

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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*" Out of the mists rises Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan."
It is an extinct volcano.*

LET'S TALK IT OVER

It was midwinter. The Wanderer was far from home, where December winds blow chill while snow flies, and angry waves thunder along a rocky, storm-swept coast.

But, "You are bidden to a *beach picnic*," the invitation read, "*on Christmas Day!*" And—stranger still—a postscript directed, "Be sure to bring your bathing suits!"

Here was a puzzle: A *beach picnic*? On Christmas? Did one greet the venerable St. Nicholas out in *this* part of the world in bathing attire? How unusual! What sort of function might this be to which we were invited, anyway? Inquiry brought enlightenment.

"Well, I'm not going!" Timothy undoubled his long length like an opening jackknife and stood upright to emphasize his remarks. "I've been to my first and last of *those* functions till the styles change and folks take to wearing more clothes and acting more sensibly. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but—then I just *am!* That's all there is about it!"

"We went once last year," Joan explained, "just after we moved here. I was so homesick! And it was a reunion of the old college crowd—held in our honor, really. I *did* want to see the Kentwood folks; *but I didn't want to see so much of them!*"

"Huh!" Timothy exploded again. "I'm not a prude; and I thought I was shock proof. But when I saw that crowd of ordinarily sober, respectable people racing up and down the beach—men and women alike in briefest and most modern bathing togs—playing leapfrog, and three-deep, and drop-the-handkerchief, I was just *too* disgusted for words!"

"I only wish you had been," sighed Joan.

"Well," defended Timothy, "I just asked Bill what was the objection to clothes on that particular occasion, since we were all through swimming? You know yourself that he and Kathie and Grace had been sitting there visiting and burying each other in the sand for all of an hour. When I came along clothed—and in my right mind, I hope—they hailed me and asked if I didn't know that swimming suits were the real up-to-date picnic garb? I explained that it didn't seem just—well—modest, to me. And then of course we *did* get into an argument, and Bill and the girls—'said words'! And I spoke my mind, too!"

"I should say you did," observed his better half.

"Well, so did *you*—remember after we got home?"

"Emphasis on the 'after we got home,' please, sir!"

"Oh, all right; I don't suppose I was very diplomatic about it! My usual supply of finesse was all shocked out of me. But thinking things over, Jo, I'm not so sure you aren't right about this mixed swimming business being out of the picture, as it were, for us as Seventh-day Adventist young people. That is, considering things as they are today."

"But don't you believe in *any* mixed swimming anywhere, any time?" The Wanderer was even more than interested.

"No," and Joan looked serious, "I really don't, except, perhaps, as family groups."

"Not even when conservative bathing suits are worn? Not even when folks get straight into the water, once they are ready, swim their swim, and then get out and dress at once? I haven't a particle of sympathy with bathing-suit promenading; that's certainly disgraceful and disgusting enough; but, really, I'd never thought of a properly conducted mixed swimming party as being questionable."

"Properly conducted," agreed Joan, "I suppose it wouldn't be. But unfortunately we are in a world of things as they are, not as they ought to be. And the fact that such a party is made up of Seventh-day Adventists doesn't seem to be any redeeming feature—in the humble judgment of an eyewitness. It is because of a deep conviction that I have made this decision. It hasn't been easy, either; for you know how I like to swim; how I fairly reveled in the dips we used to have down at the old Potomac Basin before they spoiled it, to make a beach."

"Ah," reminisced Timothy, the unshelchable, "remember the time we all helped push the Brown automobile two blocks down the street, so starting the engine wouldn't wake Jack's dad at five in the morning, gayly rode down to said 'beach,' hung our raincoats on a historic weeping willow limb, scaled the fence, and had a perfectly glorious time diving, till the manager come and wrathfully sent us home when he found we didn't have a copper cent with which to pay admission fees?"

"Yes, Timothy Titus, but you know well enough if anybody—man, woman, or child—had *dared* appear there dressed in the ordinary, the usual, the accepted swimming outfit of today, the lifeguard would have probably fallen unconscious from shock, and the locker superintendents would have hustled him—or her—under cover fast enough. Why, it was because things began to get too 'modern' down there that the city fathers closed that very 'ole swimmin' hole' a year or two ago. Oh, my dear," and Joan sighed, "times have changed. And that's why I've changed my mind and my practice."

"Well, of course, if mixed swimming is wrong, it's wrong," the Wanderer agreed. "Though, really, I hadn't thought much about it, since not even once a year do I get a chance to go swimming anywhere except in the Y. W. C. A. pool. *That's* all right for exercise, but really I'll have to have time to adjust myself to this new view of the social side of the question. Personally, I can't think of anything more bore-some than going in swimming with just a lot of women—for real enjoyment, that is. Not one in twenty can *really swim*—you know that. All the most of them do is take a good foot bath. Now I like to swim. And I enjoy swimming in a company where men are, because most men swim better than I can, and then there's always somebody around to fish me out if I chance to get a cramp or start to drown. Sometimes it seems to me that just about *everything* that's fun is being tabooed for us."

"Yes, it does," admitted Joan. "And I suppose this will be true more and more as the world marches on toward its end. The devil is certainly an adept at turning innocent pleasures to his own evil purposes."

"All too true," echoed Timothy. "I've come to the conclusion that these bathing beach conditions we face are just another sign of the last days. The Bible says, you know, that things will 'wax worse and worse,' and they surely are—morally and every other way. I'm of the conviction that it's time for Christian young men and women, who are expecting to meet Jesus, to heed His admonition, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate.'"

And, friend, wasn't Timothy right?

Lora E. Clement

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MEASURE the distance, if you can, from the

glory-kissed heights of heaven to the lowest depths of hell. Imagine the contrast between the brightness of eternal day and the darkness of perpetual night. And yet an angel, wise and beautiful, left his estate in gloryland to roam in a world of sin. The change from light to darkness is no greater than the change that took place in the heart and character of Lucifer when he yielded to the spirit of selfishness and determined to serve self rather than the living God.

The pleasure of living is measured by our ability to appreciate. The true philosophy of life is wrapped up in the statement, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Of Christ it is said: "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore God, even Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above Thy fellows." Heb. 1:9. Christ experienced more joy and peace and gladness than His fellows, because He loved righteousness and hated iniquity more than they. Lucifer was one of His "fellows," and Lucifer coveted that which did not belong to him. He envied Christ because of His superiority, and out of the selfishness of his heart, he determined to force himself into a position much to be desired. He thought that his happiness would be full if he could occupy a position equal to that held by the Son of God.

But alas! that beautiful angel learned, as many other sad hearts have learned, that suffering and misery await him who lives for self alone. Not simply because Christ is the Son of God, but because He is divinely qualified, will He be crowned King of kings and Lord of lords. It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell, and these inherent qualifications fitted Him to occupy the highest place in all the universe of God. Lucifer was equally fitted to fill the position given him, but because of the selfishness born in his heart, he became discontented with the position he held and desired for himself a higher place.

There was only one position higher than that held by Lucifer, and that was held by Christ. Suppose Lucifer should have been promoted to the position above, the one held by Christ. In the very

Selfishness and Satan

HERBERT M. KELLEY

nature of the case the angel just below should have been promoted to the position formerly occupied by Lucifer, and so on down until every angel would have been promoted, leaving the lowest place unoccupied. In the scheme of Lucifer, Christ would have been impeached and dethroned, and there would have been no place left for Him but the lowest place in the whole realm of God. Moreover, every angel was created and qualified to fill the original position occupied, and of course was unprepared to fill any higher position. Therefore, in Lucifer's scheme, if it had carried, the whole organization of the universe would have been destroyed, and all because one angel wanted to live for self!

But to prove that happiness does not come from the position one occupies, Christ humbled Himself and took the form of a servant and occupied the lowest place, even lower than any of the angels. In doing so, He said, "Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." Matt. 23:12. He thus expressed an eternal truth, and this truth was clearly revealed in His own life and works. He humbled Himself to the lowest place, and has been exalted above all principalities and powers. On the other hand, Lucifer exalted himself to the highest place, and has been humbled to the lowest and most degrading position in all the universe. This was not simply a matter of conquest, but the triumph of love.

Lucifer was not cast out of heaven to satisfy the desires and wishes of his foe, but for his own good as well as the good of others. Heaven ceased to be enjoyable to him when he cherished the spirit of selfishness. The spirit of heaven is the spirit of service, of self-forgetfulness, and he could not enjoy heaven with the spirit of selfishness ranking in his heart. There is no such thing as happiness with one's thoughts centered upon himself. There is no such thing as a happy selfish person.

