

# The YOUTH's INSTRUCTOR

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## Consequence

MARGARET WHITE

I STILLED a song on lips to-day,  
By a cross word spoken;  
And a flickering love flame almost died,  
In a heart near broken;  
I took the light from a brother's eyes,  
And placed there a look of pained surprise,  
And the sun went down in his darkened skies,  
As in dreary token.

But I missed the cheer of the lilting song  
From the glad heart swelling;  
And the silent pain in a brother's eyes  
Was a poignant telling  
That scarce can action more sorrow bring  
Than to still the song of a singing thing,  
Or to cripple a soul on an upward wing,  
In cruel quelling.

For the song that springs from the heart sincere  
Has its birth in sorrow,—  
A rift in the clouds, when heaven speaks  
Of a glad to-morrow;  
Then fain would I set the sad heart singing;  
And souls like doves on an upward winging;  
And light the eyes with a new joy springing —  
That of love I borrow.



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

## DEMANDMENTS

"WHATEVER in the world are demandments?" I hear some one ask in surprise at the sight of this stranger word. And another, scrutinizing the heading, suggests that "it's just another name for commandments"—a term with which we are all familiar.

But the wise one is wrong this time. There's a difference—all the difference there is between a demand and a command. And that is considerable, when you stop to think about it. But both are imperative, and both must be answered.

Commands come from our superiors; demands from our equals. Commands call for obedience; demands call for justice. Commands are more general and fewer in number, while demands are specific, and their number is legion. Their fulfillment must often be determined in exact terms of money, or time, or measure. They belong to society, and are among the all-essentials which make this world of ours a livable place.

In our inexperience we are often likely to think of the privileges and pleasures of social intercourse, not realizing that for every one of these there is an obligation; that over against every privilege stands a duty with its explicit demands.

And it does us no good to slight such duties, or forget them, or rebel against them, for in the end there will surely come a reckoning day, and the longer we put this off, the greater the penalty we shall be obliged to pay. For demandments are something we don't dodge! It just simply isn't done—not if we care to live peaceably and prosperously on this mundane sphere.

And so if you have been finding the commands laid upon you by parents at home and by teachers at school irksome, and are sighing for the moment of release from such obligations, just remember that when home days and school days are in the past, you will be brought upstanding by the demands of your fellows in the workaday world. And if you think commandments are rigorous—well—just wait till you find yourself confronted by demandments!

On a certain wall in a certain office in a certain factory hangs a card bearing the title, "Ten Demandments for Workers." And it states plainly that for the money the employees receive the employer makes certain significant and concrete demands in service.

The first is, "Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours, for I am sure to catch you in the end."

Another advised the worker to watch his work and not the clock; that a long day's work makes a long day short.

This employer tells his men that if they give him more than he expects, he will give them more than they expect—which is reciprocity.

He points out to them that they owe so much to themselves that they cannot afford to owe anybody else; and that they must keep out of debt or keep out of his shops.

He declares that dishonesty is *never* an accident, and will not be tolerated nor excused.

He warns his employees against doing anything in his shops that will hurt their self-respect. "An employee who is willing to steal for me," he declares, "is willing to steal from me."

He concedes that it is none of his business what his men do at night; but he insists that what they do or

fail to do the next day as a result of dissipation is very much his business, and warns that he will check up on all these demandments with great care.

And this employer is by no means an exception to the general rule in his demands. Every well-organized business requires certain things of the men and women on its pay roll, so long as they stay with the firm. When they fail to meet these obligations, they invariably find themselves looking for another job. From the owner of the concern down to the youngest, greenest apprentice, every individual has demandments to face.

Sometimes people who visit the publishing house where this paper is printed week by week, remark as they look around our pleasant office, "Well, it must be fine to be an editor and do as you please—be your own boss!"

Alas, they speak from the depths of ignorance—of the printing business. For in reality an editor has more bosses—more demandments to keep in mind—than almost anybody else. It's like this:

There's the stenographer who works only certain hours a day, and necessity demands that what help the editor wishes in her line must be had during that particular time.

There are the proof readers. They also work on schedule, and if the *INSTRUCTOR* copy is not on the forelady's desk by 7:30 every Monday morning, there are immediate demands as to why demandments have not been regarded.

There's the typeroom, where a linotype operator is ready to begin setting copy at a certain hour on a certain day. If it fails to appear, the foreman at once appoints himself an investigating committee, and the editor is the first one interviewed as to why and wherefore it is thus.

Then there are the pressroom workers. Their demands are not to be winked at, and this fact is energetically explained in the editorial office by the superintendent himself on occasion!

And then the folding room and the mailing department must be reckoned with, for through here each issue must march according to regular schedule.

Lastly, you as a subscriber, if your paper comes late, take your pen in hand and register a protest. To whom? Why, the editor, of course! Even if a form is pied or the press breaks down, who else *could* be to blame?

So you see things are not always as they seem. We can't any of us, whatever our lot or station, turn anywhere and escape demandments. They are like the poor—always with us!

Religion is not the only serious thing in the world. The whole of life is serious, and this world is no stage whereon we may spend our time in selfish, thoughtless prattle and make-believe. Its demands press upon us as our responsibilities grow with the years, and they have power to enforce attention. Happy the young man and young woman who recognize these demandments, accept them with cheerful grace, and use them for the building of a worth-while life.

*Lora E. Clement*



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**B**ECAUSE you have chosen as your aim "Service," I have chosen as my text

to-day, part of the fifteenth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Joshua, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." For you will serve some one, God or Satan, humanity or yourself. And that you may know the results of this service, I will tell you of some who have chosen the one course, and of some who have chosen the other.

At the age of twenty, Alexander, whom men called "The Great," found himself king of all Greece. Filled with ambition, he determined to become master of the world, and with a few thousand men, at the battles of Granicus, Issus, and Arbela, he put to flight the armed hosts of the Persians. At the age of twenty-five he was master of the civilized world. In a drunken frenzy he killed his friend Clitus. Forsaking the hardness of the march, he imitated the splendor of an Oriental monarch, planning to make Babylon his capital; but at the early age of thirty-three, he who had always served himself, followed the whip lash of his appetite to a drunkard's grave.

Julius Cæsar, one of the three rulers of Rome, enjoyed military success in Gaul and Germany. Upon the death of one of his fellow consuls he had placed before him the opportunity of returning to Rome either as private citizen or as emperor. His decision was made when he crossed the Rubicon with an army. There followed the defeat of all his opponents. "I came, I saw, I conquered," seemed the watchword of his life. In fifty pitched battles, in which more than a million men were killed, he fought; and having attained the pinnacle of earthly greatness, he governed wisely and well. But because of jealousy, he was slain in the senate house, his own friend Brutus leading the attack.

Napoleon, having successfully repelled all outward attacks upon France, gave attention to the beautifying of her cities, advancing law and order, and encouraging the arts and sciences. But the glories of peace did not satisfy his vaunting ambition. Driven by the thirst of conquest, he made war. The battle of Austerlitz was followed by the peace of Tilsit, and still he was not

## "Choose Ye This Day"\*

HAROLD A. LUKENS

satisfied. The czar of Russia sent his ambassador, requesting peace.

"Go tell your master," said Napoleon to the

czar's ambassador, copying the words of another monarch, "that there is not room in yonder sky for two suns, nor on this earth for two sovereigns."

"But," said the Russian ambassador, "remember that man proposes, but God disposes."

"Go tell your sovereign," thundered The Little Corporal, "that I propose, and I dispose."

From that hour his fortunes were on the wane. The freezing blast of the Russian winter and the gentle rain of Waterloo drove him to exile, as Victor Hugo said, "the mighty somnambulist of a dream departed." He realized at the last something of the meaning of life and service, for at St. Helena he said, "Alexander, Cæsar, and I based our empires on force of arms. They both came to untimely deaths, and I am in exile. But Jesus Christ founded His kingdom on the power of love, and His kingdom still lives and millions would die for Him."

Moses, an experienced general, might have become the leader of the armies of the world empire, Egypt, but, casting in his lot with the afflicted people of God, he became a shepherd. Leading God's people through forty years of toil and hardship in the wilderness, he desired to enter the Promised Land. But because of one mistake it was necessary for him to die with this

longing unfulfilled. From lofty Nebo he beheld its glories, realizing that another and not himself would lead hither the people of his love and care. Then he yielded up his life. But later his prayer was answered "above all that he could ask or think," when, as the Son of man was ready to be offered, he stood by His side on the mount of transfiguration, and offered words of encouragement and hope.

John the Baptist never knew any of the pleasures which others may enjoy. His early life was spent in seclusion, his ministry amid turmoil and difficulty. He reached the time, when, had he asserted his position, the Jewish nation would have followed his leadership in a rebellion against the Roman arms, and perhaps under his inspiration they might have attained mastery of the world. But he chose instead the path that led to self-effacement. He heard

## Our Dream Ships

R. HARE

A THOUSAND things we hoped to do,  
To plan, to say, to be,—  
All crowded out upon the shelf  
Till ships come in from sea!  
White-winged and fair those ships appear,  
With pennants gay and bright,  
But sailing on they pass us by,  
Like dream ships of the night!

We hoped for much when seas ran smooth  
And tides were quick to flow,  
But tempests shook, while storms destroyed  
And hasting tides moved slow.  
White-winged? Ah, yes, our dream ships lay,  
With crystal waters round,  
But when the morn of toil appeared,  
Our dream ships were not found.

Then let us live our best to-day,  
For storms may wreck our bark,  
And visions, golden-fringed, may sink  
Or perish in the dark.  
Let Duty hold her honored place,  
Read wisely Heaven's decree,  
Wait not — for dream ships seldom come  
With treasures from the sea.

\* A baccalaureate sermon given at Broadview College, La Grange, Illinois.



the words which humanity naturally hates, "All men go after another," and rejoiced in the height of abnegation. He died in prison, with no human comfort near. But Christ said of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." I would rather have that Speaker say those words of me than to hear the plaudits of all the world's great men.

