness for this life, and for the future, immortal life lies with yourself. If you choose, you may have associates who, by their influence, will cheapen your thoughts, your words, and your morals. You can give loose rein to appetite and passion, despise authority, use coarse language, and

degrade yourself to the lowest level. Your influence may be such as to contaminate others, and you may be the cause of ruining those whom you might have brought to Christ. You may lead from Christ, from right, from holiness, and from heaven. In the judgment the lost may point to you and say, "If it had not been for his influence, I would not have stumbled and made a mock of religion. He had light, he knew the way to heaven. I was ignorant, and went blindfolded on my way to destruction." O, what answer can we give to such a charge? How important it is that every one shall consider where he is leading souls. We are in view of the eternal world, and how diligently we should count the cost of our influence. We should not drop eternity out of our reckoning, but accustom ourselves to ask continually, Will this course be pleasing to God? What will be the influence of my action upon the minds of those who have had much less light and evidence as to what is right? O, that the youth would search the Scriptures, and do as they think Christ would have done under similar circumstances! Our opportunities to gain knowledge from heaven have placed upon us large responsibilities, and with intense solicitude, we should inquire, Am I walking in the light? Am I, according to the great light given me, leading in the right way, or making such crooked paths that the lame shall be turned out of the way? How many golden opportunities to know the way of life, to be enriched with heavenly treasures, have been granted to us? How many times have the deep things of God been unfolded before us, and how highly should we prize these precious privileges. We should be pervaded with a deep, abiding sense of the value, sanctity, and authority of the truth. The bright beams of heaven's light are shining upon your pathway, dear youth, and I pray that you may make the most of your opportunities. Receive and cherish every heaven-sent ray, and your path will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

The Planet Mars

OTHO C. GODSMARK, M. D.

THE one little world that all summer long has been setting earlier and earlier each night, losing its brightness in the rays of the western sun, is no other than the planet Mars. This is the planet to which we came so near on August 23, 1924.

Since that time the earth, in its race around the sun, has outrun Mars, gradually leaving it so far behind that on the thirteenth of September he will be exactly on the opposite side of the sun, and we shall see him no more as an evening star for nearly two years. Those who wish to continue his acquaintance, will have to get up before sunrise and watch him as a morning star, though it will be the last of November or the first of December before he will rise early enough to make much of a showing.

There are two reasons why we have outrun Mars: First, we do not have so far to travel in making our annual journey; and secondly, we travel much faster.

On Friday, July 10, the evening stars presented a very unusual and interesting scene. It so happened that Venus and Mercury were in exact line between our earth and the departing Mars. So exactly did they stand in line that all three seemed one large star twinkling away low down in the west, soon after sunset. With an ordinary telescope one could discern that there were three stars, but to the naked

eye they appeared as one. With a larger telescope the scene was still more beautiful; for the reason that Neptune, the planet farthest away from our sun, and also from our earth, was also in direct line with the other three. That unusual arrangement of the worlds brought five of our planets all in direct line with each other.

The following evening they had so changed their angles as to show that there were several bunched together, in place of only one. It almost seemed as if the stars had arranged a farewell party for Mars. There was Neptune, Mars, Venus, earth, and Mercury all together in a straight line, with Saturn only a few degrees above, and Jupiter far up in the eastern sky, seeming to look on in admiration. Every planet that is visible to the unaided eye was out where it could be seen. Uranus was the only member of our whole solar family that did not attend the reunion. He was around on the other side of our earth.

If the earth did not turn over every twenty-four hours, astronomy would not be so fascinating a science; but when we stop to think that the same stars that are this very minute directly over our heads, will in twelve short hours be directly under our feet, facing the other side of the earth, it makes the study exceedingly interesting.

"Keeping at it is sure to conquer anything in the end."

"The Many-Sided Franklin"

JENNIE FAYE KINGMAN

FRANKLIN was essentially a beginner and an originator. Wherever he stretched his hand, new things seemed to fall from it. He saw instinctively what was wanted and the best way to get it, and the things of importance which began with him make a long list.

1. He was the first of our notable "self-made" men to rise from poverty and obscurity to wealth, honor, and dignity.

2. He was the first to found a literary newspaper in America,—the first editor, as distinguished from the news gatherer.

3. He was the first to start a general, or department store, where everything, from stationery to groceries, clothing, medicine, etc., might be bought.

4. He was the first, it is said, to start display advertising in his newspaper; but this is open to question.

5. He was the first to illustrate a newspaper. This was by a rude cut to illustrate the siege of Louisburg.

6. He was the first to found a literary club in America—in his famous society, the Junto.

7. He was the first to establish a subscription library, not only in America, but, it is said, in the world.

8. He was the first to establish a high school, or academy, in Philadelphia. This, in 1779, was named the University of Pennsylvania, and is now the great institution of higher learning under that title.

9. He was the first to found a hospital in Philadelphia. This is now the great Pennsylvania Hospital, still standing on its original site, and one of the most extensive and well-conducted hospitals in Christendom.

10. He was the first to found a philosophical society in this country. This still exists as the famous American Philosophical Society, which deals with all questions alike of science and philosophy.

11. He was the first to start a fire company in Philadelphia—on the plan of the fire company in Boston. Of this, the Union Fire Company, he was a member for fifty years.

12. He was the first to have the streets of Philadelphia paved, beginning with the muddy ground around the street markets.

13. He was the first to have the streets of Philadelphia swept, beginning with the street before his own door and the doors of his neighbors.

14. He was the first, as British Postmaster-General of America, to make the postal service yield a profit.

15. He was the first Postmaster-General of the United Colonies, in 1775, and, later, of the United States, and sketched the plan upon which the post offices of this country have since been conducted.

16. He was the first to limit the waste of fuel in the old fireplace by inventing the Franklin stove, still in use in some wood-burning sections of this country.

17. He was the first to invent a stove which would consume its own smoke, and so get rid of the old evil of smoky chimneys. Invented in 1772, the principle was first brought into general use about 1840 in the great English factories.

18. He was the first to prove, by his celebrated kite experiment, that lightning is an electrical phenomenon, due to the electricity of the clouds.

19. He was the first to erect a lightning rod—used in his house to ring bells when the air was electrified, and to suggest that houses and vessels could be protected from lightning by such rods.

20. He was the first to suggest the one-fluid theory of electricity, instead of the two-fluid theory formerly prevailing.

21. He was the first to discover the poisonous character of the air breathed out from the lungs.

22. He was the first to write effectively on the need of ventilation, and methods of securing it.

23. He was the first to discover that the Gulf Stream is warmer than the surrounding ocean, to infer that this was due to its tropical origin, and to argue that its source was the trade winds which sweep its waters.

24. He was the first to note that the Gulf Stream is not phosphorescent.

25. He was the first to discover that northeast storms begin in the southwest, and diminish in violence as they progress. Thus the science of meteorology and weather observation in America began with him.

