

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 77

May 21, 1929

No. 21

Christ's Guidance

JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptation comes alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

— Zinzendorf.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

ONE of the most popular — and threadbare — of all excuses in current favor as an alibi for failure to do practically anything under the sun, is, "I simply didn't have time!"

And 'tis more than passing strange how perfectly comfortable and excused we can feel under the protection of this innocent-appearing four-word phrase. For long, long before your time or mine it was shot full of holes, and proved to be no good at all. Because — now listen carefully — because *anybody, anywhere, can find time for anything he really wants to do.*

Take special note of that *really wants to do.* Therein is hidden the secret. Ten chances to one you won't find time for what you feel you ought to do, or for distasteful tasks which are urged upon you under the guise of duty, or for this, that, or the other thing that you hope to do, mean to do, or even, mayhap, have promised to do. But *the things you really, truly want to do* — ah, that's another matter! Honestly, now, isn't it?

Men and women of large accomplishment do not have more time at their disposal than do other folk, who lay their failures to achieve to lack of time. Each human being has just exactly the same number of hours in a day, and there twenty-four of them — no more, no less. An extra allowance cannot be borrowed or bought at any price. And young people who hope to get the most out of life, and to put the most into the world in the way of service, must learn how to use every hour, every minute, to the best advantage.

MATTHEW ARNOLD was one of the busiest men in England, but he found time to do all of his regular work as an educator and public servant, and in addition to write a shelf of books, both prose and poetry, by being careful in the use of his time.

"The plea that we have no time for culture," he declares, "will vanish as soon as we desire culture so much that we begin to examine seriously our present use of time. Give any man all the time he now wastes on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial talk, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture. Some of us waste all of our time, most of us waste much of it, but all of us waste some." It is these little leaks of a minute here, a minute there, that it will pay us to watch carefully.

A young business man, a grain dealer, went to his local bank to negotiate a loan of several thousand dollars.

The official to whom he made the application, shook his head, as he made this reply: "Mr. Judson, I have taken note of the trail of your teams for some time. I'm sorry, but under the present circumstances the bank cannot discount your note."

"I don't quite understand to what you refer," said the puzzled grain man, "when you speak of the 'trail of my teams.'"

"No?" And the banker looked at him keenly. "Well, I am glad to explain. Wherever your teams go, a little trail of grain is to be seen along the road. Not much, to be sure, but some, a little here and a little there."

"The rats are very bad down by the river, where my place of business is located," explained the merchant.

"Take measures then to exterminate the rats," advised the banker, "and send out tight bags, and we shall be glad to consider a loan," adding, "It would not be surprising, though, once *that* is done, to find you can get along very nicely without having the loan for which you have applied."

The young man was level-headed enough to see the wisdom of, and to appreciate, the banker's advice. He returned to his place of business with a new vision and a firm resolve. Under his industrious direction immediate steps were taken to rid the storerooms of the troublesome rodents. He also put an immediate stop to sending out grain in bags that leaked. It was hard sledding for the next few months, for he really needed the extra financial help he had sought, but gradually he gained ground. A year passed, and his business was in flourishing condition. His credit was good, and he could easily have secured a loan from the very bank that had refused to accommodate him. But the banker's prophecy had been fulfilled — he did not need it!

So we see them on every hand — young men and young women, as well as those older grown, who are leaving a trail of wastefulness behind them. And they go on through life discouraged, down-at-the-heel, wondering why they have so many difficulties and disappointments, temporally, spiritually, and every other way.

Hark! Was that an echo? You'd "like to keep up with the Bible Year; you really know you *should*; in fact, you sincerely *meant* to do it, when you made the promise last January; but you simply haven't had the time!"

Nonsense. You have had all there was — all anybody has had. If you can't give a better excuse than this dog-eared old relic from the attic, be honest and say that you have failed because you *wanted to do other things more.* That's really the truth, isn't it?

And there's that little Missionary Volunteer Self-denial Bank. You meant to have more than one dime in that, up to date, didn't you? Don't tell me you "haven't wasted a cent!" Because it wouldn't be true. You have simply spent your money in other ways — ways more in harmony with your *rathers!*

"Oh, yes, the Morning Watch is important — absolutely essential to well-balanced Christian living." You admit it without hesitation — because you know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that this is fact. Yet, have you kept this morning appointment with the Master? Are you keeping it? "No time"? How about getting up five, ten, fifteen minutes earlier? You "can't wake up"? Alarm clocks aren't expensive! You simply *want* those last precious forty winks of sleep *more* than you want to meet and greet the Friend of friends. Isn't that the reason? Be honest with yourself.

Just stop a moment, you who are starting out along life's pathway, and take a personal inventory. Are you leaving a trail of waste behind you? Look back and see. Look carefully, my friend. And if you are, stop that leak; stop it at once, or it will surely stop you.

Lora E. Clement

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 77

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 21, 1929

No. 21

SOMETIMES I find myself drawing a mental picture of my missionary hero—the apostle Paul. I like that man. I like him for his

positiveness, for his adherence to principle, for his missionary objective, and above all, for his ability in Christ to do things. Nowhere in his program does he sound a note of defeat. Nowhere in his life history is recorded a slipping back. Always it is a history of valiant endeavor and glorious success. There must have been something very fundamental in the man's make-up. His convictions must have supplied him with a tremendous compelling force.

Every once in a while in his writings we get an insight into the real Paul, and here we discover the dynamic personality that was behind his success. One such instance is found in the declaration with which he opens the book of Romans. By way of personal testimony he says of himself, "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God." Immediately one discovers Paul in the light of three relationships.

First, he calls himself a "servant of Jesus Christ." Once in my travels I spent a few days in the ancient city of Rome. In the haunting memories of its ancient monuments one can live again in the atmosphere of Paul's day. Hard by the Forum and Nero's palace is the dungeon in which Paul is reputed to have been a prisoner. One of the roads leading out of the modern city is the old Appian Way, paved in many places still with the very bricks over which the courageous apostle traveled as a messenger for Jesus Christ.

Midst all these shadows of a dead past one is reminded of the galling slavery that obtained in Rome in Paul's day. Yet, he declares himself to be a servant or a slave. Servitude then was of a different nature from that which exists in our democratic age when "Jack is as good as his master." Tradition says that in the palace of a nobleman a young man was once visiting. His host, on learning that the visitor had never seen a man die, immediately delivered his friend from that ignorance by having a slave brought into their presence, who was killed, drawn and quartered, and his flesh fed to the fish in the ponds. That is what it meant to be a servant in Paul's day, and it is that relationship of absolute surrender to the

Christian Service

CECIL K. MEYERS

will of another—life itself being thrown in—to which Paul refers. The joyous thing to him in this relationship, however, was the fact that it was a voluntary slavery on his part, and the links that bound him to his Master had been forged on the anvil of love. Here lies the very principle of Christian service. It is the starting point. There must be complete surrender to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The next relationship that he refers to is that of being "called to be an apostle." The life of self-surrender opened up for him a line of Christian service. It is true that God calls men in that there comes ringing in their hearts, perhaps through a divine visitation, some experience that presses upon them the burden for Christian service. It is a wonderful thing to be a man called of God, and to have locked up in your experience the consciousness that you are where you are because God has led you, and that you are doing what you are because God would have you do so.

The third point that is emphasized in Paul's utterance is that, when called to service for God, there is a line of cleavage made between the man himself and the world. How full of meaning that must have been to him many, many times when he realized that he had been "separated unto the gospel of God." I believe in lines of separation. They represent God's purpose for His children. We all have them drawn very clearly about us. They are our safeguard and our defense.

One time I was visiting the Solomon Islands. An old chief, who was rejoicing in the power of deliverance he had found

in Christ, said, "Before I became interested in Seventh-day Adventists, their enemies told me that they were bad people. But now," he said, "I have tried them out, and I declare myself whole-heartedly for the thing that is bad." I can see the earnestness that beamed out of his beady black eyes, as in his testimony he emphasized more fully the meaning of this discovery of Christ to his heart. He said, "I am not going to take a zigzag course to the kingdom of God, but by the grace of God I want to walk a straight line to the gates of heaven." Even a cannibal knows what it is to draw a clear straight line. May God help us all to draw that line clearer, and be "separated unto the gospel of God."

Thrilling Days

HATTIE TOWN PURVIS

MANY aged men are falling. We can see the reason why;

They are taken from the evil that is coming by and by. And the young are pressing forward with a sacrifice sublime,

Into every tribe and nation, to the most forbidding clime,

Telling all the dear old story,
Soon the Lord will come in glory.
It is thrilling, oh! so thrilling,
To see prophecy fulfilling.

And the Lord Himself has bared His mighty arm the work to do;

He is pouring out His Spirit. Will it fall on me and you?

Lo! the children of the forest hear the echo of His voice,

And they haste to hear the message—in its teaching they rejoice.

All our faith believed is coming!
With the sound the world is humming:
Solemn days are these, but thrilling,
Seeing prophecy fulfilling.

"Peace is not made in documents, but in the hearts of men."

What About the Movies?

By M. E. KERN

PART II

Influence on the Sense of Sin

IT was sin that opened the floodgates of woe upon the world. Pain, sorrow, sickness, and death follow in its train. Sin banished Lucifer from heaven, it drove our first parents from Paradise, and turned this world into the valley and shadow of death. Sin nailed Jesus to the cross. Is it right—can it ever be right—to laugh at sin? Did any one ever go to the movies and not laugh at sin? The Bible says that "fools make a mock at sin." Prov. 14:9. It also says that God "hath no pleasure in fools." Eccl. 5:4. Do we?