Paul, learned in all the wisdom of Gamaliel, had placed before him the possibility of being a leader of his nation. He desired to follow their fortunes to that proud position among the nations from which they had fallen. But on the way to Damascus he beheld a blinding light, which was the glory of the Lord. Thereafter he never saw clearly, as other men may see, but the vision of the Christ never faded from his sight. He followed Him in the path of toll and humiliation. "In stripes above measure; in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Even to death Paul followed his Lord.

One of the glories of youth is the glory of youth's ideals. Now, ideals are of value, not for other lives, but for our own. We are disappointed when others do not live up to our ideals for them. But when we see others falling short of our ideals, let us resolve to think only of the goal we have set before ourselves.

"Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

There is usually a lull following the greatest effort. Your graduation comes at the end of a period of striving for attainment. Many of you will go home to commonplace tasks, and there will be the danger of letting down, or repining, or even becoming discouraged, when you find that the tools of this splendid laboratory, which is your school, are not the same as those rough and ready-made tools in the field, which is the world. But the measure of your character will here, too, be the measure of your service.

You will find that the truest realization of your ideals comes not through great deeds, but in service to others. Steinmetz, in his youth, thought to revolutionize the world through socialism. But circumstances drove him from his home, his country, and his ambition, and placed him aboard a little ship, dingy and ill lighted. Thus apparently buried, he turned his energy to usefulness, and evolved formulas that have brought light and heat and power to millions of the world's poor. Not always will you be on parade, not even in defense of some great truth. Your aim calls you to service, often unknown and unrecognized, because you love God and man.

It is not the kind, but the character of the work, that counts. The work of the surgeon and that of

the butcher are similar in kind, but our estimation of their professions is influenced by the fact that the one endeavors to save life, while the other takes life. How many men to-day can recall the names of the generals engaged in the Crimean War? But a young English girl, whose heart was aflame with love and service, left her home, went on the battlefields of butchery and destruction, and the name of Florence Nightingale will live forever. Forget the plaudits of men; look not for any praise but that of God. The crowning word is not "mightily accomplished," but "faithful."

Elijah had stood alone on Mt. Carmel and put to the sword the hosts of the enemy. He had been in such close communion with the Most High that the very expression of his lips was answered by the God of heaven.

But in that lull in his life which followed this achievement, he fled and despaired of existence. An angel of the Lord was dispatched to his side. He bore within his hands the power to smite Elijah's enemies, to stir him with the story of his past mighty acts; or to lead him triumphant through the streets of Israel. But passing by all these things as valueless, he kindled a fire, and said to Elijah, "Arise and eat." The giving of the simple loaf by the angel of God—what a lesson in service!

I do not say, Aspire to be a great teacher, an eloquent preacher, or a leader of men, but aspire to serve, to spend and be spent, to help where needed most. The greatest characteristic ever known to man is obedience, and the second is like unto it, indeed is a part of it—usefulness. The world needs men and women to-day who are willing to live unknown, or if need be, to die unnoticed, if thereby their blood may enrich the soil in the garden of the Lord, that the flower of truth therein may bloom more richly and attract souls to the beauty of holiness.

This third angel's message calls for all there is of us. Never forget that this college has intrusted her fair name to you. Wherever you go men will judge her by you. You can make her name beautiful in their eyes if you will.

I notice your motto, "Out of the Harbor and Into the Deep." Sydney Harbor, in Australia, is perhaps one of the finest in the world. How well I remember the change in the motion of the ship as soon as one gets beyond the "Heads" of the harbor and into the ocean. How appropriate your motto is, you will all surely learn as you wrestle with life's problems. We would fain put our arms around you and save you, if we could, from the hardness and bitter disappointments of life; we would shelter you from the storms; but of Jesus we are told that He was made perfect through suffering. As the Master of Ideals was made perfect through suffering, so must the ideals of the Master be reproduced in suffering. It would be easy to keep the faith, easy to keep the ideals of to-day, if there were no struggle; but what a rare soul it is who, in the day of experience and grief, can hold undimmed the luster of those early ideals, and keep the course of his life true to the pole of right and conscience.

(Concluded on page 12)

"It doesn't cost anything to think—but it may cost a lot if you don't."



# LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE

BY ARTHUR W. SPALDING

## Chapter II

**T**HE mutual attraction of the young man and the young woman which eventuates in courtship and marriage, is ordained of God. It is a matter, not for light and trifling regard, not for joking or ridicule, but for the most serious as well as joyous consideration. Courtship is the outer court of marriage. It is the approach to the most sacred and vital of all social relations, and therefore it deserves study.

To make courtship a happy experience, it is necessary that young people learn and follow the laws that govern true love. It is because so many of those who marry to-day are unversed in the true principles of love that there is such frequent failure to make a success of marriage and of life. Wrong conceptions of love, false ideas about matrimony, selfish attitudes in personal relations—these make for misery and estrangement of husband and wife, and for misfortune and injustice to their children. On the other hand, they who have been taught right conceptions of life and love, high ideals of the marriage relation, and unselfish service as the supreme life purpose, have a foundation for making of marriage the sweetest, deepest, truest blessing that this old earth can afford.

Courtship is no legitimate field for playing with the passion of love. It should be entered upon, when it is entered, with a serious conception of its meaning as the preliminary to marriage. Only those are ready for courtship who have received a training in the principles and habits that will enable them to approach and enter marriage with a physical, mental, and spiritual equipment that insures success.

When is it proper and right for young people to begin courtship? There is a right time, and there are wrong times; and young people should be instructed, and they themselves should seek to learn the facts in the matter.

First, it is evident that childhood is no time for courtship or any imitation of it. The child's love is first of all a filial love for father and mother and, in different degrees, for other members of the family; after that, an affection more or less exercised toward friends, young and old. But the child mind is never capable of understanding or feeling conjugal love, the love between a man and a woman which eventuates in marriage. Strange as it may seem, there are many adults, even many parents, who do not seem to know this. They assume that a species of courtship may begin in infancy, and they talk to little boys and girls, and jokingly, about their "beaus" and their "sweethearts," until the childish mind is filled with foolish notions of love which it in nowise understands. The practice has become so almost universal that child school life is very commonly cursed with this supreme nonsense and these artificial attachments, to the great damage of the child mind. And most lamentable of all, because of the vicious form that sex knowledge usually takes with children uninstructed by parents, these attitudes sometimes result in depraved relations between young boys and girls of which the parents are almost always ignorant.

Parents should be awake to the mischief engendered by this false attitude among children concerning love, and should, by sensible instruction of their own children and co-operation with other parents, do all in their power to stamp out this abnormal and evil condition.

Children have an influence, and they can exert it for good as well as for evil. One little girl in a church school was being rallied by her comrades about a boy her age with whom she had played. "You poor sillies!" she cried scornfully, "don't you know you can't fall in love yet? My mamma thinks it's just silly for girls and boys to try to be sweethearts and beaus." A marked change



H. A. Roberts

*Many adults foolishly believe that a species of courtship may begin in infancy.*



in attitude was seen thereafter in those girls, at least so far as Betty was concerned.

A friend of mine told me of an experience. He is the father of two little boys, and at the time this incident occurred, the older was six years of age. He had a little girl friend across the street with whom he often played. One day a young woman, calling in the home, thought to make herself friendly to the little chap, and said to him, "Mary is your girl, isn't she?"

He looked up, wide-eyed, and replied, "No, she's not my girl. I haven't any little girl. When I grow up, like papa, and marry, then maybe I'll have a little girl."

"Oh," added the young woman, persistently, "but I mean she's your sweetheart; you're her beau."

But he was more puzzled than ever. He had a bow and arrows, and he knew what a bow made of ribbon is, but how he could be a "bow" was more than he could understand. And then the father thought it was time for him to interfere to protect the innocence of his child, and he said to the young woman, "I beg your pardon, but the little boy doesn't know what you are talking about, and I prefer that you change the subject."

It may have been rude, he confessed to me, and the young woman grew very red in the face and he felt himself very red also, but he thought that rudeness was better than treason to his son. Indeed, it was not rudeness, but an expression of justifiable anger; and well would it be if every silly adult who has no better sense than that young woman were rebuked with equal emphasis.

No, childhood is not the time for courtship or for any semblance of it. But when we come to the age of adolescence, when the boy is changing into the man and the girl into the woman, then we find an experience that begins a transformation in the mental and social attitude. The boy looks at the girl, and the girl looks at the boy, in a new light; there is awakened in each an appreciation of the other, not as a mere individual, but as a complement, something required to finish out life, to make it more complete, beautiful, and purposeful.

Yet the period of early adolescence is not the time for courtship. It is but the beginning of the growth of love, which requires time for its development. It is like the little green apple upon the tree in the spring; it is not yet fit for food; it must grow in sunshine and rain, deepen its pulp, perfect its seeds, mellow at last into ripeness. In early adolescence the physical powers of manhood and womanhood are just beginning to form; the mental powers are not complete, and they must develop; the spiritual powers—not the religious concepts alone, but the power to perceive character values—are only in their beginning. The youth must wait and maintain control of his will until love is ripe.

Early adolescent love, when normal, is general rather than particular. In the boy it idealizes womanhood; in the girl it idealizes manhood. It is concerned, not intensely with any individual, but with the whole sex. Early adolescence is the age of romance; and through the ideals it makes it builds in the mind of the young man and the young woman a bulwark against evil, a bulwark of nobility of thought, reverence of feeling, gallantry of action, high morality—all this if the right influences are at work.

Not until middle adolescence is reached does love

between the sexes become particular in its aim. At sixteen or thereabouts the young people tend to associate together from a new viewpoint and to get their first experience of devotion to some particular love. It is a time for making judgments of individuals, a time of sizing up this young woman or that young man, to see whether she or he meets the ideals of the young investigator. And through all the later teens, this process of association, inspection, testing, may well go on, with an avoidance of attachments and sentimentality; for from sixteen to twenty-five the tastes, the judgments, the ideals, of the young person will change as surely as there is mental and spiritual growth.

I believe in young people and parents (or other interested friends) talking over together the ideals of manhood and womanhood, and measuring up the young people's acquaintances with the ideals thus formed. I was outdoors working one day with a young man of about eighteen whom I know very well—and I may as well call him John. I said, "John, what's your idea of the kind of girl you'd like for a wife? Of course, you'll not be ready to marry for some years, but you ought to be thinking about the kind of girl you want to get, so that when the time comes, you'll not be surprised with the wrong sort."