26. He was the first to introduce into America the common and useful yellow willow—if we may accept the tradition that a basket which had held some foreign commodity was thrown into a creek, and was seen by Franklin to be putting forth sprouts. Some of these he had planted where the Philadelphia customhouse now stands. They took root, and grew into the yellow willow.

27. He was the first to introduce plaster of Paris on American farms as a fertilizer. This is also traditional. The story is that Franklin, to convince the Pennsylvania farmers of the value of plaster, wrote in large letters with it in a field adjoining the high road, "This has been plastered." The white letters soon vanished, but bright green letters, in luxuriantly growing grass, took their place. It was an illuminated object lesson for passing farmers.

28. He was the first to prove that different colors

(Continued on page 13)

Compensation

AFTER every dreary time
Comes a glad and cheery time;
After rain, you'll hear somehow,
Birds on every apple bough.
If a downcast day you meet,
Usually the next is sweet!

After every gloomy time
Comes a very bloomy time.
Crocuses come bubbling up
From the earth as from a cup.
Violets are everywhere,
Scent of rose is in the air.

After every lonely time
Comes at last the only time
That you feel you quite could call
Just the happiest time of all!
Friends drop down from out the blue,
Everybody's fond of you!

After every hateful time
Comes, by rule, a grateful time.
Nice things follow bad. You see
That's the way it has to be!
Rainbows don't come, you'll admit,
Mostly, till it's rained a bit!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

As the train passed through the familiar college town, Kathleen Munroe leaned forward in her seat, catching her breath sharply to keep back the tears. She watched the library flash by, with the old town clock capping its stone tower; the station, its platform piled high with trunks, because spring vacation began tomorrow; and at last the tall, stately buildings of the college itself, standing serenely beautiful amid their setting of green woodland and greener lawns.

They were past now, and Kathleen sank back against the cushions and closed her eyes. She would never see them again, she thought drearily. She had left a day before the other girls, because she couldn't bear the thought of their gay farewells, with promises of speedy meetings. Besides, she wanted these hours on the train free from companionship. She wanted to get her bearings; to be able to greet her family with a smile. They mustn't know, most of all her father must never guess, how hard it was for her to give up college.

She drew her mother's letter from her pocket and read the words again, although she knew them almost by heart. It was the old story of her lovable, kind-hearted father signing a note. This was the third time in Kathleen's memory that he had come to grief by such an action, only this time the result was more serious. It meant leaving the home which had been laboriously paid for, and seeking smaller quarters. It meant also the loss of certain advantages for the small brother and sister, and no college for Kathleen. Ted, her older brother, could work his way through college, but Kathleen would be needed at home. Her mother was far from strong, and a maid would be out of the question until her father had gained another start.

Kathleen's heart contracted at the thought. Another start would not be easy for a man past fifty. Her mother wrote that he had promised solemnly never to sign another note. Well, thought the girl grimly, it would be easy for a man who had lost almost everything, to keep that promise! A man with a family had no right to do such things!

For a moment a little flare of anger possessed her, which melted suddenly as her father's face rose before her. She remembered those kindly, trusting eyes, which saw only the best in every one, and knew instantly that she wouldn't have her father different, though, as Ted once remarked, "Dad was *too* easy." His office was a museum of articles purchased from wily peddlers. The family were always using poor grades of shoe-blackening or matches, because some hard-luck story had pierced his heart. No tramp left the door unfed if dad happened to be at home. He had been known to give his good overcoat to a poor wretch he found shivering on a corner selling shoestrings. He had bought the shoestrings, too, thought the girl, with a choking laugh of reminiscence. They were impossible shoestrings. Ted had donated them to a rummage sale!

Suddenly Kathleen's heart lightened. She did not know that she had inherited her father's optimistic nature. There were worse things than giving up college and doing housework! She believed she was hungry. Her roommate, Sally King, had insisted on giving her a luncheon. She had put it up herself in the Agora kitchen. Sally was the only girl who knew that Kathleen would not return after vacation, and had assured her jestingly that she had salted the sandwiches with her tears.

It was a generous lunch, dainty and attractive, enough for two meals at least, which was thoughtful of Sally, thought Kathleen gratefully. She looked about and saw that the Pullman was almost empty. Every one had flown to the diner at first call for supper, save a little old lady directly across the way. As Kathleen lifted one of Sally's delicious sandwiches from the box, she glanced across the aisle to find the old lady regarding her in real distress, and laying her lunch box down, she crossed the aisle.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked courteously.

"I don't know what to do," answered the old lady nervously. "I'm not used to traveling alone. My son Tom expected to come as far as Buffalo, but at the last minute things came up to change his plans. He went to New York yesterday. Then Phoebe—she's Tom's wife—expected to see me aboard the train, but she was taken ill, and the girls were both off for over Sunday, so she sent for a taxi and arranged for the driver to make me comfortable. He was very attentive, followed me right aboard and everything, but just now, when I looked in my bag, I found my pocketbook was gone."

Kathleen's

"Too bad!" exclaimed Kathleen everywhere?"

"Everywhere. My ticket was a penny!" she repeated soberly.

Her voice trembled, and Kathleen thought it was to have supper. Luck was here, and we'll have a cozy time. Mother says I'm splendid about

The old lady brightened visibly. She thoroughly enjoyed the sandwiches and was eating them. Meanwhile, the girl was waiting for money to see her through; but the old lady, who was, Kathleen noticed, dressed in a way that meant much to her. The taxi cab had dropped it in the cab. It was possible the purse remained lost—

Well, it did. Their supper was served in the aisle and made a thorough search of the old lady's distress greivance. She remembered her "lucky piece." It was given her on her eighteenth birthday. She hid it in her purse, carefully wrapped it, and her small and cautious brother had never had a chance to spend it. Kathleen was lucky, and as the months passed, she had it. It must be confessed that she was living with it, but there was no other way. Her elderly friend thankfully accepted it.

"I'll mail a check as soon as I can," she said fully. "You're sure you can spare it?"

"Quite sure. I wasn't counting on it." "Do you want to rest now, or shall we go on?"



F. O. Rathbun

A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE MANY

ucky Piece

lady sympathy. "Have you looked
g, but I haven't a penny — not one
to Evanston, but —"

quickly, "Don't worry. The first
ugh for two. I will bring it over
hen I'll take a look for your purse.
ngs."

athleen saw with pleasure that she
she protested at first about accept-
calculations. She had only enough
he must look out for the old lady,
ply. The loss of her money might
have stolen it, or she might have
that she was easily upset. Now if

een moved the old lady across the
the porter helped; but all in vain,
arent. It was then that Kathleen
en-dollar gold piece her father had
she had never spent. She had kept
paper, much against the advice of
declared she would lose it before
replied that she was keeping it for
without many things rather than use
ge of regret at the thought of part-
She produced the gold piece, which
g with Kathleen's card.

ome, my dear," she promised grate-

t all," answered Kathleen, honestly.
awhile?"



