

# The YOUTH's INSTRUCTOR

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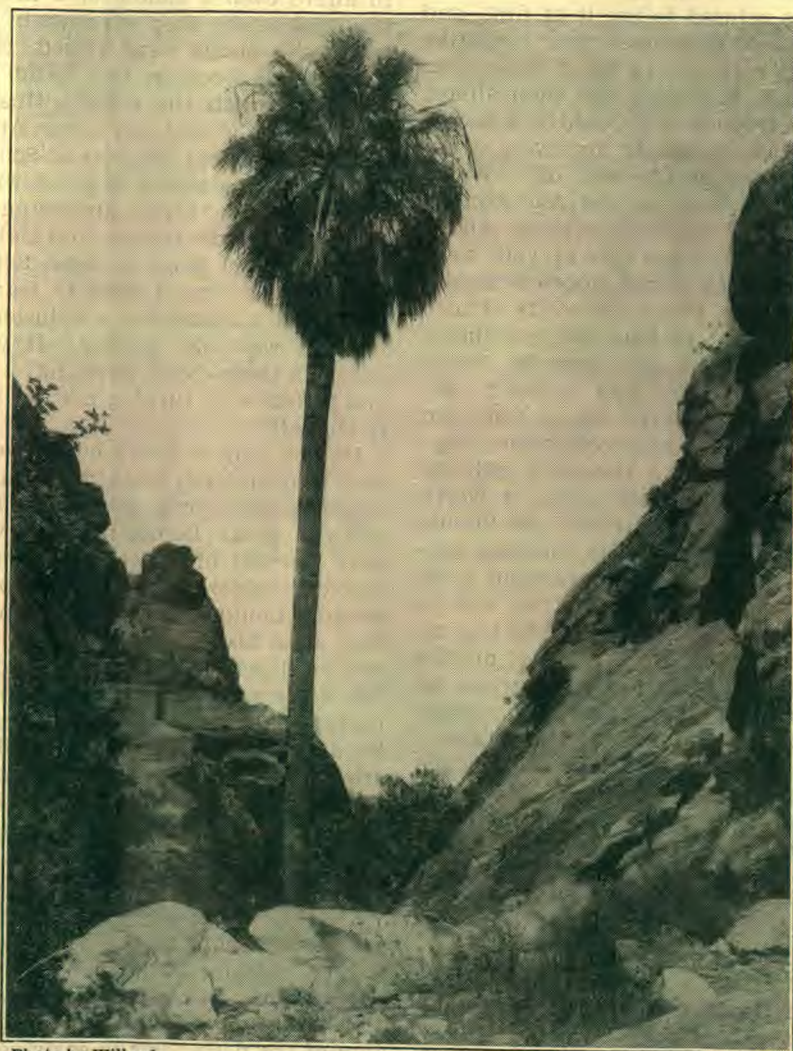


Photo by Willard

*Lone Palm, Palm Springs, California*



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

## BARGAIN COUNTERS?

"The gods sell anything," says an ancient proverb, "to everybody at a fair price." But this isn't a world where *anybody* gets *anything* for nothing. There are no exceptions to this rule. You will never find success in one single, solitary line of endeavor on the bargain counter "marked down"—not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor any other time. It simply isn't done! But as sure as day follows night, as sure as after the rain comes sunshine, just so sure you can have what you desire—if you are willing to pay the price!

But suppose—just suppose! "Were you thrown into prison, like Galileo, for presuming to find out a few scientific facts, could you experiment with a straw in your dark, damp cell and keep up your courage? Had you invented a machine and made it perfect beyond almost any other at its first introduction, only to find, with Eli Whitney or Elias Howe, that those whom it was intended to bless refused to use it at first, and later tried to steal it, would it dampen your inventive ardor? Could you wait eight years for a patent on telegraphy, like Samuel F. B. Morse, and then almost fight for a chance to introduce it? Could you invent a hay tedder, and then pay a farmer for trying it out because he said it would knock the seed off? Would you live in the woods for years, as did Audubon, to reproduce the drawings of North American birds? After acquiring a fortune, could you give up your well-earned leisure, devote years to almost hopeless drudgery, risk all your wealth and brave the scoffs of men in a seemingly futile attempt to bind two continents together by an electric cord, as did Cyrus W. Field?

"What was the price Napoleon paid before he secured recognition? He waited seven weary years for an appointment, and during his enforced leisure, supplemented what was considered a thorough military education by further intensive study. Was it worth while for Michael Angelo, when painting the Sistine Chapel, to carry mortar for frescoers up the long ladders day after day in order to catch suggestions from the words of workmen? to sleep in his clothes, and to eat of bread kept within reach, that he might lose no time for meals or dressing? to keep a block of marble in his bedroom that he might work at night when he could not sleep? Could you spend twenty-six years writing a history, as did Bancroft his 'United States,' or twenty years, the time it took Gibbon to produce his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'?"

In other words, could you, and *would you*, have the courage to pay the price that these now famous men paid for success?

Do you long for an education—really long for it? And seeing no means at hand with which to procure it, have you given up in weak surrender to that bitter enemy of all worthy endeavor—Difficulty?

Listen! while Orison Swett Marden calls attention to the fact that "not lack of schools and teachers; not want of books and friends; not the most despised rank or calling; not poverty, nor ill health, nor deafness, nor blindness; not hunger, cold, weariness, care, nor sickness of heart, have been able to keep determined men from acquiring a good education.

"Have you no money to buy books? Think of Thurlow Weed, who, in order to study nights by the light of a camp fire in a sugar orchard, walked through the snow two miles, with pieces of rag carpet tied

about his feet for shoes, to borrow a coveted book. Abraham Lincoln, when a boy, walked twenty miles and back to obtain a book he could not afford to buy.

"The son of a coal merchant, too poor to buy books, borrowed and copied three folio volumes of precedents, and the whole of the ponderous 'Coke Upon Littleton.' He was the boy who, as Lord Eldon, sat on the wool-sack for fifty years.

"Another boy, whose only inheritance was poverty and hard work, but who had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and a determination to get on in the world, braided straw to get money to buy books for which his soul thirsted. He was Horace Mann, the great common-school director of Massachusetts, whose statue stands by the side of that of Webster at the State capitol, and whose name ranks high on the roll of fame.

"A glover's apprentice of Glasgow, who was too poor to afford even a candle or a fire, but who studied by the light of the shop windows in the streets, and who, when the shops were closed, climbed a lamp-post, holding his book in one hand and clinging to the lamp-post with the other—this poor boy, with less chance than almost any boy in America, became one of the most eminent scholars of Scotland.

"Have you stamina to go on with your studies when too poor to buy bread, appeasing the pangs of hunger by tying a girdle tighter and tighter about your body, as did Samuel Drew or John Kitto?"

Truly, the "royal road to learning" is not only a myth, but a snare and a delusion which has deceived many a would-be scholar. If you see no way open except a thorn-beset path, have you the right stuff in you to follow it, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left?

Do you long to be an orator and sway the minds of men? Would you train your voice for months on the seashore, with only the waves for your audience, as did the great Demosthenes? Would you, like him, cure yourself of a peculiar shrug by practicing with naked shoulders under the sharp point of a suspended sword? Could you stand calm and unmoved in Faneuil Hall amid hisses and showers of rotten eggs like Wendell Phillips? Would you keep your feet in Parliament like a Disraeli, if every sentence should be hailed with derisive laughter? Could you stand your ground, as he did, until you had compelled the applause of the critics? Have you the determination that carried Curran again and again to speak in that august Parliament where he had been so often hissed? And if, like Daniel Webster, you were too bashful and awkward as a schoolboy to declaim in public, would you push on to become the most popular orator in America?

A young man, so the story goes, once went to the great Chitty for advice about studying law. "Can you eat sawdust without butter?" was the famous barrister's abrupt demand, implying that "the mortification of the flesh" in the early years of life is the price of attainment, of distinction.

Yes, friend o' mine, "the gods sell everything to everybody at a fair price," and you can have what you desire—if you are willing to pay the price!

*Lora E. Clement*



# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 15

## Are You a Palm Tree Christian?

**P**ALM SPRINGS CANYON, in Southern California, is one of nature's scenic wonderlands. Its unique setting at the very edge of the desert, its unexpected and varied scenery, attract thousands of tourists yearly. The canyon, with its two branches, is more than seven miles in length, and through it flows a beautiful mountain stream lined with palm trees of the fanleaf variety. This is the only place in California where this palm is found in its native state. At various places along the canyon the trees grow in groves so dense that the light of the sun is shut out, and one imagines he is in the tropical palm forests of the South Sea Islands. Then again the trees are scattered along the stream wherever they can find root among the boulders or on the sides of the cliffs.

Palm trees are among the most interesting and valuable of trees, and have been called "princes of the vegetable kingdom." There are more than one thousand species in the world, all of which are valuable in furnishing one or more of the following blessings to mankind: shelter, shade, food, clothing, timber, fuel, fiber, paper, starch, sugar, oil, wine, wax, thread, utensils, weapons, and building and dyeing materials.

The reed palm grows to a length of five or six hundred feet; and the tree variety reaches a height of 190 feet, with a trunk diameter of from three to five feet. Palm leaves have been found that measured fifty feet long and eight feet wide.

The trees of Palm Springs Canyon are of the pillar-

TAYLOR G. BUNCH

trunk upright variety. Wherever this species is found, whether in the desert, among the boulders, or on the steep mountain side, they always present the same appearance of stability and prosperity. Doubtless this is the palm used by the psalmist to symbolize the righteous, when he declares:

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."

Let us notice some of the characteristics of the upright palm that make it a fit emblem of the spiritually flourishing Christian. "Upright as the palm tree" is a Biblical expression showing that the palm is symbolic of uprightness. It grows straight toward heaven, regardless of circumstances or surroundings. Storms may sway the body, bruise and tear the leaves, but all efforts to turn it from its straight-up course are in vain. From its youth it keeps growing on its heavenward way, constantly increasing in strength and symmetry.