We cannot think of God and ourselves at the same time without being impressed with the thought of our absolute dependence upon Him for everything. Just to the extent that we feel our dependence and appreciate His mercies, just to that extent are we able to enjoy the pleasures of living. The very



Using Nature's Instruments

W. A. SPICER

AWAY in the north of Australia, in Queensland, is the Monamona Mission, for the aboriginal people of Australia. The mission began years ago among a people really wild. Great changes have come. One of the workers spending the Week of Prayer at the mission, tells how, as he left, after a blessed time among that people, the boys of the school played, "God be with you till we meet again," with lemon leaves as the instruments. "They prefer lemon leaves to the eucalyptus leaves," says Missionary T. A. Mitchell, "because they are softer and make the music sweeter." As I thought of this band in the wilds, making use of lemon leaves as musical instruments, I thought of the way in which the students down in Nyasaland, Africa, made use of banana leaves for the purpose of giving fomentations to the sick, getting results that greatly astonished the villagers and greatly gratified those relieved from pain by the hot applications. Our young people in bush and jungle could doubtless teach us many a practical lesson.

"Let spite into your heart, and it will bring all sorts of bad company with it."

thoughts of Christ and of God are a rebuke to our selfishness.

When Lucifer yielded to the spirit of selfishness, he was out of tune with everything heavenly, and the discord was felt in every fiber of his being and in every quality of his mind. The force of evil within caused him to despise everything that was good. His thoughts were inverted, and self became the center of attraction. Thus he was disqualified for the position for which he was created, and thus he was changed from Lucifer the beautiful angel to "that old serpent, called the devil, and Satan."

When selfishness and unselfishness are characterized, the contrast is as great as that between the highest and holiest angel and Satan the prince of devils. And the change that took place in the life of Lucifer is taking place today in the lives of all who allow themselves to become selfish. Living to serve themselves, they become miserable and mean.

Lucifer desired to be first and aspired to the highest position, the position that Christ alone was qualified

to fill. This selfish desire disqualified him for any position at all in God's great plan, and he fell to the lowest depths of sin. On the other hand, Christ humbled Himself as a man and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and He is exalted to the heights of the Godhead. Giving up Himself, He became all and in all.

In the light of Lucifer's experience, what do you think we should do in our relation to God and to our fellow men? Should we use the blessings of life for selfish purposes, forgetting God, the giver of all things? Should we close our eyes and ears to the sufferings of earth? And yet that is what thousands of ungrateful persons are doing every day. They use the bounties of heaven with the thought of making themselves happy, but instead they become miserable in their selfishness. There is no happiness apart from God. If they should be taken to heaven, they would be miserable in the society of holy angels, who live for others and worship Him who of all His infinite resources gave the whole for the salvation of lost men.

"We Have Found Jesus"

WE have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." John 1:41. As I have read these words over and meditated upon them, I have been led to ask, "Have I found the Messiah?" Then different experiences of our native teachers have also made me think. As European workers, have we the same faith and trust in Jesus that they have?

Some time ago I visited one of our teachers on Malaita, and stayed overnight with him. When I first called at the village, he was away building a house at another site, for the people with whom he was working were planning to move. Alone he worked at this house, and as the sun sank, I saw him coming up the bush track. He showed signs of weariness, but was happy. Soon we were chatting, and after a time, had worship; then the evening meal was brought out. It was not a big meal for the company, but all ate heartily as long as the food lasted. Later we gathered together and talked about the love of Jesus, and only expressions of joy passed the lips of this teacher. At a late hour we lay down to rest, and next morning were up bright and early.

Worship over, I made plans to leave, and with this native teacher, passed on down the track toward where he was building his house. Noticing that he did not have anything to eat before leaving, I said, "What about your breakfast?"

"Oh, I don't have breakfast. The people's gardens are about done. We have only one meal a day."

"Don't you feel hungry?" I questioned further.

"Oh, yes, at times I feel very hungry, but I think of Jesus' words, 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' and I go on with my work."

As I went on down the track, I can assure you I had plenty of food for thought. This boy, hungry in the wilderness, had found Jesus, and loved Him.

At another time I was on our cutter at a certain port, with a heathen lad on board. The wind was blowing hard, and had been blowing a gale for some time. The heathen approached a converted boy, Viva Two by name, and said to him, "The wind is blowing very fiercely. You pray to your Master in heaven; your leader often does this and the wind is stayed." Viva at once said, "My friend, I will try." He did pray, and in a very short time the little cutter was out on the ocean on its way to the home port. As they approached the most dangerous spot, the wind died down completely, and in safety they passed on, arriving at Uru is due time. Another testimony to help strengthen Viva, who has found Jesus on the tossing billows.

J. D. ANDERSON

Still another instance: One of our native men was pioneering at a certain place. He had many little articles, such as clothing, tools, etc. One day while we were visiting him, I asked Jugha about his things and how the people were treating him. He then told of how one after another his tools had been taken, and he ended by saying, "It does not matter; they do not know any better." Jugha had certainly found Jesus on the cross with the mocking crowd around Him, and had heard Him say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

A fourth illustration (I could enumerate many more, but must close with this one): A boy who had left his home and loved ones to go and assist with the building up of a certain station, was away for three months. He then was returned, as that was the period for which he had volunteered.

Nearing the home port, his heart was full of expectant joy, thinking he would meet his wife and little one. Soon, however, he was met with the sad news that the wife he loved so dearly had passed away a day or so before his arrival. Thinking that it would be such a blow to a boy just out of heathenism that it might cause him to doubt the love of Jesus, he was sought for by his teachers. When they found him, he was sitting over a writing pad, with tears streaming down his face, writing to his brother who was teaching at another station. His words were like this: "Our dear one is gone, but we do not sorrow; we know that Jesus is soon coming back. Our dear one is only sleeping. When Jesus comes back, she will be awakened, and we will see our dear one again." Ale (Ah-lee) had found Jesus at the open grave, and heard Him say, "Thy loved one shall live again."

Just such faithfulness could be told of the women also. My dear young friends, I know that the support given to such a noble band of men and women is given to a worthy cause, and will be registered in the books of heaven.

Marovo Lagoon, Solomon Islands.

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PRAYER is like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels, when the sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide.—*A saying of Lord Tennyson.*

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God is the Governor-General, and I am only the useless agent by whom He deigns to do His will.—*Charles G. Gordon.*

"It is our business to remember a duty until it is done."

TENSE concern filled the civics classroom. In two minutes the last bell would ring. Then doom would descend upon the helpless victims who must face one of Miss Samson's examinations. And the worst expectations were always fulfilled.

Anxious groups huddled together, discussing possible questions. A few scattered individuals frantically leafed through texts or the Weekly News sheets. Snatches of nervous questions floated about the room.

"I wonder if she'll give us that Peace Conference item?"

"Let's see, what was the date of the Versailles Treaty? Oh, here it is." And a husky chap by the window buried himself in his neighbor's notebook.

"I stayed up after midnight memorizing those dates she gave us." Desperate students scrambled for last bits of information before the bell should announce the arrival of that fatal hour.

A group by the door seemed to belong to another universe. They took no notice of the buzzing classroom. Jane Bronson was holding customary court. Three boys from the French class next door stood about her attentively. No civics exam disturbed their mental peace. As for Jane, her composure belonged to the middle of vacation.

The last bell rang. The three admirers by the door disappeared into the French classroom and Jane languidly sauntered to her seat. Miss Samson passed out the examination paper and wrote the questions on the blackboard. In five minutes an eerie silence in the room was broken only by an occasional pen scratch or a rustle of paper.

The third question put a stop to the rapid scribbling of memorized dates and facts. It was one of the dreaded "thought questions" for which Miss Samson's examinations were noted. They were always founded on facts from the text or class recitations, but parrot learning was no salvation. Jo McLauren chewed the end of his pen and scowled. Henry Wilkins looked out of the far window meditatively. His sister Tirsa drew designs on top of her inkwell.

Suddenly they all looked up.

"Jane Bronson!" Miss Samson's voice cut into the stillness. "Your notebook is open in your lap."

"Yes, Miss Bronson, it is," answered Jane in an easy, bland voice.

"Bring me your paper."

Jane strolled deliberately up the aisle. With an expressionless face she laid her paper on the desk. Miss Samson dropped it into the wastebasket and told Jane to report after school. Jane returned to her seat with calm indifference.

As the papers were being collected at the end of the period, Miss Samson said in a measured voice that shook just a little:

"We cannot help regretting that any student in the class should stoop so low as to cheat. Honesty is a first requisite to any success in life."

A New Horizon

The class sat tense. Every one listened, except Jane. It would have been difficult to have told what she was thinking. She gazed idly out of the window.

"Any pupil," continued Miss Samson, "who would do what Jane Bronson has just done is not playing fair with her fellow students. She seeks an advantage over those who are honest and make their records on their own knowledge. A grade earned dishonorably is worse than a complete failure."