"Sure, I've thought," said John; "I've thought a lot. I'll tell you one thing, I like a jolly girl. I don't want a corpse at a funeral for mine."

"All right," I answered cheerfully, though with some mental

reservations when I remembered some specimens of the "jolly girl" who circulated in our vicinity. "All right; you're right. Good cheer and happiness are a big part of making a true home. What next?"

"Oh, I don't know," said John. "She ought to be good in music, have real musical ability, you know. If we got along together, I think she'd have to be a good pianist and have a good voice."

"I think so too," I agreed, all the more readily when I remembered that John was getting training in music that would tend to lift him above jazz and street songs. "You want some one who can appreciate the same kind of music you do. What about your other aims in life? What education ought your wife to have?"

"Well, of course, you know," said John, "I intend to take the medical course. I guess my girl ought to like that sort of thing, oughtn't she?—be a physician or a nurse—what do you say?"

"That would be a good thing," I replied. "A nurse would be a good complement to a doctor, who usually doesn't know any too much about nursing. Though I should advise you, if you can make it, to take the nurses' course before you take the medical. But, anyway, a girl who is looking toward some medical line would have a good qualification for a wife for you. Go on."

"Well, I like a stylish dresser," the young man went on. "Nothing flippy, you know, but one who knows how to put on clothes. Though I guess," he added with a touch of canniness, "I guess maybe if I had to pay for 'em all, I'd think twice about that."

"I suppose so," I had no hesitancy in agreeing. "If I were you, I'd look for a girl who not only knows how to put on clothes, but how to make them. It isn't every girl these days who is taught that, or who wants to be taught that. You might look into that, if you know how."

(Continued on page 12)

"Never hesitate to ask for advice—everybody likes to give it."

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them.—Henry Ward Beecher.



# Come With Me to the Andes

## Part II

C. B. HAYNES

**I** REMEMBER reaching one station after six or seven hours of riding on a motor cycle. We arrived in the afternoon, had a short service in the church, and then were taken to the teacher's home. It was a two-room building made of adobe, with thatched roof—a noisy roof. You heard things up there all night long. And when you asked what they were, you were told, "Well, it might be a snake or a lizard; there might be *anything* up there." The rustling never stops.

The Indians brought us our supper—chuno soup and eggs—and they all crowded into the room to see us eat it. They stood around the table, pressed in just as tight as they could get—men and women, children and dogs, and a cow once in a while looked in just to see if everything was going right.

We ate our supper—but they stayed. We sang a few hymns—and they stayed. We sang more hymns—and they stayed. We wanted to go to bed—but they stayed. The beds consisted of two platforms, one at each end of the building, made of the same material as the building, adobe, and as soft as cement, on which our host had thrown some untanned sheepskins. We became rather restless. We thought they would go out—but they didn't. The room was just crowded with Indians. Finally we called the teacher and said, "Now we want to go to bed."

"Yes," he said, "go ahead. They are waiting for you."

"Won't the Indians go out?"

"Oh, no. They want to see you go to bed. They won't go out until you are all safe in bed."

We blew the candles out. That didn't start them. Well, the result of it was that we retired with a great many more clothes on than is our usual custom. There was no door to shut, just an opening, wide open. The dogs came in and wrestled with our shoes at three o'clock in the morning, and a cow stuck her face in occasionally during the night. The bed wasn't very easy to sleep on anyway, and with that constant rustling over head in the roof—well, we didn't get much rest.

But long before we were ready to get up, the Indians were crowding the place again to see us get up. They watched us brush our teeth, and nudged each other and pointed. Everything we did was most intensely interesting to them.

In the mission stations around Lake Titicaca we have 8,000 baptized believers. Some of them are remarkable people. We have taken some of the younger men and made teachers of them. One of the most profitable, most helpful things that we have there is a teachers' training school at Juliaca, which has a student body of 400. But when I say 400 students, and talk about a training school, I do not want you to get the impression that it is an elaborate institution.

For instance, let me describe the boys' dormitory. It is

just a long adobe building that they themselves helped to build. It is divided into rooms just the width of the building.

Each room contains only one article of furniture, and that is built in. It is a platform that they call their bed, made of adobe. There is no covering on it, no bedding. We do not furnish bedding. We do not even furnish food. We furnish nothing but the room and the teachers. If the students care to eat during the months they are in school, they are supposed to supply their own food. Each boy brings with him a bag of chunos and some beans, and they cook their own food. Adjoining each room is a little yard called a patio, and in the corner of the yard is a place for a fire to be built. There they prepare their meals and eat them when they choose. Thus they live while learning how to teach.

We are operating 125 schools among the Indians around Lake Titicaca. You can very readily imagine that to supply a teaching force to meet this need is quite a task. We must have a constant supply of recruits coming along year by year.

The encouraging feature about our work among the Indians of South America is that it is projecting itself out from Lake Titicaca in a most marvelous way. Up until a few years ago our efforts for them were confined quite largely to our Indian missions in the vicinity surrounding that lake, but news of what is being done there has been spread abroad, and tribes of Indians hundreds of miles away have heard of a man, Missionary F. A. Stahl, and they are ready to receive him with open arms.

Three years ago, before coming to the General Conference, Missionary Stahl made an exploratory visit to the city of Iquitos, down on the headwaters of the Amazon River. In order to get there, he pushed straight into the forest with a group of Indians. They cut their way with axes and knives through the jungle to get to certain rivers down which they could float to their destination. It took him six weeks to go from Lima, the capital of Peru, to Iquitos—six hard weeks of travel in the forest, on the rivers, down rapids, and through the jungle.

On his way, Elder Stahl met a number of Indian chiefs who had heard that he was in the vicinity, and either sent out agents or came themselves to beg for teachers for their tribes. He established a mission station at Metrarro, our Forest Mission Station down on the Perene River, and continued his journey. On the banks of the Tambo River he met an Indian chief, whose village was some miles inland from the river. He had heard that the party was passing down the

river, and had come to beg for a teacher to be sent to his village. There was no teacher to give him. The chief was greatly disappointed. As they talked about it, Missionary Stahl told him that he hoped to come back in about three years, and would bring him a teacher, if possible, but expressed the fear



Elder Stahl Treating a Chief's Family on the Banks of the Uramba River, Peru

(Turn to page 13)



**T**HET'S what I call wood," chuckled old Levi Story as he started to pack sawed and split hard wood, stowing it snugly away in the woodshed. "Ye can't beat sound hickory nohow. Fanny'll have to watch her oven purty sharp once this here wood gets to goin'."

For some little time Levi kept at work, and the while the tier of wood in the rear of the shed gradually increased in height. Winter had passed, and now the old man was bent upon his self-imposed task of preparing the next fall, winter, and spring supply of firewood. Presently, however, he sat down upon the bench beside the woodshed to rest and enjoy the warm spring sunshine. Temporarily he was alone, for Fanny had taken the car and gone to make a call over in South Westford; as for his son Seth and his two grandsons, they were at work plowing and harrowing some little distance from the house.

It was while Levi was thus seated that Mr. Horatio Wendall, a newcomer to Westford, came into the yard. "Good morning, Mr. Story," he greeted when at hand. "Taking it easy, eh?"

"Wall, yes, Mr. Wendall, I be," replied the old man. "I putter 'round a spell an' then set down an' sun myself like a turtle." Then he moved over a bit on the bench, and Mr. Wendall sat down beside him.

"I presume that you have employed Dr. Torrey more or less as a physician, Mr. Story," remarked Mr. Wendall presently.

"Wall, yes, we send for him when any on us be took sick. We're gettin' so that we feel purty well 'quainted with him. I should jedge thet it be a mite over fifty year 'go thet I fust called him, though I knowed him as a boy nigh seventy-five year 'go. Um. How's your darter feelin' now thet ye've got settled, Mr. Wendall? They tell me as how she ain't over an' 'bove rugged."

"My daughter is rather poorly," replied Mr. Wendall. "We bought out here in Westford, hoping that the fresh country air and country food would benefit her, but she doesn't seem to pick up any. Yesterday we called in Dr. Torrey."

"How did ye like old Doc?" queried Levi.

"He is a very pleasant man to meet, but as a doctor, to be candid, we didn't like him at all. He wrote out a prescription that was a joke. I thought I would bring it over and let you read it."

"I'll get my spe'tacles an' take a look at it," said Levi. "I'll be back in jest a minute."

Levi returned shortly, and having wiped his glasses with a none too spotless handkerchief, put them on. "'Walk to the village an' back ev'ry pleasant day,'" read Levi, and the while a half-audible chuckle marked his reading. "'Take 'long a little notebook an' jot down the names o' the birds ye chance to see.'"

"Huh! This here prescription o' Doc's calls to mind one as he give Bill Henderson some twenty year 'go," chuckled Levi. "Bill was mad when he see it, an' madder still when the old Doc pocketed the dollar an' a ha'f thet Bill handed him. All thet Doc writ on the prescription blank was for Bill to keep a sharp eye on a tiger barn cat o' hisn for ha'f an hour three times a day. Thet was wuss'n the one he give your darter, Mr. Wendall. Huh! It cured Bill, though. If ye ain't in no stew to go, Mr. Wendall, I'll tell ye 'bout it."

"Lots of time on my hands to-day, Mr. Story," declared Mr. Wendall, smiling.

"I should jedge thet it was jest 'bout twenty year 'go thet Bill Henderson lost his left hand," said Levi, removing his spectacles and placing them carefully in their case. "Bill was at work down to the mill, puttin' through some logs he'd cut the fore part o' the winter, when his hand got ketched in the buzz saw an' it was took off quicker'n lightnin'. Doc Torrey dressed the injury for the time bein', an' then driv to the city with him, takin' him to the hospital, whar he stopped three months or more.