And thus grows the genuine Christian. He is upright, regardless of inheritance, environment, or circumstances. The forest of humanity around him may be warped, tangled, and twisted, but he daily grows straight toward God and heaven. His head is lifted above his surroundings, into the sunlight of God's love and blessing. Storms of temptation, ridicule, and per-



Photo by Willard

Palm Canyon, Near Palm Springs, California



secution only add to his strength and beauty of character. He has a "moral backbone, an integrity, which cannot be flattered, bribed, or terrified." His "conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole," he will "stand for the right though the heavens fall."

It is because of the upright character, the noble disposition, the spiritual beauty, and the fruitfulness in good works manifested in His people that Christ says of His bride, the church, "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights! This thy stature is like to a palm tree."

The secret of the beauty and uprightness of the palm, even to a very old age, is in the fact that it was straight in its youth. "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines," is a true adage for both trees and men. The godly youth lays the foundation for a palmlike character stature that will command admiration, and will not break under the severest strain.

The palm tree Christian flourishes where other varieties languish and die. In the desert where other vegetation withers under the scorching sun, the palm thrives and produces its fruit. It does not depend on surface showers, as does the grass, symbolic of the wicked (Ps. 92:7); but it draws its water and food from the subsoil, whose supply is constant, and where drouth is unknown.

The palm tree is well grounded, with innumerable roots running deep into the earth where the water supply is unfailing. And it is the Christian who is "rooted and grounded" in Christ and His love who flourishes, regardless of blasting winds and scorching sun. He is not like the seed in the parable of the sower that fell on stony ground, and quickly sprang up, and as quickly withered under the blazing sun "because they had no deepness of earth."

Another palm tree characteristic is that its growth is endogenous. The fir, pine, and other varieties of trees grow by adding rings to the exterior under the bark, and are called exogenous. Girdle them and cut off their sap flow, and death is the result. But the sap veins of the palm are on the interior, like the blood veins of the body, where they are well protected. Life continues as long as there is any connection with the roots. Thus the palm tree Christian lives and flourishes as long as his connection with the Source of life is maintained, and in proportion to the number of spiritual sap veins that link him to the foundation of his faith. His is not a surface, but a heart religion.

The palm tree is also symbolic of victory, and its branches were, in the olden days, carried in the triumphal procession of conquerors. During Christ's entry into Jerusalem the multitude accompanied Him with palm branches, crying out, "Hosanna; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." We are told that this event was typical of the triumphal entry of Christ leading the redeemed host by nations into the New Jerusalem, when palms will again be used as symbols of victory. "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number," reads the Scripture, "of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

Only those who have been palm tree Christians on earth can have a part in that great palm branch victory parade through the pearly gates and along the golden streets of the celestial city into the Paradise of God.

**AUDREY,** the call came from half a dozen girls at once as they

stopped before a cozy-looking cottage. A girl appeared in the doorway. Her hair was rumpled, and in one hand she held a pen and a large sheet of paper, which she waved gayly at them.

"Come on, Audrey, we'll be late. The swimming meet is to start at two, and we'll miss the beginning if we aren't there in ten minutes."

"Girls!" Audrey's face was a picture of blank dismay. "I forgot all about it."

"Well, it isn't too late yet," practically responded one of the impatient six. "Grab your hat and run—you look all right."

"But Grace, I can't!" Nothing could have equaled the despair on Audrey's face as she thus pronounced her own doom. "I promised Professor Pelt that I'd have this theme finished by four o'clock this afternoon. He was very insistent that I should have it in by then."

"Oh, let it go," advised Grace.

"Isn't he the queerest man?" observed another. "Why is he always giving you extra work to do? You wouldn't catch me missing the fun this afternoon just to write a dry old theme about the Monroe Doctrine, even if it was an assignment."

For a fleeting moment Audrey was undecided. It was true. Correcting and rewriting had always been her lot in Professor Pelt's classes; now he was demanding a theme that no one else in the section had to write! Why not let it go, and have a good time? Why not! But she had promised that the manuscript would be in on time. And didn't she always keep her word? Of course!

"No girls—I promised!" Having decided to say it, the words were out of her mouth almost before she realized it. "I've got to get busy, so good-by—and have a good time for me." Ten minutes later,

## Will and Won't Power

BERNICE REYNOLDS

sitting at her desk, she shook herself mentally and sternly took herself in hand.

"Now listen here, Audrey Hamilton, you might just as well be at the meet as sitting here thinking about it. Get busy!" and with a determined tilt to her head she began in earnest. At three-thirty, with a sigh of relief, she arose, put on her hat, and walked to the house of the "queer" teacher, taking with her the finished theme.

Five weeks from that time, as the history class marched from the room, Professor Pelt stopped Audrey. "I'd like to see you a moment, please."

"Poor girl!" murmured Grace. "Wonder what he wants her to do now—probably write a new Constitution for the United States."

"Miss Hamilton," Audrey was surprised to see that her teacher quite evidently desired to shake hands with her—why she could not imagine. "Miss Hamilton, I want to congratulate you. That was a fine paper that you wrote about the Monroe Doctrine. A very fine paper! I thought you had the ability, and the results have proved my conclusions to be correct. Your paper was the best in the State, Miss Hamilton—the best in the State. It got in just on time, so the reward is as much due to your faithfulness in getting it finished on such short notice as to your natural ability. You certainly are to be congratulated."

When it was announced in assembly that Audrey Hamilton had won the American Citizenship Contest, and would receive a trip to Washington, D. C., with all expenses paid, Grace was heard to sigh enviously. "Talk about luck! I wish that I'd ever have a chance at something like that."

But Audrey only smiled quietly. "There is something to that," she admitted to herself. "But it does take a lot of will power, and—" the smile broadened into a grin—"and won't power too, if you're going to take the chance that is offered."

"To act is to make environment your servant."



# Miracles of the Bible

ERNST KOTZ

**T**HE Rev. Francis Wrigley, chairman of the annual assembly of the Congregational Union of Eng-

"What do we? for this man doeth many miracles." John 11:47.

land and Wales, after stating recently that in his opinion "no more valuable piece of constructive work could be done for the English people than by a new edition—preferably a much shorter edition—of the Bible on the new lines furnished by science and historical criticism" (see article, "A Shorter Bible," in INSTRUCTOR of March 26), goes on to say:

"We all know that the old view of the Bible has played havoc with the faith of the younger generation, and it is a task of urgency that the young people should be able to meet and answer the cheap sneers of the street corner orator and the crude criticisms of the rationalist press."

We agree with the Reverend Wrigley that every effort should be made to enable our young people "to meet and answer the cheap sneers of the street corner orator and the crude criticisms of the rationalist press," but we absolutely fail to see how a "new and much shorter edition of the Bible" (God's word), harmonized with the latest scientific findings (man's word), can achieve that result.

Let us just for a moment scrutinize more closely the statement of the Reverend Wrigley. "We all know," he says, "that the old view of the Bible has played havoc with the faith of the younger generation." Right here we want to put a question mark, and a very big one, too. Who are "we" and what do we "know"? Certainly there are millions of young people who, on the basis of a knowledge gained by their personal experience, would most vigorously protest against being included in the Reverend Wrigley's "we." This alone proves that the sentence "we all know" is—well, it is not quite substantiated by the facts.

But this tactic is an old stand-by of Bible critics, and has proved its value in nipping in the bud all possible opposition. Human vanity is responsible for its success. Try it with a crowd. You will hardly find contradiction to any statement, even if it is very hard to prove, if you introduce it by the clever little sentence "we all know." Or, if you want to be very sure, say "every educated man knows." That will settle it right there. The average person prefers to keep his peace rather than run the risk of being considered uneducated. In this fashion the "we-all-know" preachers get by with much that would not stand even an ordinary (to say nothing of a scientific) investigation. They are having an easy time of it, knowing only too well that there is hardly greater cowardice than crowd-mindedness.

We, too, believe that it is a task of great urgency to properly instruct our young people so that they may be in a position to meet and answer the cheap sneers of the street corner orator and the crude criticisms of the rationalist press. What can we do about it?

We have already found, in our preceding studies, that instead of allowing any Bible criticism to play havoc with our faith, thus being on a lame defensive all the time, we as Christians should rather take the offensive and not feel ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

criticism that is brought against the Bible.

Now it is very evident that this criticism is directed largely against the miracles of the Bible. Why are these miracles such a prominent target for the poisoned arrows of the scoffers? Because if they were accepted, it would mean a complete breakdown of the whole atheistic philosophy. Matter, the common surrogate for God, could hardly be expected to break its own "eternal laws" in order to perform miracles which persistently resist all attempts of "natural" explanation or classification. So the only safe way out of the dilemma is to declare solemnly that miracles are impossible because—well, because the admission of a possibility along that line would be rather disquieting for the materialists.

But we have heard even Christians say that although they believe in a creator who is responsible for the universe and the laws of nature, they cannot

consistently conceive of a God who takes the liberty of interfering with these laws to perform what we call miracles, even in answer to prayer. Or, like a well-known professor of theology in Berlin, they admit the possibility that God or His Son *may* have performed some of the easier miracles related in the Bible, but protest vehemently against greater and more difficult ones. If they hear of Balaam's talking donkey, or Jonah in the whale, or of a risen Christ, they are nonplused, like a man who

has never before seen an egg and who cries, "What? Am I to believe that as a result of a little heat in the incubator, out of this slimy white and yellow liquid an animal comes that walks and cheeps? Where do the heart, bill, and feathers come from? Why, such a miracle is absurd and impossible."

As a matter of fact, science does not offer any explanation for it other than that it is a natural process. It is significant that men in their efforts to eliminate the miracles call them simple and natural if they happen every day, but deny them if they occur but once in a hundred or a thousand years.