At the mention of her name, Jane casually looked back into the room to meet Miss Samson's gaze evenly. Her manner was not insolent. She seemed merely bored. Nellie Moore cast a scathing look over her shoulder in Jane's direction, but it was a lost effort. George Stringer, who always made "A" records, wore

a smug smile of self-righteousness. The bell rang, and the class left the room in noisy relief. No one mentioned the cheating episode.

That afternoon Miss Pillmore, the dean of girls, received Miss Samson and Jane in her private office.

"What's all this I hear, Jane?" asked Miss Pillmore.

"I cribbed in the civics examination this morning," Jane answered readily.

"But, Jane, that's such a low thing to do! It is difficult to respect dishonest people. You can never depend on them or believe in their sincerity."

Jane said nothing. Dean Pillmore tried another approach.

"You realize, of course, that no one lost anything but you yourself?" she asked.

"Oh, I guess no huge damage was done," Jane answered lightly.

Dean Pillmore and Miss Samson exchanged puzzled glances. No contrition? No tears? No sullenness? No excuses? Not even defiance or self-justification.

"Why did you do it, Jane?" Miss Pillmore asked earnestly. The cause might suggest the remedy.

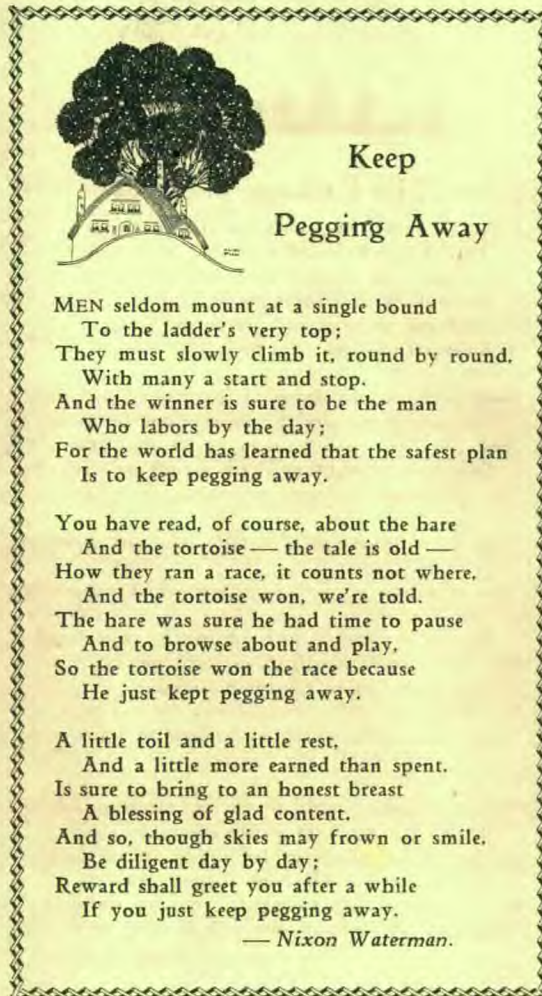
"There's no sense to the stuff!" Jane burst out. "What difference does it make to me if there is a League of Nations or a Locarno Pact? They're nothing in my young life!"

"But, Jane, it's general information that every intelligent person is expected to have. Why, the cultural value—"

"But that's nothing to me," broke in Jane. She was showing more interest in the conversation. "I'm out to be a stenographer. And I intend to be a good one, too. I'm going to earn a good salary. School stuff that fits me for it is worth while. There's some sense to learning bookkeeping, shorthand, and typing. That'll give me a living. But all this English and history and science that's crammed down our throats is no good! We have to take it whether we want it or not. I'm not interested, and I don't intend to study it."

"Then you don't want a real education," said Miss Samson.

"Not this 'cultural' kind!" answered Jane disgustedly. "I'd have gone to work before now if the



Keep Pegging Away

MEN seldom mount at a single bound
To the ladder's very top;
They must slowly climb it, round by round.
With many a start and stop.
And the winner is sure to be the man
Who labors by the day;
For the world has learned that the safest plan
Is to keep pegging away.

You have read, of course, about the hare
And the tortoise — the tale is old —
How they ran a race, it counts not where.
And the tortoise won, we're told.
The hare was sure he had time to pause
And to browse about and play,
So the tortoise won the race because
He just kept pegging away.

A little toil and a little rest,
And a little more earned than spent.
Is sure to bring to an honest breast
A blessing of glad content.
And so, though skies may frown or smile,
Be diligent day by day;
Reward shall greet you after a while
If you just keep pegging away.

— Nixon Waterman.

law hadn't made me stay in this prison. I have to fill up space in classes that I don't care a pin about, because they're listed on the course of study."

"Then you're not going to graduate?" asked Miss Pillmore anxiously.

"Well, a high school diploma might mean a better salary," admitted Jane.

"Yes, and it would mean a well-rounded training that gives a basis for further study in college."

"Yes, college, college, college! Why talk that to us when lots of us never go on? We're pushed into things we don't want or like or need. And just because it prepares us for something we don't intend to do."

"Well, the reason for this discussion is what happened today," said Dean Pillmore, seeing that the conversation was caught in a blind alley. "Really, now, Jane, aren't you sorry down in your heart?"

"I'm sorry I didn't get away with it any better."

"But, Jane," pleaded Miss Samson, "so long as you don't care about learning anything in the class, why not just fall? It would be far better than getting a passing grade dishonestly."

Jane thought a moment. "Why, yes. I suppose that's so. Anyway, I'll soon be out of this, and we'll all be glad." Her smile was cheerful and shaded toward friendliness as she left the office.

Neither side could claim a victory, late as it was. Dark shadows filled the deserted corridors when the two teachers locked the office door behind them.

"She's so attractive and intelligent," said Miss Samson wistfully. "What a tragic mistake she will make of her life!"

"It's such a pity that each generation must learn for itself. Youngsters miss all the profit from the experiences, sometimes bitter ones, of their elders. We can only hope that she may see over the pay check to a wider horizon before it's too late."

Jane went home to find a tired mother preparing supper.

"How went it today, mother?" she asked cheerfully.

"Same as usual. I sometimes wonder if there is any work so exhausting as department-store clerking."

Tommy slammed the back door as he stamped in, announcing a ravenous appetite.

"Right away, dear," said his mother, taking the potatoes from the stove.

The three sat down to a simple supper. Mr. Bronson had died two years before, and it was a struggle for his widow to keep her ten-year-old son and Jane in school. But she was determined that they should have what education they wanted.

That evening after supper Henry Wilkins and Jo McLauren brought in some new phonograph records.

"Here's Tirsas's favorite," said Henry, putting on a new song hit.

"She had great news today," said Jo. "Your dad had just given his consent for her to go to the State 'U' with the rest of 'the crowd' next fall. You're going too, aren't you?"

"Haven't decided yet," answered Henry. "What's your choice, Jane?"

"No college for me. I'm going to get a job as soon as the law'll allow." But the blare of the phonograph drowned her voice and future plans were forgotten.

Three weeks later Jane appeared at Miss Samson's desk in hat and coat.

The class had not yet settled down for the recitation. Miss Samson looked up inquiringly. Jane handed her a "leaving slip."

"Why, Jane, are you leaving us?" asked the teacher in surprise.

"Yes, I'm checking out," answered Jane.

"What are you going to do?"

"Got a job in a law firm downtown. Couldn't have done better even with a high school diploma, so why toil on? You've really been rather good to me, Miss Samson. Good-by."

Miss Samson watched her go out through the door. So Jane was through with school! Why had they all failed with her? Wasn't there some way she could have been made to see something finer beyond that coveted pay check?

Jane took her new job very seriously. She was determined to make good. She learned quickly, proved to be reliable, and was given small responsibilities about the office. Her mother was promoted to the department headship in the goods-by-the-yard section at Stephenson's Dry Goods Store. Her day was not so wear-

ing, and the increase in salary added many comforts to the little home, as well as dainty garments to the wardrobe.

In June Miss Samson resigned from the Plainville High School faculty to marry a broker from the South. It was a year and a half later that she returned for a Christmas holiday visit. As she walked down the street the day after her arrival, she met Dean Pillmore coming out of a store.

"What a happy surprise! How well you're looking," exclaimed the dean of the Plainville girls.

"I'm so pleased to get this glimpse of you. I wondered if you'd all be away for the holidays."

"School doesn't close until tomorrow. Why don't you come and see us? In fact, you might like to attend the mid-year graduation exercises with me tomorrow night. You'd see many of the old friends at the reception afterward."

"Nothing could be more to my liking," and the time

(Concluded on page 13)



The Package of Seeds

I PAID a dime for a package of seeds,

And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.

"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"

He said, with a smile on his lip.

"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!