Dr. Winfield Hall, a leading authority on social ethics, while recognizing that all films are not bad, says, however, that in every moving-picture show there is some ignoble suggestion.

"By sly hints and cunning innuendoes the imagination is inflamed and evil thoughts are awakened. There is scarcely an incident, however debasing, that may not be learned at the theater, making it a university of vice and immorality for the youthful mind."

In response to the widespread condemnation of the rottenness of the moving-picture business, there has been a great stir in the last few years about reforming the movies. Finally the National Board of Review was formed. This board is paid by the movie industry, and is therefore in no sense a public censorship committee. In answer to the claim that the pictures have been improved, Mrs. Robbins Gilman says, "The pictures have not improved morally, though they have improved photographically and artistically. They are not so flagrantly and shockingly immoral, but they are more subtle and suggestively degenerating, and therefore more dangerously injurious to public morals than formerly."

"By beholding we become changed." Attendance at the theater breeds familiarity with sin, and dulls the conscience. Pope said,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

But the wonderful art of moving-picture production has so interwoven the net of beautiful action pictures with thrilling and subtle dramatic plots, that vice and immorality are made attractive from the first; and in the tender minds of children and young people especially, deadens those finer spiritual and moral sensibilities which are the true heritage of every human being.

Clifford Gray Trombly, after six years of investigation, says: "I am condemning the 30 or 40 per cent of the pictures which I regard as salacious, immoral, suggestive, and harmful in their influence, and as constituting a greater menace to Christian ideals of purity

and marriage and the home than anything else I know."

Evangelist R. A. Torrey has expressed, in the following indictment, the thought of many God-fearing students of this problem: "There is probably no institution that is doing more in our day to corrupt the morals, of both old and young, than the movies. A very large proportion of the movie plays exploit vice in its worse forms. They are attended by young men and women at the most critical period of their life. They arouse the vilest thoughts and passions. Their appeal is increasingly to that which is lowest and basest. They are proving the ruin of thousands of young men and women throughout the land, and are having a thoroughly demoralizing effect even upon men and women of mature years. Of course, there are moving-picture exhibitions of an entirely different character, but the demand of the majority of those who attend the movies is for that which is vile, and the moving-picture companies are in the business for the money, and they know what pays. Even when pictures of a higher class are presented, oftentimes something of the viler sort is worked in, and it is almost impossible to tell what one is going to see."

A noted liberal writer of our day has said that "the sense of sin is being lifted from the world;" and he goes on to say that the theater, and with enormous force the cinema, are contributing to this decadence of religious convictions.

The *Baltimore Catholic Review* charges that "the movies have tried to make vice alluring and virtue obsolete," and any one who has a sense of spiritual values and who will make a careful and unprejudiced investigation, will be forced to the conclusion that they are very largely accomplishing this dreadful purpose.

Relation to Lawlessness

The testimony of history is that the theater has always been a menace to morals. It made its appearance five hundred years before Christ, and in its early history received the censure of virtuous people—Jews, pagans, and Christians. The historian Rollin affirms that the theater was one of the chief causes of the decadence of Greece. Schaff says that the Roman theater became a "nursery of vice." Emperor Augustus was urged by the poet Ovid to suppress it for the sake of national safety. "The early Christians, in avowing their loyalty to the Casars, pledged themselves as ready to appear in their service in any place but the heathen temples and the theaters." Macaulay tells us that from the time the theaters were opened in England they became "seminaries of vice."

The movie is the modern theater for the masses, and it has all the faults of its predecessor, and more. A writer quoted in the *Literary Digest*, says: "We do not know that the morals of the movies are any worse

"Silence is a great peacemaker."

than the morals of the stage. But mischievous movies do more harm, for they reach more people, and especially more children, who are impressionable and imitative."

The universal appeal of the movie is the amorous relations of men and women. The actors realize the effectiveness of this appeal, and have taken pains to have the sex thrill prominent in all their productions. This appeal is to an impulse that needs no stimulation, an impulse, sad to say, which in many is not under the control of reason. The mind is inflamed by these vividly suggestive pictures, and an immoral life is often the result.

Benjamin B. Hampton, a leading man in the moving-picture business, has frankly admitted that there is so much sex stuff in the movies that the whole business is likely to be demoralized. He speaks of some of the things that are shown as "literary garbage." It has been truly said that "the sex appeal is one of the most powerful impulses in human life. Refining it and teaching the sacredness of it have always elevated individuals and nations. When it is debased, the inevitable is the crashing of the pillars of society."

It is freely admitted by producers that "nearly all the comedy films we make are based on the triangle of the old-fashioned French farce—the wife, the husband, and the husband's false

friend." No wonder that Mrs. Charles E. Merriam, of Chicago, has dubbed the film a tool of vice, and says, "The films are breaking down the standards of civilization and undermining the moral welfare of our youth."

Bishop James E. Freeman, of Washington, D. C., says: "Much of our literature and drama are freely and flagrantly exploiting the lowest and coarsest in life, garnishing it with the most insidious and fascinating forms of expression. The erotic play that portrays the indecencies of life and that does violence to the most sacred of all human institutions, is generously patronized by those who profess decency and respectability. In the corrupting atmosphere of such scenes as the stage has presented within recent months can we expect anything other than moral degeneracy in those, young and old alike, that witness them?"

Evidence that the movies are schools of lawlessness could be multiplied. Scores of clippings from the daily press, like the following Associated Press dispatch, could be presented:

"Heavily armed detectives set out yesterday to round up 'a mob' of safe blowers that had turned in seventeen jobs in three months in one district. Their quarry proved to be four grammar school boys from thirteen to sixteen years of age, who said they had drilled all the safes, and had learned how to do it by going to the movies."

Eighty per cent of the murders and burglaries that are committed in the United States are committed by boys and girls under twenty-five. Seventy-five per cent of those now in jail are under twenty-five. There is no question in the minds of thoughtful observers that the widespread portrayal of lawlessness which has been going on in the movies for twenty-five years is to a large extent responsible for our present harvest of crime.

Wm. A. McKeever, of the Kansas University, a recognized authority on young people's problems, expresses his conviction thus: "The war dramatized powerfully

before the excited minds of the young the destruction of life and property, and our propaganda made it seem right for the time being. The public press and the motion picture have continued the drama, and these two are largely to blame for the wave of juvenile banditry which is sweeping the country. They have been playing up with thrilling effects practically every crime in the catalogue."

Mrs. Ellen O'Grady, formerly New York City deputy police commissioner, told the New York legislators in a hearing on a proposed motion-picture regulation law: "I know from my own experience that the greater part of juvenile delinquency is due to the evil influence of motion pictures. I could cite you case after case of boys and girls gone wrong because of films."

With such testimonies as these, can any Christian think it right to patronize the movies? Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Can we keep pure while beholding impurity?

GOD will accept the youth with their talent, and their wealth of affection, if they will consecrate themselves to Him. They may reach to the highest point of intellectual greatness; and if balanced by religious principle, they can carry forward the work which Christ came from heaven to accomplish, and in thus doing be coworkers with the Master.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Effect on Normal Development of Children

Many educators look with alarm on the influence of the movies on the rising generation. As the *Seattle Star* said: "Many of our young people have acquired the 'moving-picture mind.' All life to them is a series of snapshots, with no chance for a time exposure. Hence they cannot think straight on any subject.

They are a bundle of transient impressions and confused ideas."

President Faunce, of Brown University, has expressed the same thought: "Modern life is a kaleidoscope of fleeting impressions. The old-timer had fewer things of interest and got closer to things basic. Ours is a generation of surface thinkers."

For proper development, the child should live a quiet, natural life in the loving atmosphere of home, and surrounded by the things of nature, which will open to him day by day the secrets of the Infinite. City life, at the best, is artificial, and the moving-picture theaters which have been established in every aggregation of population have greatly increased these unnatural conditions. The depicting of thrilling and overtense human experiences in quick succession, greatly overstimulates the emotional nature, especially of growing and inexperienced children and youth. It leads to an unnatural and one-sided development, and has a tendency to unbalance the character and produce unwholesome attitudes toward life. "Such constant excitation of the nervous system tends to overdevelop the emotions and overthrow the judgment. All the intense emotional scenes depicted in a book are thrown upon the screen and pass before the child's mind in one or two hours."

As the *Expositor* said: "The mischief done to young children by the cinema is incalculable, because of its subtle and often untraceable effects upon the character." Sometimes the harmful effects are immediate and violent. The *Expositor* goes on to say: "One aspect of this was brought out in the case of the ten-year-old girl who was handed over to a mental specialist because of her thieving propensities. She had a 'complex,' or subconscious personality that controlled her will. . . . How does that trouble begin? Usually through nervous shock; and it is at this point where a film may do the damage. 'A blood-and-thunder film can give a child a shock like a shell shock,' said the doctor attending this child. 'What happens after the

(Continued on page 13)

Itinerating in the Cameroon

R. L. JONES

If you put the point of a draftsman's compass at about the middle of the great curve made by the west coast of Africa, you will find the approximate location of Duala in the Cameroon. Now put the other point of the compass on the mouth of the Congo River, draw a circle, and you will include a territory perhaps the least known and the least civilized of all Africa. Toward the center of this section, if you have a good map and look closely, you can locate the government post of Nanga-Eboko. It is here that the Cameroon's first Adventist mission was established nearly a year ago; and from this point I started, a short time ago, on a trip into one of this region's wild, uncivilized sections, where the people are as yet unaccustomed to the white man and mission territory is virgin.