Continually the vine draws up water through its stem into the grapes, where through some marvelous process the water is changed into wine. Far from being able to explain this miraculous change, man contents himself with calling it natural. But some people think that when Jesus, the Creator, changed water into wine without the medium of the plant, it was an "unnatural" process, a miracle, and therefore unscientific.

We live in an ocean of miracles. Think of the food we eat. It is dead matter, but in the mysterious chemical laboratory within our body this dead matter is transformed into living brain substance that thinks, eye substance that sees, and finger tips that feel. Science has discovered much, for instance, about the behavior of the white blood cells, which act as the policemen of the body, rushing immediately to the point where a germ has entered, causing infection. The wonderful fight they put up to prevent the poison from entering the system would indicate that they had



Royal Paddlers on the Zambesi River

"Better to say, 'This one thing I do,' than, 'These forty things I dabble in.'"



human intelligence. We know exactly what these little cells will do in a given moment, but why they should choose to die so unselfishly in great numbers to save something of greater importance certainly remains a mystery.

Yes, we live in an ocean of miracles, and for every Biblical miracle that science discredits, it offers two of its own—equally inexplicable. Read this little description of the atom (given recently in the Washington, D. C., *Sunday Star*):

"An atom is so small that in comparison a pin point is vast and spacious. The fastest revolving wheels known to science travel at a crippled snail's pace as compared with the normal velocity of atoms. An atom of air when out for a stroll—or whatever other amusements atoms enjoy—moves along at a speed of one mile a second. . . . A helium nucleus . . . travels at the prodigious speed of 10,000 miles a second, thousands of times faster than the flight of the swiftest projectile ever fired. Atoms, in addition to giving us light and color, act as clocks which tick off radiant waves with astonishing regularity. The atom is a radio receiving station, for electrons fly in the atmosphere of the atom to pick up stray signals that are in tune with their characteristic wave lengths. The heaviest atoms are radioactive, exploding uncontrollably with life periods as great as twenty-five billion years [!—?]. Lighter atoms may continue unchanged even longer."

As a result of scientific research we are confronted with much greater miracles than we faced at the starting point, and incredible and even impossible as some of them appear, we are to believe them on the mere authority of men.

Some say that miracles are impossible because they cannot be harmonized with the laws of nature. Very well, but we may be permitted to question, "How much do we know about these laws of nature?"

How much do we know *for sure* anyway?" We have already found repeatedly that our *exact* knowledge of the causes is rather limited, and we are taking innumerable things for granted which we cannot prove.

These same laws of nature of which man boasts so often have always been used to prove the impossibility of many a new invention which looked too much like a miracle to be acknowledged readily. In fact, in many instances science proved them to be nothing but extremely Utopian dreams.

Science proved that a ship built of iron could not possibly float, that men must of necessity lose their minds riding in a train moving at the tremendous speed of twenty miles an hour. It further proved that it was impossible to construct the Eiffel Tower in Paris. The now famous Count Zeppelin was known to the experts in aeronautics as the poor fool who could not forget an idea that was in uttermost disharmony with the laws of nature. When not so many decades ago an American inventor wanted to give a demonstration of the phonograph and later of the electric light in a famous European college, the professor of physics forbade the students to listen to such American bluff and humbug. What would they have done to you, dear reader, if only a hundred years ago you had dared to say that there were light waves that would easily penetrate through thick iron and wood! It would have been proved to you that there were no such light waves, and that the idea was absolutely unscientific and therefore impossible, in view of well-established facts. But then the wonderful X and Y rays were discovered, which revolutionized our ideas on that point. The trouble is that we know comparatively so few facts that we must be very careful in our conclusions.

*"Rain is silly," said the hothouse plant to the weed,  
(Concluded on page 13)*

**I**T was Stonewall Jackson's great ambition to obtain an education. He longed

to go to college, but everything seemed to be against him. At the age of seven he had been left a penniless orphan, and sent to the Ohio frontier to make his home with an uncle, who, although well-to-do, was rather hard on the boy.

One day young Jackson determined that he was going to West Point, because there he could obtain the education he desired. He made every effort to secure the necessary appointment. His success in obtaining this was made possible by the reputation for honesty and reliability which he had already established for himself. At last he was enrolled as a student in the great institution of which he had dreamed.

Now his difficulties seemed insurmountable. He was assigned to the lowest section of the class, and even with the poorest students as his competitors, he was unable to hold his own in his studies.

Those who watched young Jackson, however, saw the unexpected happen. That last boy in his class began to gain ground. After a time he outstripped the students of his own division. There were seventy-two men in his class, and by the end of the first year he was the fifty-first. He kept gaining, and by the end of the second year he ranked seventeenth, a standing he retained during his whole course. It was said that if he had had two more years, he would have graduated at the head of his class.

Would you like to know the secret of Stonewall Jackson's progress as a student? It was simple—he never left a lesson until it was mastered. This meant that he might still be studying a lesson days after the rest of the class had passed on. He advanced only as fast as he could advance thoroughly. By mastering every lesson before leaving it, he laid a solid foundation for the future, and soon he began to learn faster.

## Jackson's Rule

You have been leaving behind you a trail of lessons and other duties. What kind of trail is it?

If you could follow your own tracks and see what you have left behind you, what would you discover? Would you find your path littered with lessons half learned? Would you stumble over duties half done? But really you leave nothing behind you; you take everything along with you through life. A lesson half learned is a load upon your mind which you have to carry along as you struggle with other lessons. The lesson mastered is like a companion who stands by you and helps you with the next lesson. The task neglected or only half done is a weight that makes the next job harder to do.

When you slide out of a duty, you may hurt some one else or hamper the great work of which your task is a small part, but you hurt, most of all, yourself. The duty left undone will be a drag all your life. A student once confessed that he never could make any headway in the study of algebra because he had never mastered factoring. A man said that he was always hampered in his work because he never had mastered spelling. Lessons half learned were weights that stood between these men and success.

Right now is the time for you to determine that you will leave behind you no unfinished tasks, no lessons half learned, no jobs half done. And perhaps it is not too late for you to get rid of some of the half-done jobs that are already beginning to hamper you in your life.

But the first thing for you to do is to make up your mind that, from this moment on you will finish, and finish right, every worth-while task you undertake.—*Selected.*

✻ ✻ ✻

Nothing that is worth having ever comes to one except as a result of hard work.—*Booker T. Washington.*

"Good cheer is the heart's constant springtide."



**D**URING a recent river voyage of 500 miles up the great Zambesi River from Victoria

Falls to establish the gospel of the kingdom for the first time among the Mowiko people of western Barotseland, we came in touch with many interesting providences.

In Central Africa we daily see living demonstrations of the grace of God. There are those who would deny Africa the gospel, would repudiate the efforts of the missionary. Yet here we see the heathen gone down into extreme sin, and here we see the missionary pleading Christ's extreme atonement. What more does the native need? What more can Christ do? What more does the scoffer at missions desire?

On the late voyage up the Zambesi, part of our paddlers were heathen and part mission boys. The mission boys were singing gospel hymns, while the heathen boys knew only the tom-tom of the heathen drums. The mission boys were clean, respectful, and happy. The heathen boys were filthy, stupid, and sullen. The speculations of Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and all other metaphysical philosophies are doing positive harm to the native of Africa. Nothing but the supernatural, divine power of the gospel can effect his transformation, for he is altogether an undone creature. He is reeking in disease. His hut is loathsome. His witchcraft is hideous.

Not even the lives of patriarchs and prophets, kings, and apostles, will convert the natives of Africa. Noble as Moses may have been, his life will not regenerate. Intellectual as was the apostle Paul, his life will not renew the mind of the heathen.

There is much in the life of the white man which might better not be taught to the aboriginal tribes of heathen lands. What profit is there in teaching the intemperance of Noah, the deceitfulness of Jacob, the moral lapse of David, or the impetuosity of Peter?

Our only remedy for sin is the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. This is the all-powerful, ever-enduring, vitalizing force that will re-create new creatures out of the old sin-soaked heathen stock of Africa.

Pastor Gladstone, one of the princes of Barotseland, was inspecting some of the outschools of Seventh-day Adventists along the Portuguese border on the Caprivi Strip recently, when he was accosted by two native police, and driven along at the point of the bayonet.

He unrolled his Picture Roll on the life of Christ and began telling of Christ's love for His persecutors, and soon the bayonets were lowered and the police were in tears of penitence. They pleaded for Pastor Gladstone to come and teach the Portuguese natives. To-day every time he comes into their district they run to him to learn

## Christ for Africa

B. M. HEALD



Paramount Chief  
Yetta III

more about the Christ of Calvary.

At one of our late native teachers' institutes, when more

than sixty native missionaries were in attendance, Pastor Stephen arose and said:

"One night, as I was praying, God revealed to me that I was not alone. I was very happy, for I knew God was going to lead me. The next day I called a meeting. Almost all the heathen village came, and I just taught them to sing about Jesus. They enjoyed the singing so much that they wanted me to continue all night. They would not go away, and I could not send them away. In a few days there were 100 converted, and they wanted to build a house for the living God. I immediately sent out these new converts into the village to call their friends to Christ, and on the second Sabbath 300 were in attendance. To-day I have 275 in the baptismal class. Every night now I hear them singing all over the village."

Pastor Mabona then arose and added his testimony:

"I know Jesus leads me every day. I go out and stay two weeks in each school, and about twenty-eight are converted each time I preach in these small scattered villages. I have eighty in the baptismal class to-day. I keep going all the time, and God keeps going ahead of me. Our villages are small, and when we preach, we generally preach to the whole village, and they all turn to Christ. I have no time to plow, I am so busy preaching Jesus to the villages in our district; and woe is me if I preach not Jesus to my people."