Ten cents a package; and pick what you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,

And the dimes are the things that he needs;

And I've been to buy them in seasons before,

But have thought of them merely as seeds;

But it flashed through my mind as I took them
this time.

"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can
create.

You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!

You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,

Which the wisest cannot understand.

In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?

You've a dime's worth of something known only
to God!"

These are seeds, but the plants and blossoms are here,

With their petals of various hues;

In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,

There is power which no chemist can fuse.

Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold,

Thus for ten cents an ounce is divinity sold!

— Edgar A. Guest.

JOTTINGS ON A JOURNEY

CECIL K. MEYERS

OUT of the mists it rose — Fujiyama, the age-long sentinel of Japan's destiny. This mountain, familiarly and reverently called Fujisan (literally, Mr. Fuji) by the Japanese, gave me my first sight of the land of Nippon. As our ship glided into the historic waters of Yokohama Bay, Fuji, white-capped and beautiful, reflected back the shining splendor of an autumn sun. Wherever Japan has advertised her art and beauty, Mt. Fuji has provided the background. As you read this introduction to this wonderful island empire, you will perhaps be reminded of some piece of Japanese art work that you have in your home — maybe a piece of silk work or lacquer or bric-a-brac — and nine chances to ten, Fuji will have provided the artist with his conception and lines. No more fitting symbol of a country naturally endowed with surpassing splendor could have been provided by kindly nature than the shapely form and comely face of Fujisan. To appreciate this endowment of beauty is to understand and win one's way into the heart of the Japanese people. By beholding they have become changed, and everything about the life of Japan carries with it those lines and curves and graces that mark it of all Oriental countries the most beautiful and the most appealing.

About us everywhere, as we entered the harbor of Yokohama, were the watch dogs of the Japanese navy. Five—five—three are the proportions of naval strength as permitted by the terms of the post-war Washington Naval Treaty for Britain, the United States, and Japan. Smart, trim-looking, yet formidable instruments of destruction these warships seemed to be as we glided past to tie up to the pier. An armada larger than usual was at anchor in the bay, because two days later the newly crowned emperor of Japan was to review his fleet. It represented, I suppose, as great an aggregation of naval strength as had ever been seen at one time in Japanese waters.

The universal friendships of the third angel's message were once more forged, for even before we landed we were greeted by the welcome shouts and wavings of Prof. A. N. Nelson, of the Japan Training School, and A. B. Cole, of the publishing house. Cole and I were schoolmates in old London a quarter of a century ago. How strange those destinies that drive us on, each to take his course. Yet these currents become cross currents at times and carry us to points of meeting. We meet, we speak of things that were, we part, and then we face the things that must be.

The gangway down, our friends were soon aboard, and then as quickly as possible we left our ship and took train for Tokio. C. C. Crisler was to spend

the time ashore while the ship lay in Yokohama, and I was to part company with the "Empress of Russia" and continue on, after spending a few days at the Tokio headquarters, by train through Japan.

My baggage I palmed off on Brother Crisler — not that he didn't have enough of his own, for already he had about twenty pieces, but of all men on whom the world seems to impose none are more willing than Brother Crisler. He seemed to act as freight agent for sanitariums, hospitals, publishing houses, and fond parents. Hospital equipment, books, and Santa Claus gifts galore were distributed throughout our cabin, and a substantial overflow found its way into the baggage room. Mine just merely added a little more, not enough, however, to constitute the proverbial "last straw to break the camel's back."

The great earthquake of a few years ago has been interpreted as a blessing in disguise by the people of the afflicted cities of Tokio and Yokohama. The ominous rumblings of a heaving earth have been lost in the echoing ring of the steam hammer and shovel, for buildings modern in construction and architecture are fast rising on the ruins of the old. Blessing often hides behind disaster. Japan, in her new-found destiny, marches steadily on, counting these vicissitudes accessories to the carrying out of her ultimate hopes.

What a spirit she has caught up! The spirit of enterprise and of efficiency dominates every phase of her modern life. The old is there, but it is being fast overshadowed by a new order. It is the most remarkable transformation of all history. A generation ago this hermit kingdom was locked up to its own medievalism, but now it dresses, it works, it eats, and it rides in all that constitutes our modern civilization. That is the cruelty of this standardized age. It stamps everything with the dull monotony of sameness. To be modern is to be alike.

A ride in a taxi — the vehicle of modern urbanity — past traffic signs, down paved roads to a modern railway station — that is one's first contact. And what modern trains they are! These suburban lines running for forty or fifty miles out of Tokio, the metropolis, are all electrified. Japanese trains, furthermore, are clean and comfortable. The roadbed rides as well as that of our best railway systems. The red-cap system is here too. Blue uniforms and red caps help identify the corps of licensed porters. A standard charge of 2.5 cents apiece for each piece of baggage handled makes their employment by the traveler a matter of complete understanding without the distasteful consequences of heated dispute when they are paid off. This redcap



A Lovely Temple Retreat at Kyoto, Japan

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THE wise man was especially interested in young people, or he would not have left such excellent advice in his writings for both young men and young women. Where could one find a more beautiful exhortation to the young to choose an upright life than that pictured in the fourth chapter of Proverbs? In it are portrayed the rewards that will be the portion of the youth who chooses wisdom and understanding for his guide. Let us consider a few of them: they are wisdom, understanding, promotion, honor, a crown of glory, long life, freedom from mistakes and blunders, health, and a career which is "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In the first chapter we are told his purpose in writing the Proverbs is, "To give . . . to the young man knowledge and discretion." In accomplishing this end he advises him to hear and heed the instruction of his elders. This is very fitting advice for these "perilous times," for in listing the sins of the last days, the apostle says the youth will be "disobedient to parents;" and the world certainly presents today a picture which abundantly fulfills this prediction.

Says Solomon: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." The enticements sinners are represented as holding out are the possibilities of gaining wealth by robbery and murder and concealment of their crime—"Let us swallow them up alive as the grave." But the word tells us, "They lay wait for their *own* blood; they lurk privily for their *own* lives," and live hourly in fear and dread of discovery.

As if in response to these expressions, we see today Leopolds and Loeb's, Hickmans and Northcotts, each trying to outdo the other in committing "the perfect crime," but each, in turn, eating "of the fruit of their own way," for verse 32 tells us (margin), "The *ease* of the simple shall slay them." The easy way of securing wealth is cursed of God. He gave man labor as a blessing and the true source of wealth; and it is promised to those who seek His wisdom and follow His counsel. Prov. 3:13-25.

There are seven sins brought to view in the sixth chapter which we are told the Lord abominates: "A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." It is not necessary for us to consider these seven sins in detail, but there is one striking characteristic of this list. Three of the seven are closely related: "a lying tongue," "a false witness that speaketh lies," and "he that soweth discord among brethren." The gossip and backbiting and trouble making of the world have been largely charged to woman; but re-



member that in Proverbs the wise man is speaking to "my son." If Satan can make men believe they are free from sins of this type, he can the more easily lead them into transgression. Be forewarned: it is as easy for the tongue of a man to be "deceitful above all things" as for that of a woman.

Running through these chapters, we also find seven virtues which are recommended to the young men, and each carries a special blessing with it:

1. To avoid sinners and their ways. Prov. 1:10; 4:14, 15. Obedience to this promises life and health. Prov. 4:22.
2. To seek wisdom and knowledge, but not the wisdom of their "own eyes." Prov. 2:2-6; 3:7. This will preserve and deliver from evil. Prov. 2:11, 12.
3. To fear and trust God and keep His commandments. Prov. 3:1-6. This insures "good success" (margin) in both this life and the life to come. Prov. 3:4.
4. To honor the Lord with thy substance. Prov. 3:9, 10. Here is a recipe for wealth and prosperity, and it rests upon recognition of Christian stewardship. It even tells which part of our substance is to be given to the Lord—the "first fruits." Here is no provision for ministering first to all one's own wants, real or fancied, and then giving to the Lord if anything is left. It means God's part shall be taken out first. There is significance in the portion of Scripture where this advice is found. He wants us to learn this lesson of "first fruits" in youth, and this is why He embodied it in a message addressed primarily to the young.
5. "Despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be

weary of His correction." Prov. 3:11, 12. This lays the foundation for true happiness, because it removes sin. More valuable lessons are derived from a humble acceptance of reproof than from all the flattery and praise of the world.

I Am Your Girl Friend

I am your Girl Friend.

Long ago there was planted in the heart of womanhood those divine instincts that were destined to preserve and to mother the human race.

All those inner and beautiful urges of the soul were gathered up in the hand of God and passed on to the infinite future through me.

Because of them I have been drawn by a mysterious attraction to you.

In your presence a light surrounds my heart, a glow comes into my life, and there come to me, happiness, excitement—and dreams.

Because my spirit is sensitive when I am with you, I know that to a large degree I am in your hands.