A trip into this bush country had been planned for many weeks, but we had been waiting for a lull in the work and a report of comparative quiet, for the district had been in rebellion for some months, and just north of it the government had stationed a regiment of black troops from Dakar to promote peace among its warlike cannibal tribes. We thought, however, that the way was opened now, for our school was out for the summer vacation and our students were scattered into the villages throughout the section, and with them went our message of good will. We had a map dotted with small crosses, each cross being placed there as the call for a teacher came in from the different chiefs of these villages.

It is necessary to start early when one goes into the bush. Traveling at noon in the tropics is like being grilled at a slow fire, and one likes to finish a morning's work early, in order to spend the heat hours of the day in the shadowy recesses of a native hut, malodorous though it may be. So there was as yet no hint of dawn when I left the mission, but we were fortunate enough to have the moon. The carriers must have slept on the premises, for as I came out of the house they appeared like dusky ghosts in the moonlight, silent except for the faint shuffling of bare feet on the sandy earth. Packs had been made up the evening before and the *tepoya* (sedan chair) carriers chosen—big six-footers they were, most of them able to keep up their stride when a white man would be wilted by the wayside. They knew they were chosen, too, and were anxious to set the pace; so I climbed into the chair, and we were off.

Up by the administration building and down across a little pole bridge we went, the boys

scarcely curbing their hilarity until we had passed the town. Once in the forest they let it out. If there is anything a native loves more than rest, it is warm nights and moonlight; and the air was tepid, heavy with the perfume of wild lilacs. They soon forgot that a foreigner was listening, and whooped their songs with great abandon.

First came the old *tepoya* chant, sung for decades to ancient chiefs. It was originally a caution to the carriers to watch their step and pay good heed to the pitfalls in the road, but the words had scarcely a meaning as they chanted them uproariously to the cadence of moving feet. Then followed songs of a more modern nature, nearly all inspired by the coming of the white man, the great war in the Cameroon, the building of the automobile roads and railroads through their villages and forests.

I listened intently, quietly, for fear of bringing to their realization that I was there. The singer, a sort of leader as in a responsive reading, chanted the story: "There was a police named Ngoa Ktindi, and he was brave and strong," "Ngoa Ktindi, Ngoa Ktindi," responded the choir. "He went into the forest, and without any help brought back a hundred men for the white man's work," "Ngoa Ktindi, Ngoa Ktindi." This they repeat over

and over, for labor was forced in those days, and the natives were not easily captured. Other verses were added, some already composed, others invented under the inspiration of the moment, until the selection became too funny for words, and the singing degenerated into a general laugh. They broke down this time on the chorus, after the singer said that Ngoa Ktindi had a voice like a phonograph. Funny? Not to us, but no nation readily understands another's wit.

Their favorite song, chanted day after day, is one about the taxes, "the thorn in the flesh" to the African native. The chant starts with the governor, who, the song says, gives orders to the native paramount chiefs to collect taxes, or they will be tried and imprisoned. The orders and threats are passed down the line from the paramount chiefs to the subchiefs,

to the village headmen, to their police, and at last to the women, who, in sum, do the work, pay the taxes, and since they are at the bottom of the social scale, finish the story by tying the leaves of sweet potatoes.

We left the forest at daybreak and followed a wide path through grass well up over our heads. The horizon was visible, and we watched for the sun. A luminous grayness covered the east, and the heavy air was freshened by little wisps of wind that brushed



Introducing Bobby, the missionary's son, with his pet monkey and pup.



Photo by T. M. French
Hausa shoemakers of the Cameroon-Nigerian border, south of Lake Chad. The Hausas are excellent workmen in leather. They are all strict Mohammedans.

past, hurrying westward before the coming day.

It was nearly noon before we reached a village of any importance, and the carriers were beginning to show signs of hunger and weariness. I was not so certain, however, of our welcome at the town. All along the way I had heard the signal drums beating, and knew that our coming was heralded far and wide. The white man, to these people, means the government, and the government means enforcement of laws, which to their untamed natures is as welcome as a cage to the birds of the forest. I therefore stopped a little before the village and sent out one of the boys to explain our identity and the object of our coming. He came back almost immediately, however, with an amused yet somewhat worried expression, and invited me to come and look.

The village was deserted. A few fires were still burning and the contents of the houses scattered from one door to the next, indicating a hasty retreat; but there was not a person in sight, and all was still, except for the faint drumming of a tum-tum in the distance: "Ntangan a zu, Ntangan a zu" (The white man is coming). Food was in abundant evidence, and the carriers looked longingly at it, and at me for permission to take it, but there was nothing to do but push on to the next place. As long as we stayed there no native would even show his face, much less come near enough to sell us food.

The sun was now white hot, and the rays penetrated everywhere. They stung my hands, face, neck, and eyes in spite of the thick pith helmet with its drooping brim. I had the sensation of one running from a burning building with never a door to find fresh air and freedom. We plodded on, looking for shade and shelter, the road underneath shimmering with heat. Once the head of a native peeped up over a hill in the road before us and disappeared. When we came up we found mats, blankets, gourds, baskets of food and chickens—all that was necessary to set up a native household—spread along the road for half a mile. The retreat had been too hasty to bother with baggage. Afterward I learned that I was mistaken for the administrator, who was preparing for a trip in this neighborhood. However, one must not blame the government for the native's fear, for all the officials we have known, except in a few rare instances, have been men of large sympathies, working for his best interests.

We at last reached the village of a *chef de groupement*, who, because he was a rather important sub-chief, officially placed and recognized by the government, was ready to receive us. I stayed only long enough to tell him what we wanted in the line of food, and then plunged into the first hut available. The thick mud walls made it somewhat cooler than the open road, but it seemed to me as I lay on my cot that the place got hotter and hotter, and that I was radiating heat as a brick drawn from the fire.

An hour or so later I was aroused by the cook, who came sidling into the room, and from his expression I knew there was some moral decision to make. Coming close, he uncovered a strange piece of meat for my inspection. He knew my answer already, but either enjoyed hearing me lecture, or hoped that the heat had changed my reason. It was the dried hip of a large bush rat, presented by the chief as a great delicacy. The cook was one of our mission boys, and his conscience would not let him eat the rat unless I sanctioned it, but if I had done so, I suppose he would have feasted in perfect contentment. The very thought made me sick at my stomach, and he took one look at my upturned nose and fled, laughing.

It was now cool enough to proceed, and the carriers began to straggle in as they saw the camp equipment being packed. The next town was only two hours away, and was the home of a friendly chief whom we planned to visit. The carriers were now all nursing numerous stone bruises from the rocky road, and picked their way along slowly. The native teacher and I were the only ones blessed with shoes, and we pushed on ahead. We arrived soon after dark, and found the town in great commotion: half a dozen women were busy sweeping a hut, others were running from house to house, putting the finishing touches to the carriers' supper; the men were either lined up along the road or hurrying to their place in line, some still arranging their new loin cloths donned for the occasion. I expressed my surprise at the preparation, but they explained that they had received a tum-tum telegram, and wanted to show their welcome. The bearers came up in small groups, and began to set up camp in the garnished hut.

On the strength of the previous welcome I put in a request for some goat's milk. Goats seem to be the only milk animals immune from the sleeping sickness and able to exist in this country; so the use of milk is wholly foreign to the native diet. My request was the cause

of great curiosity, but the cook told them it was another whim of the white man, and the chief gave the order. From their peeping places behind their parents' loin cloths a troop of children ran out, proud to be in the public eye, and soon returned with their bleating prey. Much to my regret it was too dark for a picture. The goats were wrong side up, legs in the air, with two or three pickaninnies at each appendage. Ndi, the cook, initiated them into the art of milking, which, African style, is to grasp the two hind feet of the animal like the handles of a wheelbarrow and lift them high in the air while a second man holds down the head and a third performs the act of milking.

That night after supper the chief beat the tum-tum to call in all the people, and with prairie grass torches to light up our charts we held a service. I did my

(Continued on page 13)



Bobby and Olinga in front of the mission house, sharing the duties of the day.

"Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day."

THE roses in the east hedge were just budding when Mary Ruth started to rehearse the children at Newton Center for Decoration Day. Roses too were beginning to show faintly in Aunt Etta's cheeks after her long illness. The announcement that Mary Ruth was going to take charge of the Decoration Day program made them deepen a bit more.

"It will be just like doing it myself again," she confided to the minister, who had come to call. "I'm telling you that Mary Ruth, though she is a college graduate and has worked almost a year on a city newspaper, has the same respect for my opinions she had before she went away to school. And the neighbors told me that sending her to college would make her take on airs!"

The minister smiled. His announcement that Mary Ruth would train the children for this occasion had brought many comments from the people in his congregation. Some of the women said she would try to give a new kind of program. They were the ones not pleased with the announcement. Among them were those who had warned Aunt Etta against sending Mary Ruth to college. Others had said: "How lovely! She'll just take up her aunt's work, and follow right in her footsteps. She'll be a second Etta Greer."

But he kept the criticisms from Aunt Etta; the compliments he gave her. He was just getting ready to tell her some praise of the program, when he saw Mary Ruth entering the room with a glass of malted milk. She was charming, and did not act as if she were serving in a sick room, but rather in a modern drawing-room, as a very popular hostess.