"Wall, the time come thet Bill come back home, an' ye never see a more discouraged-lookin' man 'n Bill was when he returned. Bill had al'ays been a tremenjous hard worker, an' losin' his hand seemed to take the heart clean out on him. Day in an' day out he'd jest set to home starin' down

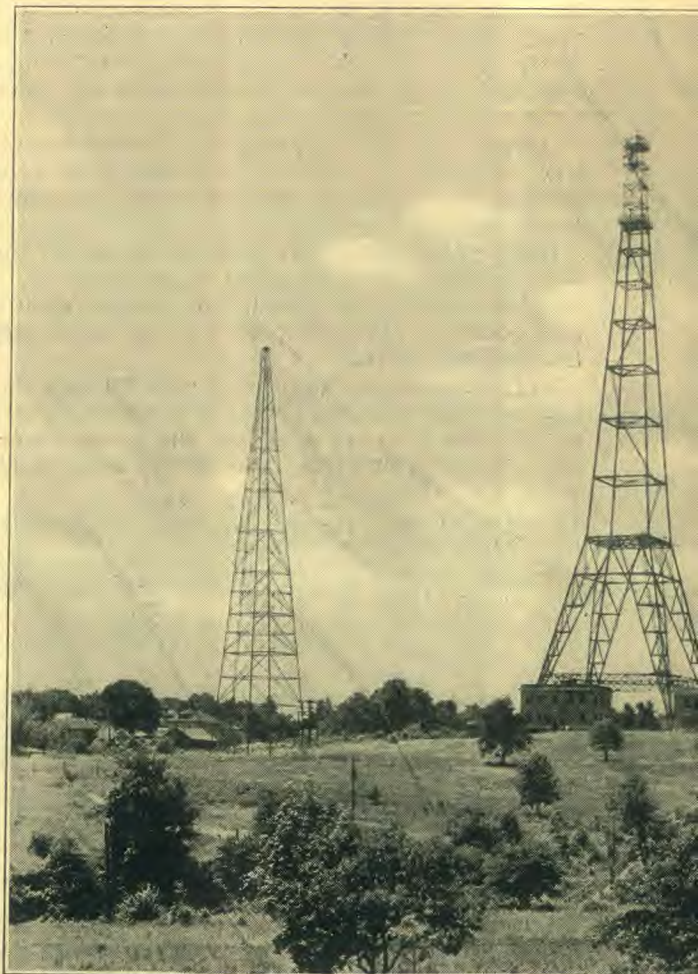
## THREE TI

at the ground. If ye spoke to him, he 'ouldn't much more grunt. He had a boy o' some sixteen year, but 'lone, the boy didn't 'mount to a hill o' beans when it come to carry; on thet big farm thet Bill had took so much pride in, the result was thet Bill see nothin' but ruin sweepin' down on him. Bill got so tremenjous downcast thet finally his wife sent for old Doc Torrey to come an' see him, thinkin' thet maybe Doc could give him some sort o' tonic as 'ould brace him up.

"Wall, Doc he come an' had a long talk with Bill, an' done his level best to chirk him up, tellin' him as how he wasn't the fust man as had lost a hand, an' p'inted out the fact thet he was fortunate in havin' lost his left hand rather'n his right. Huh! Doc might jest as well have talk to the weathercock up on top o' Bill's barn. Bill said thet he wished he'd lost his head 'stead on his hand.

"It was out in the barn thet old Doc was talkin' with Bill, an' while he was settin' thar on a milkin' stool Doc took note on a big tiger cat as was limpin' 'round on three legs. Doc asked Bill how the cat come lame, an' Bill said thet while he was mowin' some rowen the previous fall the p'int o' the scythe cut off the cat's foot jest 'bove the fust j'int. Bill said thet the cat run like forty dogs was arter her, and he didn't see her agin for nigh six weeks, when she come back with the stump purty well healed over. He went on to say thet the critter seemed so happy, purrin' 'round as she was thet he didn't have the heart to put her out o' the way.

"Wall, watchin' the cat, Doc afore long see her nall mouse 'longside the grain room door, hookin' into it with the claws o' her sound forefoot, an' interested, Doc, he fo



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Radio Towers



# ES A DAY

ved her up an' see her give it to one o' ha'f a dozen fair-  
ed kittens she was fetchin' up. Doc he come back purty  
on, an' takin' a little block o' prescription blanks out o'  
s pocket, he writ down for Bill to watch that cat o' hisn  
r ha'f an hour three times a day, an' handed the slip to  
ll. Bill he looked at it an' jest grunted. Doc told me later  
as how he see a mite o' fire leap into Bill's eyes, an' his  
ce growed purty red. Then he says to Doc, 'How much  
I owe ye?' an' Doc says, 'Usual fee—dollar an' a ha'f.'  
ll he up an' paid him, an' told him as how he guessed thar  
aldn't be no need o' him comin' agin in a hurry.

"Huh! Bill was so het up that he went an' spread it 'bout  
wn that old Doc had cheated him out on a dollar an' a  
'f, showin' the prescription to folks. Huh! Thar was folks  
re in Westford as figgered it out that old Doc had gone a  
ite light in his upper story, an' speakin' 'bout him, they'd  
p their foreheads.

"Three days later Bill was settin' in his barn hatin'  
mself when he called to mind old Doc's prescription, an'  
kin' it out o' his vest pocket, looked at it, and while he  
as lookin' at it that lame cat o' hisn hopped up into his  
p an' begun purrin' 'way as happy as ye please. All on a  
dden it come to Bill how happy that poor cat was, though  
e had only three paws. Later on Bill told me as how he  
st set thar strokin' the cat, the while cryin' like a baby.  
all, purty soon the cat she jumped down, an' it wasn't long  
ore Bill see her ketch a mouse an' carry it to her kittens.  
out that time it dawned on Bill that thar was a deep  
eanin' behind that cur'ous prescription o' old Doc's.

"To hasten my story, Bill he watched the cat off an' on a

good shar' o' the time for the next two days, an' the more  
he watched her, the more broke up he was. Finally the time  
come that he sent for old Doc, an' two hours or so later Doc  
driv into the yard. At the time Bill was settin' out in the barn  
holdin' Tabby, thet cat o' hisn. Huh! Doc told me as  
how thar was a broad grin on Bill's face, an' thet when he  
entered the barn, Bill jumped up an' give him a grip o'  
the hand as meant sompin. He hadn't much more'n done  
so, when he busted out cryin'.

"Doc he ca'med Bill as best he could, an' then Bill up an'  
told 'bout what he'd seen in the way o' cat courage the last  
two days or so. He said thet handicapped as she was, thet  
cat had licked a strange dog thet come into the barn, leapin'  
onto his back an' giving him sech a clawin' with her sound  
forepaw, backed up by her hind ones, thet he'd cleared out  
yelpin' like a good one. He told how the cat had ketched  
a number o' mice for her kittens, an' how she'd nailed a  
rat an' fit it until she'd killed it. Finally he told 'bout her  
purrin' 'round so happy.

"'Doc,' said Bill, 'Doc, watchin' this here cat has drilled  
a lesson into me thet I won't forget to my dyin' day. It has  
taught me as how ye can bear a cross an' still be happy, be  
happy doin' the duties as lie afore ye. Thar be work for  
me to do, or God 'ould have took me when I was so nigh  
death's door down to the mill, when I come so nigh bleedin'  
to death. I say thar be work for me to do, an' I be goin'  
to do it, an' with the help o' God I'm goin' to make my way in  
the world, handicapped though I be.'

"Um. If ye happen over on Rocky Hill road, Mr. Wendall,  
it might be a mite interestin' to ye to see that prescription  
thet Doc writ out for Bill. Bill's got it framed, an' it hangs  
over his desk. He's drefful proud on't, an' is tickled 'nough  
to show it to folks as car' to look at it."

"The day may come that I shall be glad to frame this one.  
Mr. Story," said Mr. Wendall, talking the prescription from  
his pocket and looking at it. "I am inclined to think that  
I have misjudged Dr. Torrey."

The passing of three months found Mr. Wendall once  
more at the Story farm.

"An' how's your darter, Mr. Wendall?" questioned old  
Levi after an exchange of greetings.

"Well on the road to health, Mr. Story," replied Mr. Wen-  
dall, smiling broadly. "She has carried out Dr. Torrey's  
prescription to the letter, and it has done wonders for her.  
We can't say enough in praise of Dr. Torrey."

"Old Doc scored a bull's-eye, eh?" chuckled old Levi.

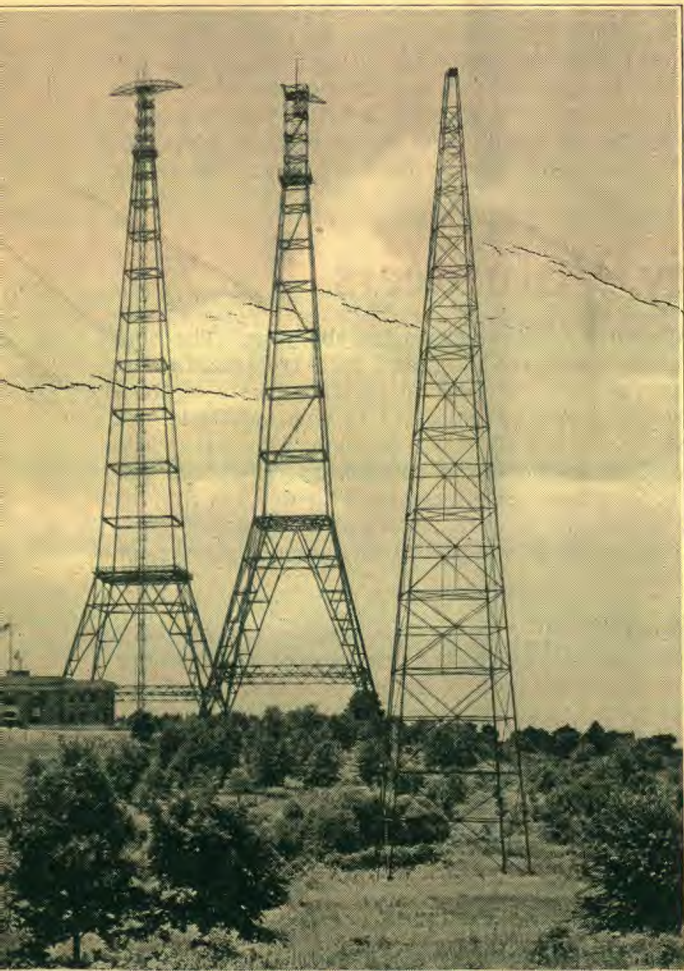
"That is the way we view it," replied Mr. Wendall, "and  
—well, we have followed Mr. Henderson's example—framed  
that wonderful prescription."—*Frederick E. Burnham, in  
the Christian Herald, abridged.*

## The Influence of a Book

"THAT wonderful man of God, Andrew Murray, of South  
Africa, a Presbyterian minister, had just buried two young  
children at his African home; and as Mrs. Murray expressed  
it, "their hands seemed emptied and ready for some work  
with which the Lord was waiting to fill them," when they  
read together, while spending a short time at the seaside  
for a rest, the marvelous life of Mary Lyon. 'So thrilled  
were they by that story of heroism,' says Dr. Pierson, 'that  
they sought to obtain everything that could further inform  
them of the subsequent history of the Holyoke Seminary and  
its pupils, and eagerly devoured the story of Fidelia Fiske,  
the Mary Lyon of Persia.'