Your ideals will influence my ideals in spite of myself—if yours are low they will lower mine; if yours are high and wholesome, they will lift and ennoble mine.

With you I walk, not merely down the street, but into the future.

In worthy and friendly fellowship with you I may find my wisest footpath into many of the mysteries and beauties of life.

I am happy to be your Girl Friend.

— P. R. Hayward, in the Epworth Herald.

6. Doing good to others; charitable acts. Prov. 3:27, 28. This is a sure way to build up health and spiritual light and power. Isa. 58:8.

7. To live in peace and good will toward all men. Prov. 3:29-31. It is the best and surest way to invite God's blessing upon our own habitations. Verse 33.

The protection that wisdom and discretion afford to the youth who will seek for them as for "hid treasures," is well revealed in the

(Concluded on p. 10)

SPEAKS

BUCK

TO YOUNG WOMEN

IT is not to be wondered at that young women question why the Scriptures have so much to say with regard to the matter of dress and deportment. There is nothing wrong in desiring to understand the reasons for God's requirements—that is just what He encourages His servants to do. For years this subject was a puzzle to me, until one day I discovered that the Bible presented a marked contrast between two classes of women. On one class was the "king's daughter," who is "all glorious within," the "virtuous woman" of Proverbs 31, the "woman professing godliness" mentioned in the second chapter of 1 Timothy. On the other hand we have the "strange woman" mentioned in the seventh chapter of Proverbs. If you will read this chapter, and compare it with Proverbs 31:10-30; 1 Timothy 2:9, 10; Titus 2:3-8; and 1 Peter 3:1-4, you will see new proof of God's love for His handmaidens. He cares too deeply for His daughters to permit them, through ignorance, to be mistaken for the "strange woman."

It is interesting to list the virtues attributed to the admirable woman of Proverbs 31. She is loyal, good, industrious, thrifty, diligent, capable, judicious, charitable, prompt, neat, and of good taste, strong and honest, wise, kind, a good executive and disciplinarian, and one who fears God. Let us contrast the "strange woman" and the "virtuous woman." Their *speech* is the first thing to be noted, and it is just as true today as in Solomon's time that speech furnishes strangers, very early in the process of acquaintance, with an index of the true character. The "strange woman" is one who "flattereth with her words;" the godly woman

openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Flattery is the enemy of the soul. God never uses it, but He gives reproof to those He loves; and while it is only right that we should give words of deserved praise, the true servant of God will never lower herself to the use of flattery, which is a species of deception.

Dress is the next basis of judgment. Ever against the attire of a harlot we see exhibited the modest apparel" that Paul tells us about. This should be enough to teach us that there is really a mode of dress which the world recognizes as belonging to the strange woman. How may we detect it? Of one thing we may be sure: it will

be just the opposite of "modest apparel." It is the putting on of apparel for the sake of the apparel or the jewel itself, instead of thinking of clothing as a "covering," as God intended it in the first place.

When we consider that clothing originated as a direct result of sin, isn't it a bit inconsistent for professed Christians to manifest undue pride in what is really a badge of their shame? Peter warns against the "putting on of apparel"—if he lived today, who knows but that inspiration would have made him say the "taking off of apparel" instead?

But what is "modest apparel"? Is it necessary to define it more closely than that for people of ordinary good judgment? We know, if we will be honest with ourselves, just what is modest and what is immodest. A summary of the instruction given us through the spirit of prophecy should make us more thankful than ever for the wealth of suggestions God has placed at our command. They teach that we should seek becoming clothing, of as good material as we can afford; that it should be made neatly and modestly, without elaborate trimming or conspicuous style; that due

regard should be given to its healthfulness and suitability to the use for which it is designed. We should have something for Sabbath use which is not worn commonly every day, but fine clothing worn to church, we are told, attracts attention from the service and fosters irreverence. We are not to attempt to keep up with rapidly changing styles; neither are we to take pride in making ourselves peculiar. If the world has a style which is healthful, modest, plain, and suitable, we are not to try to avoid

it. Today there are plenty of modes suitable for a woman professing godliness.

Untidiness is just as displeasing to the Lord as too much pride. Avoid either extreme. There is nothing wrong in choosing styles and colors of clothing which suit our individual types; but we are warned against "loud" clothes that are conspicuous. It would seem almost unnecessary for us even to mention these things, yet many of us can bear testimony that we have sometimes seen girls of our own church dressed in the "attire of a harlot," and have felt the pity of it grip our hearts. If women could only stand off and appraise themselves calmly, and see how extremely ugly most of them are in sleeveless gowns and too-short skirts, in all probability they could not be hired to wear such clothes.

The third contrast is in the *heart*, and concerns loyalty. Of one woman it was said she was "subtle of heart" and betrayed her husband's confidence; of the other the record is, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

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I Am Your Boy Friend

I am your Boy Friend.

I am the one boy whom you have singled out to be your friend in a different way than other boys can be.

I am pleased and proud to be known as your "Boy Friend."

The world is a different place when I am with you; it thrills me to have you enter the room where I am, even though we merely glance at each other and smile.

At times I am frightened at myself because of the strange forces that struggle within my soul and that seem, somehow, to surge around a center—which is you.

Deep within the inmost shrine of my soul, on the battlefield of my purposes and my imaginations, I wage my daily fight for the banner of an untarnished mind.

When that battle goes hard, I need you—you—to be, not another power added to those that already seek my defeat, but as a pure and shining symbol to help me be the victor on that hard-fought field.

This is the place I have set aside for you.

I am your Boy Friend.

—P. R. Hayward, in the Epworth Herald.



second chapter, beginning with the eleventh verse. It will guide in the choice of companions, preserving them from both evil men and evil women.

Solomon's counsel to young men is, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." No wiser instruction could be offered in the very morning of life.

"The issues of life" are bound up in your choice of associates, and especially is this true of your choice of young women friends. Will you permit wisdom and understanding to teach you to recognize the type of girl who possesses that jewel which is prized "above rubies," which is "in the sight of God of great price"? Or will you give the impression, by permitting your head to be turned by the frivolous type, that this is the sort who are most attractive to men? If you do the latter, you are placing a strong temptation in the way of all girls; for it is both natural and right that they should value and enjoy your friendship.

It is particularly important for youth to avoid the company of evil women. Their influence seems to be unusually deadly to the desire for spiritual life. In Proverbs 2:19 we read, "None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life." Therefore God is wonderfully good in giving to young men the warnings that would spare them this eternal loss.

But this is not the only instruction He has been gracious enough to give. He prepares the wise to recognize this class of women by forewarning young men of their methods of approach. Youths are admonished, "Neither let her take thee with her eyelids." The conversation of young women is also one of the first indications offered you of judging of their true character. The "strange woman," the wise man tells us, "flattereth with her words," and "her mouth is smoother than oil." Beware of the girl who begins by telling you what a wonderful creature you are! The humorous writer who styles herself "Mrs. Solomon," says men love flattery; and there must be more than a grain of truth in the statement. But the seventh chapter of Proverbs tells us it is the "simple ones," those "void of understanding," who are caught by such bait.

That is not a very pleasing characterization, is it? It would be bad enough to know that one had shown himself a mere simpleton by his choice of friends; but the poor victim doesn't escape as easily as that. Into the picture revealed in these few chapters is drawn with a sure and unerring hand consequences far more disastrous. There is shown not only the economic and spiritual loss, but suffering and sorrow, loss of health, and hereditary taint passed on to others, since the "iniquity of the fathers" is visited "unto the third and fourth generation" of them that hate instruction.

This statement is not placed in the commandment because God wills it to be so, but because His wisdom sees that it is an unavoidable result of evil-doing.

So the wise man advises: "Remove thy way far from her: . . . lest thou give thine honor unto others, and thy years unto the cruel; . . . and thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!"

The youth do well to take heed to his latest warning to them: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

Next comes a comment on the *deportment*, for one is "loud and stubborn," while the other is "meek and quiet." Modest behavior and quiet speech are truly a gift of great value in the sight of the best element of the world. That is why good form demands certain standards of deportment, especially in public, from those it acknowledges as well-bred.

The places frequented by the two women are not the same. The feet of one "abide not in her own house: now is she without, now in the streets, and lieth in wait at every corner;" the other is characterized as a "keeper at home." "Keepers at home" are more than just stay-at-homes; they are those who actively keep the home, and are God's best remedy for one of the world's worst ills—the idle, mischievous woman.

Women should keep off the streets when they have no real business there. When they need to be there, their actions should be unobtrusive, and they should go straight about their business. There is far less danger of inviting insult when it is seen one is strictly attending to her own affairs. But the idle, loud, giggling, showily dressed, parading creature is the lawful prey of the man told about in Proverbs 6:12, 13: "A naughty person, a wicked man, walketh with a froward mouth. He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers"—flirtation signs, as plainly as they could be described. Girls, if you are ever unfortunate enough to attract the attention of a stranger on the street, remember this verse gives you the index of his character—"a naughty person, a wicked man." It is no credit to you, so fly from such an acquaintance.