While in Barotseland I had the privilege of an interview with the paramount chief, Yetta III. Upon the arrival of our barge at Lialui, the capital, he commanded that a nice camp be prepared for me in a coconut palm grove. He offered me his royal chair, and as he served a refreshing fruit drink, smilingly said, "Of course you Americans do not drink strong drink." He has a radio set, and receives his time of day from Big Ben, in London, 10,000 miles away. He also develops and prints his own films and uses a moving picture machine. He has his Singer sewing machine and a Ford car, and was greatly interested in American people as revealed in the columns of the

*American Magazine*. Above all is he interested in having Christ preached to his people.

In a remarkable manner the Spirit of God is being poured out upon all flesh in Africa. We baptized some 500 Christian natives in Northern Rhodesia last year. We now have about 4,600 attending our Sabbath schools, which are conducted in nine languages.

As never before the heart of every nation, kindred, tongue, and



Yetta III Royal Musicians Playing on Their Original Pianos

(Turn to page 13)



LOOKS like we'd have an early fall," remarked Grimes, the storekeeper, as he reluctantly removed his foot from the hub of the wagon wheel, where it had rested while he engaged in a neighborly conversation with his customer, Stephen Larwell.

"Yes, all the signs do point that way. I'm a bit behind in my work, too; been short of help ever since John took it into his head to go West."

"That your boy?" Mr. Grimes glanced toward a rugged boy in the rear of the wagon among the sacks of feed, while he casually disengaged a piece of mud from the wagon wheel.

"Yes, that's my youngest. The only one left at home now, and I must say, he's the laziest son I've got."

"That so? Well, now, that's bad. The farm's no place for shiftlessness."

"You're right," agreed Mr. Larwell, as he gathered up the reins. "Of course, Stub does a good many chores here and there, but he ain't like John and Tom used to be, when it comes to work. Well, you and Mrs. Grimes drive out sometime before winter sets in. Steady them bags there, Stub, when we round this corner."

Stub had made no outward sign that he heard this brutally frank estimate of his working value, except that his face took on a dull red under the blotch of freckles, and his eyes smarted with his feeling of injustice.

He was not yet old enough to understand that time lends a certain halo, and that his father had said the same thing about his brothers when they were at home, and would, on the other hand, doubtless be holding him up as an example of industry to the next boy who happened to fall under his training. He had none of this knowledge to comfort him, and as Mr. Larwell was not a talkative man, the boy had abundant opportunity to brood over the hurt during the tedious ride home.

He *wasn't* lazy. Every instinct within him called out in refutation of that. Didn't he feed calves, and carry wood, and drive horses, and pick berries, and hoe weeds, and do everything else that a sixteen-year-old boy with only one pair of legs and a perfectly normal habit of getting tired after twelve or fourteen hours' work, could be expected to do?

When had he ever "played off," even when he wanted an extra day at the county fair? He never even pretended to be sick, so as to get an extra hour's sleep on Sabbath morning—and now they called him lazy.

It was growing dusk when they reached home, and Stub hurried into the house with the groceries, while his father drove straight to the granary. "See here, Aunt Dorcas," he called excitedly, forgetting his heartache for a moment, "we've brought you the nicest churn you ever saw. Ain't it a beauty? It cost fifty cents more than the eggs came to, but I did some errands for Mr. Jones while dad was at the mill, and he threw off that much."

Aunt Dorcas looked at the long-coveted churn tartly. "It's well enough, I guess. But you forgot to wash your hands, didn't you?" and she walked into the kitchen.

With the hurt of the afternoon still stinging, Stub wondered, as he scrubbed his hands at the wash bench, if mothers were like that too. Stub's mother died before he could remember, and Aunt Dorcas was the only woman their home had known.

It was against Aunt Dorcas' principles to let a child go hungry or cold, and when supper was ready, she called peremptorily for Stub. "I don't want any supper—I'm tired," the boy mumbled, as he slipped out of the back door.

"Tired!" sniffed Aunt Dorcas, setting the plate of steaming corn bread upon the table before she looked up. "My mother used to tell me to 'put tired to tired and at it again.'"

Out in the stable, where the row of sleek Holsteins were stanchioned, Stub found comfort. He threw his arms around old Coronna and leaned his shocky head against her sleek cheek. She seemed to like the familiar caress, and stood chewing her cud contentedly, as if to tell him that worry wasn't worth while. The next in line reached around and playfully nibbled his coat, while Bluebell, at the other side of the stable, moped wistfully, as if to show that she, too, would like some attention.

The boy stroked the glossy coat of his favorite, and began already to feel the balm of comradeship. His cows understood—he was sure they did. Comradeship and appreciation were what he longed for, though he did not clearly understand it himself. That was why he hated the nickname "Stub." He didn't like to be reminded that he was shock-headed and too squarely built

## STUB G

for his height, and there was no one to tell him that just such a frame would make him a magnificent man some day.

It was appreciation he had craved when he spent the whole afternoon pounding white sand and carrying water to scour Aunt Dorcas' kitchen floor. He had made it as white as her pantry shelves, and when, in his enthusiasm, he cried out, "See, Aunt Dorcas, doesn't it look nice?" she eyed it critically and answered: "It does very well, but you forgot to put away the pails."

Stub's father was much the same. He was just as honest with his children, but he believed that they should do things because they had been taught to obey. It never, apparently, had entered his head that a boy could be industrious from a sense of loyalty and love for his work.

Both Stub and his father had many things to learn, and the lesson came quite unexpectedly.

The "equinoctial" storms were over, and the clearing weather brought a portentous chill to the air. Mr. Larwell came home from town at ten o'clock, and gave the reins to Stub with a look of anxiety.

"What's the matter, Stephen?" inquired his sister coming from the garden with a golden pumpkin in her arms.

"The government weather report was just in as I left town, and they say killing frosts to-night and to-morrow night."

"I expected as much," nodded the woman, "from the way the sun set last night."



Wide World Photos

Herbert Hoover Taking the Oath



# DROWS UP

"It'll mean the ruination of my ensilage," muttered Larwell. "I wouldn't mind a light touch, but one two killing frosts, and there'd be no use putting it at all."

His glance swept past the two red silos standing up against the barn like two giant firecrackers. He looked beyond, to the field of waving corn—that ammoth variety known as ensilage corn, which he had hoped to gather while the stalks were still green, and the corn "in the milk," and pack securely in his tight-tight silos.

Stub's eye followed his father's, and he was quick to grasp the meaning of the situation.

"They're working tooth and nail over to Simpson's," observed his sister. "No use trying to get that ensilage better."

"No, they'll not be through for three days yet, and every man in the neighborhood is tied up there."

"How about the Southley gang?"

"They're busy over at Northport. I could get the machine and the men that are working at Smith's, down the river. They'll be through to-night, and they'd come bright and early in the morning, but there's no way to get it cut."

Stub stepped forward eagerly. "Why couldn't I cut, father?"

His father looked at him much as he would inspect a fly that he was about to brush off the old gray horse's back. "What could you do? It would take three reapers from now till dark to get that corn down."

"If three reapers could do it in eight hours, one reaper could do it in twenty-four," Stub answered doggedly.

"You seem to forget that the reaper won't run itself," his father answered brusquely. "It needs a man to manage that, and it'll take me every minute to get the silos in shape."

"I can manage it—I'm sure I can," the boy answered in a tense voice. "I helped John last year. We have two teams, and they could change off. Please let me try, father!"

Something in the pitiful eagerness of the boy's tone touched the father, and he answered, more kindly than usual: "Well—well, go ahead and begin it if you want. Maybe I'll be able to find a hand somewhere."

Stub took his lunch with him into the field, so as not to lose any time. At three o'clock his father brought the fresh team, and took the others back for a good feed and a careful rubbing down, so as to be ready for their next turn. At six o'clock Stub came in for a warm meal, so stiff from the continuous strain that he could hardly walk. His eyes had a happy light in them, though, as he looked back over the immense field, over one third of which was strewn with the jagged bundles. More than one third done! And yet Stub knew that the remainder would go much more slowly. Neither he nor the horses would be as fresh as at first. But there was a full moon. He was thankful for that.

"Well, ready to quit?" his father asked banteringly, as he slid into his chair at the supper table.

"No, sir," answered Stub, steadily. "I expect to work all night."

"That's likely," guffawed his father, "big sleepyhead as you are. We'll likely find you fast asleep in the middle of a row before ten o'clock."

"Now, Stephen, you quit plaguing the boy," bristled Aunt Dorcas, with unexpected ardor. "Can't you see he's half dead now? You lay down here on the settee," she added, after the meal was over. "An hour's sleep will do you worlds of good, and I'll call you at seven sharp."

The boy sank gratefully upon the couch. The hour's rest refreshed him wonderfully, and, to his surprise, he found his father prepared to go with him to the field to see him get a start.

"Now, Stub, you take this heavy coat and these mittens," cautioned Aunt Dorcas. "It'll be powerful sharp to-night; the stars are glistening just like December. I'll send your lunch out when your father brings you the fresh horses at midnight."

The hunter's moon sailed serenely across the frosty sky, touching up the graceful rows with innumerable lights and shadows. The aroma of the growing corn, intensified by the approach of frost, stimulated the boy like a whiff of some strong stimulant, and he started in again with renewed vigor.

By ten o'clock the horses were beginning to tire, and an unconquerable drowsiness was creeping over Stub. It began to look as if his father's prediction might come true. Twice he dropped into a doze, and wakened with a start as he nearly lost his balance when the horses stopped at the end of a row. He dismounted and walked beside the team. Then he swung his arms and beat upon the reaper with his clenched fists. Finally he took off his cap and turned somersaults in the frosty grass until he was sufficiently awake so he dared trust himself on the reaper again.

At last he heard the grateful sound of the clanging harness, the dull thud of heavy-footed horses, as his father brought the fresh team at midnight.

"Here's a hot lunch for you. Spread this blanket down to sit on," said his father, with a solicitude he had never shown before.

"Did Aunt Dorcas send me all this?" he asked in amazement. "Fried apple pies—why, did she make them on purpose for me in the middle of the night?" he gasped.