Mary Ruth was slender. She was dark, too, like her Southern ancestors. Masses of midnight hair waved around her head. Her eyes were big and soft and dusky, her mouth red and smiling most of the time. Oh! all Mary Ruth's features bespoke a nature which was generous, appreciative, and above all rich with a sense of humor.

"I've discovered that Roy North is the monotone in the boys' chorus," she told the minister with a laugh, "and that Gracie Bennet has the nasal accent which grates on our ears. So I've made them the pages for the pageant. They won't mind being silent when they see the gorgeous costumes I've planned for them."

Aunt Etta sat up straight on the lounge. "Mary Ruth," she exclaimed joyously, "you're repeating the pageant I gave six years ago. There were two pages in it."

Mary Ruth's arm went around her aunt's shoulders. "Yes, I am," she confessed. "There are to be a few changes to make it seem very modern. Now you see why I'm insisting that you get well, so that you can hear the people talking about its glories."

Half an hour later the minister was telling his wife that he believed Mary Ruth Daviess really was happy. "Most girls would feel cramped and disagreeable if they had to do what she is now doing," he said. "But you should have seen her eyes flash when she talked about the Decoration Day entertainment."

The minister should have seen Mary Ruth's eyes at the very minute he was talking. They were still big and dusky and soft. But in them gleamed a longing for the city she had left four months before, a longing which became two big tears running down her cheeks and dropping upon her hand.

The postman had brought her a letter, and it had made her realize how very homesick she was for her work, how very dull and dreary this little town was, how far away from the world she loved!

Mary Ruth had carried her own letters to her room up under the eaves to read. The magazine her aunt called her favorite had taken that lady's attention, so the girl had this hour for her own. An hour to dream and sob a little, to hope and plan for the future when her aunt would be well again.

"It will be a long, long time until she is well," the doctor had told her. "I'm calling her sickness rheumatism to her; but honestly, my child, I believe that homesickness for you made her worse."

There was another letter in Mary Ruth's pile which made a still deeper look of longing come into her eyes. That was from Betty Brice, who had a cozy little studio just a square and a half from Mary Ruth's newspaper office. Betty painted clever water-color sketches which were in demand by the editors, and was as happy and gay as she was successful.

Mary Ruth tore that envelope open slowly. "I do hope she says something about Hilary," her heart whispered softly; very, very softly, but not quite softly enough to keep a blush from spreading all over her face.

Hurriedly she glanced through the letter. Yes, near the bottom of the third page was Hilary's name. Very carefully then Mary Ruth



read that paragraph. Betty, her brother Fred, and Hilary were going to drive to the capital of Mary Ruth's State for a dinner on Decoration Day.

Mary Ruth's heart sang. "Oh!" she whispered. For Betty had said they were going to drive out of their way so they would pass through Mary Ruth's village just at noon and take her to the hotel with them for dinner.

Betty remembered that Mary Ruth had been called home by her aunt's illness. She said this was the reason they said "hotel." Otherwise they would have invited themselves to Mary Ruth's home.

Mary Ruth's hands went up to her throat. Her face went a happy red. Oh, that was less than two weeks away! She would have to get the Decoration Day committee to postpone the time of the program until three. Her guests would be gone then. She never could have Hilary Wright, brilliant feature writer as he was, in the audience which would witness that "childish pageant."

They had met in the workaday world several months ago, and kindred interests had made them fast friends. When Mary Ruth had started home, he had taken her to the station and given her a gorgeous box of



H. A. Roberts

"Attention! 'Tis

Living

roses. One of her greatest disappointments since that day had come because he did not write to her. He had seemed interested in her career. Mary Ruth had decided that his interest stopped there and that he felt that she had given up her ambitions when she left the city.

But now he was coming. Mary Ruth right then began to plan the costume she would wear to the funny little old hotel. She had a new shell-pink voile. Her shoes —

A half fretful voice from downstairs was calling, "Mary Ruth, Mary Ruth!"

When her aunt saw how gayly the girl came downstairs, she smiled happily. The blinds of the room were drawn too low for her to see the gleam in the dusky eyes or the smile on the full mouth. But she sensed the change in the girl's whole attitude by the way she flitted through the room to her.

"Why, lovey!" she exclaimed, "what's happened? Did you get a nice letter from Betty's studio crowd?"

"O Aunt Etta,"—all the old musical lilt was in Mary Ruth's voice now,—"Hilary Wright is coming here for Decoration Day with Betty and her brother. They asked me to go to the hotel for dinner. Isn't that lovely? I can arrange so I'll have oceans of time. The committee will postpone the program from two until three o'clock, I'm sure, if I ask them."



Country's Flag!"

Words giving the plans she had made for their coming just tumbled from her lips. The gleam in her eyes grew more and more beautiful. Aunt Etta saw it, and thought she was making it still brighter when she announced

that she was so much better that Mary Ruth could have the visitors at her own home for dinner. "I'm so sorry I am not able to do the cooking myself!" she said softly, the pain leaving her voice. "But Jane Frank will come and help you."

A little shadow crossed Mary Ruth's face, but Aunt Etta could not see it. Mary Ruth was thinking of the garrulous Jane Frank, and how she would insist upon being introduced to the company she served. She would talk with them, too, while she served the dinner. Aunt Etta had always allowed that. But bravely she pushed this shadow back into the distance, and reveled in the brightness of the beautiful day.

But more shadows began to come across her path just four days after she had mailed the letter to Betty, telling them to drive their car right to Aunt Etta's house, as she wanted them to eat with her in her home, as she had often eaten with them in theirs.

The Decoration Day committee voted against changing the time of the entertainment. The old soldiers were to be given a supper by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Any delay would make them late for that. Besides, the addresses which were to follow Mary Ruth's pageant would be long, and the delay would make some of them impossible. Her suggestion that the addresses precede the pageant was turned down by the minister himself. He knew children, he said, and declared they would fail to play their parts well in it if they had to sit and listen first.

The afternoon she heard that, Mary Ruth fairly flew down Elm Street toward home to tell Aunt Etta her troubles. From experience with former Decoration Day programs Aunt Etta would be able to advise her as to whether or not the children could go through the pageant without her direction. She would have to miss it now. For she never could allow brilliant Hilary Wright to hear that childish little

effort. He would feel that he had far overestimated her ability when he predicted that she some day would be a great writer.

She almost burst into the living room, but stopped right there. How changed it was! A large silk flag full of bullet holes was draped over the beautiful mahogany frame of the mirror. The portraits of two fierce-looking generals hung where the sketches of the beech woods and the old river bridge had been. A blue uniform and a veteran's cap lay on the piano, and a great drum was in the place of honor on the bookcase. Other trophies of past wars in which Mary Ruth's ancestors had fought were in the room, but the great, ugly drum seemed to overshadow all the rest.

Aunt Etta always brought out these family relics and decorated the house with them on Memorial Day. Mary Ruth had forgotten that in her rush of work. The old soldiers and the children of the town alike expected to see these each year. If she had thought of this, she would have asked not to have them out this time. But Jane Frank, under Aunt Etta's direction, had arranged them while Mary Ruth was gone. Now the living room, with its old walnut furniture, had lost its beauty, and was almost grotesque.

Another calamity loomed, too. The town visitors would come to inspect the relics even while Betty and the two men were there. Aunt Etta would tell all the stories connected with each. Her recital of the glories of her ancestors who had settled the town and fought for it was interesting to most folks. But Mary Ruth wasn't thinking of that, but of how Hilary Wright hated boasting so that he would not let his men friends call him "Captain," the title he had earned in the Great War.

Of course Mary Ruth knew he would understand Aunt Etta's motives in doing this, because she was ill. "But he'll think I'm one of the parasites who expect to win fame from the glories of their ancestors," she told herself.

The entertainment would add to her seeming conceit. Mary Ruth knew the minister would pay tribute to her when the pageant was finished, just as he always had paid tribute to Aunt Etta. The speaker of the day might, too.

Aunt Etta told her that the children could not go on without direction. Mary Ruth's one hope was that Betty would listen to her plea not to attend the entertainment and hurry the men on to the capital. Now it seemed such a crude, pitiful small-town entertainment. Before it had seemed something beautiful, something which would teach the youngsters there respect for the flag and for their country.

"The whole day is going to be a miserable failure," she told herself the night before Decoration Day. She was locking the door before going to her

room to retire. "A miserable, flat failure," she tossed ironically over her shoulder to the most offending relic of all, the big drum on the bookcase.

On it her great-grandfather had beaten the call for settlers near Ft. Harrison to leave their fields and rush to the defense of the fort when attacked by the Indians; on it he had sounded taps when they followed the body of some comrade from the fort to the little burying ground; and on it he had beaten a startling protest against the destruction of that burying ground when a railroad company years later had tried to destroy it so that they could lay a track across the site.

But Mary Ruth could not let herself remember a single one of these glories as she hurried up the stairs to her bedroom, and indulged in a good old-fashioned cry.

Roses tumbling all over the front veranda, red roses over the trellis in the east yard, white ones covering the hedge between the flower garden and the street. Mary Ruth was sure her home had never been more beautiful than it was this Decoration Day. She was cutting some of the red ones for the tall vase on the living-room table. It was eleven o'clock. Her company would arrive near twelve, according to the letter Betty had written.

Everything was ready for them. Mary Ruth's pink dress was laid out on her bed. She wore a blue linen now, though Aunt Etta in her gray georgette was ready for the visitors.

Mary Ruth started to the hedge to get a few white roses to lighten up her bouquet. She had reached the north edge of it, when an automobile horn sounded directly opposite her. She turned, and Betty was jumping out of the car. "You darling!" she cried. "Why, Mary Ruth, you look good enough to eat! You surely, certainly do!"