SCENES IN "THE OREGON COUNTRY"

The old lady smiled brightly. "I'd love to talk; but you mustn't feel obliged to bother with an old woman, though goodness knows what I'd have done without you! I told Tom that the next time he wanted to see his mother he'd have to come to her. I'm too old to travel,—I guess I've proved it,—and once I get home I'm going to stay there. After all, there is no place like home."

Her words brought a warm thrill to Kathleen's heart. "I'm going home, too," she said gently. "I can hardly wait to see them all, and I think I'll stay there for some time to come."

The old lady had bright, shrewd eyes, which somehow reminded the girl of an English sparrow. She turned them on Kathleen now, as she replied, "I sort of thought you were from college, and going home for vacation."

Kathleen smiled. "I am, but —"

Afterward, Kathleen couldn't have told just how it happened. As a rule she was rather reticent about her own affairs, but there was something very appealing in the old lady's face, and before bedtime she knew all Kathleen's troubles: how dad had signed the note just because he was the most trusting, easily-imposed-on, dearest father in the world; how Ted must work his way through college; how the home must be given up; and how Dad's business would have to go unless a miracle occurred to clear the skies. Kathleen didn't realize that she was making light of her own part of the trouble, but, as she finished speaking, the old lady said gently:

"So you're not going back to college?"

"No," answered the girl gravely. "I'll be needed at home. Mother can't manage everything alone, and perhaps I'll find time for some outside work. I want to earn something, so the younger ones won't have to go without things. I haven't had time for any plans, but I'm sure there's a way, if only I can find it; and I wouldn't for worlds have father know how much I really care about college. I'm hoping that somehow he'll save the business. It does seem as if a man as good and honest as father ought not to fail just because he did a kindness to some one. Well, you must get to bed, and so must I. I—I hope I haven't bored you. Somehow, it's made me happier to talk."

"Indeed you haven't bored me!" responded the old lady quickly. "You've made me feel like a real grandma. Tom's girls were all so busy they didn't have much time for me. Not that I blame them, child! It's natural for young folks to flock together. Good night, my dear. Sweet dreams!"

She looked up so wistfully that the girl stopped impulsively for a good-night kiss.

Kathleen was right. Her talk had eased her heart, and she slept well. The train was leaving Buffalo as she awoke. Her first thought was of her old friend, and that she must be ready to escort her to the dining-car for breakfast. When she was dressed, however, she was surprised to find the section opposite ready for the day — and vacant.

"Is my old lady in the dining-car?" she asked the porter.

"You mean that old lady what lost the pocketbook?" queried the dorky. "She done leave the train at Buffalo, Miss."

"What!" gasped Kathleen. "She was on her way to Evanston!"

"No ma'am. She done get off at Buffalo. She give me half a dollar when she left, so she must ha' found her pocket-book all right. I'll fix your section, Miss, while you's in the diner."

"I—I guess I won't go into the diner," said Kathleen weakly. "I have some sandwiches, and —"

She didn't finish the sentence. She sat down where she had sat before with the old lady and stared at the landscape with unseeing eyes. Could it be possible that her sweet old lady was an impostor? Yet she had said distinctly that she was going to Evanston, and she wouldn't have needed ten dollars had Buffalo been her destination. Suddenly Kathleen smiled. If she *had* been taken in, she was only following in her father's footsteps. How quickly dad would have come to the rescue of the old dear! Then at the thought of the old lady's face, her own brightened. Of course she was all right! It was all very strange, but somehow Kathleen believed in her. It was fortunate that it was her own lucky piece she had parted with. She needn't tell the family a word about it.

But Kathleen was counting without the family. She received a joyous welcome, all the more joyous because of the dark days

(Continued on page 12)

Things I Have Learned

DEAR AUNTIE O' MINE:

Such a wonderful home as I have just left! Every moment that I spent there was crowded with joy and happiness.

And oh, I couldn't forget a "Thank you" for your letter this time! Isn't it strange, Aunt Millie, that just as you suggested, I found the little midnight lunch in my bag, and I received the book on leaving? It is Sherman Nagel's "Without Excuse." I mentioned that I knew it would be a help to me, for I had enjoyed Elder Nagel's articles so much. Some one made a hasty trip to the Book House, and "Without Excuse" was put into my hands on the train.

I am thankful for you, dear auntie o' mine, for you are opening my eyes to the beauty of little acts of courtesy and thoughtfulness that I hadn't noticed before. I see them in others, and long to be more unselfish myself.

I found on this visit that there was a lot more to being a pleasant visitor than I had realized before you brought the matter of courtesy in little things to my mind. I was careful in keeping my belongings all in my room, and in doing the odd jobs that I do at home, to help my hostess, and I enjoyed the visit more for feeling that I was not really a bother and hindrance to the regular, smooth life of the home.

I have to wait two hours here, and instead of reading my new book, I'm writing to you; I'd much rather talk. This is a slow medium for all I have to say.

You want to know all about the Hiltons. They live in a very humble little home. But it's clean, *clean*, CLEAN! like yours and my mother's. Since I have been boarding, I've found to my sorrow that not all homes are like that.

Lenore is doing *Signs* work, and is so enthusiastic over her "folks." I can sympathize with her, for I canvassed last summer. Every person canvassed creeps into your heart and lays a burden upon you for his salvation.

We visited Tre in the evening. She married Guy Morse — you remember him, do you not? His mother was normal director at Keene. She was there also, so we had an old-time reunion. You see, Guy and Tre, Lenore, Kent, and I all went to school together; and there we were, with even our beloved teacher with us.

They have been having much sport and edification out of "Good English Week." I read to them the extract from your letter about "when thou comest to be an instructress," and Tre brought out something that she had written for "Good English Week." I am sending you a copy of it. Isn't it clever?

"My friend, if thou wouldst speak thy thought in a style befitting thy station in life; if thou wouldst convey thy knowledge to thy neighbor in its fullest meaning, thou hadst best master thy king's English.

"To gain the knowledge thou needest, thou shouldst be very persistent and diligent. Every waking hour thy thoughts must dwell upon the art of speaking.

"With the diligence of Timothy must thou seek for the correct words with which to clothe thy thoughts; and with the eloquence of Paul thou hadst best express

them. Thou must apply thyself so industriously that the wisdom of Solomon will be thine. Only by the persistency of Elisha and the patience of Job canst thou acquire these attributes.

"When thou perceivest that one of thy brethren hath committed an error, thou shouldst travel with the speed of Jehu until thou reachest a dictionary, and there by the mouth of two or three witnesses prove thy brother wrong.