"Yes; she's been workin' 'round 'most all night," answered his father, as he hitched the fresh team to the harvester. "Now, son," he added, after Stub had finished every crumb of the lunch and was about to begin work again, "if you get too tired out, you'd better quit. Better lose a few acres of corn than to lose a boy, you know," and he glanced anxiously at the boy's tense figure. "I feel like I ought to rest you a spell, but I can't see well enough to keep the rows in this dim light," he added awkwardly, as he started back toward the house.

The unexpected thoughtfulness of his aunt, and his father's



as President of These United States



solicitude, did for his flagging spirits what the hot lunch had done for his body. Every vestige of drowsiness had left him. The hoarfrost, settling upon the dark green of the corn blades, seemed to him like a challenge. "Old Jack Frost, I'll race you," he called gayly, as he urged the horses forward.

At two o'clock, however, the temporary exhilaration had spent itself, and the old ache was settling in every muscle of his thoroughly chilled body. Another half hour and the rows seemed to zigzag before him. Once or twice he reeled dizzily, barely saving himself from falling on the sharp knives below. Then he rode in a sort of daze, letting the horses take their own course.

After what seemed to him ages, the first streaks of red appeared in the sky, and he knew it was near daybreak. There was only a little patch of the corn still uncut, but the biting pain was in his arms and legs again. Could he ever finish the field? Oh, the pain—the terrible pain!

Just then a familiar "moo" floated across the frosty air from the distant cow stable. It seemed to the boy like a word of encouragement from a friend who loved him; and his benumbed fingers grasped the reins with fresh determination. "I'll show them I'm *not* the laziest one my father has," he whispered, between his chattering teeth. "I'm *not* his laziest son—I'm *not* his laziest son," he kept up, in a sort of singsong, as he braced his feet and held on to the reins hard, to overcome the awful swaying of the corn rows. After an eternity, as it seemed to him, the last stalk was cut and the horses stopped. He sat there on the reaper, too dazed to attempt to dismount. He looked around dully at a sound behind him. It was Aunt Dorcas, her

striped woolen shawl pinned over her head, and a steaming pitcher in her hand.

"Here, Stubby, boy, drink this hot soup. It'll put a bit of life in you again." She held the pitcher to his lips, and steadied him with her free arm, as he swayed unsteadily in his seat.

The hot soup revived him after a little, and with his aunt's help, he unhitched the team. "Why, Aunt Dorcas, how did you happen to be up so early?" he asked, after a little, as his brain began to clear.

"Why, child, I couldn't sleep—nor your father, either—I've watched every round you've made for the last three hours. It was just light enough so's I could make out the horses when they passed the corner."

The boy's heart was bursting with gratitude, but for the life of him, he couldn't speak.

His father met them as they reached the barn. "I'll tend to them later. Let's get this boy into the house."

Aunt Dorcas had a hot bath ready for him, and her own bed lay open, soft and inviting. His father came in just as his aching head touched the pillow. "Now, Stub, you're not to stir out of here to-day. To-night has seen the biggest September freeze we've known for twenty years, and you've done more than any *man* in saving our corn."

Stub looked up at his father wistfully. "Then, father, you'll take it back? You don't think I'm the laziest son you've got?"

"Why, my boy"—Mr. Larwell's voice broke—"you haven't been remembering that foolish thing I said, have you? Why, Stub, you're all I've got!" The man bent his face until it touched the freckled one on the pillow, and for the first time in their lives, father and son wept together.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE vase that the class gave Miss Rachel was beautiful; but Hetty had stayed away when they gave it to her. She felt she could not be present, since she had contributed nothing toward the gift. With no money, how could she contribute? Nevertheless, no other girl in the class loved her teacher as Hetty loved her. And now Miss Rachel, with her lovely smile and her sweet voice, was going far away.

Slow tears welled up in Hetty's eyes as she washed the supper dishes and set them in orderly rows upon the pantry shelves. She was a thin little girl with soft brown eyes and thick braids of hair that fell below her waist. Old Mrs. Barton had urged her mother to cut them off; so much hair took her strength, the old lady said; but Hetty's mother had shaken her head; Hetty was strong enough, and her hair was her one beauty.

As Hetty carried the last cup into the pantry, she stood there a moment reflecting. Miss Rachel was going away. Was there not something she could do for her? And then, as she stood in the dusk of the little pantry and pressed her tear-filled eyes with her hands, the answer came.

Miss Rachel heard a timid knock at her door, and lifted her head from her packing.

"Come in," she said in her sweet, clear voice, and Hetty entered. Miss Rachel smiled at her.

"Good evening, Hetty," she said.

Hetty smiled faintly. "Good evening, Miss Rachel." Then for a moment she paused. "I felt so sorry," she began tremulously, "because I couldn't give anything toward buying the beautiful vase that the rest of the girls gave you. But I didn't have any money."

Again she paused a moment, then continued: "But, Miss Rachel, none of the girls love you more than I do. I love your hands, your eyes, your smile, and the way you fix your hair, and your clothes, and everything about you. So I've come to-night to ask whether you'll let me do something for you, something I can do and something I want to do very much. I've come to ask

## With Basin and Towel

you, Miss Rachel, if you'll let me wash all your clothes before you go

away. Mother says I wash beautifully."

Miss Rachel looked at Hetty—at the thin little face, lighted by its wistful eyes, and at the small rough hands fingering so nervously a fold of her dress.

"But, dear," she said in a trembling voice, "I don't want you to wash my clothes."

Hetty threw both arms round her. "Dear Miss Rachel, I've cried every night for a week because I couldn't give anything toward the vase. You won't go away and make me feel I've done nothing! Don't you see that I want to have a part in you; and if you won't let me do this, I can't. Please, Miss Rachel."

Seeing that Hetty's heart was set upon it, Miss Rachel let her have her way, and a few minutes later she crept down the stairs with a big bundle in her arms.

Two days afterward Hetty brought back the clothes, snowy white and beautifully ironed. Miss Rachel was to go away the next morning. Hetty removed the cloth, and Miss Rachel saw them in all their sweet, clean freshness.

"Dear," she cried, gathering the little figure into her arms, "what lovely clothes! How can I thank you? It is not every one that is willing to gird himself with basin and towel as the Master did."

Hetty looked into the dear face.

"And have I," she asked, "really given you something, even though I didn't have any money? O Miss Rachel, I wanted you to know!"

Miss Rachel nodded.

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee," she quoted softly. Then she paused, and added, "Child, child, you have given me more than any of the others."

A half hour later, when Hetty took the empty clothes basket down the stairs, her thin little face was softly smiling.

"Basin and towel," she whispered, "oh, I'm so glad Miss Rachel said that."—*Selected.*



## 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.

## The Greatest Among You

ONCE upon a time Jimmie and Jack made, as they thought, a great discovery. It was that they were smarter than the other boys. They certainly were bright young fellows—smart as whips, their teacher said—who could always get their lessons in half the time it took some of the other fellows to get them. They could swim like fish, row a boat or sail it either; and they could see better, jump farther, and throw harder than anybody else their size. Young Jack could run like a deer, and big brother Jimmie had the reputation of being able to whip his weight in wildcats.

The main trouble was, they both had fiery tempers, and instead of controlling them, they were rather proud of letting them go and then wading through the fight that followed. That made them a lot of trouble, but it didn't make them think any the less of themselves. Some of the other boys were peeved at the brothers once in a while and said they were smart Alecks, and didn't know as much as they thought they knew. Farmer Pete said they couldn't milk a cow, where he could and did milk six cows twice a day. Tom, the sexton's son, said they were afraid of the dark, while he could go whistling through a graveyard. Matty, who had a savings account in the First National Bank, said they had never saved a nickel in their lives. And Andy, who was the oldest and biggest and slowest of them all, one day remarked to Thad and Sim behind the schoolhouse that he didn't think so much of fellows who were always flying off the handle, and, anyhow, they hadn't dared to tackle him!

Now, you mustn't think that these boys were all roughnecks, all the while fussing and quarreling. The fact is, they were average good boys. They liked one another almost always, and they had some great old times together, and with other boys. They played ball and hockey with only about the usual amount of yelling and disputing. They sometimes went on a hike with big John Bee, who had a great deal of influence over them. They studied fairly well, and generally pleased their

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

teacher. And they took to the Junior M. V. Society with much enthusiasm, especially when it came to the progressive classes. They helped with the home chores more or less willingly; they all went to Sabbath school, and Andy and Matty and another boy they called Judy (funny name for a boy, but, then, none of them were called by their full names) had been baptized and were members of the church. On the whole they got on fairly well together, except when one of them wanted to prove himself the greatest of them all.

Well, in course of time all these boys and some others came to Junior Summer Camp. Being from the same church and school, and knowing one another, they sort of stuck together, and when all the boys lined up at the superintendent's tent to be divided into bands, Jimmie and Jack and Pete and Andy all said they'd like to stay together. There were enough of them, however, to make two bands, and so the superintendent divided them, and as it happened, Jimmie and Jack and Judy made three of one band, while Andy and Pete and Matty and Thad and so on were in the other.

"Now you know where your tents are," said the superintendent. "The leaders will help you get settled shipshape. Every band is to have one of you at its head as captain, and to-night at camp fire we'll announce who the captains are to be."

And during the crowded afternoon the superintendent and most of the leaders came together to decide who would make the best captains. They took up the whole list of names, and out of their knowledge of the different boys, they selected the necessary number, upon the basis of ability to lead.

"Here's Phil," proposed the superintendent. "What do you think about him?"

"A good boy," said a leader. "one of the most dependable. He'll be a good influence in that band, but he's a little young yet. Don't know whether he could handle them."

"Well, then, Pete."

"Pete's a fine boy to get things



Band Captains and Leaders, Julian Camp

Standing, upper row, left to right: James Rasmussen, Band 6; Kenneth Phillips, Band 8; Howard Weir, Band 1; William Williamson, Band 4. Lower row: Millard Townsend, Band 2; Philip Hoffman, Band 9; Paul Kiehnoff, Band 3; Charles Smith, Band 5; Douglas Marchus, Band 7.