In the display of affection we are given another indication of character. The first woman "caught" and "kissed" a stranger. Godly women are admonished to "love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste." There is a proper place for the display of affection, and that is in the home, and within the family relationship. Display of affection in public is always considered in poor taste; while the woman or girl who lays familiar hands upon men is giving evidence either of her ignorance of good manners, or, what is still worse, of an evil heart.

The bearing, particularly the expression of the face, tells us much about those we meet. One woman had "an impudent face;" the other carried herself with "shamefacedness and sobriety." We might put that into common speech: "modesty and sobriety." Boldness, flippancy, slang, and unguarded speech are typical of our times. True modesty, graceful speech, and a kind thoughtfulness for the feelings of others are surely refreshing.

Industry is another sure index of character. The true woman "eateth not the bread of idleness." Industry is a great protection from evil habits. Idle women are a great curse, and particularly so in the church. Timothy tells us that idleness breeds gossip, and brings great reproach upon the gospel message.

The contrast is strong when we consider the influence of the two types of women. The stranger has a deadly influence. "She hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." But the influence of the godly woman tends to life. "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

Girls, which do you think is the more admirable character? "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain [how often in more than one sense]; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised," "for her price is far above rubies." Every girl must make the choice as to which side she will throw her influence. If it is not to be a saving influence, it cannot escape the other extreme, for we have no less than the authority of our Master Himself to witness that "he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

"Character is hammered out on the anvil of adversity."

OUR PLEDGE

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

JUNIORS

OUR LAW

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

The Best That's in You

DO we play games at Junior camp? We do. We do not give all the time to playing games, and we have so many other interesting things to do that very few ever miss the games they do not get. But there are some good things to be learned through games, especially the right games. In general, those games in which the chief idea is to win against another person or another side are games that bring out the less desirable traits of the human mind; while those games in which, though there may be contest, the chief idea is to develop qualities of courage, endurance, strategy, and loyalty, and in which it is easier to exercise fair play and generosity, are helpful in the work of building character. So we try to select those games that tend to develop and bring out the best that's in you.

One of the games the boys always liked was Stalk the Flag, or Capture the Flag. However, we seldom played it more than once or twice, for there were too many other things to come in. Let me tell you of one camp where we played it.

"Whir-r-r-r!" goes the superintendent's whistle. That is the signal for Company One, half of the boys, under Professor

Fattic, to take the trail for the happy hunting grounds, which lie half a mile away on rolling upland above the lake, fields of grass with clumps of trees and undergrowth dotting them here and there, and on each side the woods as a background.

This Company One reaches the field first, carrying with them a red flag with a white center. A color guard of three boys is provided for this flag, and they proceed to hide it and themselves about one hundred yards to the rear, where, none but their own side are to know. None of them can keep closer to the flag than ten yards, but they must catch any enemy who gets in that far and keep him from capturing the flag.

Then Company Two, under Professor Smith, come on the scene and spread over their territory, a selected color guard also hiding their flag of white with a red center. All except the color guards now line up on each side of the road. Within their own territory (and it is half a mile long) they may roam as they

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

please, but if any one steps over upon the other side of the road, he may be caught, if any one can hold him long enough to say. "Caught, caught, caught," and then he is put in prison. The captor must accompany the prisoner to the prison, and he cannot catch any one else till he has delivered him.

The prison on each side is a tree, a rock, or any determined spot fifty feet back of the dividing line. As soon as any prisoners are put in it, one, two, or more guards, as may be needed, are put to watch it. The side from which the prisoners have been caught, try to deliver the prisoner. Any one of their side who can reach a prisoner without himself being caught, can take him out, but he can take only one.

Meanwhile the captains and all their men are trying

to find out where the flags are hidden. For this purpose they make runs into enemy territory, or if they can take advantage of cover such as trees, bushes, long grass, or hills, they may do such scouting work unseen. Of course if they are discovered, they will have to make a run for home.

So the game goes merrily on, with some famous runs and chases, some captures, and

some deliverances. At one time so many of Professor Fattic's forces are captured and in the enemy prison that he has almost lost the game (for the game may be won either by capturing the flag or by capturing all the men of the side); but by a ruse he recovers most of them. He hides some of his men behind a little hill near the prison, and then, seeming to mass all his forces far down the road, he makes a sally near where he thinks (and truly) the flag is hidden. And most of Professor Smith's men rush to that danger point to head them off. Then, the prison being guarded by only three men, the hidden party rush across and liberate their imprisoned comrades. That evens things up again.

Professor Smith has sent two of his swiftest boys secretly on a scouting expedition under cover of the woods, and one of them comes back to report that they have sighted the flag. So, while he makes a feint with half a dozen men on a distant point, he gathers most of them at the point nearest to the flag



Diamond in the Rough

Keep your eye on the ball, watch Skinny on the mound, and be sweet about an "Out!" at home plate. So many other interesting things in camp, baseball came in only once in a while, but it always gave a fine opportunity to keep your temper.

and tells them to make a mass attack, with three of the biggest in the center protected by the flanks. Some of them will be caught, but he trusts to one of the three at least getting to the flag, capturing it, and bringing it home. Suddenly they make the dash, and there is wild, hard running. Here a man is caught, and there another, and another, but half a dozen of the Smith men are near the flag, with only three opponents before them. And then—the whistle blows. Time is up. The game is over. Neither side has won, but every one has had a great time, learned a good deal in power of observation, patience on post and in prison, exercise in running, dodging, stalking, hiding, team play, and strategy. Everybody has had a lot of fun, everybody has a good feeling, and all go home full of laughter and talk about the exploits of the "mighty men," the "three mighties," and "the thirty," which if you don't know about, read 1 Chronicles 11.

This game of Capture the Flag is played in several different ways; that is, with variations, but the above is one way.

Another favorite game is Hare and Hound. Come on, Harry, you and I will be the hares; and the rest are hounds—no disrespect intended, gentlemen! The game is to occupy an hour. If the hounds catch the hares, they win; if the hares get back to camp, uncaught, not earlier than an hour hence, they win. Pack our knapsacks with "scent," which is paper torn up fine. Now, you hounds, give us five minutes' start, then Professor Bond, who is in charge of the hounds, will start you off with different handicaps; ten of the younger, shorter-legged boys first, after a minute the next-sized lot of seven or eight, then another minute and the third pack of hounds, and last himself and the biggest boys. Each pack must keep together, but may pass another pack if they can.

The hares, as they run, put down "scent" at spots not more than fifty feet apart, and where the way is hard to see, more frequently. They may try to throw the hounds off trail by back-tracking and breaking trail. They may circle, if they wish, and come back on the trail behind the hounds and retrace their own trail; but this is a dangerous maneuver unless the hares are sure the last of the hounds have passed and will not see them.

Come on, Harry! A good quick spurt at the first to put distance between us and the first pursuers, then we will pull down to a slower rate which we can pretty well keep up. We dive into the jungle of this patch of woods, thick with undergrowth, first, threading our way along a twisting path until almost through; then darting back on our trail a hundred yards, we run off to one side where, within twenty feet, we put down some "scent," and start off at right angles down the hill. When the hounds reach the end of our trail, they will have to circle and cast about till they pick up our new trail.

There they come! Hear them baying! That's the first pack. They are little fellows, and probably that first fault in the trail will stump them. Never can tell, though; sometimes those little chaps have some smart heads among them, and if any of them have played Hare and Hound before, they will know just what to do. Better put all the distance between them and us that we can.

Down the wooded hill we go to where the brook runs,



Puzzle

Find the boy and find the swimming pool. This is what Southeastern California can show you.

and on into the thickets. Look out, it's getting swampy here. What's this tall weed that grows so thick? Ouch! Whew! That stings! Why, boy, that's nettle! Never mind, we'll have to stand it now, but know your nettles and keep out of them after this. Say, but this footing is bad. Better get up on more solid ground.

Hear that! They've found our new trail, and that's the bigger boys. Sounds as if they're all together now, and those long-legged hounds will be right after us. Say, but when they get into those nettles!

Well now, we're going better up on this oak ridge. There is open field. Let's cut through to yonder woods, bring a big circle, and back-track. Oh, but I'm thirsty; how about you? Let's go by that little spring we found under the hill last Tuesday. All right. Settle down to a good jogging pace. Here we go across the grassy field, behind the hill, and stop to get a good deep drink, bathe our faces and arms, and rest a couple of minutes. Now it will be slower going after we have drunk—did you know you can't run well when you are water-logged?