"If perchance thou shouldst be in error, make it known unto thy brother with the meekness of Moses. And take heed that thou transgress no more."

Mrs. Morse said that this was her first visit with Guy and Tre. She had longed for the quiet and relaxation of their home. "But relaxation!" she laughed; "these young folks are too strenuous for me. At the first meal I noticed a yardstick on the table. I wondered, for Tre seemed such a very capable housekeeper. I kept discreetly silent, however, and didn't have long to wonder. The meal was delicious. I was very tired, and the quiet and warmth were so soothing that I slumped down in my chair. My son took his yardstick and gave me a *poke*. Me! I sat up. I must admit I felt indignant for an instant.

"You see, mother, Tre and I have this little reminder here, and we give each other a dig if we commit any breach of etiquette or omit anything we know to be good form."

"When our laughter had subsided," Mrs. Morse continued, "I saw the humor of it and the virtue also, and now *they* have to watch for *my* digs. This 'Good English Week' we have been watching our language closely. Only one rule; and that is, no one may get offended. It is all in the good work of fitting ourselves for service."

"Mother Morse drug me into the —" began Tre, when, "Teresa!" interrupted the calm, even tone of her husband. "Pardon my interruption, please."

Her really, truly full name rather startled Tre. She seldom heard herself addressed thus. It made her remember her childhood days, when her mother was about to reprimand her.

"Yes, dear," she answered.

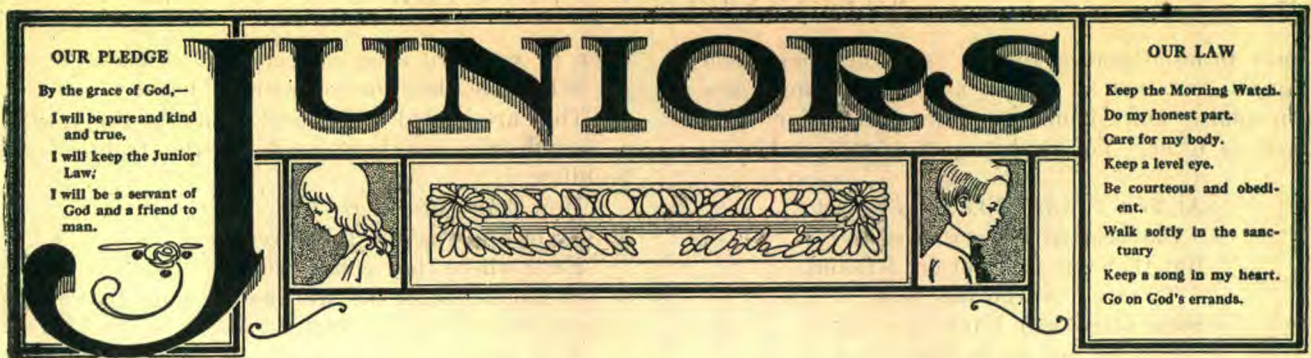
"Will you repeat this after me three times?" he began gravely: "Dragged, dragged, dragged."

"Oh, woe is me!" exclaimed Tre, and escaped out of sight behind a convenient table. A lively scramble followed, in which the use of the verb was illustrated quite vividly.

"Another example," I can fairly hear you say, "of the far-reaching influence and effect of little things!" I determined to be more careful, not only of "the sweetness of my lips," but of my "king's English."

Kent is grown up. I should say he is! Why, he is under appointment to go to Chile to establish a printing office there. Even if I did work in the print shop at college, I've heard enough about presses this visit to realize that I know nothing of the magnitude of starting a work of that nature. I can set type

(Concluded on page 14)



Correct English in the School

I LIKE to go to school this year,
Upon my word, I do;
I wish the term would keep ahead,
And run the summer through.
Of course, I have a reason,—
One I'm sure you'd never guess;
You'd likely think it's on account
Of playing at recess;
The reason's really funny
For a boy; but I'll explain:
We've got for once a teacher
Who can make our grammar plain.

The way the teacher traps us,
Takes us wholly off our guard;
Because she comes among us
When we're playing in the yard,
And every time we say, "That's him,"
Or — don't you see? — "It's me,"
She acts as if our grammar
Makes her angry as can be.
We're certain, then, when school takes up,
She'll tell us how we erred,
And write us out a rule like this,
To master word for word:

"RULE.—Any word used as the subject of a sentence is in the nominative case. Knowing this, you will at once perceive that the proper forms are, 'That is he,' and, 'It is I,' because the pronouns are used with the copula to form the predicate, hence must be in apposition with the subject of the sentence, therefore in the nominative case. In like manner, you would say, 'It was we,' 'You are he,' 'These are they,' and 'That is she.'"

Today the teacher heard me,
I was talking to a chum,—
A boy that thinks a lot of me,
And loves my sister some,—
He says to me, "Say, Abel,
Tell me where's your sister Belle;"
I said, "She's home today, I think.
Ma said she wasn't well:"
I saw at once my grammar
Gave the teacher great concern,
And pretty soon thereafter,
I was given this to learn:

"RULE.—In the sentence, 'She is home,' *home*, which follows *is*, does not denote the same person or thing as the pronoun *she*, which precedes *is*, consequently, the preposition *at* is required to show the relation between the noun *home* and the verb *is*. Therefore, one should say, 'She is *at* home.'"

Last Friday in the afternoon,
The teacher thought it well
To let a boy and girl choose sides,
And give us words to spell.
Each scholar missed "cir-cu-i-tous,"
Except May Sharp, and me,
And then at last she spelled me down
On "as-a-fet-i-da."
"You can't spell half as well as I,"
I told her after school, —
Of course, in fun,— but teacher heard,
And posted this new rule:

"RULE.—Remember that you must not use *as* after *not*. You should say, 'You cannot spell so well as I.'"



Bear in mind that *as* follows *as* in the comparison of equals, and that *so* follows *not* in the comparison of unequals. One should say, therefore, 'You spell *as* well as I,' or, 'You do not spell *so* well as I.'

At first I didn't like Miss Smart,
She seemed so very cross,
But that was just put on, I found,
To teach us who was boss;
Soon afterward I told her that
I cared not where they were,
There never was a teacher who
Was tenderer than her.
She thanked me for the compliment,
But said I had to pay;
Then laughingly she wrote this rule
To say by heart next day:

"RULE.—Remember that the conjunctions *than* and *as* should always be followed by a noun or pronoun in the nominative case. The noun or pronoun is in the nominative case because it is the subject of another sentence whose predicate is either expressed or understood. One should say, therefore, 'There never was a teacher who was tenderer than *she* (is),' also, 'You are as gentle as *I* (am).'