"Just at this time the descendants of the Huguenots who  
had fled from France to Holland, thence to South Africa  
at the invitation of the Dutch East India Company, were  
proposing to build some monument or memorial to their an-  
cestors,' and Mr. Murray was strangely and strongly im-  
pressed that the best memorial they could rear was just  
such a school for their daughters as Mary Lyon had founded  
at South Hadley, Massachusetts.

"Thus through the influence of a book was born the  
Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony."



ton, Virginia



**W**HEN Charles L. Swem was fifteen years of age, he began the study of shorthand.

In less than four years he was Woodrow Wilson's personal stenographer. It would seem from this that one of the shortest roads into permanent association with the most cultured and progressive men and women is the stenographic road.

Elbert Hubbard stated his belief that "stenography offers a quicker, surer, safer, and saner pathway to success than any other field of commercial endeavor." He said that the number of big business men who begin their career as stenographers is beyond and out of all proportion to the number of those who begin in other positions.

A pamphlet before me, entitled, "Shorthand, the Open Door to Opportunity," contains the names of, and some information concerning, more than two hundred men and women, some with national reputation, who used shorthand and typewriting as a stepping-stone; and most of them still use it to advantage in their daily work. Among the number are thirty statesmen, fourteen judges, thirty-five noted business executives, forty-three railway officials, thirty-two authors and journalists, and seventeen women.

There are four reasons for learning shorthand, any one of which would make it worth while; but all who master it secure the advantages under at least two of these headings, and many under all of them:

1. As a mental training. A minister says of shorthand, "It inspires the mind, quickens the brain, sharpens the wits, and helps the memory as no other exercise of a mental nature can."

2. For personal use in making memoranda, quotations from books and magazines, notes of lectures, and in the preparation of important letters, themes, articles, sermons, or lectures.

3. As a stepping-stone to a position such as that of private secretary, business manager, preacher, teacher, editor, or conference or Bible House secretary. Its value in these lines cannot be overestimated.

4. As a career or profession. In our own denominational work, stenography is interesting, educational, and profitable. One of our General Conference men

## A Short Cut to Success

B. P. FOOTE

wrote: "I believe that the young man or woman who conscientiously and faithfully prepares to work along business lines

for God should receive the same encouragement as the one who is preparing for the ministry or other evangelical work." Denominational offices probably employ about seven hundred stenographers, and as they are constantly changing,—some dropping out and others being promoted,—there are many new openings each year.

Many of our leading men assert that good stenographers and secretaries double the efficiency of their employers. What an advantage it is for a young person to be able to step into the office and double the efficiency of an experienced worker, while at the same time greatly increasing his own opportunities for doing good!

Shorthand has been learned by children less than ten years old, and by gray-haired men and women; but the best time to learn it is between the ages of twelve and twenty, when the physical and mental powers can be most easily adapted to its requirements.

The best place for our young people to learn shorthand and typewriting is in one of our colleges. Those who find it impossible to attend college should write to the Fireside Correspondence School for information concerning its courses in these and related subjects. This school has recently spent much time and money in the preparation of excellent home-training courses in business subjects.

The late Dr. Frank Crane advised college and high school students, clerks, salesmen, bookkeepers, and young women and wives at home, to learn shorthand. He said it is better than life insurance.

You will never be sorry if you learn shorthand and typewriting. Neither will you ever find any one else who is sorry he learned these subjects. On the other hand, there are millions of people who *wish* they *had* mastered them; and there are millions more who *will* wish they had, if they do not take them when there is an opportunity. "A shorthand writer who can transcribe his notes rapidly and accurately on the typewriter is safer from poverty than many a great Greek scholar."

## With Our Missionary Volunteers

### *When Young People Have a Mind to Work*

They can do a great work. So thinks Elder D. N. Reiner, Missionary Volunteer secretary in the Alberta Conference, Canada. Last summer some young people of that conference, while selling Big Week books, found an opening for Bible readings. This led on to a series of meetings, which these inexperienced young people have held in a schoolhouse every Sunday night. Brother Reiner says: "They now have an interested group of twenty-five, children and grown-ups. It may be necessary for an experienced worker to go in and bind off the work, but at any rate it shows what young people's societies can do when they have a mind to work."

### *Banded Together for Service in Australia*

The 6,516 Missionary Volunteers in the Australasian Union are banded together in 231 societies for study and service. During 1927 they wrote 12,291 missionary letters, and received 7,096 replies. They distributed 12,515 books and nearly 75,000 tracts. They gave away 237,000 periodicals, and sold 107,420. They gave 6,356 Bible readings, and made 40,725 missionary visits. The time given to Christian help work by the young people is the equivalent of keeping one person working eight hours a day, six days a week, for twenty-eight years. And yet the total is only eleven hours for

each Missionary Volunteer during the year. The bouquets given numbered 7,777, and 3,426 treatments were given to the sick. The secret of the success of these loyal young people is expressed in their attitude. "I just live for Sunday afternoon to come; I do enjoy visiting those dear people," a Missionary Volunteer was heard to exclaim. She was one who devotes Sunday afternoons to Christian help work and missionary calls. Her face beamed as she told of blessings in service for the Master.

### *Opening Doors and Hearts*

Slam! went the door in the very face of a Missionary Volunteer in San Francisco as he covered his territory with the weekly visits of the *Signs of the Times*. But nothing daunted, the same boy called at the same home the following week. This time he was barely able to leave the paper, but the door did not remain open long enough for a visit. On the third visit a Harvest Ingathering paper was presented, and the man gave 50 cents, remarking, "People in this neighborhood who know me would be surprised if they knew I gave an offering to such a cause." The door had been opened, and also the man's heart. When our Missionary Volunteer called with the *Signs* the next week, the man slipped a second 50 cents into his hand as an offering for the good work he was doing.

"Abiding joy does not just happen. It has to be deserved."



## OUR PLEDGE

By the grace of God,—  
I will be pure and kind and true,  
I will keep the Junior Law.  
I will be a servant of God and a friend to man.

# JUNIORS

## OUR LAW

Keep the Morning Watch.  
Do my honest part.  
Care for my body.  
Keep a level eye.  
Be courteous and obedient.  
Walk softly in the sanctuary.  
Keep a song in my heart.  
Go on God's errands.

**A**BOUT ten years ago my father went to a little town in the southern part of the State of Georgia to hold meetings in a tent. I went with him as caretaker to the outfit; but when we arrived in the town, we found a tent already up that could be used, so we made the necessary arrangements, and I went around to take charge.

As I came near the lot on which the tent was pitched, a large dog ran swiftly by me, trying to get away from a shower of stones that followed him with painful effect. He was making no sound except that caused by running. The hair on his back stood up, indicating a ruffled temper; and the fleeting glimpse I caught of the look on his face revealed a determination that boded ill for some one. I decided then and there it would be better to have Mr. Dog for a friend than for an enemy.

When I reached the tent, the man in charge informed me there was trouble in store for the person who filled his place, because of the dog they had been stoning. After a little questioning, it was made plain that almost every one in the place hated the creature. Even his master was afraid of him, and tried to subdue his nasty disposition by underfeeding him. Consequently the dog lacked sufficient nourishment. He was always prowling about the place, upsetting things in his search for something to eat.

One habit he had formed that annoyed my predecessor was that of following him in his round while he was examining ropes, poles, and stakes at each promised change in the weather. This he kept up after I assumed my duties; but it did not in any way bother me, for I rather liked his company. Every day I tried to be friendly with him, but had no success; then came the day when a half-grown kitten decided to take up his abode with us. We welcomed the little stranger, and I shared with him my room and my food.

Up to this time, all efforts to coax the pointer into the room behind the large platform, had been useless, but it now began to seem there would be trouble in keeping him out. He persisted in chasing the kitten into the room, in order that he might drive the little fellow out again. I thought he would either kill the cat or scare him away; and as we didn't want either to happen, father and I kept a careful watch. But all our trouble was to no purpose, as we soon found out.

One day, as I was sitting on the choir platform

## "Mr. Dog"

ROBERT G. STRICKLAND

reading, Mr. Dog came creeping stealthily around the tent toward our room. He advanced slowly, using every precaution not to be seen or heard. He didn't know I was above him on the platform. I wondered what he was up to, and sat very still, so as to find out. He passed into the room, looked about, and then "pointed." I looked. There was Tiger, the kitten, lying asleep on the edge of the bed. The dog was so near, and could be so swift, it would have been impossible for me to help my pet, had there been need; but there was no cause for alarm.

Slowly the dog crossed the room till he reached the bed. Then he gently rested his head on the cover, and pushed it over until his warm breath penetrated the cat's fur. Tige lazily opened his eyes, and suddenly realizing the nearness of danger, sprang two feet into the air, spitting for all he was worth. The pointer sat on his haunches; and if dogs laugh, he was laughing. I, too, enjoyed the joke; but at the sound of my voice, the visitor fled. However, as I did not scold him nor throw things at him while he ran, presently he returned.

That morning a woman who lived in the country had sent us what she considered a handsome present—a fine baked hen, all brown, and stuffed with dressing. But it seems a pity that people cannot find enough to eat without killing innocent creatures. We prefer the delicious foods that belong to the vegetable kingdom. So no one ate of the woman's offering, and it was left until we could decide how to dispose of it.