Well, here we are. There's our trail. Let's stop in this thick clump of bushes and trees, and see where they are. Hear them yelping over yonder on the ridge. That's the big fellows. Yes, and there's Jimsy's voice. He's in Pack One. But listen. Here come some fellows up the hill on our cold trail. Lie low. Oh, it's Pack Two; Lobsy and Ren can't run fast, and they have held the others back. Lucky we didn't start back on that trail before they passed.

Well, let's rest a while anyway. It will take a long time for those hounds to catch up on us; for we have faulted the trail more than once. How pleasant to lie on our backs here in the shade and rest, and peek out once in a while to watch the chase! Look at those poplar leaves over our heads. They flutter every way in the breeze as if they were hung on ball-and-socket joints. Quiet now. There's a towhee, with his chestnut-red sides and his black head. "Tow-hee, tow-hee!" he says, cocking his head now on this side and then on that to investigate us. If you move, his note becomes a little sharper, "Che-wink! che-wink!" And there's a pair of complaining vireos hopping about, looking for bugs over the leaves, topside, underside, every side. And there's a brown thrasher. Why, this little thicket will be alive with birds if we keep still a little while longer.

"How-oong, how-oong!" Say, boy! those hounds are pretty close. We hares have rested too long. Better move out of here. I should say so! They're right down there, not a hundred yards away. Come, Harry, we'll have to make a run for it.

On the back trail, camp a quarter of a mile away. But we are fresh, and they are not. Only, Harry, you are a littler chap than those Number Four hounds, and your legs are shorter. Make 'em twinkle, now. Not too fast, though; strike a pace you can keep, and save your spurt for the end.

They see us! Hear them! "Hoy! hoy! hoy!" sharp and shrill now, they are in for the kill. It's a straight race now, and we'll have to do our best. Breathe deep, pump your legs, take it easy on the up-grade, shoot along on the level. They're gaining, but we can make it.

Almost there! But closer and closer they come. Almost on our heels. Now make your spurt! Put everything into it! Here we go! And here they come!

Hooray! We're in! But Len and John and Professor Bond are right on top of us, and we all tumble in together. Who won the game?

There are any number of games, besides, that may get a turn. I can no more than mention some of them. Knotting the Knots is both a manual and a trail game; Captive, and Big Game Hunting, and Besieged City are all games of ambush and stalking. Treasure Hunt and Mystery Hike develop keenness of vision and quickness of mind. And then there are other short games which may fill in here and there. Baseball? Oh, yes, when necessary. Of course every American boy is a baseball player, and it's a game universally known and easily proposed. But you play ball so much at home that it might ask for a vacation at summer camp. And then, for all the fun and excitement there is in baseball, every one of you knows that it is a great breeder of disputes. If every boy could really show good sportsmanship and take a decision against him or his side without a kick, baseball would be a better trainer of character. But for a fact, baseball is not calculated to make angels. About one match game is all we can manage at camp, with one leader as umpire behind the pitcher's mound and another at home base. And if it should happen that so many interesting things come in that baseball is forgotten, nobody suffers for it.

However, whether in baseball or in field and trail games, the great aim is to develop in every one the finest qualities of courage, courtesy, kindness, co-operation, generosity, trustworthiness, and helpfulness, that this ideal of the Junior Pledge may be realized —

"I will be pure and kind and true,"

and that these elements of the Junior Law may be inwrought in every mind and heart —

"Do my honest part,

"Care for my body,

"Be courteous and obedient,

"Keep a song in my heart,

"Go on God's errands."



A New Horizon

(Concluded from page 6)

and place of meeting were soon arranged. The next evening they went early to get choice front seats in the balcony.

"We'll be able to see well from here," said Miss Pillmore, as they took off their warm coats and settled comfortably into their seats.

"It's good to see the old school again. I was homesick for it after I left. I wonder if I know many of the graduates?" and she turned her program to the printed list on the last page.

"Jo McLauren!" she read. "Is lazy, lovable old Jo finally graduating from high school?"

"At last," answered Miss Pillmore. "Five years for a four-year course, but he seemed to wake up this last semester. He'll make good. He plans to go to the State University, where most of his old crowd have gone."

"Oh, yes. What became of his pal, Henry Wilkins?"

"He's studying to be an engineer. His sister Tirsa finally chose the Teachers' College instead of the university."

"Too bad about Jane Bronson, wasn't it? Why," as she glanced down the list, "here's her name among tonight's graduates! You don't mean —"

"Yes, didn't you know about Jane? The 'fine job' grew monotonous, with no prospects of improvement. All her crowd went on to college. When she was with them, their conversation left her 'clear out of the picture,' as she put it."

"So she had the pluck to come back to high school?"

"Yes. She was still rebellious at first, but doggedly determined not to miss anything others were getting.

She swallowed some of the academic course like so much medicine. Then she became interested in chemistry. She plans to major in science at the university and become a commercial chemist."

The school orchestra had struck up a march, and the graduates were filing in.

"There's Jane, tenth on the left," indicated Miss Pillmore.

Jane's former civics teacher looked puzzled. "Not the girl by the piano? Why, she looks — yes, it's Jane Bronson all right. There's that familiar poise."

But the bland self-assurance had given place to quiet determination. There was a different expression in Jane's eyes and an indefinable sweetness around the corners of her pretty mouth.

She had found herself before it was too late. — *Evelyn Miller.*



Jottings on a Journey

(Continued from page 7)

force renders a unique service beyond the service rendered by their fellow servants in America. Perchance you have a stop-over at a junction point for a few hours. The redcap takes your baggage, learns the time of departure of your outgoing train, acts as custodian of your belongings in the intervening hours, and at the right time greets you with every piece of baggage in your compartment on the outgoing train. That is efficiency — in Japan it is evident everywhere.

Nightfall had come before we had wended our way through Tokio, passing on to the suburban compound where lie our headquarters. It matters not the country nor clime, the arrival of one from home is a welcome change for the compound families. "Much to say and little time to say it in," is how one of these visits can best be summarized.

The next day I went up to the training school, and there we had our Thanksgiving dinner. A happy company we were, as we met around the festive board in the home of one of the teachers at the school. These celebrations in a far-away land are different from the home celebrations. Here it is the gathering together of a small company of foreigners to renew home ties and live for a few passing hours in the joy of a nationalism of which we are all the victims — American or European, Chinese or Japanese, or what not. Within us all are the feelings that prompted an Irishman, when asked to state what he would rather have been if perchance he had not been an Irishman. Proudly he replied, "If I were not an Irishman, I would be ashamed of myself."

The school is a struggling enterprise. Japan has taken to things Western as readily as a duck to water, except to the religion of the West. In matter religious they are slow to change. Growth in membership in our Japanese church is slow in consequence. But we have some fine young people in the training school. These young people are our only answer to Japan's challenge. Out of their consecration and devotion must be found a ministry that in its service and message will interpret the living Christ to their countrymen. With anxiety God waits to endow the product of this Christian school with the gifts whereby Japan might be persuaded to believe that this is the last hour and men must get ready to meet God.

It is always an inspiration to meet such a student body, with its Christian demeanor, bright faces, and hearty response to all that is said. The young people of Japan are very bright. Nowhere else in the world does youth face the work of educating itself more seriously than here. These little people have a big program educationally.

The school system of Japan provides universal education for all its youth. Everywhere are schools filled with girls and boys. In consequence Japan is 97 per cent literate. This literacy is as high as in any

country in the world. Traveling in the train one day, a young middle school student elbowed his way to me. He had just come from an examination. His test for the day had been in English. He showed me the questions. He had been asked to paraphrase a long and complicated sentence from English into Japanese. Thus they learn, and English, by the way, is much sought after. Japan has the foresight to see its commercial value and usefulness.

The Japanese have justly earned the nomenclature, "the French of the East." They are courteous, and have acquired a grace in their courtesy that has won the respect of all who visit the country. A farewell scene at a station is always a moving sight. Out of the carriage window or from the car platform the last farewell word is said, and then as the train moves off, the circle of friends bow. They bow low and bow often. Likewise an introduction or the meeting between friends is accompanied with bowing. The way they do it and the spirit of respectfulness which it so readily interprets, mark it as one of the most imposing, yet dignified, forms of social contact.

One might write of street scenes—they are varied and colorful; or, again, of home life in Japan, which is more secluded and sacred; but I must not succumb to the temptation by which so many are overtaken who write on first acquaintance of things as if they knew it all. Enough for now. We shall visit Japan again.

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 there any harm in eating salmon?