Betty's arms held her close. Over her shoulder Mary Ruth saw Hilary, big and broad shouldered and smiling. Getting out of the car, he came into the yard as if he belonged there. He is shaking her hand now, his firm clasp hurting. Following her into the house, and leaning over Aunt Etta, he asked gently whether she was really better.

His eyes laughed when he looked at Mary Ruth again. "I've often told little girls they were growing up," he teased; "but I must say here's one young lady who is growing back into little girlhood."

Mary Ruth thought of the pretty pink dress. No use to don it now, she told herself. Besides, there was more work to do in the kitchen. She had not expected them until noon, and Jane Frank simply could not finish things alone.

Out in the kitchen she worked feverishly, listening to Betty and Fred talking about the journey. Fred had made quite a record, they said. Hilary's deep bass voice sounded at times when he remarked that he, too, had made a record holding on to his cap. He commented on the roses. The home, according to him, should be termed Rose Bower.

After a little Aunt Etta was doing the talking. Mary Ruth's cheeks went red when she heard her tell how unselfish her niece was. They had not wanted her to come home when she did, because she was making such a success of her work. But Mary Ruth wouldn't let her aunt be cared for by strangers.

She talked a little lower for a time, and then her voice rose in a singsong accent which Mary Ruth instantly recognized. Aunt Etta was telling the story of the big drum and grandfather's beating the long roll on it for his comrades to follow. Visitors came into the little house while she talked, a veteran and two little boys. They lingered a little while to listen to the story.

At dinner the story of the tattered flag was told.

The guests openly praised the food. Hilary Wright ate like a small boy. As he ate, he listened to the stories. It seemed to Mary Ruth once that he looked amused. The thought that he might not be understanding Aunt Etta irritated her. She rose from her chair, and went around to slip her arm around her aunt's shoulder. Softly she said: "Grandfather isn't the only hero in the family. There is an aunt who has raised four orphaned nephews and nieces."

Aunt Etta's eyes filled with quick tears. "Why, lovey," she said sweetly, "why, lovey, what will our guests think? You just love me so much I seem good to you!"

Then there was the entertainment at Memorial Park. Hilary Wright and Betty went to it, because Aunt Etta urged them to go, and confided to them that Mary Ruth had rewritten the pageant. The minister had slipped a copy of her manuscript to Aunt Etta. It was beautiful, she said. Fred

stayed at the house with Aunt Etta to rest, so that he would be ready to make another speed record when they started on to the capital.

The next hour was a dream to Mary Ruth. Children passing through it reciting their lines just as she had taught them, singing more beautifully than ever before; veterans in blue wiping tears from their eyes when boys representing them marched away to war. Mary Ruth had not forgotten one of them in that pageant.

Then the final curtain rose, and a little girl came upon the platform, carrying a wreath to put on a great tombstone. It was a tribute from the veterans of the Civil War to the boys who had fallen in the last fight for their country, the Great War.

Mary Ruth saw Hilary Wright wiping his eyes. A little later her hand was clasped in his. "It was beautiful, Mary Ruth," he said almost reverently. "Simple and beautiful and sincere. These children will remember it all their lives. They will be better citizens for it."

Someway, she found herself alone with Hilary, walking toward a secluded spot in Memorial Park. Betty



Herbert Photos, N. Y.

"Beau Brummel" Penguin "Strolling"—His Gait is Really a Waddle—on the Ice Near the Byrd Camp in the Antarctic

(Concluded on page 13)

"Temperance and labor are the two best physicians."

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.

In the Footsteps of Joliet

THE boys at the Junior camp on Silver Lake, near Portage, Wisconsin, were promised as one of their hikes, the tracing of the steps of those famous early French explorers, Louis Joliet (Louie Zho-lya') and Father Jacques Marquette (Mär-ke't'), who discovered the Mississippi. It was right here at Portage that, in 1673, these men passed over from the waters of the Great Lakes to the tributary of the Father of Waters.

The French at this time had occupied all of North America along the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, and had established stations and missions as far west as what is now Wisconsin. Joliet, already noted as an explorer, was commissioned by the governor of French America, Frontenac, to investigate the tales of the Indians that there was a great river to the west which might carry them, as they hoped, to the western ocean. Journeying by canoe from Quebec, through Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, Joliet was joined at the Straits of Mackinac by Father Marquette, and together they proceeded south through Lake Michigan, Green Bay, and Fox River to a point near this river's source where but a mile of marshy land separates it from the Wisconsin River, flowing southwestward to the Mississippi.

A place such as this, where the canoes and baggage have to be carried across land from one stream to another, is known as a portage, and it is at this place on the Wisconsin River that the city of Portage now stands, though in the early days the end at the Fox River was called Portage, there being a trading station established there, and later a military post named Ft. Winnebago.

This, then, was historic ground, and the boys were eager for the trail. So, with Professor Copeland, Mr. Jorgensen, and me, they started out to cover it. A tramp of about three miles from the camp to the city and through it out the southern road was necessary to reach the point where, it is believed, Joliet and Marquette entered the Wisconsin River. Arrived there, we found the spot marked by a monument to these men. And from that point we took the road which, very possibly, runs closely along the line taken by the two Frenchmen, with their Indians carrying upon their heads their birch-bark canoes and their supplies. We, however, were going in the opposite direction, as if we were meeting rather than following the explorers.

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

The portage from the Fox River to the Wisconsin is said to have been only a mile, but it seemed a long mile to the little band of boys who tramped that hot August day. Their weariness was beguiled, however, by stories the leaders told of the travels and adventures of Joliet and Marquette,—how, in their frail canoes, they braved the storms of the Great Lakes and the rapids of the rivers until they arrived at the village of the Miami Indians on Fox River, the point farthest west the French had yet gone; then, securing guides from the Indians, paddled on up the narrowing Fox until the portage, well known and trodden by the Indians, was reached; then over this very trail our feet were now treading, and thereafter launching upon the wide Wisconsin, they journeyed to the great Mississippi.

They feared not the frightening tales of the Indians about great monsters of those waters which would devour them, yet almost were ready to believe them when a great fish as long as their canoes bumped into them, when they saw, peering out from the woods where they camped, a fearful creature "with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wild cat's, a beard and ears erect and grayish, head and neck of black," when also they found painted on the cliffs in red and green and black, frightful images of monsters that greatly scared their Indian helpers.

On and on they went, to where the mighty waters of the Missouri rushed in and almost overturned them, and farther down hostile savages nearly took their lives. They were adventuring their lives, one for his king, the other for his church; one to extend the knowledge of the new continent, the other to bring the knowledge of God to savage nations. Ah, those were the brave days of old!

When at last, however, we arrived at the Fox River it was hard for us to credit it, for we had supposed it to be a river, and here with a running jump any boy could leap over it. However, we were assured by a bronze tablet near the little bridge that this was indeed the Fox River, and yonder up the hill was the plateau where in old time Ft. Winnebago stood.

We tarried for a while, gazing into the marshy little stream, and tried to imagine the scene two centuries and a half ago, when at this very point the frail craft of the voyageurs were unladen and they took to the portage in search of the unknown wonders and terrors and opportunities of the West. Then we went on up



Going Through The Dalles

Girls of the Wisconsin Junior Camp, 1927, on river steamer at the narrows of the Wisconsin. Mrs. T. S. Copeland at rear center; Mrs. C. A. Holt second from right. Other leaders—I think it's Miss Nelson in the middle, and Miss Turner hidden behind, where you can hardly see her.

the hill to the plateau above and the site of the old fort, now occupied by several farmhouses. One house alone of the original buildings remains, and that is greatly changed; but there was a stirring story connected with this Ft. Winnebago, and that the boys were to hear. We went back down the hill, across the portage, and through a farmyard and lane, out to the banks of the canal connecting the two rivers, a canal built a hundred years ago but now disused and largely filled with water plants. Here we halted to build our fires and cook our dinners, but first to listen to the story of—

Red Bird

The country about here, boys, was in the old days occupied by the Indian tribe of Winnebagoes, who were generally friendly with the white men. But some of these white men abused the Indians, trespassing upon their lands and settling where they had no right, till the Indians threatened war. Then a company of soldiers was sent to this place, and yonder on the bluffs they built Ft. Winnebago to keep the Indians in check.

This was just before the great Indian trouble called Black Hawk's War, after the chief who was head of the Sauk or Sac tribe in northern Illinois. The Winnebagoes were often the enemies, but sometimes the friends, of the Sauks. However, their troubles with the white men, though caused by the same misdeeds, began before Black Hawk went to war.

Red Bird was the chief of the Winnebagoes, and he is said to have been a noble-looking man, over six feet tall, powerful, beautifully formed, and with a fine, open face. He always wore upon his left shoulder, as a part of his dress, a stuffed and mounted cardinal, or redbird, whose name he bore.

Red Bird had always proved friendly to the whites and was just in his dealings with them, but while the government officials and the army men were also true and just with him, there were many bad men among the whites who cared nothing for the Indians' rights and continually took their lands away from them. The Indians had become sullen over this injustice, and finding their protests of no use, they threatened war.

Just then it was falsely reported to the Winnebagoes that two of their men, taken prisoners by the whites as murderers of some Chippewa Indians, had been turned over to the Chippewas and made to run the gantlet, during which they were killed. Red Bird, who had with great difficulty kept peace with the whites, now was taunted and goaded by his followers into declaring war.