When I saw the mischievous pointer come peeping around the corner after he had scared Tiger, I decided to use it as a means of winning the dog's friendship. He would not come when I called, for I had tried that many times; so I took down the dish, placed it on the ground as close to him as I thought he would let me approach, pointed to it with my hand, and invited him to help himself. He looked at me queerly, and I ventured to push it closer as I coaxed him to eat. When it arrived within about four feet of him, I ceased begging, and went back to my seat, where I could talk nicely to him.

After a few minutes had passed, he raised his head to sniff. Presently he glanced questioningly at me in a longing way; and when I assured him the whole thing was really his, he made one leap that took him to the plate, where he seized the hen and dashed out the tent door with it in his mouth.



H. A. Roberts

Dogs Ever Prove Man's Best Friends



There were a number of bad boys in the town, who annoyed me continually by cutting ropes, breaking stakes, and slitting the canvas when my back happened to be turned. The tent was so big it took me some time to go all around it; and almost always, as I made the trip, it would be necessary to splice a rope, sew up a rip, or drive some new stakes.

Splicing a rope was my job at this time. There I sat on the ground, working away, when I heard something behind me. Looking around, I beheld my dog, and said, "Hello, old fellow! You came back soon, didn't you?" He wagged his tail to show himself friendly, and I continued, "Did you like the chicken? Come over and let's get acquainted." To my surprise, he came right to me when I called him, permitting me to pat his head and pet him. When the rope was spliced, he went with me on the rounds, watching each move I made. After that we went to supper. There, because our new friend conducted himself in so dignified a manner, we called him Mr. Dog, which is the only name I ever knew for him.

Because the soft ground was so deeply shaded, when a wind or rain came, the stakes would pull out, and I had to keep driving them in constantly. Mr. Dog observed this, and one day when he found two out of the ground, he came to me, pushed his nose under my hand, and trotted toward the door, where he stopped to look back. I understood he wanted me to follow, so we went out. He led me to one stake that had been pulled, and lay down. I did not quite understand then that he had purposely brought me there, but I drove it into place and tied the rope. Then he arose, pushed his head under my hand as before, and trotted through the tent to a point about one third of the distance around it, and there lay down again.

When I got there, I found the other loose stake, and was then convinced that he was leading me to needed repairs. You may be sure I thanked him heartily and petted him a great deal. He seemed to know how pleased I was, for his big eyes looked happy, and he panted dog fashion, with his long tongue protruding from his open mouth, showing upon his face every possible sign of contentment.

Two nights after this, while father and I were preparing for bed, some boys passing by thrust a knife into the canvas wall and wickedly ripped a large seam from top to bottom; then they ran. We went to look at the cut, and decided to repair it early in the morning. As we talked, some one across the lot yelled, howled in pain, then screamed. We rushed toward the noise; but whom do you suppose we met? Mr. Dog came trotting toward us with a torn piece of cloth in his mouth that looked suspiciously like something that had come from a boy's trousers. We concluded that our friend had taken it upon himself to punish the offender; and we found, next day, that our conclusions were correct.

From this time on till the close of the meetings, my duties as tent master were light. No more ropes were cut, no longer did people slit the cloth, or break the stakes, or otherwise annoy us. Mr. Dog saw to that. And he had observed my actions so closely

during the time we had been there, that toward the end he twice came into my room behind the platform in the middle of the night, to waken me, that I might prepare for coming storms. One of these storms was severe, and doubtless would have ruined the tent had not my canine companion been observant and awakened me in sufficient time to prepare for it.

Do you wonder that I disliked to give him up when we left the place?

## "Choose Ye This Day"

(Concluded from page 4)

And now my mind goes forward to the final graduation day of all, the Son of man coming in glory, attended by the unnumbered angel hosts. Our schooling here finished, we will be borne on angel wings up the mighty steeps of creation, even to the city of our God. There, with cherubim and seraphim, I see the redeemed drawn up in a hollow square outside the city. There are those who toiled through years of obscurity and hardship, those who battled almost to the death with some master passion, those who might have been rich in money, but who chose to walk in poverty, that they might be rich in faith. There are those who suffered martyrdom for Jesus' sake, their garments bordered in red. Their final examination was the cruel scourge, the headman's ax, the flaming fagot, or the torture chamber, but their spirits never faltered; they stood true as steel; they endured the test.

And now I see the Master of Assemblies advance with the diplomas; not of fading parchment, but for each a crown of gold, a harp, the victor's palm. An angel of the Most High strikes the joyful keynote of a new life that has come to them; the music of the Master's voice is heard in the most inspiring commencement address ever uttered, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" and the hosts of the redeemed enter into the joy of their Lord. Even now the list of the graduates of that day is being written up. Soon their names will be inscribed in the Lamb's book of life.

Soon the members of this class will separate, perhaps never again to be reunited in this life. But in the day of that final graduation you may hold a reunion in that home beyond the stars and not one of your number be missing.

## Love, Courtship, and Marriage

(Continued from page 6)

"Well, I guess," was the jaunty reply. "That's all easy to do. Easy for a bright young fellow like me to know without appearing to be prying into state secrets. Fact is, I know two girls now who make their own clothes—one of 'em pretty good, and the other coming."

"And while you're about it," I suggested, "you might by your occult powers get knowledge of whether they are good cooks or not. You know a doctor, especially if he is in general practice, sometimes has a pretty

"Privilege that is not shared becomes condemnation."



hard run of it; out on a hundred cases in an epidemic, comes home after forty-eight hours of sleepless service, catches a nap, and then asks for dinner—and maybe the bread is sour and the potatoes soggy and the butter half worked and the pie dough—”

“Oh, well, of course, she'd have to be a good cook.” Just a matter of course, you know, good cooks!

“Keep your eye out, John,” I advised. “Good cooks don't grow on gooseberry bushes. And while you're about all this,” I ended, “measuring up girls to see if they reach your standard of wifehood, just remember that you have quite a job yourself to build the kind of man who can measure up to the kind of girl you want for a wife. It may be she'll be just as particular as you.”

And, daughter, I hope you will. It isn't every young fellow who makes a man, who has gained the powers of industry, thrift, good management, self-control, honor, sincerity, and stability, along with the capacity to love deeply.

## Come With Me to the Andes

(Concluded from page 7)

that he would not be able to find this chief's village.

“I will tell you what to do,” he suggested. “You put white flags on these trees along the river at this place, and when I come back three years from now, I will come down the river as I am coming now, and will see the flags and will know where to find your village.”

The chief thought for a few minutes. “No, that will not do,” he replied. “Somebody might take the flags down. That is not the best way. I will tell you what I will do. I will move my village down here. We will build another village right here on the bank of the river, so that when you come, we will all be waiting here.”

Let me tell you the sequel to the story. Elder Stahl came back to Lima in 1927, after attending the General Conference and making a visit to Europe, but in returning to Iquitos he went another way, and did not pass this village. Shortly after he reached Iquitos, we were obliged to call him back to Lima, to meet with the Inca Union Committee. There I met him. After the meeting he started to visit the Forest Mission Station, which had been established at Perene. The party was surrounded by murderers and robbers a number of times, men who had been sent to take their lives, but finally they reached Metrarro safely, and from there started down the river with their baggage, in twelve canoes. As they were shooting one very rough rapid, all the canoes were smashed against the rocks and destroyed. Some of their goods were lost, including the photographic plates and stereopticon material. Then they built rafts, tied their goods on them, and continued their journey.

On the way down the river the party had a number of adventures. After several days' traveling, they were startled one morning by the blast of a horn on the front raft. They asked the boy who blew it why he had done so, and he explained that they were somewhere near the place where the chief had promised to move his village. Sure enough, as they shot around the bend of the river, there came a great shout from the shore. It did not take the people long to recognize that Missionary Stahl had come back after being away for more than three years. The Indians of 400 families reached out their hands to help the party ashore, and their first question was, “Did you bring a teacher?”

Well, Brother Stahl had to say that he did not have the teacher, but promised that he would get some one, if possible, at Iquitos. The Indian chief said:

“Since you have been away I have been up to the Metrarro Mission, and I have learned about God. I have learned about the Sabbath, and the truth, up at

Metraro. We must have a teacher here. I moved my village here on the banks of the river. We have been waiting for you, waiting for that teacher. I think you will be glad to know that all of the 400 families in this village have given up their coca chewing [it is from the dried coca leaves that cocaine is made]. They don't use tobacco any more. And you will be interested to know that all of the 400 families keep the Sabbath. We are Sabbath keepers here in this village. Oh, can't we have a teacher?”

You cannot deny an appeal like that, even if you do not have money and men, and so Missionary Stahl said, “We will do our best to send you a teacher from Iquitos.” And I am glad to say that Mr. and Mrs. William Schaeffler are now at work in that village on the Tambo. This young man, who was a minister up in New York City, married a trained nurse there, and they, with their month-old baby, are out in the jungle where few white men have ever been, all alone, without any of the comforts or conveniences of life, and six months away from the mail.

The old Amazon basin is beginning to blaze with the glory of this message. There are thousands and tens of thousands of miles of unexplored territory in this region. I suppose it is the largest area on the surface of the earth to-day that has not been explored. We know there are Indians in this territory, but there are places where no white man has ever been. Isn't it wonderful to think that the first knowledge many of those tribes get of civilization is a knowledge of the third angel's message? Isn't it wonderful to think that the first literature they read is the literature that tells of the coming of the Lord?

We need your help, we need your prayers, we need your financial support. As we face the work before us, we know that we have not ability, that we have not wisdom properly to guide it and care for it as God would have us. We believe that you are praying for us. We believe that you will support us.

## Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column each week by those who have had long and successful experience. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your perplexities. Each inquiry will receive careful attention. Those writing are requested to sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

*Is it wrong to use opera, classical, or concert music of nonreligious nature for prelude in church?*

All music that is played in our churches should contribute to the proper conduct of the services held, and should be of such a nature as will aid the soul in its worship of God. Some of the classical selections are very appropriate for preludes in church, as they are in harmony with the spirit of worship and find a response in our highest emotions. Opera, classical, or concert music of a nonreligious nature, such as would not add to the uplifting influence of the church service, should never be used.