Sitting, upper row: John McKim, A. W. Spalding, G. E. Mann, Lawrence Skinner. Lower row: G. H. Skinner, Mrs. Marguerite Williamson, Mrs. Marie Marchus, Mrs. Willa Steen, Reid Shepard.

Note.—Any of these captains whose names correspond to any used in this article are not the same boys, at all.



done, but he's a little rattle-headed at times; doesn't stop to consider the outcome of what he proposes to do."

"Now, I'll tell you, there's Andy. He's the biggest and oldest, and though he isn't so quick as some of the others, I notice they place a good deal of dependence upon him — often ask his advice, and what Andy says, they seem to think, generally comes out all right. Always ready to help any one, too."

"Well, Andy it is, then. Everybody agreed? Captain of Band One. Now here's Band Two. Boys from the same church. Who shall be their captain?"

"There's Jimmie. He and his brother Jack are bright lads, but hot-tempered, and Jimmie's rather bossy. I don't know how the boys would take him."

"Tom?"

"No, Tom is straight as a die, but he likes to go by himself, and when he is with the other boys, he never steps out as leader."

"How about Judy?"

"Hardly. There's something queer about that boy. Bright, you know, and quiet, but I notice wherever he is in a group of boys there's always some fuss going on, and I usually find Judy at the bottom of it. The boys pay a good deal of attention to him, though; but I'm sure he could never manage Jimmie."

"Suppose we put Jimmie in another band."

"That wouldn't help. Jimmie will push to the front wherever he is. It might be a good thing to try him as captain. Talk with him about what it means, and help him to subject himself to self-discipline and to be a helper rather than a boss."

"All right, I'll have a special talk with him."

And so the leaders go down the list and select enough captains to head all the bands. They are announced that night at camp fire, and the superintendent gives a little talk on organization and the duties of leaders, which includes captains.

"We have to have organization," he tells the boys, "in order to get things done at the right time and the right place, in the right way. God's work on earth and in heaven is organized. 'Order is heaven's first law,' and everything on earth, to be successful, must have this first law of heaven. The older people who are here as your leaders, you will see, are not here to strut around, and puff out their chests, and order everybody to wait on them. They are here to help you boys, to teach you, to lead you, and to give you a good time and a profitable time. They will help you to keep order, they will see that you get plenty to eat, they will take you in swimming and on hikes, they will tell you stories and teach you nature craft and Bible lore, they will bandage you if you cut a finger, or give you a hot pack if you catch cold. They are here to serve and help you. That's the Christian program."

"Now you boys are here to learn to do the same way, to give your help to others rather than to demand

their service for you. The more you do for others, the happier you will be. And since you are divided into bands, each band must have a captain. And here we give you boys the chance to develop in organization and co-operation. The boy who in any band is made captain, is there, like us leaders, not to boss but to help. He will help you keep order, he will help you do your work in record time, he will help you settle your differences if unfortunately you have any. We pick him out to do those things.

"But he has authority, too. He has to have in order to do all that we expect of him, and he and we expect the co-operation of all

of you. Some of our orders will be passed down to you through the captain, and even without our orders he will look after the routine work in your band. Now when the captain gives an order, do it. If any member of a band fails to obey his captain's orders, that captain must report it to the superintendent, and he will see to its enforcement. If you think an order is not right, you can talk about it afterward to your captain, to any leader, or to the superintendent; but at the time, obey."

Then the band captains are called each day into the Captains' Council, and there they bring their questions and their troubles, and there the leaders instruct them on the principles of Christian leadership and counsel them in regard to their perplexities and mistakes. It's a real school; for a boy who comes to be captain quickly finds that there are problems in government of which he had little idea before.

So Andy comes in with this question: "When you tell a fellow to keep still

because the 'Silence' signal has blown, and he says for you to mind your own business, what do you do about it?"

"Andy, in the first place, before ever that happens, you want to build up your band morale. Say, 'Now, fellows, you know we want to get the Honors of the Day, and every one of us has to do his best to give our band a good record. Let's watch out that we keep every law, keep ourselves neat, and keep good order. We can make it to-morrow if we try.' See that you set the best example, for example does more than command. In the second place, try to put your most difficult boy under obligation to you by doing him some favor. Instead of pushing him out of line at the dinner hour because you're bigger and stronger, give way with an, 'All right, Thad, you first' — and Thad will do a lot for you. In the third place, everything else failing, report him to me, and I'll settle him."

Then Jimmie has a kit of troubles. First is the case of his own brother Jack. "Jack won't do what I say because I'm his brother," he reports. "I told him to part his hair again before inspection because it wasn't straight, and he said it was, and then Judy chipped in that it looked straight to him. And Sim wouldn't get up this morning, so we tipped over his

## A Song of the Rank and File

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

THOUGH I be not the captain,  
Yet will I bare my sword,  
And I will be by my captain's side,  
Wherever he stand, or wherever he ride,  
In the battles of the Lord.

For though there were captains many,  
What should the captains do,  
If there were none of men beside,  
To thrust and parry, to march and ride,  
And to follow the captains through?

I will not buy with money  
The right to idle lie;  
I should scorn to give, in the mask of gold,  
The proof of a courage I did not hold,  
Because I feared to die.

But I will give my body,  
And I will give my hand,  
For the King and His grace, the King and His laws,  
And the joy of a heart that is true to the cause,  
And be one of the King's own band.

And though I should count my silver  
Into the captain's chest,  
It is but to free my good sword arm,  
That, naught encumbered when sounds the alarm,  
I may fight, and fight my best.

And though I be not captain,  
Yet will I keep my stride,  
And the burdens bear of pack and sword,  
To march and to battle for the Lord,  
Close by my captain's side.



cot, and then he got mad. And yesterday I told Judy and Barty to cut some sticks to make me a clothes rack, and they said, 'Cut 'em yourself; just because you're captain, we don't have to do your work.'

"Jimmie, did you ever help Jack find his cap or polish his shoes?"

"What? Why, no; Jack's big enough to do those things for himself!"

"But if you did stop or stoop down to do a bit of loving service for him, don't you think he would feel you were a brother more worth having? You know it was because James wouldn't polish John's shoes—or wash his feet, same thing in effect—and Peter wouldn't stoop to do such a service for Andrew, and so with all the rest of them, that Jesus showed them how to be a leader by doing it Himself."

"Well, I guess I'd do that—at quarterly meeting, if I were a church member," said Jimmie; "unless it'd be that Judy. He's so sneaky and underhanded."

"But, you know, Jesus washed even Judas' feet. And it isn't the particular act that counts, Jimmie; it's the spirit behind that act, and every act. Once, you know, all the other disciples were angry at James and John because they tried to get the highest places in Jesus' kingdom. And then was when Jesus called them all together and gave them the first law of His kingdom: 'You know that they who rule over the nations exercise lordship over them, and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you. But whosoever will be great among you shall be your servant, and whosoever will be chiefest shall be servant of all. For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many.' That's the secret of Christian leadership, Jimmie. Not to boss, but to help. That wins love, and love wins obedience. You'll have some difficulties, and we'll help you through them. But make up your mind not to be recognized as the greatest because you're captain, but rather to be the greatest because you are the servant of all the other boys."

I am glad to tell you that before the camp closed, Jimmie learned a great deal about how to be a Christian leader. He tried very hard to forget himself by remembering others, by setting an example in diligence, neatness, and punctuality, and in curbing his temper; and in the end he really made a success of his captaincy.

There wasn't very much of trouble in the bands, on the whole. Practically every boy got something of the vision of unselfish service for others, which is the secret of team work and success. And nearly always and nearly everywhere nearly every one was loyal and quick to obey captain and leader. Once in a while we were mistaken in the selection of a captain, and he had to be let out into the ranks. Why? Just because he could not get rid of the idea that being captain made him important. Whereas, the fact is that being important is what makes the captain; and being humble and helpful is what makes importance. But there is a good lot of captain material being built up, not only in those who have served as captains, but in those who, though not being captains, have learned the secret of true greatness, which is to be, like our Lord Jesus, willing servants of all our fellow men.

## Miracles of the Bible

(Concluded from page 6)

"for water comes out of a sprinkler." Why not? if it is silly to believe anything you have never seen! The people in Noah's day must have put up a similar argument when old Noah talked about rain, for it was an established and therefore scientific fact that there was no rain, "but there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground."

"Anxiety is the poison of life, the parent of many sins and more miseries."

## The Imps and the Elf

TWO naughty little imps there are,  
Who practice to deceive.  
To hear them speak so pleasantly,  
You never would believe  
That they could work such havoc now,  
Wherever they may go;  
Perhaps you've found them in your home,  
And have been troubled so.

They break your toys, or spill your milk,  
Or lose your ball and bat;  
They even soil and tear your clothes,  
Or hurt the dog and cat.  
You have to watch them carefully,  
These imps, so like each other;  
I-Didn't-Mean-to, one is called;  
I-Didn't-Think, his brother.

They'll smile, and say they're sorry too,  
These imps, so like each other;  
They're scarcely through with one bad trick  
Until they're at another.  
Now if you find them in your home,  
And don't know what to do,  
Be-Careful is a kindly elf  
Who'll drive them out for you.

—Cora Work Hunter,  
in the *Young Pilgrim*.

Speaking of miracles, it is indeed amusing to watch the efforts of unbelievers in their attempts to explain (in order to avoid acknowledging God) the miracles of God's creation. So the famous Professor Haeckel, who does not know how to account for the phenomenon of heredity, requests his followers to believe with him in "the unconscious memory(!) of the molecule"—a fine illustration again of leaping out of the frying pan into the fire.

If we open our eyes or, better yet, look through a telescope or microscope, we see at once that we need not be ashamed to believe in the miracles of the Bible, because we live in the midst of these miracles in our everyday life.