An Indian declaration of war is to strike without warning. Red Bird and two followers appeared at the cabin of a white man and killed him and another man, scalped a baby girl, and tried unsuccessfully to kill the mother of the family. Then the tribe broke loose and went on the warpath. That is, some of them did, committing other acts of war or, as the whites called them, murders and massacres. Some of the tribe, however, remained aloof and assisted the whites.

At Ft. Winnebago up yonder all was astir. The white settlers came rushing in from the country around here, and the fort was crowded with the refugees. More soldiers were ordered to come to this country from forts near Green Bay and from as far

away as St. Louis. Colonel Snelling, commander at the fort yonder, sent word to the Winnebagoes that unless Red Bird and his two companions were delivered up to him within ten days, he would shoot five of their tribe whom he held as prisoners. But General Atkin-

son, arriving just as the ten days ended, countermanded this order and these Indians were not killed.

Red Bird, however, had heard the message, and he determined that, to save his innocent tribesmen, he would give himself up. So one day a great scene was staged here on the hills in sight of our eyes. Up yonder the garrison and the refugees behind the log walls of their fort were startled by a sudden whoop, and turning their eyes to the hills over there on this side the river, they saw a company of Indians, some on horseback, some on foot, advancing upon the fort.

The drums called to arms, and the soldiers stood expecting an attack. But the band of Indians marched down the hill, and through field glasses the officers could see they were not armed. Within half an hour they had come close enough so that singing could be heard in their midst, and some who knew the air said, "It is a death song." Nearer still they came, and some of the whites who knew him said, "It is Red Bird singing his death song."

Across the river they marched, and up the hill. The officer now commanding the fort, Major Whistler, opened the gates, and the Indians marched in. In advance was an old chief called Mocking Turtle. As he came into the presence of the white men he said:

"They are here. Like braves they have come in. Treat them as braves. Do not put them in irons."

All eyes were fixed upon Red Bird, who was dressed in new garments of deerskin, almost pure white, richly ornamented by fringes and beads of blue, and with strings of varicolored wampum hanging in festoons about his neck, a white eagle's feather in his raven black hair, and on his left shoulder, symbol of his name, the redbird. In one hand he held a white flag, age-old emblem of surrender, and in the other the peace pipe.

Standing silent for a long moment, while all eyes were fastened upon him, at last Red Bird said, "I am ready." Then advancing a step or two, he paused, saying, "I do not wish to be put in irons. Let me be free. I have given away my life; it is gone, like that," as, stooping, he took a pinch of dust and blew it from his fingers. "I would not take it back. It is gone."

Then he strode forward, the files of soldiers opening for him to pass through. He was followed by his two companions in what the white men called his crime, but what he called his righteous war. They were placed under guard in a tent.

Red Bird and his two companions were brought to trial and condemned by the whites to be hanged. But before the time of execution came, Red Bird, used to the open air and the freedom of the great wild—Red Bird sickened and died. But though he was a savage, and though his kind of war was a hideous thing, Red Bird had lived up to some of the highest ideals of justice and courage. He gave his life to save others, and having freely offered it, he said, "I would not take it back. It is gone!"



Ready for the Trail of Joliet

Boys at the Wisconsin Junior Camp, Silver Lake, Portage, 1927. Leaders: At left, A. W. Spalding and T. S. Copeland; at right, Harold Jorgensen.

The boys drew a long sigh, then turned silently and looked with lingering gaze upon the hills about, those where old Ft. Winnebago stood, these over which came Red Bird with his followers, to surrender his freedom and his life to the race who, rightly enough, he deemed had done him wrong. And was there not impressed upon every mind the will to be nobler even than the red man of long ago who gave his life that others might not die?

Itinerating in the Cameroon

(Continued from page 7)

best to bring the story within their reach, and the Holy Spirit, taking my poor best, brought the message to their hearts. For the first time most of them heard that for which they had unconsciously longed, and when we had finished, they wanted more. Poor people, driven from village to village by their chiefs, to whom they are all but slaves, they wanted to hear more of the place where they shall build houses and inhabit them, plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof. There is a satisfaction not found in any other work in bringing to the hearts of this people the message that Jesus is coming soon. I had to tell them that at present we were establishing a school a little farther on, but that soon, perhaps, we would open one for them.

We left the next morning at daybreak, but the whole village was up to see us off. Friendly though they were, I heard them broadcasting soon after we left the town, "Ntangan a zu, Ntangan a zu." There is something uncomfortable about being advertised in such a fashion; hardly would I stop for the noon halt until a distant drum informed the world that I was resting, and again the last thing at night the news was given out, "The white man is settled for the night." This is one place where a poor missionary gets all the publicity of a presidential candidate.

Halts were more frequent from then on. We took time to meet and talk with the people and to greet our students who lived in this district. We were now entering a different section. The people were more bold and open, and tribal characteristics were different. In one large village of some four hundred people, fully 25 per cent were marked by large white blotches, which seemed like healthy skin except for lack of pigment. I afterward learned authoritatively that they were birthmarks.

(To be concluded)



Bible Arithmetic

FIND the number of letters in the name of Moses' successor. Multiply by the number of spies sent to Jericho to view the land. Divide by the number Christ took with Him to the mount of transfiguration. Add the number of letters in the name of the nineteenth book of the Old Testament. Multiply by the letters in the name of the betrayer of Christ. Subtract the number of years the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness. Divide by the number of letters that Paul the apostle wrote to the church at Corinth, as recorded in the New Testament.

Your answer will be equal to the number of letters in the name of the one God sent to redeem you and me from our sins.—*Lucile March.*



What About the Movies?

(Continued from page 5)

shock is that the child begins to dream about the incident, and then automatically begins to perform the same act—stealing in the present case. Going back to the first signs of her inability to resist taking things, he found that her frame of mind was preceded by something she had seen at 'the pictures.'

(To be concluded)

"When we climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds of love to men."

Angry Words

R. HARE

I SAW him cast the boomerang
With skill and conscious pride;
It hastened on, turned back, and fell
As if controlled by magic spell,
Down by the thrower's side!

It had no life,—a thing of wood,
Dead as the dead might be,—
But yet it turned with vengeful bound,
Retraced its course to starting ground
With dread intensity!

And then I thought how angry words,
Spoken with hateful twang,
This retributive spirit shares,
And hasten back, all unawares,
Just like that boomerang!

They, too, may smite in bitter hate
The heart that sends them out—
Far better crush those cruel words
And silence all the vengeful chords
That boomerang about!

Then let us make life grandly sweet,
And save the heart its pang.
Hate is abroad, with angry lip,
But every cruel word let slip
Will prove a boomerang!

Beautiful Living

(Concluded from page 10)

had slipped away, wisely reading the look of longing in Hilary's eyes.

"Mary Ruth," he said softly when they were under the beautiful sycamore trees close to the river, "I didn't think there were any girls like you left, girls who would leave their career and come home to their aunt to nurse her and try to take her place in the community, so she wouldn't be unhappy. I knew that you could write beautifully, but I didn't know you could live so beautifully, too.

"Your aunt told about your grandfather beating the long roll for his comrades. That touched me as few stories do. But not half so much as this afternoon when you, too, paid tribute to the men who were not your comrades, and beat the long roll for the people in this town to follow."

His hands closed over her slender ones. "I'm coming back," he promised, "while the roses are still in bloom, Mary Ruth, dear. I may not be half big enough or good enough for you, but I hope I can make you care for me. I'm going to try."

Dusk again in the rose-covered cottage on Elm Street. The last of the school children had inspected the relics—the tattered flag, the portraits of the soldiers, and even the great drum. Aunt Etta was lying back in her invalid's chair, tired but happy.

Jane Frank rattled the dishes in the kitchen as she sang in her nasal tone, "Mine eyes have seen the glory."

A slender girl in a beautiful pink dress, with dusky eyes shining like stars, lovingly touched the flag, the uniform on the piano, the two fierce portraits, and then lingered longest of all before the big drum. She knelt beside Aunt Etta then. "Oh, it's been a beautiful day, Aunt Etta! And I owe it all to you."

The invalid's fingers strayed through Mary Ruth's midnight hair. "Lovey, lovey," she whispered softly, "it has been a wonderful Decoration Day!"—*Mabel McKee.*

Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

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

Is it right for a person employed by a city fire department to work on the Sabbath?

If I were a regular member of a paid city fire department and were to accept the Sabbath truth, I would seek employment elsewhere, unless it could be definitely arranged for me to be excused from duty on the Sabbath. If I were a member of a volunteer fire department, where I would be called out to serve only in times of actual fire and emergency, I would think it no wrong to respond at such a time.

ALONZO L. BAKER.

A correspondent takes strong exceptions to my answer in the INSTRUCTOR of January 22, regarding the tasting of "sweet coffee" to satisfy the social custom in some countries. This answer was not intended in the slightest degree to countenance the use of coffee. The question came from one of the countries in the Far East, and not knowing just what "sweet coffee" might be, but knowing something of the strength of custom in many countries and how easily a host may be offended, I submitted the question to a veteran missionary of that country and received the answer which I gave in the INSTRUCTOR. The suggestion that the coffee might be tasted or touched to the lips was only meant to be a courteous gesture, showing appreciation of the entertainment. It was further suggested in the answer that the guest might explain why he did not drink coffee.

M. E. KERN.

I am eighteen years old, and my parents do not allow me to have boy friends. In spite of this, I love a boy friend who is twenty years old. Because of his work I do not see him very often. Should I tell my parents of my love for him? How can I forget him?