C. LESTER BOND.

*Is it wrong to swim? If every moment is valuable, then would it not be wrong to spend time in swimming?*

Swimming is a wholesome exercise. The muscles are strengthened and the body is cleansed by swimming. It is true that time is precious, but a proper amount of time spent in health-giving exercise is not wasted, for it helps to fit us for efficient service. To my mind, it is very necessary for every young person to learn to swim. A large part of the earth's surface is water. Of necessity, we are more or less in contact with wells, creeks, rivers, lakes, and the ocean, and it is essential for the preservation of our own and others' lives to know how to swim.

M. E. KERN.

“When the sun shines, lay aside a little of your enthusiasm for a rainy day.”



*I have been an interested reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and watch each week for the Counsel Corner. My Christian experience means much to me, but sometimes I almost give up in despair. I have been tempted so much on one thing that my soul cries for deliverance. Won't you tell me how I may plead with God as Jacob did? At times I am able to overcome this temptation, and again I fail miserably. I have my secret vigils with the Master, but sometimes I feel as if I am not able to reach the mercy seat.*

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." Isa. 41:10. "No one need say that his case is hopeless, that he cannot live the life of a Christian. Ample provision is made by the death of Christ for every soul. Jesus is our ever-present help in time of need. Only call upon Him in faith, and He has promised to hear and answer your petitions."—"Testimonies," Vol. V, p. 215. But how can you avail yourself of these provisions, you ask. First of all, have you made a complete surrender? "Many who profess to be His followers have an anxious, troubled heart, because they are afraid to trust themselves with God. They do not make a complete surrender to Him; for they shrink from the consequences that such a surrender may involve. Unless they do make this surrender, they cannot find peace."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 330. Surrender is a heart renunciation of all that is contrary to the will of God, a giving up to His will. Having surrendered, search the Bible diligently to know His will. Fill the mind with the word of God. This is the foundation of faith.

Then claim the promises. Press your petitions to the throne. Do not give up. "Victory is his who will not accept defeat; who, having failed in holiness, does not despair, but returns to the cross; who, having been disappointed in prayer, continues to pray; who is resolved, however sinful and worthless his life seems to him to be, to trust Christ to redeem it, to endow it with worth, and to die, if die he must, at the foot of the Redeemer's cross." Do not struggle in your own strength. This was Jacob's trouble. "He had not trusted God's promises, but had sought by his own efforts to bring about that which God would have accomplished in His own time and way."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 197, 198. He pleaded with God for victory over self. When he came to believe that God was able to protect him, he was at peace. So let go, and let God. Let go of your own struggles, and let God do for you what you cannot possibly do for yourself. As you learn something about this wonderful life that is lived in Christ, tell others. It will be a blessing to them, and will react on your own experience. It is when we are idle that Satan tempts us most strongly. It is when we take our eyes off from Him and fix them on ourselves that Satan gains the advantage.

M. E. K.

*Does it show a lack in force of character to be led at times by another's influence, even though it is worthy to be followed?*

The question is not absolutely clear. There certainly are times and occasions when it would be highly commendable for one individual to be led by the influence of a worthy character. In fact, a true Christian character is always worthy of emulation. But this does not mean that one's individuality should be submerged in that of another. We are told in "The Ministry of Healing," page 242, that "it is not God's purpose that any human being should yield his mind and will to the control of another, becoming a passive instrument in his hands. No one is to merge his individuality in that of another." Again, in "Education," page 17, we read, "Every human being, created in the image of God, is endowed with a power akin to that of the Creator,—individuality, power to think and to do. The men in whom this power is developed are the men who bear responsibilities, who are leaders in enterprise, and who influence character. It is the work of true education to develop this power; to train the youth to be thinkers, and not mere reflectors of other men's thought." It is better to do right than to do wrong, even though you do it because some one else influences you to. But doing a thing simply because some one else wants you to does not strengthen your character. The vacillating effect upon one who continually subordinates his powers of decision to that of another is well illustrated in a story, "The Order of the Day," which appeared in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of June 26, 1928.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

*I have been reared in the third angel's message, and have been an active worker in the church all my life, but have received my education in the public schools. I now wish to teach school, and should like to teach a church school. Is it possible for me to teach one of our schools, or should I have other training?*

I assume from your letter that you have done your best to make up for the losses you have sustained in not being

"Beware of no man more than yourself."

able to get an all-round education in our own schools. That you have come through the public school with a Christian experience and a desire to work for God, is surely a cause for gratitude. Your personal Bible study and your activity in church work have been a great help, I am sure; and still you doubtless would have been far in advance of where you are, could you have had the opportunity of the daily systematic Bible study, instruction in all branches under devoted Christian teachers, and the association of high-minded young people of the advent movement in one of our schools. It is not easy to make up for such losses to a developing young person, but a determined effort to maintain full fellowship with God, and to improve your talents in working for Him, will go far toward equipping you for His service. As to the matter of teaching in church school, I advise you to talk with your conference educational superintendent, your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, and a minister who knows you. The best thing would be for you to spend a year in one of our colleges, taking certain normal and other subjects. If you cannot do this, then attend a summer session for teachers. You can also take studies in the Fireside Correspondence School that will be helpful. Do not give up your goal. God has a place for every loyal child of His in some line of service.

M. E. K.

*Is it wrong to roller skate in skating rinks?*

In questions of this kind it is possible to confuse the exercise itself with the results from association and environment. For a child to roller skate on the sidewalk, perhaps in running errands, if not carried to the point of fatigue, is surely proper. For mixed crowds to gather at public rinks and associate in skating, as in dancing, would not be proper. The exercise itself taken in the open air is healthful, but the association formed by attendance at rinks, and the results which may follow, are questionable. The true follower of the Saviour will not be found frequenting places where it is difficult to maintain his Christian experience or where his influence upon others may have a wrong effect.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### III — Blessings to Jew and Gentile; Blind Watchmen

(January 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 56.

MEMORY VERSE: Isa. 56:2.

#### Questions

##### God's Promises to Those Who Do His Will

1. What does the Lord say His people should keep and do? What is near? What is to be revealed? Isa. 56:1.
2. What is said of the one who keeps the Sabbath and does no evil? Verse 2. Note 1.
3. What should the son of the stranger and the eunuch refrain from saying? Verse 3. Note 2.
4. What three things are the eunuchs told to do? Verse 4.
5. What twofold promise is made to them? How enduring is the name? Verse 5. Note 3.
6. What is said of the strangers that join themselves to the Lord? Verse 6. Note 4.
7. Where will God bring them? Where will they be made joyful? What will God accept from them? What will His house be called? Verse 7.
8. What does God say of the gathering in of the Gentiles? Verse 8. Note 5.

##### The Condition of the Blind Watchmen

9. What is said to the beasts of the field and the forest? Verse 9. Note 6.
10. How are the watchmen described? Verse 10. Note 7.
11. What else is said of them? Verse 11.
12. What do they say they will do? What is said of tomorrow? Verse 12.

#### Notes

1. The keeping of the Sabbath mentioned in verses 2, 4, and 6, is shown to be one of the conditions of receiving God's blessings. The promises of God mentioned in verses 1-8, and the conditions, apply to the strangers, that is, the Gentiles, as well as to the Jews. True Sabbath keeping includes holiness. In "The Desire of Ages," page 283, we read: "When the command was given to Israel, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' the Lord said also to them, 'Ye shall be holy men unto Me.' Only thus could the Sabbath distinguish Israel as the worshipers of God."



"The Sabbath is 'polluted' when it is spent in mere idleness. When it is devoted to worldly amusement. By all labor which may not fairly come under the description of works of necessity and mercy."—*The Sermon Bible*.

2. "Eunuch." As the eunuch could not become the head of a family in Israel, he might fear that he could have no share in the hopes of Israel. God here allays the fear that any physical disability will keep a man out of heaven.

3. While this special promise is given to the eunuchs, God is no respecter of persons. The promise applies to all. The eunuchs to whom these promises were especially given, would have no sons or daughters, and so God promises them something better. God will more than restore and make up for anything of which we may here be deprived.

4. "Those who love the Lord truly, will serve Him faithfully, and that obedience is most acceptable to Him, as well as most pleasant to us, which flows from a principle of love, for then His commandments are not grievous."—*Henry and Scott's Commentary*. The motive power behind those who truly serve the Lord is love, and not hope of reward or fear of punishment.

"His servants." Those who love the name of the Lord and who take hold of His covenant will serve Him; they will keep His Sabbath; they will be obedient to all God's precepts. Obedience is the highest kind of worship, the truest evidence of love.

5. "Here is foreshadowed the gathering in of the Gentiles by the gospel. And upon those who then honor the Sabbath, a blessing is pronounced. Thus the obligation of the fourth commandment extends past the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, to the time when His servants should preach to all nations the message of glad tidings."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 451.

6. "The shepherds, who should have been the watchmen of the flock, were treacherous and careless, made no conscience of the trust reposed in them, so the sheep became an easy prey to the wild beasts. This severe rebuke of the rulers and teachers of the Jewish church, is expressed in terms equally applicable to such characters in other ages and places."—*Henry and Scott's Commentary*. The wild beasts are the enemies of God's people.

7. In Isaiah's day the watchmen, instead of walking in the light, rejected it, and ignorance resulted. The things written aforetime were written for our admonition, upon whom the end of the world is come. This is just as true of the writings of the prophets as it is of the earlier history of Israel, and we should take heed lest any of us should be found in the condition described by Isaiah in these verses.

#### Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. The true Sabbath keeper will keep his hand from doing any evil.
2. Are we in our daily lives doing only those things which will please God?
3. We should not be anxious to obtain the things of the world, but rather the things that pertain to Christ.

## Junior Lesson

### III — The Taking of Ai

(January 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 8.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leaeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go." Isa. 48:17.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 499-504 (new edition, pp. 513-517).

#### Memory Gem

"Gladly take the task He gives you,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
Here am I, O Lord, send me."