Dear me! school closes now in June,
Then Miss Smart goes away;
I wonder if she'd write to me,
And what she'd have to say.
My full name's Abel English,
And she said, in all her days,
She never heard a name so sweet,
Or worthy so much praise;
So on the day that school lets out,
I'll give her my address,
And liking Abel English so,
She ought to write, I guess.

But don't you know, I wish that school
Would run along for good —
I'd like it if Miss Smart would teach,
I'm really sure I would.
Some little boys and girls I know,
In writing and in speech,
Say, "How I *would* like this or that."
Now, mark me, I beseech:
That form is wrong; *would* should be *should*,
And what one ought to say
Is, "How I *should* like this or that."
Go look it up, I pray.

— George Gray, in *Correct English*.

Why Another Was Promoted

THE young people who are inclined to hold "luck" or a "pull" responsible for the fact that their business associates are advanced while they occupy the same position at the same salary, are invited to ponder the following incident related in *Success*:

"I feel deeply hurt," said a faithful and trusted clerk, "that you should promote one of my juniors right over my head. I do not wish to seem impertinent, but would very much like to know the reason."

"What is making all that noise in front of the store?" suddenly asked the manager, without seeming to notice the clerk's protest. "Please ascertain at once."

"It is a lot of wagons going by," said the clerk,

when he returned after a prolonged absence.

"What are they loaded with so heavily?"

"They are loaded with wheat," was the reply, after a second trip had been made to the front of the building.

"How many are there?"

"Sixteen," was the third reply.

"Find where they come from."

Ten minutes later the information came that all the wagons were from Lucena.

"Very good," said the manager. "Now call John, whom I have promoted; then take a seat and listen."

"Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?" he continued, when John appeared.

"It is unnecessary," was the reply, "for I have already ascertained that it is caused by sixteen wagons loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass tomorrow. They all belong to Romero & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is selling at \$1.25 a bushel, while it costs only \$1 at Lucena. The wagons carry 100 bushels each, and get fifteen cents a bushel for hauling."

"My friend," said the manager, turning to the old clerk, "you see now why John was promoted over you."

Kathleen's Lucky Piece

(Continued from page 9)

that had preceded it. She wondered, as she looked around on the adoring faces lifted to her that night at supper, how she could have thought anything a hardship when she belonged to such a family. She was questioned about every minute of her trip, and before she knew it she had told about the old lady and the lucky piece. "Perhaps I was foolish," she explained hurriedly, "but she was all alone. It would have been dreadful not to help her."

"I said you'd lose that gold piece," proclaimed small David.

"She hasn't lost it, sonny," said her father quietly; "she's passed it on. I'm glad you did, Kathleen. I'd have been ashamed of you if you hadn't. The prospects don't look very bright, but if you never hear from that old lady, I'll see that you have another lucky piece, though you may have to wait some time for it. You wouldn't have been our daughter if you hadn't helped the poor old soul, would she, mother?"

"Not *your* daughter, surely," said mother, smiling.

Yet as the days passed and no word came from the old lady, Kathleen began to blame herself for her sudden generosity. Her father was subtly aged by this last blow. He was working early and late in an attempt to save his business, and when the girl saw how many things her mother had gone without, she realized that even her ten dollars would have helped.

She had been at home two weeks, when one evening her father burst in upon them as they sat down to supper. They all realized at once that something unusual had occurred, because, though he was evidently trying to be calm, dad was the sort who couldn't possibly keep any good news to himself. It took great self-control for him to hand Kathleen a letter and ask her to read it to the family. She took it wonderingly, but when she saw the cramped writing, she exclaimed, "Is it from my old lady? I *knew* I'd hear from her! It's addressed to me, but there isn't any stamp, and — Where did you get it, dad, and —"

"One thing of which we never repent is repentance."

"Oh, read it, read it!" commanded father. "Then I'll explain—"

He stopped, because Kathleen had obeyed him, and even the children leaned forward on their elbows in expectation.

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:

"I wonder what you're thinking of me for taking French leave of you! You may be calling me all sorts of disgraceful names, but I'm hoping that, although appearances are certainly against me, you've kept just a grain of faith in the old woman you befriended so generously.

"I saw you unwrap that gold piece from its tissue paper, child, and I knew it was something precious—a lucky piece, most likely; and after you left me for the night, I got to wondering if I couldn't make it a *real* lucky piece—one you'd never forget.

"For you see, your story sounded very natural. There was a time when I went through just such ups and downs, because my husband, like your father, would always believe the best of folks, even when there wasn't much 'best' to believe. So I saw it all very clearly. I knew just what you were going through, you and your mother, and your father, too. I don't know but what his part was the hardest.

"First, I thought that, if I could afford it, I'd send you back to college; and then I knew that wouldn't do, because you said they needed you at home. Then I thought of a lot of other things which didn't suit me; and then, just as I was getting disgusted with myself as a fairy godmother, I had a wonderful idea. You see, my son Tom is in the same line of business as your father. He's been branching out lately, and only a few days before, I had heard him say he wished he knew of the right man for his western office, one he could trust absolutely. Well, I knew from what you'd said that your father was one to be trusted; and I knew also that Tom would be in Buffalo that night. Do you see now what I was up to?

"Of course, my dear, a letter to Tom wouldn't have done at all. I had to *see* him, and explain how you'd helped me, and what I'd gleaned from you about your father. I wanted to remind him of how his own father was always doing just such things, yet what a splendid father he was, and what a good husband and honest man. So I just 'lit out,' as Tom would say, leaving you to think all sorts of things, but hoping that you'd believe in me.

"I couldn't write before, because, of course, Tom had to make a few inquiries; but they were satisfactory, just as I knew they would be, and now he'll take this with him when he sees your father.

"Here's your lucky piece, my dear—the very same one. I found my purse tucked inside my waist when I went to bed. I *knew* I wasn't fit to travel by myself! Next time I go upon a journey I'll have to take you with me.

"You can't think, dear child, how glad I am to know that you'll be going back to college after all; and that I've been able, ever so indirectly, to play the part of your fairy godmother."

There was a moment's silence as Kathleen laid down the letter; then she cried, "You don't mean, dad, that my old lady's son Tom—"

"O yes, I do!" interrupted dad joyfully. "The business is saved, and I'm on a salary—a salary that'll send you back to college. If you knew how it just broke my heart, and mother's, to have you give it up—"

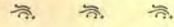
Dad stopped a moment to swallow; then went on:

"Son Tom is all right! He's president of the very concern I've wanted to get in touch with. I tell you, daughter, that *was* a lucky piece, wasn't it?"

"Why, mother's crying!" exclaimed David suddenly.

"No, I'm not!" contradicted mother, though she dashed a telltale handkerchief across her eyes. "But you're mistaken this time, father." She rose, and coming around the table, slipped between Kathleen and her father, putting an arm around each. "It wasn't the lucky piece at all," she said tenderly. "It was just the dear way you both have of believing the best of everybody."

And who would dare to say that mother was not right?—*Christine Whiting Parameter.*



"The Many-Sided Franklin"

(Continued from page 7)

absorb the sun's heat in different quantities, and black more than any other color. This was shown by laying cloth of different colors upon the snow, and noting how deep each piece sank as it was warmed by the sunlight. The white cloth did not sink at all. He said, "May we not learn from this that black clothes are not so fit to wear in a hot, sunny climate or season as white ones?"

29. He was the first American scientist to be recognized and highly honored in Europe, where he was looked upon as one of the first scientists of the age.

30. He was the first American writer to gain recognition in the world of literature, his autobiography being still widely read and regarded as classic.

31. He was the first American humorist. He was filled with the love of fun, and his writings are full of merry sayings and amusing anecdotes or parables. His epitaph, written by himself, is a humorous production. It has been said that he was not asked to write the Declaration of Independence for fear that he might inject some witticism into its most serious parts. In signing it, he could not resist the inclination to jest. When John Hancock said, "Now we must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together," Franklin made the witty reply, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

32. He was the first to issue a humorous periodical, this being his "Poor Richard's Almanac," the earliest and the most popular comic almanac ever issued. Its proverbial philosophy made it a treatise on economics, but it teemed with humor throughout.

33. He was the first to offer a plan for the union of the colonies. This was at the Albany convention of 1754. His plan was embellished by an allegorical woodcut, a picture of a snake cut into as many pieces as there were colonies, with the motto beneath, "Join or Die." This plan was accepted by the convention.

34. He was the first, after the blow of the Revolution was struck in 1775, to offer again a plan for the union of the colonies. In this plan Franklin included Canada, Florida, the British West Indies, and even Ireland. It was not adopted.

35. He was the first, in his celebrated examination before Parliament, to tell the British lawmakers the plain truth about America.

36. He was the first ambassador from the United States, being the first choice of Congress for an im-

"Kind words are the music of the world."

posing embassy to be sent to France. The two others elected were Jefferson and Deane.

37. He was the first to make a foreign treaty of alliance, by which he obtained France as an ally of the United States in the Revolution.

38. He was the first to come to the aid of John Paul Jones when that intrepid mariner was seeking the fleet with which he fought the "Serapis."

39. He was the first to begin negotiations for a treaty of peace with England, and was a leading spirit in the commission that finally made the treaty.

These are the leading things in which Franklin stood first, as a man of business, scientist, writer, statesman, and diplomatist. He was not "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" that honor must be reserved for Washington; but in his special line he was second in hardly any particular, and has been truthfully designated "the many-sided Franklin."

Things I Have Learned

(Concluded from page 10)

and read copy, and that will help some, won't it? I must learn, for you see, auntie, Kent says that he needs me in that far-away "Shoestring Republic." I am to take a month to think it over. I shall go home to see father and mother next week-end. When I was leaving, Mrs. Hilton said to me, rather shyly, "I hope that you will decide to go with Kent. He needs you."

I begin to feel that I need him, even if Chile does seem so far off, and I've never been away from home before. Tell me what you think; and won't you also tell me, if marriage is proper and sacred and beautiful, why a wonderful, well-balanced, Christian woman like my Aunt Millie has never married?

Lovingly,
NAN.

Our Counsel Corner

What do you think of Sabbath keepers' making a practice of reading the "funny pictures" in our Sunday and daily papers?
S. M. L.

Little if any good can come from reading the humorous cartoon pictures found in the daily newspapers and other current prints. Some of them may seem to have but little harm in them, and may appear to point out certain truths or principles, but there is little question but that the greater number of them are positively harmful in their effect.

They introduce to our thoughts in a pictorial fashion, which is by far the most forceful way of teaching, the same fictitious, superficial, and even false principles that would result from the reading of a novel or trashy literature, and the effect is many times just as detrimental.

The greatest objections to these humorous cartoon pictures might be summed up as follows:

1. With but few exceptions, they are absurdly foolish and ridiculous. The wise man tells us, "The thought of foolishness is sin; and the scoffer is an abomination to men." Prov. 24: 9, R. V.

2. They make a joke out of the solemn and serious things of life, and cheapen our regard for sacred institutions and usages. The sincere and pure atmosphere which should always surround the question of love and courtship, is changed to that of coquetry and flirtation, with suggestions and associations of a questionable angle, while the marriage relation, which is sacred and holy, is often turned into a ridiculous farce. Domestic troubles and infelicities are exaggerated and overdrawn, and the home surroundings pictured as a battleground of wreck and ruin.

3. They degrade human beings to the level of dumb animals, and elevate dumb brutes to the plane of reasoning creatures,

clothing them with appearances and forms of a hideous and grotesque character not to be rivaled by the most fantastic evolutionist.

4. Many of them teach positive falsehood and practical jokes that cause injury, pain, and loss to others. Some teach cruelty to dumb animals, and are wholly lacking in gentlemanly, lady-like dignity, courteousness, or regard for others' feelings or rights.

While these cartoons point out certain conditions that may take place in human relations, they tell them in a manner which offers no remedy. They leave life as an unremedied tragedy. Some truths should never be told. Far better that we draw a veil over them, and mercifully hide them from others, than to magnify and emphasize them. The uneven places in life need no burlesque advertising. The outlook of the Christian mind upon life should be that of sacredness, soberness, seriousness, rather than cheapness, humor, and ridicule.

J. S. J.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — Jesus Foretells His Death; Provides Tribute Money; Teaches Humility

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 17: 22 to 18: 10; Mark 9: 31-50; Luke 9: 46-50.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 18: 14.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 432-442.

Questions

Jesus Foretells His Death

1. While Jesus and His disciples were in Galilee, what did He announce to them? Matt. 17: 22, 23.
2. Why were they unable to understand His words? Luke 9: 45, 46.
3. Soon after they reached Capernaum, what question did the tax collectors ask Peter? Matt. 17: 24.
4. What did he reply? When Peter went to the house, what inquiry did Jesus make? Verse 25.
5. Of whom did Peter say the kings receive tribute? Who were free from taxation? Verse 26.
6. What was Jesus' motive in paying the temple tax, or tribute money? How was the money provided? Verse 27. Note 1.

Humility

7. What question did the disciples ask Jesus? What caused them to ask this? Matt. 18: 1; Mark 9: 33, 34.
8. What did Jesus do before answering them? How did He apply the lesson to the disciples? Matt. 18: 2, 3.
9. Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Verse 4. Note 2.
10. What promise is made to those who receive a little child in Jesus' name? Verse 5.
11. What does Jesus say about causing one of these little ones to stumble? Verse 6.
12. What is better than to allow a member of the body to cause one to stumble? Verses 8, 9. Note 3.
13. What warning did Jesus give with regard to His little ones? Verse 10.

Notes

1. The margin gives this "piece of money" as a stater. One authority says that, "the temple tax for Peter and Jesus would be only four drachmas, or about seventy-five to eighty cents. This silver stater taken from the mouth of the fish was equal in value to four drachmas. Hence it was exactly the amount needed."

2. Jesus' "own disciples were so filled with self-seeking—the very principle of Satan's kingdom—that they could not enter into sympathy with their Lord, or even understand Him as He spoke of His humiliation for them.

"Very tenderly, yet with solemn emphasis, Jesus tried to correct the evil. He showed what is the principle that bears sway in the kingdom of heaven, and in what true greatness consists, as estimated by the standard of the courts above. . . .

"Before honor is humility. To fill a high place before men, Heaven chooses the worker who, like John the Baptist, takes a lowly place before God. The most childlike disciple is the most efficient in labor for God. The heavenly intelligences can co-operate with him who is seeking, not to exalt self, but to save souls."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 436.

"A light heart lives long."

3. "An offense is anything that makes the path of a holy and useful life more difficult for others. Be sure, in all your actions, to consider the weaker ones who are watching and following you. 'Father,' said a boy, 'take the safe path; I am coming.'"—*Through the Bible Day by Day*, F. B. Meyer, Vol. V, p. 48.

Topics for Round-Table Discussion

1. What is true humility?
2. Christ our example of humility. (See "Testimonies," Vol. V, p. 253.)
3. Avoiding offenses, or causing others to stumble.
4. What is meant by "these little ones"? (See "The Great Controversy," pp. 512, 513.)

A Harmony of the Gospels

Again we give a suggestive outline for the benefit of those who have not started to make a chart showing the harmony of the Gospels. It is not too late to begin now to follow this plan; you will find it of much profit in studying the lessons.

	Matt.	Mark	Luke	John
Jesus foretells His death and resurrection	17: 22, 23	9: 30-32	9: 43-45	
Who should be greatest; avoiding offenses	18: 1-9	9: 33-50	9: 46-50	

Junior Lesson

I—Jesus Foretells His Death; Provides Tribute Money; Teaches Humility

(October 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 17: 22 to 18: 10.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 9: 31-50; Luke 9: 46-48.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18: 14.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 432-442.

PLACES: Galilee; Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; the tax collectors; a little child.

Setting of the Lesson

"On the journey through Galilee, Christ had again tried to prepare the minds of His disciples for the scenes before Him. . . . The disciples did not even now comprehend His words. Although the shadow of a great sorrow fell upon them, a spirit of rivalry found a place in their hearts. They disputed among themselves which should be accounted greatest in the kingdom. This strife they thought to conceal from Jesus, and they did not, as usual, press close to His side, but loitered behind, so that He was in advance of them as they entered Capernaum."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 432.*

Questions

1. While Jesus and His disciples were in Galilee, what did He say would come to pass? What hindered the disciples from understanding the meaning of His words? Matt. 17: 22, 23. Note 1.
2. When they came to Capernaum, who came to Peter? What question did they ask? Verse 24. Note 2.
3. What was Peter's answer? What question did Jesus ask Peter when he came into the house? Verse 25.
4. Of whom did Peter say the kings of the earth take tribute? What did Jesus say of the children of the kings? Verse 26. Note 3.
5. Why did Jesus pay this tribute money? How was it provided? Verse 27. Note 4.
6. What question did the disciples ask Jesus? What caused them to ask this? Matt. 18: 1; Mark 9: 33, 34. Note 5.
7. Before answering, whom did Jesus call to Him? What did He then say? Matt. 18: 2, 3.
8. Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Verse 4.
9. What promise is made to one who receives a little child in Jesus' name? Verse 5.
10. What is said of one who causes one of these little ones to stumble? Verse 6. Note 6.
11. What is said concerning a member of the body that causes one to stumble? Verses 8, 9. Note 7.
12. What caution did Jesus give concerning His little ones? How is the least believer represented in heaven? Verse 10.

Practical Lessons

What are some of the ambitions cherished by young people? What wrong methods may they be tempted to use to gain their desires?

What things may young people do that would discourage or encourage their associates?

Notes

1. The disciples were contending among themselves as to who should be greatest in the kingdom which they thought Jesus would soon set up at Jerusalem. Their ambition for first place, for great power, for much honor, kept them from understanding what Jesus had told them, although they were saddened by His words.

2. This tribute was not one required by the government, but a religious tax which every Jew was required to make each year for the support of the temple.

3. "Peter saw in the collector's question an insinuation touching Christ's loyalty to the temple. Zealous for his Master's honor, he hastily answered, without consulting Him, that Jesus would pay the tribute. . . . In the days of Christ the priests and Levites were still regarded as especially devoted to the temple, and were not required to make the annual contribution for its support. Prophets also were exempted from this payment. In requiring the tribute from Jesus, the rabbis were setting aside His claim as a prophet or teacher, and were dealing with Him as with any commonplace person."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 433.*

4. "While Jesus made it plain that He was under no obligation to pay the tribute, He entered into no controversy with the Jews in regard to the matter; for they would have misinterpreted His words, and turned them against Him. Lest He should give offense by withholding the tribute, He did that which He could not justly be required to do. . . . While Christians are not to sacrifice one principle of truth, they should avoid controversy whenever it is possible to do so."—*Id., p. 434.*

5. All the disciples could think of concerning the coming kingdom was, Who shall be the greatest? Who shall be next to the King on the throne? Who shall be the head treasurer? the private secretary? the one whom the King will delight to honor? Peter already was the chief speaker, why should he not be the first? Judas carried the money bag, why should he not be the one? Simon and Jude were closely related to Christ, why should they not be princes? John had always been permitted to sit next to Jesus, certainly he must be the favorite of all. Andrew was the first one called; did not that prove that he should have the first and best place in the kingdom?

6. The word "offend" used here and elsewhere means *cause to stumble*, and is so rendered in the Revised Version. It means literally the placing of an impediment or trap before the feet so as to cause one to stumble and fall.

7. "If the foot or the hand would be cut off, or even the eye would be plucked out, to save the body from death, how much more earnest should we be to put away sin, that brings death to the soul."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 439.*

Our Morning Watch

PRAY without ceasing," says the Word. A quaint little book, "Expectation Corners," tells the story of a king who prepared a city for some of his poor subjects. Not far from them were large storehouses, where everything they could need was supplied if they but sent in their requests. There was one condition, however—they must be on the lookout for the answer, so that when the king's messengers came with the answers to their petitions, they should always be found waiting and ready to receive them. There was one despairing, desponding inhabitant of this city who never really *expected* to get what he asked, because he felt too unworthy. But one day he was taken to the king's storehouses, and there, to his amazement, he saw, with his address on them, all the packages that had been made up for him—and sent as promised. There was the garment of praise, and the oil of joy, and the eyesalve, and so much more; messengers had brought them to his door, but found it closed; he was not on the outlook. How *can* the Lord answer our prayers if we are not expecting His answer?