But the greatest miracle is the one experienced by every child of God when, after being born again into a new life and the fullness of joy, we get a vision of eternal things and begin to cry, "Abba, Father." Once we have passed through this miraculous transformation, the miracles of the Bible are no longer a stumblingblock, for we have experienced in our hearts *the greatest of all miracles*, which enables us to cry out joyfully with the blind man who was healed,

"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

## Christ for Africa

(Concluded from page 7)

people is being reached by the gospel message, and we know that when this gospel of the kingdom shall have been preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come. May each of us be ready to meet our Lord in that great day.

LOVE is the hardest lesson in Christianity; but, for that reason, it should be most our care to learn it.—Penn.

"AMERICA's greatest need is more old-fashioned religion. It is your need also."



## 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.

*Are Reading Course certificates issued only to those who are members of the Missionary Volunteer Society?*

No, they are issued to any who will complete a course. The only qualification is that the course must be completed not more than two years preceding the time of the application for the certificate. Special Reading Course awards, however, are granted only to society members, on the completion of the required number of courses.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

*Is it all right to read everything in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR on Sabbath? Do you consider the news on the back page of the paper proper reading for the Sabbath day?*

The individual conscience should be the guide in such matters. Some think that such brief news items as are selected for the back page of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR are of a scientific and educational value, not the ordinary news of current events and political and business affairs, and they read them on the Sabbath. Others feel that because they are mainly secular in character, they should be read on other days of the week.

H. T. E.

*What is our stand on competitive games where prizes are offered? Should we foster such at our picnics?*

No, it is better not to depend upon the pure prize-winning spirit for maintaining pleasure and interest. However, no harm is done by employing an innocent friendly competition in moderate measure. The danger lies in pressing the rivalry so keenly that it engenders bad feeling, or that the contestants overexert themselves and thus injure their health. Questions of this kind can hardly be settled by making a hard and fast rule or stand. The character of the occasion and of the people who are present, and the influence of what is done, ought to be given study in making decisions as to what may be most profitably done at picnics.

H. T. E.

*I am a Seventh-day Adventist boy of seventeen, and read the INSTRUCTOR regularly. I know you do not need any help from me in editing the paper; but it seems to me that the Counsel Corner is altogether too sentimental. In another paper I read, there is a question corner, and it is educational and beneficial; but ours is filled with questions like, "How old should a girl be before it is proper for her to keep company with the boys?" Such questions, I think, should not be printed in our paper.*

I am pleased to know that you are interested in the INSTRUCTOR, and that you have high ideals for yourself and for our young people's paper. You may have mistaken somewhat the purpose of the Counsel Corner. It is not designed to give general or scientific information, but it is to answer questions on the personal problems of young people—problems of conduct and Christian experience. The other paper you mention is entirely different from the INSTRUCTOR, but there are many high-class periodicals which discuss these problems of life interest much more boldly than does the INSTRUCTOR—usually, of course, without the high standards which we hold. You seem to have the idea that questions regarding association and courtship are improper. There is nothing improper about the association of the sexes, but only in the improper relationships. The desire for the association of the opposite sex when we come to the age of youth, is natural and right; but in this world of sin young people do need direction in how to carry on these associations in the proper way. There is, perhaps, no phase of life in which Satan traps our young people more effectively than in their associations. And it is perfectly proper for young people to want to know the right way to seek counsel. These are things that are really vital in the spiritual life of our young people. One of the signs of Christ's coming is that people will be eating, drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, as they were in the days of Noah. It is not wrong to eat, drink, or marry, but it is wrong to do these things in the way the world does them, and we must show our young people the right way. Much has been written through the spirit of prophecy about these questions, and our young people need to have their attention called to it.

M. E. KERN.

*I bought something which I knew had been stolen, but I did not know who the owner was. This troubles me. Will you please tell me whether it was a sin or not. If it was, what can I do about it?*

Certainly, in buying goods that you knew had been stolen, you would be a party to the theft. Probably your purchase was a help to the one who did the stealing in making away with it. Having repented of your sin and having decided you want to make everything right, you should go to the person from whom you bought, tell him of your repentance, and strongly urge that the goods or money for them should be restored. If this person should refuse to make the matter right, and you now know who the person is from whom the goods were taken, I would restore the goods to that person, even though you may lose the money you paid for them. If the person who stole the goods will not reveal from whom they came, and will not do anything to help you, I would tell the authorities about the whole matter and state your desire to return the goods to the owner if possible. Of course, this would involve your reporting on the person who did the stealing, so I would surely give that person every possible chance to make things right before informing the authorities.

M. E. K.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### III—God's Claims Forgotten; A Call to Repentance and Reformation

(April 20)

MEMORY VERSE: Jer. 29:10.

LESSON HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 367-378, 618-627, 661-668.

#### Questions

##### A Departure From God

1. If ancient Israel had been true to God, what blessings would have been theirs? Deut. 28:10-13. Note 1.
2. When did they begin to forget God? Joshua 24:31; Judges 2:10-13. Note 2.
3. Whom did the Lord leave in Canaan as a test to the Israelites? Judges 2:20-23.
4. When the temple at Jerusalem was dedicated, how did God show His acceptance of the sanctuary? 2 Chron. 5:14; 7:1-3.
5. How did the rulers and people show that they had forgotten God's leadership? 1 Kings 11:4; 12:26-31. Note 3.

##### The People Carried Captive

6. What did God permit to come to Israel when they became too rebellious? 2 Kings 17:5; Amos 7:11.
7. What finally befell Jerusalem, the holy city? 2 Kings 24:10, 14; 25:9-11.
8. How long was to be the period of captivity for the people of God? Jer. 29:10.

##### A Return to God

9. To fulfill His promise, whom did God move upon to give liberty to His people? For what purpose were they granted freedom? Ezra 1:1-4.
10. Under what king was the plan to rebuild Jerusalem finally carried out? Ezra 7:11, 21. Note 4.
11. When the people returned to their own land, for what purpose did they come together? What resulted from a study of the law? Neh. 8:1-3; 10:28-30. Note 5.
12. How did the people relate themselves to the Sabbath? What provision did they make for the support of public worship? Verses 31-33. Note 6.
13. Although the children of Israel returned to God with all their hearts in the days of Nehemiah, what indicates that their obedience afterward degenerated into a mere form? Matt. 23:23, 25-28.
14. In what solemn words does the apostle Paul warn us of similar conditions in the last days? 2 Tim. 3:1, 2, 5.

#### Notes

1. "Had Israel been true to God, He could have accomplished His purpose through their honor and exaltation. If they had walked in the ways of obedience, He would have made them 'high above all nations which He hath made, in praise, and in name, and in honor.'"—"The Desire of Ages," p. 28.
2. "Until the generation that had received instruction from Joshua became extinct, idolatry made little headway; but the parents had prepared the way for the apostasy of their children. The disregard of the Lord's restrictions on the part of those who came in possession of Canaan, sowed seeds of evil that continued to bring forth bitter fruit for

"Many receive advice; few profit by it."



many generations."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 544, 545.

3. Solomon's life "was darkened with apostasy. Desire for political power and self-aggrandizement led to alliance with heathen nations. The silver of Tarshish and the gold of Ophir were procured by the sacrifice of integrity, the betrayal of sacred trusts. Association with idolaters, marriage with heathen wives, corrupted his faith. The barriers that God had erected for the safety of His people were thus broken down, and Solomon gave himself up to the worship of false gods."—*Education*, p. 49.

4. "The close of the seventy years' captivity found but few of the Jews anxious to return to their own land. The task of rebuilding their homes in a desolate land did not seem a desirable one. Commercial advantages in the lands of the captivities were much greater than they could be for many years in their own land. It is thought the Jews learned in Babylon the art of bargaining and trade for which they have ever since been so well known. It is evident that those who embraced the opportunity to return were the most earnest, the most loyal, in all Israel. The majority were of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, though there evidently were representatives from all the tribes."—*Old Testament History*, McKibbin, p. 373.

5. "As they listened from day to day to the words of the law, the people had been convicted of their transgressions, and of the sins of their nation in past generations. They saw that it was because of a departure from God that His protecting care had been withdrawn, and that the children of Abraham had been scattered in foreign lands; and they determined to seek His mercy, and to pledge themselves to walk in His commandments."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 665.

6. "Provision was also made to support the public worship of God. In addition to the tithe, the congregation pledged themselves to contribute yearly a stated sum for the service of the sanctuary."—*Id.*, p. 667.

#### Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. Association with worldliness brings disaster.
2. What should Ezra's life of consecration inspire in us?
3. "Every true turning to the Lord brings abiding joy into the life."

## Junior Lesson

### III—Saul Chosen King

(April 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Sam. 9:25-27; 10: 11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Turn not aside from following the Lord, but serve the Lord with all your heart." 1 Sam. 12:20.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 610-615 (new edition, pp. 636-641).

#### Memory Gem

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man."  
—Isaac Watts (written when a boy).

#### Questions

1. After the feast at which Samuel entertained Saul, where did they go for further conversation? 1 Sam. 9:25. Note 1.
2. What did Samuel do early the next morning? As they were coming to the end of the city of Ramah, what request did Samuel make? For what purpose? Verses 26, 27.
3. When the servant had passed on, what ceremony did Samuel perform? 1 Sam. 10:1.
4. What three signs did Samuel give to strengthen Saul's faith? Verses 2-5.
5. What change was to take place in Saul himself? Of what might he feel sure when these things should come to pass? Verses 6, 7.
6. What instruction did Samuel give Saul concerning where he should go and what he should do? How soon were the signs that had been given him fulfilled? Verses 8, 9.
7. When Saul met the company of prophets, what came upon him? What did the people say? Verses 10-13.
8. To what place did Saul evidently return? How did he answer his uncle's question? Of what did he not speak? Verses 14-16.
9. To what place did Samuel call the people to assemble? Of what experiences did Samuel remind them? What did he say of their desire for a king? For what purpose did he begin to cast lots? Verses 17-19.
10. How was the choice of a king made public? When Saul was brought before them, how did he appear? What did Samuel say? What did the people shout? Verses 20-24. Note 2.
11. What did Samuel then tell the people? What did he write in a book? Where did he send the people? Where did Saul go? Who went with him? What did the children of Belial say? What did Saul wisely do? Verses 25-27. Note 3.