Your parents are probably wise in discouraging special friendships with boys. As Mrs. E. G. White wrote, "A youth not out of his teens is a poor judge of the fitness of a person as young as himself to be his companion for life."—"Solemn Appeal," p. 53. This does not mean, as I understand it, that young people in their teens should not have wholesome association with each other, unmarred by sentimentalism. Of course, such associations in the teens must be conducted with great care. During the period of development into young manhood and womanhood, we need to learn and follow the conventions of good society. It seems to me that it would be a good thing for you to have a quiet personal talk, first with the parent with whom you feel more free (if there is a difference), and tell of your affection and ask advice. This council may help you to understand whether it is genuine love or mere fancy. There may also be some minister, Missionary Volunteer worker, or older friend who could help you. One should be discreet, but if you have a wise friend whom you can trust, it is well to get counsel. Seek counsel from God, too. He will help you to control your thoughts. Give yourself to a thorough preparation for life's responsibilities. Do not bind yourself in your thinking or by promise to any one at this time. You should be free to choose when your vision is wider and your judgment more mature.

M. E. K.

What would you think about a S. D. A. boy building a fire at a bank on Sabbath morning? In winter the water pipes would freeze if there were not some fire; but how would it be later, when the danger of freezing is past? How do they manage at our institutions? What would be the difference between doing such work at a bank and at an apartment house?

In our sanitariums and schools, which serve as homes, the fires are kept going on Sabbath, of course. In our factories and offices the fires are usually banked so that they need no attention on the Sabbath, but in some cases it may be necessary to add fuel on the Sabbath to preserve the property. For a Sabbath keeper to do such necessary work would seem proper; but to hire out to make fires for a commercial institution that runs on Sabbath would seem to me a different proposition altogether. The Lord will not excuse the workers in such an institution for knowingly dis-

obeying His law, and surely not a Seventh-day Adventist who accepted employment to help keep the business running on Sabbath. In the case of an apartment house it would seem to me that, if the firing were only a part of the job and it would be possible to reduce the Sabbath work to the minimum, doing only the little necessary to keep the apartment warm, one might accept such a position and still keep the Sabbath just as he would in his own home. Surely it would not be right to accept any work that would make the Sabbath just like every other day. Perhaps there are readers who have had experience in this kind of employment who would like to express themselves on this question.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IX — The Laborer Worthy of His Hire

(June 1)

MEMORY VERSE: Mal. 3:10.

LESSON HELP: "Testimonies," Vol. III, pp. 381-408.

Questions

A Tenth Belongs to God

1. What did Christ say in regard to the support of the gospel worker? Matt. 10:10.
2. How much of one's income belongs to the Lord? Lev. 27:30. Note 1.
3. What definite instruction did God give Israel regarding the payment of tithe? Verses 31-34.
4. For whose support and for what work was the tithe devoted in Israel? Num. 18:21. Note 2.

Israel's Neglect

5. What was the result when the Israelites withheld their tithe on one occasion? Neh. 13:10. Note 3.
6. How was this neglect corrected? Verses 11, 12.
7. In what other requirement of God were the people also growing careless? Verses 15-18.
8. When the house of God was neglected in the time of Haggai, what resulted? What followed loyalty on the part of Israel? Haggai 1:7-11; 2:18, 19.

Blessings to the Faithful

9. Of what did the prophet Malachi say God's people are guilty? Mal. 3:8, 9.
10. What are all urged to do? What is promised those who are faithful stewards? Verses 10-12. Note 4.
11. What approval has Jesus given of careful tithe paying upon even small amounts? Matt. 23:23.
12. How does Paul express approval of the principle of support for laborers? How should the gospel ministry be supported? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14. Note 5.
13. In the threefold message, what is said regarding God's ownership of all things? Rev. 14:7. Note 6.
14. How will the remnant church relate itself to all of God's requirements? Verse 12.

Notes

1. "The Lord has made us His stewards. He has placed His means in our hands for faithful distribution. He asks us to render to Him His own. He has reserved the tithe as His sacred portion."—"Testimonies," Vol. IX, p. 51.
2. "The tithe was to be exclusively devoted to the use of the Levites, the tribe that had been set apart for the service of the sanctuary. But this was by no means the limit of the contributions for religious purposes. The tabernacle, as afterward the temple, was erected wholly by freewill offerings; and to provide for necessary repairs, and other expenses, Moses directed that as often as the people were numbered, each should contribute a half shekel for 'the service of the tabernacle.' In the time of Nehemiah, a contribution was made yearly for this purpose. From time to time, sin offerings and thank offerings were brought to God. These were presented in great numbers at the annual feasts. And the most liberal provision was made for the poor."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 526.
3. The Levites were compelled to take up agriculture for support, owing to the withholding of the tithes of Israel. Whenever the tithe is withheld, the ministry must earn a livelihood by other means, thus forcing a neglect of the teaching of God's word in the church and hindering the advancement of the knowledge of God into all the world.
4. "God has made men His stewards. The property which He has placed in their hands is the means that He has provided for the spread of the gospel. To those who prove themselves faithful stewards He will commit greater trusts. Saith the Lord, 'Them that honor Me, I will honor.' 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' and when His people, with grateful hearts, bring their gifts and offerings to Him, 'not grudg-

"Do not do that which you would not have known."

ingly, or of necessity,' His blessing will attend them, as He has promised."—*Id.*, p. 529.

5. "The tithe is sacred, reserved by God for Himself. It is to be brought into His treasury to be used to sustain the gospel laborers in their work."—*Testimonies*, Vol. IX, page 249.

"If the plan of systematic benevolence [now understood as the tithing system] were adopted by every individual, and fully carried out, there would be a constant supply in the treasury. The income would flow in like a steady stream constantly supplied by overflowing springs of benevolence."—*Id.*, Vol. III, pp. 389, 390.

6. The call of this message is to an acknowledgment of the Creator. It calls upon men to give Him glory, and to fear Him, in preparation for the hour of judgment. This will lead to obedience, to fullness of loyalty and devotion. It will cause every one who accepts the message to acknowledge God's ownership of all, His just claim upon our money, our time, our talents, our bodily health and strength.

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. Why do you pay tithe?
2. Why the tithing system was instituted.
3. The blessings to be obtained in systematic and faithful giving.

Junior Lesson

IX — David Made King; The Ark Brought Home

(June 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Sam. 1:1-16; 2:1-4; 5:1-10; 6:1-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways." Ps. 128:1.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 697-708 (new edition, pp. 729-743).

Questions

1. How did David hear of the death of Saul and Jonathan? 2 Sam. 1:1-4.
2. What did this Amalekite boast of having done? What evidence of Saul's death did he bring? Verses 5-10.
3. How did David and the men that were with him show their grief? How was the messenger who claimed to have killed Saul punished? Verses 13-16. Note 1.
4. What inquiry did David make of the Lord? Where did he go to make his home? What did the men of Judah then do? How long did David reign over Judah only? 2 Sam. 2:1-4, 11. Note 2.
5. Although Saul's descendants rebelled against David, what change gradually came in? 2 Sam. 3:1. Note 3.
6. After all these years of patient waiting for God to fulfill His promise, what came to pass? How old was David when he began to reign? How long was he king over all Israel and Judah? 2 Sam. 5:1-5.
7. What city did David now take for the capital of his kingdom? Verses 6, 7. Note 4.
8. What sacred treasure did David wish to bring to Jerusalem? In whose house was the ark? 2 Sam. 6:1, 2. Note 5.
9. How was the ark carried? How did David and those who were with him express their feelings of joy and satisfaction? Verses 3-5.
10. Describe what took place on the way to Jerusalem. Verses 6-8.
11. What did David then fear to do? Where did he have the ark taken? Verses 9-11. Note 6.
12. What instructions had been disregarded in moving the ark? Note 7.
13. What was told David concerning the blessing of the Lord? What did he then do? How was the ark carried this time? Verses 12, 13. Note 8.
14. What place had been prepared for the ark in Jerusalem? How did David celebrate the completion of his work? Verses 17, 18. Note 9.

How Does This Lesson Teach —

- The certainty that the Lord's promises will be fulfilled?
- The wickedness of irreverence?
- That God's presence in a home brings a blessing?

Notes

1. "The first shock of the fearful tidings past, David's thoughts returned to the stranger herald, and the crime of which, according to his own statement, he was guilty. The chief demanded of the young man, 'Whence art thou?' And he answered, 'I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite. And David said unto him, How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?' Twice, David had had Saul in his power; but when urged to slay him, he had refused to lift his hand against him who had been consecrated by the command of God to rule over Israel. Yet the Amalekite feared not to boast that he had slain the king of Israel. He had accused himself of a

crime worthy of death, and the penalty was inflicted at once."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 695.

2. "David and his followers immediately prepared to obey the instruction which they had received from God. The six hundred armed men, with their wives and children, their flocks and herds, were soon on the way to Hebron. As the caravan entered the city, the men of Judah were waiting to welcome David as the future king of Israel. Arrangements were at once made for his coronation. "And there they anointed David king over the house of Judah." But no effort was made to establish his authority, by force, over the other tribes."—*Id.*, p. 697.

3. "Hardly had his authority been acknowledged by the men of Judah, when through the influence of Abner, Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, was proclaimed king, and set upon a rival throne in Israel. Ishbosheth was but a weak and incompetent representative of the house of Saul, while David was pre-eminently qualified to bear the responsibilities of the kingdom."—*Id.*, p. 698.

Ishbosheth was murdered by two of his captains, and after his death the men of Israel wished David to become king of all the tribes.

4. "As soon as David was established on the throne of Israel, he began to seek a more appropriate location for the capital of his realm. Twenty miles from Hebron, a place was selected as the future metropolis of the kingdom. Before Joshua had led the armies of Israel over Jordan, it had been called Salem. . . . This stronghold was called Jebus, and its inhabitants were known as Jebusites. For centuries, Jebus had been looked upon as impregnable; but it was besieged and taken by the Hebrews. . . . Jebus now became the national capital, and its heathen name was changed to Jerusalem."—*Id.*, p. 703.

5. "Now that David was firmly established upon the throne, and free from the invasions of foreign foes, he turned to the accomplishment of a cherished purpose—to bring up the ark of God to Jerusalem. For many years the ark had remained at Kirjath-jearim [1 Sam. 7:1], nine miles distant; but it was fitting that the capital of the nation should be honored with the token of the divine presence."—*Id.*, p. 704.

6. "Feeling that his own heart was not wholly right with God, David, seeing the stroke upon Uzzah, had feared the ark, lest some sin on his part should bring judgments upon him."—*Id.*, p. 706.

7. "The fate of Uzzah was a divine judgment upon the violation of a most explicit command. Through Moses the Lord had given special instruction concerning the transportation of the ark. None but the priests, the descendants of Aaron, were to touch it, or even to look upon it uncovered. . . . To the Gershonites and Merarites, who had in charge the curtains and boards and pillars of the tabernacle, Moses gave carts and oxen for the transportation of that which was committed to them. 'But unto the sons of Kohath he gave none; because the service of the sanctuary belonging unto them was that they should bear upon their shoulders.' Thus in the bringing of the ark from Kirjath-jearim, there had been a direct and inexcusable disregard of the Lord's directions."—*Id.*, p. 705.

8. "At the end of three months, he resolved to make another attempt to remove the ark, and he now gave earnest heed to carry out in every particular the directions of the Lord. Again the chief men of the nation were summoned; and a vast assemblage gathered about the dwelling place of the Gittite. With reverent care the ark was now placed upon the shoulders of men of divine appointment, the multitude fell into line, and with trembling hearts the vast procession again set forth."—*Id.*, p. 706.

9. "All the tribes had been represented in this service, the celebration of the most sacred event that had yet marked the reign of David. The Spirit of divine inspiration had rested upon the king, and now as the last beams of the setting sun bathed the tabernacle in a hallowed light, his heart was uplifted in gratitude to God that the blessed symbol of His presence was now so near the throne of Israel."—*Id.*, p. 708.



Issued by

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

LORA E. CLEMENT EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS C. K. MEYERS STELLA PARKER PETERSON

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

F. D. NICHOL C. A. RUSSELL H. T. ELLIOTT MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Yearly subscription, \$1.75; six months, \$1. In clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.50; six months, 80 cents.

"Be what thou seemest — live thy creed."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

MARION TALLEY, the prima donna from the Middle West, whose opera career brought her a fortune in three years, has decided to retire to a farm and eschew public life. "The farm," she declares, "may be in California, and it may be in Colorado, but I am going to be just like all other farmers."



ABOUT a half billion stars that cannot now be seen or photographed with any telescope, as well as thousands of inconceivably remote nebulae, will be within the reach of astronomers when the new 200-inch telescope is installed in the Mt. Wilson Observatory, near Pasadena, California.



THE 300-year-old tax on tea, which George III found it impossible to impose on his American colonies, has at last been removed from the shoulders of the British people by Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a minister of George V. This is the end of a tea duty which has been levied since the days of Queen Elizabeth.



NOT content with exploration by land and sea, Sir Hubert Wilkins—flyer over the arctic and the antarctic—proposes now to plunge, via submarine, below the ice of the south polar regions. The world wishes him luck and admires his courage, but doubtless interest would be more keen in the enterprise were the mysteries he proposes to explore a bit more accessible.



THE protection of young, immature whales is to be urged upon the governments of the world, as a result of the meeting of the International Council for the Exploration of the Sea, just concluded in London. The Norwegian government has been invited to institute a central bureau, with a view to organizing measures on an international scale to prevent wasteful exploitation.



A NEW plan for securing greater safety on the highways has been adopted by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters. The scheme is novel in that it attempts to reward the careful driver, rather than to penalize the reckless one, by allowing to motorists who drive for two years without an accident, without revocation of license, or other punishment for violation of traffic regulations, a reduction of 10 per cent in insurance premiums.



ONE of the largest universities in the world, if it may properly be called a university, is El Azhar, at Cairo, Egypt. It has no fewer than 14,000 students. But the students pay no fees and the professors receive no salaries. The teachers make their living by private teaching, the students theirs by copying manuscripts or reciting the Koran. The teaching has been limited largely to the Koran, for it is an Islamic school. Church doctrines and decisions in church law affecting all members of that faith have long come from the university. The plan now is to modernize the institution, and raise the standard. The first rule adopted is that the number of students shall hereafter be limited to 5,000.



ONE of the most compelling interests of American life is the story of crime and its punishment. In a recent issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Francis Bowes Sayre gives some facts worth notice. "With all her brilliancy and power," he says, "America's effort to cope with the ugly problem of crime has been for the most part tragic failure. A committee of the American Bar Association appointed to study existing conditions reported that 'the criminal situation in the United States, so far as crimes of violence are concerned, is worse than in any other civilized country. More robberies and assaults with intent to rob are committed in the single city of Cleveland each year than in the whole of England, Scotland, and Wales. A recent investigation showed that during the year the number of automobiles stolen in Liverpool, one and a half times the size of Cleveland, was 10; in London, ten times the size of Cleveland, 290; in Cleveland, 2,327. The actual present cost of crime in the United States has been conservatively estimated at \$2,500,000 a day. In a single year the property loss from thefts in the city of Chicago alone is reported to exceed \$12,000,000."

A STEADY succession of crop and vegetation destroying pests has visited the United States in recent years. The boll weevil constitutes a constant threat to the cotton crop. The corn borer caused a scare a summer or two ago. Last year the Japanese beetle appeared, and made necessary the imposition of rigid quarantines in affected areas. This spring it is the Mediterranean citrus fly that has made necessary a call to arms. The citrus fly attacks a long list of plant life, including oranges, grapefruit, limes, lemons, tangerines, peaches, bananas, persimmons, guavas, papayas, eggplant, tomatoes, avocados, plums, and grapes. It is a tiny creature, immune to ordinary extremes of temperature. It lives part of the time in the ground, and its vitality is such that it can live for fifteen to eighteen minutes in a solution of formaldehyde as strong as 20 per cent. The citrus fly appeared suddenly in Florida recently. Where it came from no one knows, unless it was brought in by rum runners from the Bahamas in the straw with which they protect their bottles against breakage. The fly threatens Florida's \$100,000,000 fruit crop, and unless destroyed, it will spread throughout the country. Both the Department of Agriculture and the State of Florida will fight the pest. President Hoover has recommended the transfer of a \$1,250,000 fund that remains from the appropriation to fight the boll weevil in Texas, to the campaign against the fruit fly. There is little doubt that Congress will follow this recommendation.



WHILE in various European nations constitutional government has been replaced by what is sometimes nothing less than one-man rule, says *Review of Reviews*, far up in the North Sea a little country, seldom heard of as a political entity, has to its credit a parliament dating back a full millennium. It is Iceland. Since 1918 this little nation has been acknowledged a sovereign state, united with Denmark only through the person of King Christian X. This has given new responsibility to the venerable Althing, which, in spite of changes in form and functions from time to time, presents a historical continuity through ten centuries. It is this fact, perhaps, more than any other, that impels Icelanders to work for complete independence from the mother country. The present treaty with Denmark remains in force until 1940, but as it is, relations between Iceland and Denmark are far more satisfactory than formerly, when the country was governed from the Danish capital as a colony.



THE gospel has been actually printed in nearly 700 different forms of human speech. As its share in this vast and beneficent work the Bible Society has helped to spread God's message in 566 languages and dialects. These include the complete Bible in 137 languages, and the complete New Testament in 138 more; while in 291 other languages some book or books of Scripture have gone out. The most popular modern English author is Charles Dickens, and it has been computed that since "Pickwick" appeared, 25,000,000 copies of his books have gone out into the world. But during the past five years the Bible Society alone has circulated nearly 43,000,000 copies of the Scriptures. Since the society was founded in 1804 it has sent out over 345,000,000 volumes.



HERBERT HOOVER, Jr., elder son of the President, elects to make radio his profession. Interested in wireless since the age of twelve (he is now twenty-six), he hopes to develop a system of satisfactory communication between flying planes and the ground. But for the present he is handing out flying orders to pilots of the Western Air Express, at Los Angeles, California. After being graduated from Leland Stanford University, young Hoover took an advanced course in business administration, and later connected with the Guggenheim Foundation for the promotion of aviation, the same interests which employ Col. Charles Lindbergh as a free lance flyer at \$25,000 per year.



It has just become generally known that for the last three years a princess has had an Oriental palace and maintained a royal court on a Pacific island, just off the American shore. The princess is Der Ling, former lady in waiting to the late empress dowager of China. Her palace, built for her special use by Chinese architects, was on the island of Golondrina, rented from Mexico. But now trouble has arisen at the little court, and the princess has moved to Los Angeles, having decided to live a more quiet life.

"If you have a good temper — keep it; if you have a bad temper — don't lose it."