#### Questions

1. After the sin of Achan was removed from the camp of Israel, what did the Lord say to Joshua? Joshua 8:1, 2. Note 1.
2. How many men did Joshua choose to go against Ai? What was his general plan of attack? What were they to do when the city was taken? Verses 3-8.
3. How did Joshua divide his army? Where did he place the different divisions? Where did Joshua himself go? Verses 9-13.
4. What did the king of Ai hasten to do the next morning? What did he not know? What pretense did Joshua and his men make? Verses 14, 15.
5. What did the people of Ai then do? How was the city left? Verses 16, 17.
6. What signal did the Lord direct Joshua to give? How did the men in ambush respond? Verses 18, 19.
7. Into what confusion were the men of Ai thrown? With what result? Verses 20-22.

8. How complete was the victory over Ai? Verses 23-26.

9. What were the Israelites permitted to take for themselves? How did Joshua complete the desolation of Ai? Verses 27-29. Note 2.

10. What service did Joshua then hold? Verses 30, 31. Note 3.

11. What did Joshua write? Verse 32. Note 4.

12. How were the leaders and tribes then placed? Verse 33. Note 5.

13. What did Joshua read? Who heard the reading? Verses 34, 35. Note 6.

#### Side Lights

(See Deuteronomy 27)

Who had planned every detail of the service held after Ai was taken?

What tribes were to stand on Mt. Gerizim?

What tribes were to stand on Mt. Ebal?

Why are these known as the "Mount of Blessing" and the "Mount of Cursing"?

#### Notes

1. We cannot overestimate the effect of sin. An aching tooth, an inflamed organ, a diseased limb, makes the whole body sick. So if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." The sins and disgrace of one member injure all. Note that as soon as the sin of one man was removed from the camp, the Lord promptly gave the command for Joshua to go forward in his work of conquering Canaan.

2. It is well to remember how Achan, who seized upon the forbidden spoil, lost not only that, but his life and his hope of salvation. The rest of the people who had conscientiously refrained from taking what had been set apart for the treasury of the Lord, were quickly recompensed for their obedience with the spoil of Ai. No one loses by self-denial and honesty. We should first give to God that which is His, trusting Him for the blessings to follow.

3. "Military operations were now suspended, that all Israel might engage in a solemn religious service. . . . Before taking possession of their inheritance, they must renew their covenant of loyalty to God. In the last instructions of Moses, direction had been twice given for a convocation of the tribes upon mounts Ebal and Gerizim, at Shechem, for the solemn recognition of the law of God. In obedience to these injunctions, the whole people, not only men, but 'the women, and the little ones, and the strangers that were conversant among them,' left their camp at Gilgal, and marched through the country of their enemies, to the vale of Shechem, near the center of the land."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 499.

4. "According to the directions given by Moses, a monument of great stones was erected upon Mt. Ebal. Upon these stones, previously prepared by a covering of plaster, the law was inscribed,—not only the ten precepts spoken from Sinai and engraved on the tables of stone, but the laws communicated to Moses, and by him written in a book. Beside this monument was built an altar of unhewn stone, upon which sacrifices were offered unto the Lord."—*Ibid.*, p. 500.

5. The mountains Ebal and Gerizim "upon opposite sides of the valley, nearly approach each other, their lower spurs seeming to form a natural pulpit, every word spoken on one being distinctly audible on the other, while the mountain sides, receding, afford space for a vast assemblage."—*Ibid.*

6. "Six of the tribes—all descended from Leah and Rachel—were stationed upon Mt. Gerizim; while those that descended from the handmaids, together with Reuben and Zebulun, took their position on Ebal, the priests with the ark occupying the valley between them. Silence was proclaimed by the sound of the signal trumpet; and then in the deep stillness, and in the presence of this vast assembly, Joshua, standing beside the sacred ark, read the blessings that were to follow obedience to God's law. All the tribes on Gerizim responded by an Amen. He then read the curses, and the tribes on Ebal in like manner gave their assent, thousands upon thousands of voices uniting as the voice of one man in the solemn response. Following this came the reading of the law of God, together with the statutes and judgments that had been delivered to them by Moses."—*Ibid.*



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"Garments of righteousness never go out of style."



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

SEVEN thousand people were left homeless by a recent typhoon passing through the Philippine Islands.

A STATE has a right to acquire property of historic interest, even over the owner's protest, declares the United States Supreme Court.

It is estimated that \$18,500,000 worth of damage was done by the recent eruption of Mt. Etna. The greatest loss was in the destruction of the forests.

FROM Great Britain come words of commendation of our prohibition policy. A British government delegation, recently sent across the sea to study industrial conditions in Canada and the United States, returned home with the following report: "The economic effect of prohibition has been very great by diversion of large sums of money into savings, and the purchase of commodities, and by increasing the regularity of attendance at work."

"To the northwest, young men, young women, of China," was the keynote of a stirring talk given by Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, war minister of the Chinese Nationalist State, to the students of the new Nationalist University of Nanking. This Daniel Boone of China went on to say that while in the south, China is overcrowded, yet in the northwest there are great expanses where one can travel for days and hardly meet a fellow traveler. This great country is a land of broad spaces and fertile fields, a land producing coal, iron, and oil—in short, a land of opportunity.

ALONG the Rhine River 60,000,000 tons of traffic make their way every year, and according to French reckoning the bulk of this traffic passes through Strassburg, the capital of Alsace, making this city the greatest river port in the world.

ON his 100-acre farm, just outside Hamburg, Mr. Hagenback, noted German animal collector, is experimenting on a cageless zoo. The animals are not, however, allowed their freedom, although neither they nor the spectators fully realize this. What the people see is low shrubbery, hedges dividing one species of animals from the other. These hedges conceal a network of narrow moats so constructed by a complicated process that the animals cannot get out. Mr. Hagenback believes that the animals fare better when not in cages, and he also feels that a caged animal does not look natural to the spectators.

NATIONAL frontiers have caused so much trouble that Poland and Czechoslovakia have done away with their frontier, and in its stead have agreed to establish a natural park in the valley of Javoria, which will be open to the resi-

dents of both countries. This strip of land properly belonging to neither country, yet belonging to both, will no doubt become a common and friendly meeting place.

THE loss of many vessels and much sacrifice of life on land have resulted from a terrific storm that has been raging along the whole western coast of Europe, from Scandinavia to Spain.

CONSERVATIVE England is at last to have a skyscraper. Six hundred seventeen feet into the air an office building will soon rear its head in Manchester, England. The reasons engineers give for this innovation are the territory limits of the city, and the increasing costs of rent.

ONLY 53 per cent of the inhabitants of Russia, properly speaking, are Russians. The remaining population consists of 577 tribes, speaking 150 different languages. In the central steppes of Asiatic Russia, the various tribes and populations are so mingled that they do not know their own boundaries.

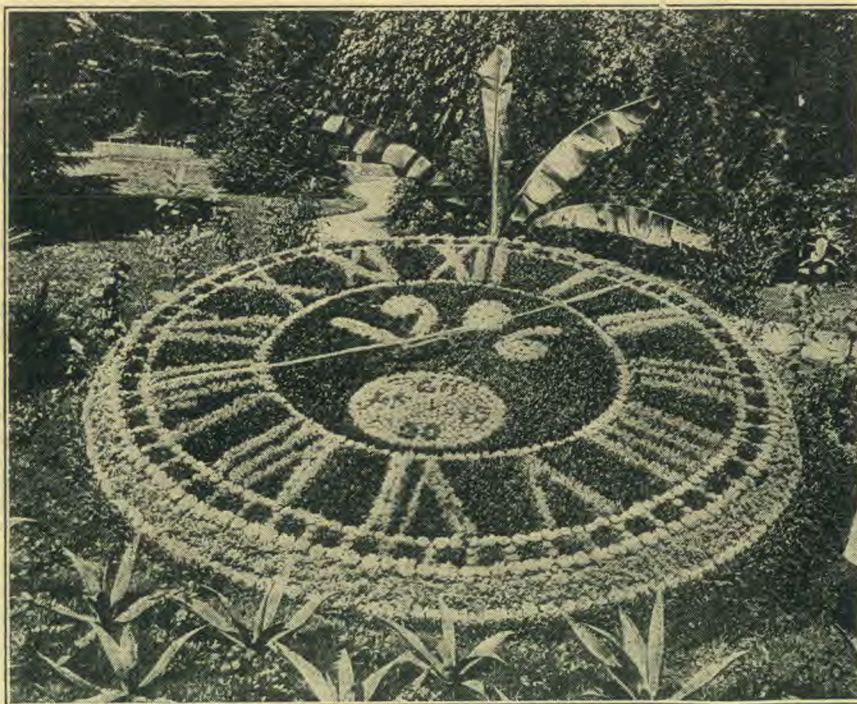
THE President of the United States is under the protection of the most scientific secret service organization in the world. Nine men, each of fine physique, above the average in intelligence, and possessing undoubted courage, are assigned to the White House. These men are commissioned to protect "the person of the President, and the members of his immediate family, and of the person chosen to be Presi-

dent of the United States." The secret service was created in 1865 for the purpose of running down counterfeiters. Though this is still its chief function, yet since the death of William McKinley, the task of guarding the Chief Executive was placed on the service.

DURING the last five years, statistics show that inventions patented by women have increased 35 per cent over the previous five years, while inventions patented by men have increased only 17 per cent during the same period. Of the more than five thousand patents issued to women in the ten-year period, the greatest number in any one class, 1,385, were for household inventions, and the next greatest, 1,090, were for articles of personal wear and use.

ON August 29, 1928, Senor Aime Tschiffely, the Argentine centaur, rode into Washington, D. C., after a horseback trip from Buenos Aires. The journey took three years and four months of steady traveling. Two Argentine horses, Mancha and Gato, carried him this long distance from the southern part of South America, over the mountains of Bolivia, through the swampy, insect-infested regions of Central America, across Mexico, and finally to the smooth, well-paved roads of the United States of America.

"A man is himself plus the books he reads."



Herbert Photos, N. Y.

### A Curious Clock

In the Kurgarten, at Interlaken, Switzerland, is this curious floral clock. The dial of the timepiece is made of thousands of tiny blooms; the works are contained in a hermetically sealed case beneath the soil of the garden bed.