12. What trouble came to the Israelites living in Jabesh-gilead? What request did they make of the king of the Ammonites? 1 Sam. 11:1-3. Note 4.

13. To whom were messengers sent? How did Saul hear the tidings? What came upon him? How did Saul secure the help of the people? Verses 4-7.

14. How large an army did Saul gather? What word did he send to the men of Jabesh-gilead? Verses 8-10.

15. How did Saul arrange his army? What was the result of the battle with the Ammonites? Verse 11. Note 5.

16. After the battle, what did the people say to Samuel? What was Saul's decision? How was Saul's right to reign as king now fully confirmed? Verses 12-15. Note 6.

#### A Map Exercise

Draw a map of the land of Canaan, showing the Sea of Galilee, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

Locate Jerusalem, with Ramah and Gibeah a few miles north.

Locate the tribe of Gad on the east side of the river, and Jabesh-gilead half way between the river Jabbok and the Sea of Galilee.

Write the word "Ammonites" eastward on the map, bordering the desert.

#### Notes

1. "The services over, Samuel took his guest to his own home, and there upon the housetop he communed with him, setting forth the great principles on which the government of Israel had been established, and thus seeking to prepare him, in some measure, for his high station."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 610.

2. "The anointing of Saul as king had not been made known to the nation. The choice of God was to be publicly manifested by lot. For this purpose, Samuel convoked the people at Mizpeh. Prayer was offered for divine guidance; then followed the solemn ceremony of casting the lot. In silence the assembled multitude awaited the issue. The tribe, the family, and the household were successively designated, and then Saul, the son of Kish, was pointed out as the individual chosen. But Saul was not in the assembly. Burdened with a sense of the great responsibility about to fall upon him, he had secretly withdrawn. He was brought back to the congregation, who observed with pride and satisfaction that he was of kingly bearing and noble form."—*Id.*, p. 611.

3. Saul returned to his home at Gibeah. There was no royal palace for him, for Israel then had no national capital. The king went back to his farm work, and while following the oxen as suggested in 1 Samuel 11:4, 5, the events came to pass which called him to act the part as leader and king in defense of a portion of his kingdom.

Belial is not the name of a man nor a tribe. "Children of Belial" is an expression meaning "sons of worthlessness."

4. Three tribes of the Israelites had settled in the fertile country east of the Jordan. Jabesh-gilead was a walled city in the northern part of the territory of the tribe of Gad. The roving tribe of the Ammonites dwelt along the edge of the desert to the eastward. Nahash seems to have been so sure of his victory that he granted the seven days asked by the elders of Jabesh.

5. "The promptness and bravery of Saul, as well as the generalship shown in the successful conduct of so large a force, were qualities which the people of Israel had desired in a monarch, that they might be able to cope with other nations. They now greeted him as their king, attributing the honor of the victory to human agencies, and forgetting that without God's special blessing all their efforts would have been in vain."—*Id.*, p. 613.

6. "Samuel now proposed that a national assembly should be convoked at Gilgal, that the kingdom might there be publicly confirmed to Saul. It was done. . . . Gilead had been the place of Israel's encampment in the Promised Land. It was here that Joshua, by divine direction, set up the pillar of twelve stones to commemorate the miraculous passage of the Jordan."



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"With God go over the sea; without Him, not over the threshold."



# WHAT'S THE NEWS?

THE British House of Commons now has nine women members.

AWNINGS, tents, sails, and canvas covers to the total of \$47,929,352 were manufactured in the United States last year in 963 establishments that employed 6,543 wage earners.

FOR the first time in 350 years Easter was observed this year at the same time throughout Christendom, the Greek Church having set their celebration forward fourteen days to agree with the Gregorian calendar.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE, Washington correspondent, figures that Mr. Coolidge made the largest number of Presidential appointments in history—42,121, to be exact. They ranged from nominations for Cabinet to clerical service.

ZANZIBAR is the chief city of East Africa and the headquarters of the principal Indian merchants who trade with East Africa. The growing of cloves is the main industry. There are more than 60,000 acres producing these spices, with more than 5,500,000 trees in bearing.

THE 23d of last February marked the 500th anniversary of the day when Joan of Arc set out on her historic mission, and was observed with appropriate ceremonies in France all along the route she followed. Festivities, in fact, are continuing for three months, celebrating different stages of her progress and career.

COL. CHARLES LINDBERGH, the idolized "Lindy" of the world in general and the United States in particular, has turned his back on the thousands of "flappers" who longed for his notice, and chosen as his bride-to-be a "shy" and "old-fashioned" young woman, Anne Spencer Morrow, daughter of the American ambassador to Mexico. The wedding date has not at this writing been announced.

TEN years ago a slender, blond young woman came from Columbus, Kansas, to Washington, D. C., with a high school education, and a recommendation to Charles Curtis, Senator from Kansas. The Senator employed the young woman, and five years later she became his private secretary. So valuable has this secretary become to her employer that he refuses to displace her, and Lola M. Williams becomes the first woman to hold the position of private secretary to the Vice-President of the United States.

FORMER President and Mrs. Coolidge are settled in their modest home on Massasoit Street, Northampton, Massachusetts, but the public is not quite ready to grant them the seclusion that the retiring President so much desires. For months the future of Mr. Coolidge has been a popular subject of speculation. Correspondents have insisted that he must do something on leaving the White House, and every effort has been made to find out what it is to be. However, Mr. Coolidge has been just as noncommittal as he ever was before he relinquished the reins of government. By degrees the public may come to realize that, for the present at least, he is not going to do anything of special interest but enjoy his freedom from the exacting duties of Chief Executive. The interviews that the retiring President has granted since his arrival at Northampton have brought out little information as to his future except in a negative way. He will not make public addresses, in spite of numerous requests, and will not be quoted. He is not planning to write a book, and has no definite arrangements for writing, except a few magazine articles now and then. He paid an early visit to his former law office, but that does not mean that he will practice law. Travel has no attraction for him at present, because it would make his desire for privacy and rest impossible of realization. Likewise Mr. Coolidge has set at rest rumors to the effect that he would purchase a country estate and desert the little home in Northampton. He plans to remain in his home town and to live in the house where his children were born.

THE canopy of clouds which overhung the city of Washington, D. C., did not seem to affect the good spirits of the crowds which, early on the morning of March 4, began gathering to see Herbert Hoover become President of our United States. By 10:30 almost every foot of ground fronting the east entrance to the Capitol, except the plaza which was kept clear only by strenuous efforts of the Metropolitan police, held its full quota of expectant human beings, and even stone walls and trees had been pressed into service. At 11 o'clock President and Mrs. Coolidge and President-elect and Mrs. Hoover, accompanied by government officials who were to take part in the ceremony, left the White House in automobiles, and, preceded by a cavalry escort, rode down Pennsylvania Avenue. Cheering throngs lined that historic thoroughfare all the way from the executive mansion to the Capitol. Arriving there, the mounted guard stopped and saluted while the Presidential party made their way to the Senate Chamber, where, at twelve o'clock, Charles Curtis became Vice-President. At one o'clock, on a stand erected for the occasion at the east front of the Capitol building, Herbert Hoover took the oath of office, administered to him by Chief Justice Taft of the Supreme Court, and then as President of the Republic, turned to his immense audience, which, despite the rain, was eagerly listening, and delivered his inaugural address. That completed, to the martial tune of "Hail to the Chief," played by the incomparable Marine Band, the Presidential party descended the steps of the Capitol and returned to the White House, riding through the pouring rain in open cars, and smilingly responding to the cheers of the thousands of enthusiastic and happy-though-drenched admirers. From a glass-enclosed reviewing stand on the White House grounds the new President reviewed the parade, in which the governors from more than half the States in the Union took part. Marines, sailors, soldiers, cavalymen, cadets, and members of different philanthropic societies added to the colorful scene, in their different and bright-colored uniforms. Twenty-six bands—Army, Navy, Marine, cadet; drum and bugle, harmonica, and brass—made their tuneful contribution to the celebration. And above the crowd sailed serenely, despite the foul weather, flocks of airplanes and five airships, with the mighty "Los Angeles" in the lead.

BACK in 1776 the East River at New York City froze sufficiently to allow an army to cross over the ice in safety. But nowadays the stream obstinately refuses to freeze, even when the temperature reaches its lowest extreme. The reason for this is attributed to the action of the nine power plants along its shores. For every ton of coal consumed in making steam for the turbines, about 400 tons of water—which is drawn from the river—are needed to condense the steam back into water after it has served its useful purpose. The water is heated about 25° before it returns to its original habitat, and at least 400,000 tons of water pass in and out of the power plants every hour. It has been computed that this has the effect of raising the temperature of the whole river at least 10°, in spite of the strong tidal current which changes its waters twice daily by influx from Long Island Sound and New York Harbor.

THE Near East Relief organization, to the help of which 132,552 orphans owe their lives, is making one last call for financial assistance. The great majority of these thousands of children whom it really rescued from death, have already gone out from the orphanages where they were gathered and trained, to live self-supporting lives. But there are other thousands still too young to shift for themselves, and they must be provided for. Two million dollars is the sum needed, and it is hoped that the fund will be complete by July 1.

TRUE to his heritage as a Quaker, President Hoover selected Matthew 5 as the place where the Bible was to be opened when he took his oath of office March 4. This persecuted sect have taken to their hearts the first eleven verses of Matthew 5, the Beatitudes, as being especially written for them.

DISREGARDING the record of the World War years, the Seventieth Congress established a new record for appropriations, authorizing in its two years of existence total expenditures of more than \$9,200,000,000.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden."