

the YOUTHFUL

# INSTRUCTION

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*The House of Albrecht Durer, the Great German Artist,  
at Nuremberg*



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

## A Question of Narrowness

**T**HEY were visiting — the young man and an older friend — as the motor car of honorable name and ancient vintage rattled and wheezed and chugged its way up the winding, twisting mountain cañon road that follows the erratic course of the Big Thompson in its dash down from the snow-capped peaks of the high Colorado Rockies to the fertile valleys far below beautiful Estes Park. And being upward bound on that particular day was risky business. The early spring floods had barely subsided; there were extra thrills at many a hairpin curve. So the back-seat "tenderfeet" on their first mountain trip, watched the shifting "grub box" on the running board with anxious eyes, took a tight grip on their courage, and hoped for the best. We were too anxious to talk much among ourselves, but occasionally caught a few words of the "up-front" conversation, as the nonchalant young driver expertly steered "Elizabeth" around landslides, washouts, and fallen trees.

"I know, Uncle Frank," the words were blown back to us on a sudden stiff breeze, "*but Seventh-day Adventists are so narrow!*"

"Yes," came the reply, "*they have to be, you know, to walk the narrow way, and —*" Just here the roaring river snatched back the echoes.

"Well, now suppose," — we were listening again as we waited for the road gang to repair a damaged bridge, — "just suppose I do go on and finish my course at — College. I won't have any standing with the world or other schools when I get through. No university would accept my diploma as credit admitting me to its graduate department!"

"My boy," and Uncle Frank spoke soberly, "why do you need 'standing' in the world of education? Why do you need a university M.A. or Ph.D. attached to your name? I thought you were planning to be a minister, and if possible take up work in one of the mission fields. Will such attainments enable you to tell the story of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour more convincingly? more effectively? Will they help you to consecrate all your powers more fully to His service; to live in closer fellowship with Him, as the days go by, or will they deepen your burden to help others, who do not know your Saviour, appreciate His boundless love, and experience in their own lives His power to save from sin?"

"Well, don't you believe it's a good thing for one to get all the education he can, no matter what he intends to make his life work?"

"Of course, a wide-awake, ambitious man or woman goes right on learning to the very end of life; but frankly, I think connection with an institution where ideals, and standards, and instruction as well, looks only to success and attainments in this world, is dangerous for young people who are looking for the soon-coming King, and have dedicated their lives to His service. The student entering such a school, under any ordinary circumstances, places himself on

Satan's ground, and few, very few who have taken the risk have been able to resist the strong influences he throws about them to draw them away from their allegiance to God, and make them lose sight of those highest of all ideals which we can never afford to forget."

"Yes, Uncle Frank, but suppose after I'm through school and ready to enter our own denominational work there is no place for me? That's happened a lot of times. 'Conferences too poor to take on more workers; foreign mission treasury empty; we are putting your application on file,' is the word that comes back from headquarters. And it's no joke to the fledgling graduates. It's almost impossible to get jobs. Why Ray Morton even had to spend the best part of a year selling tombstones! 'Twas all he could get to do."

"Oh, no, it wasn't, my boy. That's just where Ray made a mistake — the very mistake so many other young people have made. There is a place in our organized work for every young man and every young woman when they have finished their formal education. If there is no place in the ministry, or the teaching fraternity, no money to send more recruits to the fields afar, the door to colporteur service stands wide open. And let me emphasize the fact that there is no young person, no matter what his scholastic attainments, but will be honored, inspired, broadened, and greatly enlightened by associating himself with this branch of gospel work."

"You don't need to go to college to be just a book agent!"

"Perhaps not, though I believe that education would help a man to be a *better* book agent. But I'm not talking about book agents, boy, I'm talking about *colporteurs*! And real *colporteurs* are *evangelists* in the highest sense of the term. These faithful workers connected with our own denomination are selling more than five million dollars' worth of literature every year, literature which carries on every page a message of the Saviour's love and saving grace. Thousands in every land the wide world over, are taking their stand on the foundation of Bible truth as a result of this ministry. Yes, a colporteur is just as surely a preacher, a teacher, a missionary, as one who follows any one of these vocations exclusively. In fact, he —" but here the workmen beckoned, and "Elizabeth" rattled on her noisy way.

From the expression on the boy's face, and the earnestness with which the older man talked, it was evident that the next hour's conversation grew more and more serious. And as we drew up into a quiet, grassy nook among the hills at lunch time, Uncle Frank looked soberly into the brown eyes of his namesake. "All you say about Seventh-day Adventists being narrow is true, boy; but they have to be narrow, in order to walk the narrow way that leads to heaven and home."

*Lora E. Clement*



# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## The Father of Modern German Painting

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

**I**N another article I spoke of three craftsmen with whom I became acquainted in Nuremberg (through their work). But there is another and better-known name which deserves special notice, for it is of being the birthplace of this artist — Albrecht Dürer — that Nuremberg is most proud. And the town's dearest treasure is his house, now an art museum, which we visited one sunny afternoon after winding about for hours over the crooked cobblestone-paved streets. It is a strange-shaped house, and one comes upon it and first sees it at a peculiar angle, after which confusion with any other house is impossible.

I am not going to write a sketch of Dürer's life, for there are at least eight authentic "Lives" of him in existence, but I do wish I might stimulate some one to hunt up some of these valuable biographies and study the character and habits of this man.

Born one of the seventeen children of a Hungarian goldsmith who had been attracted to Nuremberg as an art center, Dürer, an earnest, thoughtful, eager child, went to school, and worked in his father's shop, making tiny clay figures which were to be wrought in metal, much as many other children of craftsmen did, I presume. Like most sons of German working people, he was apprenticed for three years at the age of fifteen, but had the good fortune to be placed for his apprenticeship in the studio of the best



*Albrecht Durer (1471-1528), a Portrait by Himself*

painter and sculptor in town, Wohlgemuth. After this he traveled and worked four years as journeyman, and then came back to his native town, married, and settled down very quietly to work. And how he must have worked! Sometimes I think all the things other artists were not, Dürer was; and all the things they were, he was not.

Do you think of an artist as an impractical, visionary being who knows but one thing, and lives on crusts of bread in a garret? Here is one who was a wood and an ivory carver, sculptor, engraver, painter, civil engineer, and writer of prose and poetry. Dürer has left a treatise on "The Art of Mensuration" and one on "Instruction on the Fortification of Towns, Castles, and Palaces." He was devoted to the progress

of his city, and was a member of the town council. His best and lifelong friend was a rich and influential Nuremberg citizen, to whom he wrote fascinating letters when he was traveling in Italy and Holland. He was a loyal German patriot, but glowed and expanded in the congenial atmosphere of sunny Italy and her people, "How I shall freeze after all this sunshine!" he wrote Pirkheimer from Venice.

Dürer has been called the "father of German picture books," because he made book illustrating possible for the first time with all his woodcuts. The most famous series of

### Nuremberg

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands  
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,  
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and  
song,  
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round  
them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and  
bold,  
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time defying, centuries old;



these, "The Apocalypse," represent scenes from the Revelation and the Passion of Christ. His first copper engraving, called "The Knight, Death, and the Devil," is most fantastic. The knight, in full armor, rides through a rocky pass; grim death holds the hourglass before him; an unspeakably horrible fiend seems ready to grip him from behind; the way is beset with stones, brambles, skulls, a lizard, a snake, and a dog,—but the knight *rides on*. There has been much discussion as to Dürer's *idea* in this etching, but I wonder if here is not his *idea*—that the Christian, set upon behind and before, *must ride on*.

The most pronounced characteristic in Dürer's work is passion for detail. This shows itself both in his engraving and in his oil painting, which seems to have been taken up most seriously in his later life. Take this "Knight, Death, and the Devil" we have just spoken of: Here is a castle in the background, brush and thorns on the rocks, leaves over the horse's head, and the knight's spear is trimmed with fur—all apparently because Dürer loved to toss in delicate tracery. It shows

itself in his "Adoration of the Magi," his first oil painting of importance. Here we find the Magi's garments richly embroidered in colors, grass growing in crevices of the log on which Mary sits, and leaves and grasses over the wall of the stable. This picture we remembered because of the fact that one of the traditional three Wise Men is an Ethiopian. I saw this painting in Florence. The blue of Mary's robe is wonderful.

Dürer's smallest picture depicts the whole crucifixion on a canvas little more than an inch in diameter. It is in the Dresden gallery, and testifies to his mastery of drawing and to his general technique.

Dürer loved to paint hair; long hair, a fur coat, or fur collar was his delight. As a composer, for sheer

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme.

That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone.  
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,  
Wiseest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,  
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;

But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

joy of creation, introduces variations and embellishments for his theme, so Dürer reveled in fine drawing demanded by hair, fur, grasses, and butterflies. His portrait of himself with long curly locks—a wig in the days of wigs, perhaps—over a gorgeous coat with fur collar, is a good example of this; as also his perky little "Rabbit" with long whiskers and eyebrows. And there is no rough smudging over to finish quickly. Every line bears testimony to accuracy and painstaking work.

Dürer's "Praying Hands" is interesting because two hands in prayer are such an unusual subject and because they express so perfectly the spirit of prayer. It is said that a young artist competing with Dürer for a prize, lost; and praying to be resigned, lifted his hands thus. Dürer caught sight of the upraised hands and drew the picture.

During his last years Dürer painted the "Four Temperaments," to be seen in Munich. These are two panel pictures; on one are the life-size figures of Paul and Mark; on the other those of John and Peter. Paul and John are considered to be among Dürer's

very finest productions. The four faces are said to express decidedly the characteristics of the four apostles. They cast a spell over me as I gazed at them.

I cannot close without repeating that Dürer had a very genius for friendship, and that it was his friend Pirkheimer who honored him by saying, "He united every virtue in his soul—genius, uprightness, purity, energy, prudence, gentleness, and piety."

Later these two devoted friends rested side by side in the cemetery. Upon Dürer's tomb is the inscription "Emigravit." His was the age of Luther, of Columbus, of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, and he among them was a "pictorial moralist at a time when Germany was suffering the first pangs of the Reformation."



# A New Vision

INEZ M. KNUTSON

**B**UT you will not go, will you, Dick?" pleaded June as the two strolled homeward through the gathering shadows.

"Yes, I leave early in the morning. I can stay here no longer. You cannot understand how I feel about it. To you happiness means home, comforts, and friends; to me it means seeing this great old world of ours. Why, I have never been out of the State of Oregon, and I'll be twenty years old in a few days! I want to see people, all kinds of them. I want to know something of life outside of this drowsy burg. Have patience, little sister, and some day I'll come back and tell you all about the Chinese as I found them on their native shores, of the tribes of the South Sea Islands who used to be cannibals, of the Moors in their picturesque garb, and maybe I'll get to visit the pyramids in Egypt. I promise you my stories will be more interesting than those you find between the covers of a book!" And Dick swelled with pride and importance.

"Oh, but it will be so lonesome here without you, and suppose you should get drowned in one of those storms at sea like I read about the other day?"

"Don't worry, sister, I can swim. I will always be among those who are picked up and brought to shore."

"Yes, but — have you told mother yet?"

"No, I will to-night. I'm going over to see John now for a few minutes. You know he is going with me. You run along to bed now. There is sure to be a scene when I break the news, and you know how you dislike that." Dick closed the gate, and went on down the street.

When he returned home an hour or so later, his father and mother were waiting for him. June, desirous, as always, to shield the feelings of her beloved brother, had prepared them for the conference. Not much was said. They had laid great plans for their only son: he was to go to college, finish with honors, and perhaps play an important part in the affairs of his home town or State; but their plans had not matured. The last two years had been trying ones. They had insisted that he attend school, but he had refused; they wanted him to spend his evenings at home in some profitable manner, he continued to choose his own hours and diversions; they wanted him at least to keep up the appearance of church affiliation, he pronounced it all "bunk" and foolishness. The climax had been reached when not long before he announced his intention of going to sea. To-night they felt their helplessness and inadequacy to cope with the situation, and did not remonstrate.

Perhaps there had been a lack of sympathy between the father and the son. The former felt that the boy should appreciate his plans and efforts in his behalf, while the son believed his father had lost the joy and enthusiasm of life, and was trying to drag him down into a rut without giving him an opportunity to taste of the fullness of life that appeals to every youth. Now the father, believing he had done all that any father could be expected to do, was satisfied for the lad to go out into the world for himself. But it was not so with the mother. To her he was only a boy, a child of her care, and it wrung her heart to have him leave the shelter of the home roof to brave the

storms and temptations of life alone. But she was convinced that things could not continue as they were, and this seemed the only alternative. Dick had a strong will, great confidence in his own ability, and once his decision was made it would be next to impossible to dissuade him. The three lingered awhile by the embers of a dying fire, then the boy, feeling the constraining silence which had fallen upon them, said good night and went to his room.

Not wanting his parents to know he was at all restless or disturbed, he slipped quietly into bed, but somehow he could not sleep. Was it possible that a new era was dawning for him? Would he, on the morrow, be a free man, free to do as he pleased with no restraining hand upon him? Then he thought of his gentle sister. She had been a jolly playfellow, a good comrade,

and tears came at the thought of leaving her. Scarcely had he relaxed sufficiently to sleep when the alarm clock warned him it was time to arise. As quietly as possible he dressed, secretly hoping the other members of the family would not awaken. But his mother was waiting for him in the kitchen with a plate of toast and a cup of hot cocoa. He could not eat, the food seemed to choke him, so he arose from the table and prepared to leave. June, half asleep, kissed him and bade him "be good." He shook hands with his father, then folded his mother in a close embrace. Feeling her hot tears on his cheek, he could not trust himself to speak, but hurried away. A few blocks down the street he met John, who also was wiping something suspiciously damp from his eyes.

The two boys — John, tall, fair, and slightly stooped; Dick, shorter of stature, straight, with dark hair and eyes — set out on that great adventure which was to mean much to both of them. It was their plan to beat their way south to San Francisco, since neither had the price of a ticket, and take passage as members of the crew on some ship bound for a foreign port.



*Praying Hands, by Durer*

*"Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."*



It still lacked two hours of daylight when they arrived at the station, thinking to find a comfortable corner in which to hide in a partially filled or empty box car. But they were doomed to disappointment, every car on the main siding was locked; only one avenue was open to them; that was to ride the rods.

"I hate to do it, Dick," John muttered. "I would not care so much if we were farther from home, but right here! Suppose they see us and make us get off," and there was a worried note in his voice.

"Don't get scared already," growled Dick, the tenseness of the situation making him impatient.

"Oh, well, come on then."

They pulled their caps over their ears, buttoned their coats, and crawled onto the rods of the nearest car. It seemed to them they waited there for hours, listening for the whistle of the coming freight train that would pick up their car, eager yet fearful for its arrival. At last it came. There was little switching to be done that morning, the train men, nearing the end of a long run, were weary, and did not look to see how many "passengers" they might be carrying. In a few minutes the boys were on their way.

As the train rumbled on hour after hour, the boys felt as if they must have been riding thus for days. They could not move, could not even converse to keep up their courage. They wondered how long it would take to reach San Francisco; if there would be a steamer waiting in the harbor for the help they could give; what the folks were doing at home, and how surprised the rest of the crowd would be when they found they were really gone.

It was nearing noon when the train stopped at a little town in the southern part of the State and the boys crawled from their hiding place, sore and stiff from the unaccustomed position, and feeling as if they had taken no food for a week. A warm meal brightened their outlook, and they started on the second lap of their journey with renewed courage.

Not always were they fortunate enough to get a ride, sometimes they were forced to walk for a day at a time, but they kept their faces southward, and one cold, rainy morning, weary and footsore, entered the city of San Francisco, the Mecca of their dreams.

As their funds were running low, they had no time to spend sight-seeing, but must find work at once. The first few days were discouraging ones. Either there was no work or else there were plenty of men on the job. By the advice of a chance acquaintance they sought aid at an employment agency. Ten men were wanted at once for construction work just outside the city limits. They were to board in town, and go to and from their work on the train. This was a hard blow to the dreams of the gay adventurers. They

had pictured themselves picking lemons, watering flowers in a luxuriant garden, or even climbing the rigging on a ship; but a pick and shovel in the dirt, never! However, it was that or empty stomachs and no bed, so they signed their names and promised to report at seven o'clock the next morning.

The work proved to be heavy, their fellow laborers rough and uncouth, and John fell to complaining. If he had come all this way just to work and have no fun, he might as well have stayed at home; the food was poor, his muscles sore, and he hated to get up so early every morning. Dick tried to cheer him up by the promise of better things soon. A little money was all they needed to open the gateway to pleasure and a good time.

One evening, after they had been working about three weeks, Dick noticed, on entering the hall in the cheap lodging house in which they had found a room, a letter addressed to John.

"Hey there, fellow," he called, "here is a letter for you postmarked Eugene. How in the world did any one know where we were?"

John flushed. "I wrote to the folks that if they would send me the money, I would come home."

"I say, old man, you are not going to be a quitter, are you?" scoffed Dick.

"Well, you can live like this if you want to, I am going home," and as he spoke he drew a \$20 bill from the letter he had just opened.

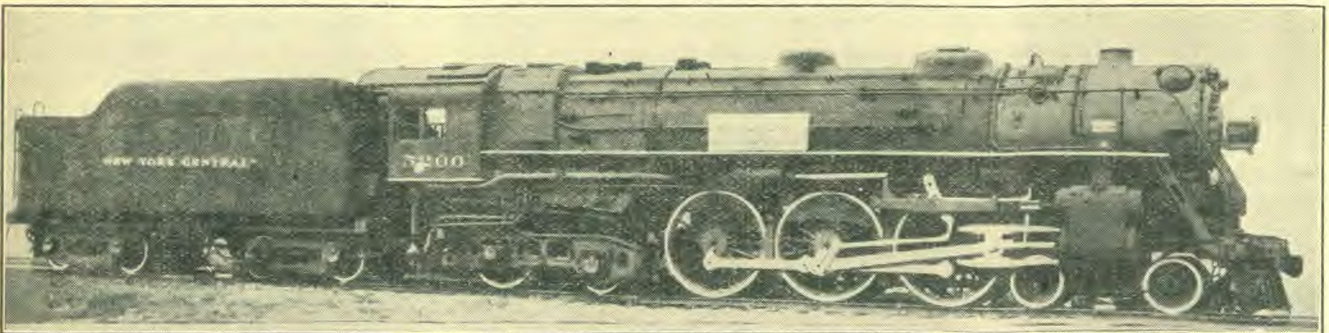
"I am not," flashed Dick, "and if you see any of my people up there, just inform them that I am not coming home until I have accomplished what I started out to do."

The next morning John drew what money was coming to him, and left for home.

Dick, left to himself, resolved to see more of the high life of the city than his mild adventures had so far afforded him. He cultivated the acquaintance of Harry Forbes, a young man who was a native of San Francisco and familiar with all phases of its night life. Together they frequented the famous pleasure resorts, attended the public dances, or spent long hours over the card table in the room of one of Harry's numerous friends. The few dollars Dick had been able to save toward his trip to sea were soon gone. And occasionally, toward the latter part of the week while awaiting pay day, the boys took long walks through the residence sections, to places of real beauty and interest. It was these walks, the breath of a purer atmosphere, that kept Dick from dropping to the level of his surroundings.

One such evening, after an especially hard day's work,—and Dick was feeling rather discouraged at

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Herbert Photos, N. Y.


A New Giant of the Rails

The first of the new Hudson type of passenger locomotives, which recently went into service on the New York Central Railroad. This engine is so powerful that it can haul larger passenger trains, of as high as twenty Pullman coaches, at the exacting speeds required to maintain present time-table schedules. It measures eighty-eight feet over all, and can maintain an average speed of seventy-two miles an hour.



## The Lonely Old Folks

MARTIN S. REPPE

F the many excellent paintings in the National Art Museum in Oslo, Norway, one especially attracted my attention on a recent visit, not because it is more artistically perfect than its companions, but because it portrays a sad fact in language readily understood by any one conversant with human nature. The painting bears the suggestive title, "De Ensomme Gamle" (The Lonely Old Folks), and is painted by Adolph Tidemand, one of Norway's master artists.

In an old-fashioned room, one corner of which is seen, sit two elderly people, a man and his wife. As is the custom in a peasant's home in Norway, a plain wooden bench stands against each of the two walls, the benches adjoining a small bookcase, not much over a foot wide, but reaching to the ceiling as it stands in the corner facing the center of the room. Directly in front of the benches is a long, massive table with curved legs neatly carved. The top is scoured scrupulously white.

Upon the table, at the unoccupied end, a copper coffeepot rests on a low stand, and adjacent to it are seen cups and saucers and a sugar bowl.

The walls are artistically paneled and painted. To the right of the picture a clock, reaching high up on the wall, stands on the floor, a bench hugging closely to its side.

On the extreme left is a cupboard, the bench on this wall fitting snugly against its side. On the wall, near the clock, hangs a picture with a heavy antique frame. At the head of the table the elderly man sits on the bench, and at the side of the table sits his wife. A soft light, as if from a veiled sky, flows mystically into the charming room through the quaint window, with massive hinges, just behind the man, making his silver locks stand out beautifully against the shaded wall behind him. His face is in the shadow of his own

head, and that of his wife is in the full light. The husband is reading from a large Bible, which rests on the table and is held by both hands at right angles with his eyes. His wife, sitting with her hands reverently crossed, listens attentively. A gentle submission is reflected in their otherwise sad countenances, as they seek comfort in reading the inspiring words of the Holy Book.


"Did you say sad countenances?" some one asks. Yes; ever since their children left them, for thus I read the painting, their home has not been the same, though it is still an attractive place. The lonely old folks have none to cheer them. Wherever they turn, the scene has lost its inspiring fascination. Life is dreary. Memories of happy days with their family linger in their fond parent hearts. How glad they would be to have the young folks with them again! But that is not possible. They have their own homes now, some in their native country, others in lands far away.

"If we only could hear from them," I seem to hear the old folks sigh. Oh, yes, that would brighten their declining years. But like so many who have left the paternal home, the children do not write, and they do not know what needless sorrow they inflict upon the father and mother who so willingly sacrificed for them. The picture tells a sad story of the neglect of children to keep their parents in kind remembrance as long as they live. This neglect is impressively expressed in the sad, lonely expression that the artist has so clearly delineated in the faces and in the attitude of the "Lonely Old Folks."

How long they shall wait for an encouraging letter the painter has left unanswered. But you who have a father and mother living alone in the old home, can banish the sadness of your own loved ones by sending a letter of loving appreciation to-day.

## The Macedonian Call From Tehuantepec

J. B. NELSON

ROM as far north as the famous port of Vera Cruz, Mexico, and south to the border of Guatemala, cutting off the peninsula of Yucatan, lies the isthmus part of Mexico, and one of the most beautiful tropical gardens in the world. This great stretch of beautiful forests, fruits, flowers, rivers, and plains holds a population of about two million pure-blood Indians of several different tribes. Some of these tribes yet speak their tribal tongue, and are unfamiliar with the Spanish language. Near some of their villages are the ruins of ancient cities and great temples much resembling and rivaling Egyptian and Babylonish architecture. These were built by the ancestors of some of the present tribes, and tell of a higher civilization and culture that was destroyed by the Spanish conquests or former conquests by other people.

Though the land fairly bristles with Catholic cathedrals, and the people have been professed Christians for more than three hundred years, from 70 to 90 per cent can neither read nor write. In some of the most tropical and remote parts these Indians go about nude. Drunkenness and other debauchery reign

unchecked. Some of the better class have adobe houses, but the vast majority live in crude straw or palm huts in the most insanitary conditions imaginable. Ignorant of the simplest sanitation and modern treatment of disease, and surrounded by all manner of tropical fevers and plagues, the mortality of infants reaches from 30 to 50 per cent. One often marvels when visiting these people that any infants can live amid their environment.

Where the third angel's message has reached these people, a great change has been wrought. Converts are learning sanitary living and simple modern methods of treating disease. One school has been established, but at present we have thirty companies of believers scattered through the mission with a total membership of about seven hundred. Each of these companies are woefully in need of a school; for three hundred years of exploitation by the falsehood and greed of an educated minority has blighted these tribes and changed this Edenic garden into an Egypt of plagues.

These needed schools call for equipment and

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"No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him."



**I** AM very happy, I can assure you, to have this privilege of talking to you for a little while about a section of country in the far South. I think most of you have read exciting stories about mountaineers and heard various names that are attached to the kind of people who live in our southern country. Now, I am one of those. I grew up in that section of the South called the Great Grandfather Basin, and we are surrounded by a mass of high mountains almost seven thousand feet above sea level. The people who live there are the descendants of the first settlers who came to America from the Old Country, who pushed their way back into those hills and settled down there, and generation after generation have been living there ever since. I grew up in the heart of that section. If you will forget your immediate surroundings, we will climb over those hills and take a look into that Great Grandfather Basin and see some of the people who live there.

#### First Picture of God

This is the kind of Sunday school I used to go to till I was twenty-one years old: I watched the first rays of the sun as it climbed over the eastern hill with that mellow sheen of sunlight falling down into the valleys, and I saw the rays that fell from that great jutting rock that stands on the hill. First it was red and then turned to a purple. There came to me the fragrance of apple blossoms that looked like snow-capped hills down there in the valley. Over my head I listened to the liquid voices of the birds and bumblebees. Then there was the stream that stretched down the valley like a silver cord glistening in the morning sun. I walked down to that stream one day and buried my feet in its depths, and sat down on its moss-covered banks and watched the little speckled trout playing in the clear crystal water and saw on the full-grown grass the flashing of thousands of diamonds of dew. There it was I got my first conception of God, my first picture of God.

I said to myself, no man could ever imitate the songs of those birds singing overhead, nor paint the beautiful shades on those apple blossoms, nor imitate those diamonds of dew. God must have done that. But He did not stop when He made nature. He must have loved me, because He put somewhere in me the power to appreciate that beauty. God didn't give animals that power of appreciation, for the cow will tramp over the flowers with no sense of appreciation. But for some reason or other, when God made human beings He planted somewhere in their hearts that power to appreciate the wondrous message of nature.

#### Hungry for an Education

Finally, when I was a man almost twenty-one years of age, I decided I wanted to go to school. One day I walked across the mountain to a little log hut, and sat down on a log bench in what was called a schoolhouse. For the first time in my life I saw educated people—Dr. and Mrs. Sloop, who had come there to build up a school. I looked them over very carefully, and said to myself, "They know much more than I do and talk more intelligently, but I don't think it is because God used partiality, or because He gave them more brains than He gave me. I think it is because I am not educated. Now, if the Lord lets me live long enough, I am going to school." I knew I could not go until I was twenty-one years of age. Father always said, "If you ever leave home for school fore ye're twenty-one years old, I'll bring ye back." I knew he would, because he always did what he said he would do, and ordinarily did a little more for good measure.

#### Discovered the Lord Would Help Him Get an Education

One day during that waiting time for my twenty-first birthday Dr. Mary Martin Sloop read to me from the third chapter of Proverbs that verse which says, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"What! Who said that?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "the Lord said that."

\* Report of a talk given at the Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois

## THE MAN OF MOUNTAIN

"Do you mean to tell me that the Lord will help me to go to school?" I eagerly asked.

"Why, yes, anything you want to do as long as it is right," she told me.

"I'm gonna' try Him out on that and see if He'll do it," I said.

I had never up to this time attended school more than one or two days a year. A short distance over the mountain there was a schoolhouse and one teacher in charge. He could not have passed the sixth grade himself, I am sure, but was teaching because he had rheumatism and could not do anything else.

Not until I was a man grown, did I ever own a whole dollar, see a newspaper or magazine, talk on the telephone, ride on a railroad train, or have a store-bought suit of clothes. There were only fifteen in our family, and mother made all our clothing. My father used always to apologize when company came because our family was so small. The family who lived on one side of us had twenty-four children and the one who lived on the other side had twenty-two children. A few summers ago I had the privilege of attending a birthday party of an old grandfather. Eighty-nine grandchildren were present, the rest having moved to Texas; there were fifty-four great-grandchildren on that occasion. That gives you an idea of the size of the families down there.

Nearly four million people live in those highlands.

There is an unwritten law in that mountain section that "he that will not work, neither shall he eat."



Keystone

Far From the

A scene of perfect peace, where native huts and native



# THE S\*

By  
C. McCOY  
FRANKLIN

The most of the mountaineers are hard-working people. The mother is hard working. She makes the clothing for the family, which is a small part of her work, or she must do the sewing, cooking, cleaning, and milk anywhere from eight to ten cows every day, and go to the field and work during the summer.

There is always one child too young to walk. She takes it along and leaves one of the older ones to watch it and keep away the snakes and bumblebees. And from daylight till dark she takes her row of corn around the hillside. It is a disgrace for a man not to be able to "bread" his family. In order to bread his family, he must cultivate his field, and it means he must do it by hand, for on those steep mountain sides no plow could be used. Every man, woman, and child in the family is busy all summer long in order to make enough corn to bread the family.

## Had a Pig, a Calf, and Three Chickens With Which to Start School

Finally I became twenty-one years of age. I was as happy as a king. I sold all my earthly belongings, which consisted of a pig, a calf, and three chickens. Father had given me the pig when he thought it was dead. One morning he went to feed the pigs and they had all frozen during the night, so he threw them out in the sun, thinking they were dead. After the sun had been shining on them for a while, I saw one little pig wiggle his ear. I knew that when a pig can work his ear, he is still alive. I asked father if I could have that pig, and he said yes. I ran and

milked an old brindle cow and poured the warm milk down the pig's throat and he lived, and that is how I came to have the pig. We had a cow that died and left a tiny little red calf. Father gave the calf to me, and I became its foster mother and raised it. I also had two hens and a rooster. Well, I sold these, all my earthly possessions, and stuck the money, \$25, in my pocket, the first money I had ever owned in my life. I was as rich as Rockefeller, and went walking over the farm jingling those dollars in my pocket.

We had the largest home in all the community,—just two rooms. But away up in the attic I had a little old trunk I had made from some boards. I went up for it and came down the ladder into what was our dining room, parlor, bedroom, and sitting room combined. My father was sitting at the table eating his breakfast. He looked at me with that trunk on my back and said, "Whar you started with that thar thing?"

"I am goin' to school. Hain't I always told you I was goin' to school when I got twenty-one?" I said.

"You air what? Hain't I tried to make somethin' out o' you and git you to be somethin' thought of? An' now you go foolin' it all away fer that fool stuff called larnin'. You'll git the big head and go to the penitentiary, and I'll never give a cent to git you out! I wouldn't give \$20 fer all the larnin' in the world. If you want to beat the world out o' a livin', go on and git educated and larn how to do it; but if you want to be a honest man and make somethin' out o' yerself, settle down like yer father has done. I hain't got no larnin' and I hain't starved, nuther."

That was my father's conception of an education.

My father doesn't know one letter of the alphabet. But there never was a man who loved his children more nor one who would make greater sacrifices for them if he thought it was right.

## Starting for Berea School

With that farewell address, I took my departure, all the children followed me in single file, stepladder fashion, as I went down the road. The line stretched out for about a quarter of a mile. When we got into the woods, they began crying and begging me to come back and stay at home. But finally I got to the railroad station.

I saw a man standing by the track who looked rather intelligent, and I stepped up to him and said, "Mister, does that there train take you to Berea in Kentucky?" "Yes, but you don't want to get on there," he said in a deep tone. I was getting up into the engine, and he pointed down the track a little ways to where there were some people getting aboard. I backed down and started for the other end of the train, and just about the time I got my foot on the first step, the conductor gave my coat tail two or three keen little twitches and I looked around and he said, "Where are you going with that thing [meaning my box trunk]?" "I am going to Berea with 'that thing,'" I answered. "You can't go in there with it." "Well, I reckon I can go in thar with that there thing, fer it is my trunk and I'm gonna' school and I have to have my things to use when I git thar and you can't keep me from takin' it with me." "Well, my lad," he said, "you will have to have it checked." "Checked? What do you mean by check?" I asked. "Do you see that little office down there?" he asked. "You go there and the man will fix it up for you." I went down there and got it "fixed up," but I was sure I never would see my trunk again. I made him promise *four times* he would sure put it on that train and I watched to see for myself that he did put it on.

I will never forget how fast that train went. I was going to that place they called Berea in Kentucky, the place where I could start in at the bottom, even though I had never been to school. I landed there about 3:52 in the morning, and when it began to get daylight, I walked down those streets and said, "Good mawnin'" and "How do ye do?" to every boy and girl I met. I had been used to speaking to everybody, but they laughed at me in Berea. I didn't know then why they laughed at me,



lening Crowd  
are mirrored in a pond outside the city of Calcutta, India.



but they looked at my trunk and then at my trousers and then they laughed. I think that since then I have figured out why.

#### A Picture of the New Student

My trunk, as I have said, was made of boards and my trousers were made out of jean cloth. And if any of you have ever worn any jean trousers after they have been washed once or twice, you know how they crawl up the leg. The boys called mine high-water pants. One fellow suggested that he thought too much of me stuck out at the lower end. My socks didn't come up to the bottom of my trousers, which left a bare space of more than an inch. I had a pair of brogan shoes which father made. Mother had made my hat and it flopped down all around the brim, and my hair stuck out at the top through a hole, and also stuck out all around the ears and back of my neck. I hadn't had a hair cut for six months. Mother always cut our hair with the sheep shears, and she only got around to this task about once every six months.

When I walked up to the door of the school in Berea, a big burly man came to the door and looked at me over his glasses and said in a deep tone,

"What will you have?"

"I would like to go to school," I said.

He took out a piece of paper and stuck it up under my eyes so close that I could hardly see it. He had written on it twelve and under the twelve, sixteen.

He said, "Add that up for me."

"I reckon I don't know how. I've never had that."

I couldn't any more have added twelve and sixteen than I could have flown. He scribbled out something on the paper and said,

"Pick out the verb and noun out of that sentence for me."

I reckon I'd never had that before either and I told him so. If he had asked, "What is a wildcat or a panther?" I could have answered him, but I'd never seen any such animals as verbs and nouns. He turned to the dean and tapped his head and said in Greek, "Nobody home upstairs. Empty chamber."

But the kindly old dean of that department came

out and put his arm around my shoulders and said, "Never mind, my lad, we will find a place for you." You don't know how good that sounded to me.

It had taken every cent I had except \$2.50, to pay my fare to the school, and the first night my roommate stole that remaining pittance from me. I didn't have *anything* left, and great big tears came into my eyes, even if I was twenty-one years old, as I thought they were not going to let me stay, and I would have to walk six hundred miles with my trunk on my back to get home. Then when the godly dean said, "Never mind, my lad, we will find a place for you," nobody knows how good those words sounded to me.

#### Scoffed At by the School Children

He took me down and put me in the fourth grade. They would have put me in the third grade, but they didn't have any. There I was, a great big, lean, long, lank, rusty mountaineer trying to keep up with the little boys and girls. When we went to the blackboard to work problems, the others would have their sums all worked out before I would even get the figures copied on the board, and then they would take their seats and poke fun at me, leaving me standing there alone.

Then after school, I went out and dug ditches in mud nearly up to my knees for seven cents an hour, in order to pay my way. That was the most money I had ever earned. After the ditches were dug, many days I husked corn when the ground was covered with snow and my hands were so cold I could scarcely work, but I did it to pay my way through the fourth grade at the age of twenty-one. I worked all my way through Berea, graduated from high school, college, and theological seminary, and all inside of ten years. The Lord gave me all the money to get the education, or rather He gave me the work to do to get the money to pay for the education.