"Some people, when they dress in the morning, forget to put on their smile."

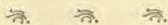


A CHINESE truckman in San Francisco is said to have sent the following bill to a hardware dealer for delivering orders:

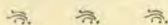
10 Goes.

10 Comes.

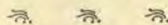
At 50 cents a Went\$5



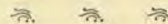
A BALANCE of \$6,137,552, due to the United States from the Chinese government as part of the Boxer indemnity payments, has been remitted by President Coolidge under authority granted last year by Congress. The money will be used for the education of Chinese students.



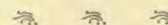
THE farm population of the United States on January 1, according to estimates by the Department of Agriculture, was 31,134,000, showing a decrease of 182,000 in a year. The loss has been greatest in the mountain States, while New England and the southern Atlantic States show an increase.



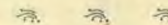
A PROCESS for making coarse cloth from the fibers of string beans was recently perfected for commercial use in Australia. The bean shells are treated like hemp, and the fiber that results can be spun, making a hard but strong yarn. This new material is expected to offer competition to hempen products.



AMERICA'S Goddess of Liberty has been granted independence by a recent action of Congress, and has a private yearly allowance of between six and seven thousand dollars. Ninety per cent of this is needed to pay her lighting bill. Two hundred and fifty-six flood lights flash on every evening as the sun sinks below the horizon. These go out at eleven o'clock, but the torch remains illuminated until sunrise. To celebrate her recent fortieth birthday, her custodians decided to give the goddess a bath. Steeple jacks and other aerial acrobats were hired, and she was scrubbed thoroughly from her gigantic head to her massive feet with brushes and heavy streams of water until she shone.



DONALD MACMILLAN, who is heading an expedition in the arctic, forbids talking among his men during the day or at mealtime. It is solitude, more than the cold, or shortage of food, or lack of conveniences, which makes an arctic expedition hard to endure. "The isolation of that vast region soon exhausts all timely resources," MacMillan says. "It is not long before the men know the life history of each other, that of their families and relatives, and virtually everything else in connection with the ordinary man's life. When those subjects have ceased to be topics of conversation, and the few other sources have played out, the men become a bore to each other. That leads into an unfavorable morale. So we talk as little as possible, and keep our counsel by being aloof."



NEAR Bessemer, Alabama, there are coal mines. On the night shift is a man who tends an electric pump in the very depths of the earth. This man is J. B. Shedd, and at one time he found the nights long and wearisome. Near his pump was a number of empty dynamite boxes; in his hand a jackknife. One suggested the other, and that was the beginning of his whittling activities. First he whittled only crude shapes, but gradually, achieving a greater ease, his pieces of carving assumed a more finished shape. One thing led to another, and before he realized it, he found himself an accomplished cabinetmaker, with a knack at decorative whittling, and a reputation for making attractive bits of furniture. No more are the nights too long in the coal mine—indeed they are not long enough! For Mr. Shedd still tends his engine as he carries on his cabinetwork, disproving the old proverb that it is possible to do only one thing at a time, and do it well.

"If you have any sour grapes in your system, make 'em into preserves."

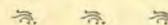
SECRETARIES and attachés at the White House executive offices, in Washington, D. C., to whom the coming and going of Presidents are almost like the passing of the seasons, testify to Woodrow Wilson's originality; for they found him unlike his predecessors from the very day he sent back to them the first memorandum which they had submitted to him for his approval or disapproval, and on which he had written in pencil the curious phrase "Okeh. W. W." They hazarded guess after guess as to where the President got the word. They had heard of his wholesome respect for the English language. Finally, after more memoranda similarly marked came to them, one of the assistant secretaries asked the President why he didn't use the abbreviation "O. K." "Because it's wrong," replied Mr. Wilson as he went on signing his mail. "O-k-e-h"—he spelled it out—"is the correct word." There was a sudden search for dictionaries that day, but though some of the lexicons attributed the use of "O. K." to Andrew Jackson for "Oll Korreet," none made mention of "okeh." "Look it up in the latest dictionary," suggested the President to his puzzled inquirer. And here is part of what was found:

"O. K.—A humorous or ignorant spelling of what should be 'okeh,' from the Choctaw language, meaning 'It is so;' an article pronoun having a distinctive final use; all right; correct; used as an indorsement of a bill."

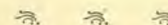
So it came about that "Okeh W. W." became a kind of symbol of executive power in and about the White House. Most of Woodrow Wilson's decisions were made on paper, and that ancient Indian word conveyed the approval of the Chief Executive to many vital acts of government policy.



THE recent passing of a bill by the British House of Commons for the protection of the flea has done more than to call attention to that pest of man and beast. It has given this hitherto not highly regarded insect a new significance. Though fleas were generally considered outrageous disturbers of personal privacy, their future is now apparently assured—at least in England. The matter was brought before Parliament under the "Performing Animal bill." About two centuries ago, Leeuwenhoek, a Dutchman, rolled the flea upon its side, its back, and its head, and with the aid of a microscope produced findings upon which succeeding naturalists have written long treatises. It is claimed that there are 400 species of fleas. Some of them are said to be able to pull eighty times their weight, while others can jump forty times their length. All species can bite, and they are called the "most persistent workers in the world." Some fleas are said to be natural-born boxers and fighters; others excellent performers. But the male flea is lazy, and will not work. If closely confined, he soon dies. For this reason most performing fleas are females. Reports of their performances in Europe would indicate that they are proficient.



THE fire department of Fresno, California, claims the distinction of having the only school for the training of firemen outside the city of New York. Before any applicant can go on the pay roll as a full-fledged member of the department, he must pass through weeks of intensive training in breath-taking feats of rescue. He must learn to scale the walls of skyscrapers with steady nerves; to carry the dead weight of human bodies down from precarious heights on swinging ropes; and to jump from sixty-story windows into a life net that is spread below.



WHAT was called the biggest real estate deal in the history of England was the recent sale by Lord Derby of his ancestral estate consisting of 5,000 acres, with 500 homes and 2,000 leaseholds on mills, factories, and collieries. The sale included the entire town of Bury of 58,000 inhabitants, held by the Derby family since 1485. He is said to have received more than \$5,000,000. The burden of taxes made the sale necessary.



THE Connecticut Legislature has passed a law placing a tax of \$10 on every thousand feet of moving-picture film shown in the State. The tax commissioner will also have authority to remove any part of a film that may excite racial, religious, or moral prejudices.



THE military portrait of George Washington, painted by Charles Willson Peale, an early American painter, has been purchased by an American from its French owner, and will be brought to this country, after an absence of 150 years.