Do you think I ever went back home to the Southern highlands? Yes, I did, because I wanted to see the boys and girls who lived up in the heads of those hills and up in those mountains get an education. And that's where I'm working today.

## A Window Lesson

MRS. LEE S. WHEELER

**C**ON one of my windows, one clear, cold morning, before Old Sol peeped over the mountains in the distance, wonderful festoons of fine crystal beads, half hiding the cloudlets behind them, overhung a beautiful picture like some fairy landscape. Cherub faces looked on in admiration. Even the grotesque appeared on the scene. A solemn-faced alligator lurked about a lakelet which seemed fine enough for an elfin's bath.

When the master of the day opened wide his eyes, he sent out his glittering beams upon the lovely spectacle, and slowly drew a curtain over it, through which shone the azure blue.

Spangled with gems of splendid colors, starlike shone the diamond with lustrous hue. The topaz, the emerald, the jasper, and gold dotted this effulgent drapery more gorgeous than the coronation gown of a queen.

Methought if the frost king could etch such fine pictures in a night, and the ruler of the day illuminate them so wondrously, what then of that transcending light from God's throne, many times brighter than

the sun, reflected upon the imperishable walls of that glorious heavenly city? Walls bedecked with all manner of precious stones, golden streets, and great gates of pearl,—all these reflect light and color incomparable.

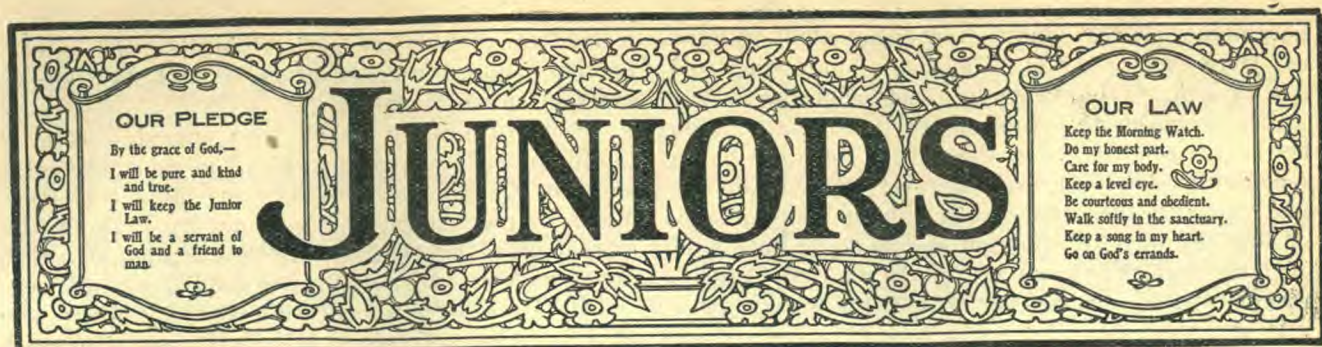
Methought again, surely a scrupulous preparation must be necessary to fit one to enter such a place for even one moment. Just to appear in courts of earthly kings and queens, one must be trained in speech and manners. How can we be unmindful of details to make us fit for the presence of the supreme Father, Son, and all the host of angels?

When we remember that "the words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times," then how careful should we be not to indulge in exaggerations, the cheap, coarse, and unlovely speech which often emanates from those who know better?

Let us think on the true and beautiful, the glorious and enduring, that we may become changed into characters such as God can accept and honor with His blessing now and evermore.

*"The poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the universe can afford to equip him."*





## Dorothy Ann's Dishes

**D**OROTHY ANN PERKINS did not like to do dishes. In fact, she quite despised the task; and as a usual thing, when there were dishes to be done, Dorothy Ann was somewhere else. Next to doing the dishes, Dorothy Ann hated polishing the silverware, and when she had to do either of these two things she hurried through with the disagreeable job as quickly as possible.

But on this particular day that I am going to tell you about, Dorothy Ann's mother had left right after dinner to go to town to do some shopping, and Dorothy Ann had promised to do the dinner dishes and polish the silverware that afternoon.

Now there was a lovely shady spot under the purple lilac bush in the front yard, with a cushion and an especially interesting book lying where Dorothy Ann had left them when she had gone to dinner. So she hurried through with the dishes, poured the water into the aluminum kettle in which the potatoes had been boiled, smacked the dishcloth in a heap on the kitchen table, and hung the dripping dishpan up over it. Then she ran gladly out to the lilac bush, completely forgetting that she had promised to polish the silver. Settling herself on the short grass with the cushion under her elbows, her chin in her hands, and her book in place, Dorothy Ann prepared to spend an enjoyable afternoon.

She had not read long, however, when she heard the front door slam. Wondering if her mother had returned so soon, and she had not heard the car, Dorothy Ann looked up and beheld the strangest procession that any girl has ever seen.

Headed by the old blue platter that had been in the family for three generations, dishes came streaming out of the house and across the yard toward Dorothy Ann. Teacups, saucers, dinner plates, vegetable dishes, and silverware swarmed about her, with the greasy dishcloth and dingy towel flapping in the rear.

Too amazed for words, Dorothy Ann gazed in astonishment as they gathered around and looked down at her. She wondered a little uneasily what they wanted, but she soon found out—much to her dismay.

"Well," remarked the old platter in a disagreeable tone, "we've found her at last. Reading, as usual, and neglecting the work her mother told her to do. If she were my child I know what she'd get."

"Now, now," interrupted the motherly looking chocolate pot in a hoarse voice, "Dorothy Ann's a good child, even if she is a little thoughtless."

Somehow this comforted Dorothy Ann quite a bit, for she was beginning to feel that this strange behavior on the part of the dishes boded no good for her. But the platter's next words banished entirely what consolation she had received.

"Thoughtless!" snorted the platter, rolling his eyes till Dorothy Ann thought they would drop out. "Downright careless, is what I call it. How many times has she been told to be careful of me? I declare, in all the time I've been in this family I have never been so abused. There are three new nicks in my side right now, just from her thoughtlessness." His scorn seemed to wilt the poor chocolate pot completely. "I, for one," he continued, "am in favor of anything from sticking pins in her to boiling her in oil," and he cast such a wrathful look at her that Dorothy Ann tried to creep closer under the sheltering branches of the lilac bush.

"I heard her mother tell her three times that baking soda would remove stains," complained a dainty cup. "I think she ought to be stained up herself and see how she likes it. I'm sure I like to be neat."

"Yes," admitted the chocolate pot, "my throat does get awfully sore, too. I wish she'd use that little wire-handled brush her mother has to wash it with."

"Humph, you wouldn't catch her taking that much trouble," growled a knife. "We've gone three weeks without polishing, and now she rushes off and forgets to clean us properly. We think something ought to be done at once, before it becomes unbearable." And all the knives and forks and spoons shook their heads very solemnly.

"I think there isn't anybody that has to put up with as much as I do," sighed the dishcloth, pushing her way to Dorothy Ann's side. "She never washes me out when she's through with me, and dishwater is so hard on my complexion," she ended dismally. Dorothy Ann almost laughed at that, but the towel, who still kept close to the dishcloth, made her feel very much ashamed indeed.

"You'd think," he said, "that when she's left to do the dishes so her mother can go to town to buy her a new dress and slippers to wear to the picnic next week, she'd at least hang me up. But no such luck," and he flapped his dingy folds disconcertingly near Dorothy Ann's nose.

"I do like a nice hot shower after my bath," confided the grandfatherly vegetable dish, while the others nodded approvingly. "But if we are going to teach her a lesson, we shall have to do it soon. Our time is almost up. So decide what to do and get it done before





her mother comes home. Now, what shall it be?"

"Here comes the kettle, let's ask him," suggested a soup dish. "He always has such bright ideas."

Just then Dorothy Ann noticed that the aluminum kettle was coming across the yard. He was making remarkably slow progress, too, carefully bringing one foot up with the other before taking another step. At first Dorothy Ann thought he was doing some kind of dance, but as he came nearer she realized, guiltily, that he was trying hard not to spill the greasy water with which he was filled to the brim. In spite of his best efforts, some had slopped over and was quickly drying in dirty spots on his pleasant face.

"Hello, folks," he greeted the other dishes cheerfully; "I got here at last. You haven't decided what to do yet? Well, well, then I'm in time for the fun after all! I thought I'd be too late." And he accepted quite thankfully the services of the dishcloth in wiping the water from his face. Plainly he was regarded with affection by all the dishes.

"We thought you might know of some punishment that would not be too severe, and yet prove effective," said a plate respectfully. At the words a thrill of apprehension shot through Dorothy Ann. What were these strange-acting dishes going to do?

"Well, well," the kettle chuckled, "I was just thinking that about the worst punishment in the world is to soak in greasy dishwater half the time. We can't very well put Miss Dorothy Ann to soak, but if Miss Dishcloth here will lend her aid I think we can wash her face thoroughly enough in this I have here so she'll not forget it very soon."

"Fine!" exclaimed the old platter, his eyes snapping. "You cups hold her arms and the saucers her legs in case she should wake up, and I'll have this business over in a minute. Now Miss Dishcloth, if you will allow me," he picked up the unprotesting dishcloth and dipped it into the greasy water.

Three cups immediately anchored themselves to each of Dorothy Ann's arms, while the six saucers clung to her legs.

Sick with terror, Dorothy Ann watched the platter approach with the dripping cloth in his hand. At each step both the platter and dishcloth seemed to increase in size, until at last they loomed over her like avenging spirits, shutting out all vestige of the pleasant landscape around. Try as she would, Dorothy Ann could not move a muscle; nor would her voice respond to her efforts to call for help.

"Say, just a minute, folks, not so fast!" A fat little gravy bowl pushed himself in front of the platter. He was a ridiculous little figure with a wreath of blue roses around his middle, but to Dorothy Ann he was a blessed deliverer. "Aren't we carrying this thing almost too far?" he inquired. "I admit Dorothy Ann has her faults, but no good ever comes from being revengeful."

"That's right," spoke up a dinner plate. "And whatever you say about her, the dishwater is nearly always hot when she begins."

"It's my opinion she ought to have a good lesson," broke in a sour-looking lemon server, "and the sooner we get it over with and back into the house, the better."

"It's all very well to talk about her good qualities," snarled a nut bowl, "but I have yet to see them in evidence when she's doing dishes. Give her what she deserves and have done with it."

"Why, she has the happiest disposition in the

world," cried the sugar bowl, while the cream pitcher nodded his head in approbation. "And besides, she's not very old, as humans go."

"She'll dispose of us all soon enough," came in liquid tones from the oil cruet, "if we don't put a stop to it. She nearly broke my nose this noon. Make the punishment fit the crime, say I, and as far as that goes, this that Mr. Kettle has suggested isn't any too severe. It's entirely too mild if you ask me."

"Oh," cried a cup, releasing Dorothy Ann's arm to come to her defense. "What's the use of so much fuss? It's worth a little discomfort just to hear Dorothy Ann sing at her work. She never grumbles like some people when she has to do the dishes." And the other cups nodded their heads in approval.

"She always does us up quickly," put in a pie plate. "We never have to sit around half a day waiting for her to wash us."

"'Twas that same praiseworthy alacrity that got me these nicks," remarked the platter dryly, but Dorothy Ann noted with relief that both he and the dishcloth had resumed their normal size.

"I'm for giving her the lesson she needs," interrupted a belligerent salad bowl. "Since her parents don't do it, it's up to us. Let's have no more nonsense about it."

"Pshaw!" began a fierce-looking case knife in a tone which made Dorothy Ann shudder with fright, "if we can't agree, why do anything at all? Dorothy Ann has her good qualities and her faults the same as any one else, but I haven't a doubt she will improve in time."

"There's a law in this State against cruel and unusual punishments anyhow," chuckled the kettle, who seemed to be enjoying himself hugely, in spite of his greasy contents.

"I don't suppose she is really any worse than her grandmother was when she was a girl, now I think of it," admitted the platter, as he put the dishcloth down. "Well, let's get back to the house." And as his word was law with them, the other dishes trailed after him toward the kitchen.

"Ho, ho, hum." Dorothy Ann sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Why, I must have been asleep," she exclaimed.

"I guess you were," agreed her father, who stood looking down at her quizzically. "I've been trying to get you awake, but you only groaned and said, 'Oh, I'm sorry I nicked you.' I thought you must mean my pocket book," he added comically, as he went on to explain, "We broke a sickle on the mowing machine and it's too late to go for a new one until morning. I'm going to drive Gip and Jim over to Mrs. Westcote's to see about those strawberries she promised us. Would you like to come along?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" cried Dorothy Ann, "but," she added suddenly, "I have to polish the silver."

"I guess I can wait that long," replied her father, "if you hustle."

So Dorothy Ann gathered up her cushion and the very interesting book, and put them back in their places — and hustled. — *Gertrude Coynne.*



"THE gospel records seem to indicate that Jesus never made a choice in life without a prayer. Surely His followers who are called upon to make many choices between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot hope to escape the pitfalls of sin and error if they neglect the great privilege of prayer."

*"Weak men wait for opportunities, strong men make them."*



## Times Have Changed

**T**HE manufacture of typewriters was begun just fifty years ago. Some amusing incidents occurred when the first typewriters were used.

J. P. Johns, a Texas insurance man and banker, wrote a typewritten letter to one of his agents, who answered as follows:

"DEAR SIR: I received your communication and will act accordingly.

"There is a matter I would like to speak to you about. I realize, Mr. Johns, that I do not possess the education which you have. However, until your last letter I have always been able to read the writing.

"I do not think it was necessary then, nor will be in the future, to have your letters to me taken to the printers, and set up like a handbill. I will be able to read your writing, and am deeply chagrined to think you thought such a course necessary."

An officer of one of the typewriter manufacturers used a typewritten letter to make a hotel reservation. When he arrived in New York, he found no reservation. One of the clerks recollected having thrown away what he supposed was a printed circular.

The typewriter salesman found the price of \$125 was a serious barrier to sales. Prospects asked why they should pay \$125 for a typewriter when pens could be bought for a cent.

One inventor was unable to convince himself that a typewriter would ever be worth more than \$5 to any one. He wasted his talent attempting to produce a machine to sell at that price.

All manufacturers of labor-saving devices find trouble in getting prospects to realize the value of the time and labor saved by machines. The task is growing easier, but it is still a difficult one, and very expensive.

Another interesting fact about the development of the typewriter is that the arrangement of the keyboard, with some minor variations, has been universal and standard since the invention of the writing machine.

Why were the letters arranged as they are? It seems that the early inventors were printers by trade. Type is not placed in a case alphabetically, but in an arbitrary arrangement for convenience. The keyboard as finally agreed upon, however, does not follow the arrangement of type in a case. Apparently, inventors found an arrangement that would work, and let it go at that. Soon it was too late to change because the keyboard had become fixed in the minds of thousands, and then millions.

The typewriter probably did more than any other one thing to open business offices to women. It was more effective than feminine oratory. The change in the social order which has resulted, is so profound that its significance is realized by few.—*Selected.*

## He Knew His Bible



**A** BOY was on a steamboat making a journey. One day, as he sat alone on the deck, looking down into the water, two ungodly men (gentlemen I cannot call them) agreed that one of them should go and persuade him to drink. So the wicked man drew near the boy, and in a very pleasant voice and manner invited him to go and drink a glass of wine with him.

"I thank you, sir," said the little fellow, "but I never drink intoxicating liquors."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you. Come and have a drink with me."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," was the boy's ready reply.

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little would do you no harm, but would liven you up."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," said the boy. "And I certainly think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow," said the crafty man, "it will give me great pleasure if you will only come and drink just one glass of the best wine with me."

"My Bible says, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,'" was the reply.

That was a stunning blow to the tempter, and he went back to his companion defeated.

"How did you succeed?" he asked.

"Oh, not at all. The fact is," replied the man, "the youngster is so full of the Bible that I can't do anything with him."—*Selected.*



## Three Books and a Boy



**F**ORMER Governor John Johnson, of Minnesota, started life as the son of a village drunkard. He left school at thirteen, to help support the family. One day a man saw him reading a trashy book, and told him if he would agree to read "The Conquest of Mexico," "The Conquest of Peru," and "Ivanhoe," he would give him a semiannual subscription to the local library. The offer was accepted, and John went to work on the three books.

When the six months were up, he paid for another subscription himself. Cut off from school and college, he had found a way to learn the best things. He did his work faithfully, but a good standard book was in his hand in odd minutes. A general storekeeper noticed this when he stopped in at the drug store. He made up his mind that here was an unusual boy. He offered John a place with a raise of salary. John took the situation. He still read and committed to memory from good books.

At twenty-five John Johnson was an industrious, respected, widely known young citizen. When an editor was wanted for the local paper, he was chosen. His rise has been steady, and he is now one of the important leaders of America.

It all began with those three books. Suppose John Johnson had preferred to stick to trashy ones — what would have happened? Are there not young people who need to think about the difference those three books made, and apply the idea at home? — *The Expositor.*

## The Macedonian Call From Tehuantepec

(Concluded from page 7)

teachers. All this costs money. This money will purchase the liberty of, and reprieve the death sentence now passed upon, thousands and millions of Indians who are pleading for help. Our converts among these tribes are truly noble men and women, some of whom are giving their lives to save their people. Among them are just as intelligent and trustworthy young people as can be found in all Latin America. But unless we can soon raise money to help these people, they must sink forever into the hopeless mire of their lost condition. May God move upon the hearts of those who have, as it were, the salvation of these people in their pocketbooks, to give and save.

"Purpose never gets very far unless its twin, Self-denial, goes along."



## A New Vision

(Concluded from page 6)

the lack of progress toward his goal,—they passed a church in which a service was being held. Through the open windows came the sound of singing, "Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer," and the old familiar tune caused a pang of homesickness to wrench the wanderer's heart.

"Let us go in," he suggested.

"All right," agreed his companion, and the two stepped in quietly and took a back seat. The singing ceased, prayer was offered, and the minister began to read the story of that remarkable dream of the ancient king, and how the God of heaven revealed the interpretation of that dream to the Hebrew captive.

"Can it be possible he is reading from the Bible?" thought Dick, "why I have owned a Bible all my life, but I never knew there was anything like that in it."

He had a keen mind, and with growing interest followed the minister's discourse. Walking home he was quiet and preoccupied. Could it be that God, whom he had always thought of as being an unjust tyrant, was really a kind and loving Father? Was He really interested in the wayfarers of this earth? Was there something real, tangible, to look forward to after this life was ended? He was eager to hear more, and as he told his friend good night at the door, he intimated his desire to visit again this unusual church.

Go again they did, not only once, but many times. To Dick this new understanding of the Book he had deemed so dry, so uninteresting, was as a brilliant light from above shining across his pathway, and, like Paul of old, he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

He spoke about it one evening as the two boys sat in the park discussing their plans for the future.

"Somehow, Harry, my attitude toward life has changed these last few weeks. I still want to see the world, but I want to see it through the eyes of Jesus Christ, who came to help suffering humanity. What do you say, old pal, let us right-about face, and help to finish the work that is going to triumph so gloriously and that soon?" Dick spoke more earnestly than he knew.

"No, Dick," Harry responded. "Once I tried to be a Christian. I tried hard for a while, but failed. You go ahead, I do not want to stand in your way, but I—well it is no use, not now anyway." His resolution could not be shaken, he would go no more to the church, but sought oblivion in later hours and gayer nights than before. To Dick had come a new interest in life, a new light shone from his eyes, and his great desire was to tell his mother of his changed heart.

In the early autumn, when the hills back of his native town were flaunting their first gorgeous colors of the season, he came home. Quietly and, oh, so gladly, the family welcomed him. No one could doubt a great change had taken place.

"But, Dick, I thought you were going out to see the world," laughed his sister, perched on the arm of his chair.

"I am, June, I have not changed my intention, only my idea of preparation. I am going to spend four years at Walla Walla College, and when I start abroad the next time, it will not be hiding in a box car or riding the rods, but with the Word of God as my passport to unknown lands afar."

"A college education stands for the investment of power."

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IV — Paul's Third Missionary Journey Ended at Jerusalem

(April 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: Gal. 6: 14.

LESSON HELP: "The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 396-398.

#### Questions

##### From Miletus to Tyre

1. After saying farewell to the brethren who met him at Miletus, what two islands did the ship touch on the further route? At what place did Paul and his company land? Acts 21: 1. Note 1.

2. What change was made at Patara? What island was passed on the way? At what seaport did they land? Verses 2, 3.

3. How many days were spent at Tyre? What advice did Paul receive from the disciples? Verse 4. Note 2.

4. Who accompanied Paul and his company to the ship? Before boarding, what did they do? Verses 5, 6.

##### At Caesarea

5. At what city did they next stop? How long did they remain there? Verse 7.

6. For what place did they leave the next day? At whose house were they entertained? What gift did Philip's daughters possess? Verses 8, 9. Note 3.

7. While at Caesarea, who visited Paul from Judea? How did he make clear his prediction concerning Paul? Verses 10, 11. Note 4.

8. How did Paul's companions and the believers at Caesarea admonish him? Verse 12. Note 5.

9. In replying, what did Paul say he was willing to do? To what did his friends finally submit? Verses 13, 14. Note 6.

##### The Journey Ended

10. To what city did Paul and his company then prepare to go? Verse 15. Note 7.

11. Who went with them to Jerusalem from Caesarea? Verse 16.

12. Upon their arrival, how were they received? Verse 17.

#### Notes

1. Coos is a small island on the coast of Asia Minor, twenty-three miles long. Rhodes is also an island fifty miles from Coos. "It was celebrated for the great Temple of the Sun, whose worship in the island is marked by the head of Apollo on the coinage. With this worship was connected the great statue known as the Colossus, which was meant as a figure of the sun, and was one of the wonders of the world."—*Cambridge Bible*.

Patara, a city on the coast of Lycia, was also devoted to the worship of Apollo. The city was not far from the river Xanthus, and "we can understand, therefore, why Paul's voyage in the coasting vessel should end here, because at such a port he would be likely to find a larger vessel to carry him to Syria."—*Idem*.

2. "Through the Holy Spirit, these disciples were warned of the perils awaiting Paul at Jerusalem, and they urged him 'that he should not go up to Jerusalem.' But the apostle allowed not the fear of affliction and imprisonment to turn him from his purpose."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 396.

3. This is the same Philip who preached the gospel to the Samaritans, and baptized the Ethiopian eunuch.

"Here Paul spent a few peaceful, happy days—the last of perfect freedom that he was to enjoy for a long time."—*Id.*, p. 397.

4. "The girdle was that band with which the loose Oriental robe was drawn together at the waist. It was of considerable size, and served the purposes of a pocket, the money being carried in it. To judge from the verb employed in describing the prophet's action, it seems that Paul had laid aside his girdle and that it was taken up by Agabus from the place where it lay. That we may observe the apostle's zeal to carry out the Lord's will, once more we are told how the Holy Ghost made known to him through others that he was about to be made a prisoner, and still we see him go forward unmoved, because, though others might know that he was to suffer, and might in their affection strive to hold him back, he was convinced that such suffering was the Lord's way for him, and so he went on."—*Cambridge Bible*.



5. Paul's companions and the Christians in Caesarea begged him not to throw away his life. The apostle had to decide whether he was ready to face the persecution before him. Believing he was in the line of duty, he did not count his life dear, and his only object in living was to finish his work faithfully.

6. "Seeing that they caused him pain without changing his purpose, the brethren ceased their importunity."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 397.

7. The commentator Clarke says that the meaning of verse 15 is: "We made ourselves ready; packed up our things; got our baggage in order."

## Junior Lesson

### IV — Paul's Third Missionary Journey Ended at Jerusalem

(April 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Gal. 6: 14.

LESSON HELP: "The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 396-398.

PLACES: The islands of Coos and Rhodes; Patara, Phenicia, Tyre, Ptolemais, Caesarea, Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Paul and his company, including Luke; Philip and his four daughters; the prophet Agabus; disciples of Caesarea; Mnason of Cyprus.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Paul is hastening on his way to Jerusalem, greatly desiring to reach that city in time for the feast of Pentecost. His companions were Luke, Timothy, and six brethren from different churches in Asia. Paul's arrival at Jerusalem marks the end of his third missionary tour.

#### Questions

1. Having bidden farewell to the brethren, and sailed from Miletus, what was Paul's route thereafter? At what city did he land? Acts 21: 1. Note 1.

2. What transfer was made at Patara? What large island could be seen on the left? Where was the next landing place? Verses 2, 3. Note 2.

3. How long was Paul and his company permitted to remain in Tyre? What did the disciples there say to Paul? Verse 4. Note 3.

4. Who went with the missionaries to the ship? What was done before they parted? After the farewells were spoken, what did each company do? Verses 5, 6.

5. What was the next place at which Paul and his company stopped? How long did they remain? Verse 7.

6. What place did they reach the following day? With whom did they find a home? Who was this Philip? What is said of his family? Verses 8, 9. Note 4.

7. What is said of the time that Paul and his company remained at Caesarea? Who visited them from Judea? Verse 10.

8. How did Agabus illustrate his prophecy concerning Paul? Verse 11. Note 5.

9. On hearing the words of Agabus, what did the companions and friends of Paul unite in doing? Verse 12.

10. By what question did Paul kindly rebuke his friends? For what did he say he was ready? Verse 13.

11. Why did the brethren stop entreating him? What did they say? Verse 14. Note 6.

12. From Caesarea, where did Paul and his company go? Verse 15. Note 7.

13. Who accompanied them to Jerusalem? How were they received when they arrived? Verses 16, 17. Note 8.

14. What memorable words did Paul write which showed the spirit in which he worked? Memory verse.

#### Work for Diligent Students

Trace on the map Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem. Recall a former experience that took place at Caesarea. Acts 10.

Recall a former prophecy made by Agabus. Acts 11: 27, 28. What characteristics of Paul do you find revealed in this lesson?

#### Notes

1. Coos and Rhodes were small islands. The city of Rhodes was famous for its Colossus, a great lighthouse made in the

figure of a man. The structure was of brass, one hundred feet high. The vessels at one time could sail between the legs of the statue. The Colossus of Rhodes was reckoned as one of the seven wonders of the world.

2. Patara was the seaport of the province of Lycia. Here Paul and his companion changed to a ship going southward to Palestine.

Sailing within sight of Cyprus, the apostle Paul could hardly fail to recall his experience with Elymas, the sorcerer, when visiting that island in company with Barnabas.

Tyre was one of the most famous cities of the ancient world. A church is said to have been established there when the believers scattered from Jerusalem on account of the persecution that followed the death of Stephen. The time the ship remained there was spent in unloading the old cargo and receiving a new one. Paul improved the opportunity by strengthening and encouraging the believers.

3. "The Holy Spirit had revealed to these brethren something of the dangers which awaited Paul at Jerusalem, and they endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. But the same Spirit which had warned him of afflictions, bonds, and imprisonment, still urged him forward, a willing captive."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, p. 203.

4. "Philip the evangelist was bound to Paul by ties of the deepest sympathy. A man of clear discernment and sterling integrity, Philip had been the first to break away from the bondage of Jewish prejudice, and thus had helped prepare the way for the apostle's work. It was Philip who preached the gospel to the Samaritans; it was Philip who had the courage to baptize the Ethiopian eunuch."—*Id.*, p. 204.

5. It was the custom of the Hebrew prophets, to deepen the impression of their words by appropriate actions. Isaiah loosed his sackcloth and took off his shoes to emphasize his prophecy that the Egyptian captives should be led away into Assyria naked and barefoot. Isaiah 20. Jeremiah used his girdle in its strength and in its decay as a type of the experience of Israel. Jeremiah 13. He wore bands and yokes around his neck, as a sign to Edom and Moab. Jer. 27: 2, 3.

6. "Paul and his company set out for Jerusalem, their hearts deeply shadowed by the presentiment of coming evil. Never before had the apostle approached Jerusalem with so sad a heart. He knew that he would find few friends and many enemies. . . . And he could not count upon the sympathy and support of even his own brethren in the faith. The unconverted Jews who had followed so closely upon his track, had not been slow to circulate the most unfavorable reports at Jerusalem, both personally and by letter, concerning him and his work. . . . Yet in the midst of discouragements, the apostle was not in despair. He trusted that the Voice which had spoken to his own heart would yet speak to the hearts of his countrymen, and that the Master whom his fellow disciples loved and served, would yet unite their hearts with his in the work of the gospel."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 397, 398.

7. The word "carriage" is used in the old sense of things carried — baggage.

8. "Some of the Christians of Caesarea went along with them, not merely, as it would seem, to show their respect and sympathy for the apostolic company, but to secure their comfort of arriving, by taking him to the house of Mnason, a native of Cyprus, who had been long ago converted to Christianity, possibly during the life of our Lord Himself, and who may have been one of these Cyprian Jews who first made the gospel known to the Greeks at Antioch."—*Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul* (Conybeare and Howson), pp. 537, 538.



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"God never fails in any of His engagements with His followers."





THE new Victor talking machine, model 10-50, not only runs for an hour without winding, but changes the records automatically.

\* \* \*

A GERMAN scientist predicts the time when, after reading your morning paper, you can soak it in acids that will bring out the food value of the wood pulp, and eat it for breakfast. But we hope you will be able to afford something more appetizing.

\* \* \*

STOCKINGS now carry "spares." An experiment in selling these necessary articles of apparel by threes instead of pairs is being tried out in London, Chicago, New York, and other cities—a response to women's complaint that a "run" in one stocking will often render the mate useless.

\* \* \*

IRA G. MARSHALL last season grew more bushels of corn to an acre than any other man, and was hailed corn monarch of the world. Recently he was summoned from his farm near Ada, Ohio, to tell President Coolidge how he makes corn grow. Farmer Marshall's formula is, good seed, fertilizer heavily applied, and a careful rate of planting.

\* \* \*

THE Pullman Company recently surprised people who think every great corporation must always make money. After three months' business in 1927, its deficit is \$510,445, due (unofficially) to decrease in travel, increase in number of trains, decrease in loading per car, increase in wages, and increase in cost of maintenance and repairs. Total business was \$21,689,652.

\* \* \*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE vetoed the much-discussed McNary-Haugen Farm Relief Bill, sending to Congress a message in which he pointed out many economical objections to the bill and declaring it unconstitutional. The bill, he said, gives favors to certain classes of farmers at the expense of other farmers; it is sectional; it puts a premium on one-crop farming; it would injure the public; it would enable growers of wheat to have their losses, costs, and charges paid by farm taxpayers; it is Government price fixing on a large scale. The message is closely reasoned, clear, cogent, and shows a very careful study of the bill. No attempt was made to pass the bill over the President's veto.

\* \* \*

"LUCKY STRIKES! A flood of reminiscences sweeps across my mind. I heard first of this fine cigarette many years ago in San Francisco, where my sons and thousands of soldiers were confined in an Army hospital. I recall The American Tobacco Company's generosity in giving thousands of cigarettes to the wounded boys and how delighted they were in smoking them. I recommend Lucky Strikes because they are kind to my throat. [signed] ERNESTINE SCHUMANN HEINK." By printing this testimonial beside a picture of Madame Schumann Heink and stating unequivocally: "When smoking, she prefers Lucky Strikes because they give the greatest enjoyment and throat protection," the American Tobacco Company broke an advertising precedent. Theretofore no cigarette manufacturer dared state baldly that women smoke. But no sooner had it appeared than another precedent was broken. Schumann Heink, in Atlanta, Georgia, refuted the testimonial: "I never smoked a cigarette in my life, and, although I don't condemn women who do, neither do I approve of it in them. Why, even my sons are not permitted to smoke in my presence on the days I sing. The explanation was simple: An ambitious young workman told his chiefs that he could get an indorsement of Lucky Strikes from Singer Schumann Heink; she had long been a friend of his family. To her he said that she could help him earn some money, and she, benign woman, signed a note saying that she knew many American soldiers smoked Lucky Strikes in France. However, Singer Schumann Heink's reputation is too solid, she is too revered, to be injured by this boy's hoax.

THE complete 300,000-word story of Col. Thomas Edward Lawrence, "uncrowned king of Arabia," telling of his adventures leading an army of Moslem tribesmen during the World War, has been printed in America, and was released recently by the George H. Doran Company. It is entitled "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." The edition is limited to twenty-two copies, only ten of which are available to the public, and the price is \$20,000 a copy. In explanation of the high price, Mr. Doran said that the publication in America was for the paradoxical purpose of suppressing the full text of the book. He declared that neither he nor the author were anxious to sell any copies of the book. This unusual situation, he explained, was another instance of the shrinking nature of the young Oxford archeologist, who, after rejecting all the honors offered by the British government for his exploit in freeing Arabia, buried himself in the army as a private soldier at an aviation camp in England. A similar edition of 150 copies, selling for much less, is now being issued in England. It would have been possible, according to the American publishers, for any one willing to pay for one copy of the English edition to pirate the book in America. Hence, Lawrence decided to publish and copyright it in this country himself and at a prohibitive price, to prevent the full story of his adventures becoming public property. Colonel Lawrence had six copies printed for himself and his most intimate friends, in a newspaper office, before the more ambitious volume was produced by Jonathan Cope, the London publisher. Mr. Doran said that later a shortened edition will be brought out for the general public under the title "Revolt in the Desert." Colonel Lawrence has been missing for a year. It is thought that he is now a mechanic in a British tank corps in India, with the rank of private.

\* \* \*

THE National Industrial Conference Board has just completed a national survey of the purchasing power of the dollar. On the basis of living costs, the dollar is now worth about 60 cents as compared with the 1914 dollar. Since 1921 it has fluctuated less than five cents either way from this figure, so it may be considered as having become stabilized at this level, as contrasted with the severe fluctuations of the first few years after the war. Average weekly wage earnings at the beginning of 1927 were found to be 116 per cent higher than they were in 1914. Therefore, the wage earner is 28 per cent better off than he was before the war, considering the purchasing power of his weekly pay. It appears that the prevailing conception that prices are high is in error, and that the public should be viewing its finances through rose-colored glasses. Any individual who is living now on the same scale as before the war, should be saving at least 25 per cent of his weekly pay check. The increased use of luxuries, so 'tis said, accounts for the shortage that makes so many householders complain of the "high cost of living."

\* \* \*

It is said that the largest collection of living germs in the world is that owned by Dr. Ernest Pribham, famous Vienna bacteriologist. This collection was recently installed in a special laboratory at Rush Medical College at the University of Chicago. There are billions and billions of germs, enough to start innumerable epidemics, but Dr. Pribham assures us that they "will not be permitted to escape." "In fact," he says, "instead of being a scourge to mankind they are destined to be a blessing, for from them we are able to make our serums for the cure of the very diseases which the germs would spread if they had a chance."

\* \* \*

WHEN an American, named Epstein, recently bought a famous Van Dyck away from competing English collectors, for \$250,000, the picture fell into the hands of a man who began life not so many years ago as an itinerant peddler. To-day he owns pictures alone that are worth more than a million dollars.

\* \* \*

UNDER a Sabbath observance law in South Carolina, Sunday golfers were recently arrested, and all gasoline stations, garages, soda fountains, cigar stores, and restaurants generally were shut down in larger cities.

\* \* \*

THE first soda fountain in Germany has just opened in Berlin, a city where every other kind of refreshment was common. A conspicuous sign in front announces: "Soda fountain—ice cream."

"Seize common occasions and make them great."