The belief that vegetarianism tends to better health has led Seventh-day Adventists to adopt a nonflesh diet. Among the reasons for discarding meat are these: Meat is often diseased; it decays very rapidly; it sets up putrefaction within the body; some diseases seem to be caused by or intensified by the use of meat. Salmon is subject to some of these defects as a food. An occasional use of meat would probably not be seriously harmful, but in principle it is better to avoid it.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

My sister stays with children evenings while their parents are out, for which she receives sometimes as much as a dollar. Is it wrong for her to stay with them Friday evenings, if she tells the parents she cannot take pay except as they may want to give an offering?

City parents often hire some one to stay with the children while they attend some social affair, such as a dance or the theater. It does not seem proper for Seventh-day Adventists to furnish relief on the Sabbath when there is no greater necessity than a social occasion or a business obligation. If the parents were called away by some urgent emergency, such as sickness of relatives, then one should render whatever assistance he can.

H. T. E.

Is it right for Adventists to attend occasional services held by ministers of other churches? also, should we ever attend revival services in other churches?

Yes, it is all right for Seventh-day Adventists to attend occasional services held by ministers of other churches, and even revival services. Especially is this so if one is mature in experience, and if he can attend such places with a view to helping others. It would hardly be wise to attend if one's own experience is immature and he is in danger of being confused by the doctrinal teachings or the friendly associations. I do not believe that mature Christians ought to be so narrow that they cannot study with others the truths of the Bible. However, it is often confusing to those who are immature or unsettled in experience, when they subject themselves to "every wind of doctrine."

H. T. E.

"Much of the charity that begins abroad never reaches home."

I became discouraged and gave up my faith, and have worked on the Sabbath and said things I should not have said. I now realize that I have done wrong. Will the Lord take me back?

The Lord is always ready to accept us when we turn to Him. He says in Isaiah 55:7, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." The Saviour was sent into the world to redeem from sin. Matthew 1:21 says, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." Again, in Hebrews 8:12, we read, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Then, of course, we have those well-known words of 1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And there are many other texts in the Bible that help us to know that the Lord is like a pitying father, ready to help His children every time they turn to Him. So you may be sure that no matter how deep in sin you may have gone, if you lift your face to Jesus and seek forgiveness, and are willing to make things right so far as you can, the Lord will not only hear, but He will be gracious to you and restore to you "the years that the locust hath eaten." H. T. E.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII — Triumph for Those Who Covenant by Sacrifice

(June 29)

MEMORY VERSE: 1 John 3:2.

LESSON HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 722-733.

Questions

The Necessary Sacrifice

1. For what great event should followers of Christ be preparing? Ps. 50:3, 4. Note 1.
2. Who will be gathered together in that day? What has been one of their outstanding characteristics? Verse 5.

A Better Country

3. In giving all, what do the people of God confess concerning this world? For what are they seeking? Heb. 11:13, 14.
4. What is God preparing for those who are faithful to Him? Verse 16. Note 2.
5. Where is the city to be located which has been prepared for the saints? From where will the city come? 2 Peter 3:13; Rev. 21:1, 2.
6. What conditions does the prophet Isaiah say will exist in the new earth? Isa. 65:17, 21-25; 11:6-9.
7. Who only will have an inheritance in the earth made new? Rev. 22:14; 21:7, 27.

Overcoming the World

8. How are the things described of which "the world" consists, and which must be overcome? 1 John 2:16.
9. How only can we overcome the world? 1 John 5:4. Note 3.
10. Through whom do we obtain the victory? 1 Cor. 15:57.
11. How great must the consecration of the overcomer be? Rev. 12:11. Note 4.
12. What great promises are made to overcomers? Rev. 3:5, 21. Note 5.
13. What invitation will soon be extended to those who are faithful to God? Matt. 25:34.

Notes

1. The hour is near when the Son of God shall return and call home His faithful people. To them it will be an hour of joyful triumph, but to the disobedient a moment of awful fear.
2. "In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly Shepherd leads His flocks to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."—"The Great Controversy," p. 675.

3. "The work of conquering evil is to be done through faith. Those who go into the battlefield will find that they must put on the whole armor of God. The shield of faith will be their defense, and will enable them to be more than conquerors. Nothing else will avail but this,—faith in the Lord of hosts, and obedience to His orders. Vast armies furnished with every other facility will avail nothing in the last great conflict. Without faith, an angel host could not help. Living faith alone will make them invincible, and enable them to stand in the evil day, steadfast, unmovable, holding the beginning of their confidence firm unto the end."—*Counsels to Teachers*, pp. 182, 183.

4. Those who overcome in this conflict, win because they are willing to consecrate all, even life itself, to the Master. Only so is it possible to triumph in the conflict today. All for Christ now is the standard as surely as at any time in earth's history.

5. "It was through the desire for self-exaltation that sin entered into the world, and our first parents lost the dominion over this fair earth, their kingdom. It is through self-abnegation that Christ redeems what was lost. And He says we are to overcome as He did. Through humility and self-surrender we may become heirs with Him."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 33.

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. We must know what true sacrifice means if we desire to be among those whom Jesus calls in the last great day.
2. Overcoming is a daily work. "One evil habit, if not firmly resisted, will strengthen into chains of steel, binding the whole man."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 510.
3. It is through faith and prayer that we may attain a noble life, and avoid being swayed from truth, right, and justice.

Junior Lesson

XIII — The Review

(June 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 4 to 2 Samuel 18; 1 Chronicles 17; 22; 28; 29; 2 Chronicles 2 to 5:1.

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

TIME: From the death of Eli the priest and the beginning of Samuel's rule as prophet, priest, and judge of Israel, through the reign of Saul and David, to the building of the temple by King Solomon.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS: Eli, Samuel, the Philistines, Saul, the Amalekites, Jonathan, David, Goliath, Absalom, Solomon.

PRINCIPAL PLACES: Shiloh, Gilgal, Ramah, Gibeah, Jabesh-gilead, Hebron, Jerusalem.

Questions

God's Care for the Ark. 1 Samuel 5; 6

What people once captured the ark of God?
What series of events caused them to wish to be rid of it?
In what manner was it returned to the Israelites?

Israel's First King. 1 Samuel 8 to 15

What reasons did the children of Israel give for desiring a king to rule over them?

Who was their first king?

How long did Saul have the blessing of the Lord?

In what two important matters did he disobey the command of the Lord?

What did his disobedience cause the Lord to do?

David and Goliath. 1 Samuel 17

How were the Lord's people once mocked by a giant of the Philistines?

What did David offer to do?

What made the giant angry?

How was he slain?

Saul Persecutes David. 1 Samuel 18 to 20; 24; 26; 31

What caused Saul to become jealous of David?

What did Saul attempt to do?

What two opportunities had David to take Saul's life?

In what battle did Saul meet his death?

David Made King. 2 Samuel 2; 5; 6; 1 Chronicles 17; 22; 28

After the death of Saul, who was made king of Israel?

What experience did David have in bringing the sacred ark to Jerusalem?

What did he desire to build as an honor to the Lord?

How was he disappointed in this?

What was he permitted to do?

The Story of Absalom. 2 Samuel 15; 18

How did David's son Absalom steal the hearts of the people from his father?

What caused David to leave Jerusalem?

In the battle that followed, what experience came to Absalom?

What did David say in his grief over Absalom's death?

Solomon Made King. 1 Kings 3:5-15

Who became king after David?

What privilege did the Lord give to him?

What wise choice did Solomon make?

What additional blessings did the Lord promise him?

Building the Temple. 2 Chronicles 2 to 5:1

What material for building the temple did Solomon get from another country?

What was unusual in the manner of building it?

Name the articles of furniture in the two principal rooms.

How long did it take to build the temple?

Memory Test

When were two cattle drawing a cart guided by unseen hands?

Of whom was it said that he was "a choice young man, and a goodly, . . . from his shoulders and upward he was higher than any of the people"?

What heathen god twice fell from its place without the touch of human hands?

What was taken from the side of a sleeping king without awaking him or his guard?

How long was the ark of God in the country of the Philistines?

Who said, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands"?

On what mount was Solomon's temple built?

How were some messengers once deceived by an image placed in a bed and covered with a cloth?

When did the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle prove the undoing of a king?

Who said, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves"?

How did a little lad hunting arrows help a man to escape from a king?

Of whom is it said, "He died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honor"?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "The Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods." Ps. 95:3.

2. "They have rejected Me, that I should not reign over them." 1 Sam. 8:7.

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

4. "Obey My voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be My people." Jer. 7:23.

5. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." 1 Sam. 16:7.

6. "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts." 1 Sam. 17:45.

7. "The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." Prov. 29:25.

8. "Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you." Luke 6:27.

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

10. "The Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts." 1 Chron. 28:9.

11. "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20:12.

12. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Prov. 9:10.



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"Faith never goes home with an empty basket."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

THE cost of keeping one boy in jail for one year, says the police commissioner of New York City, will provide an adequate athletic program for sixty-seven boys. Why not be economical of boys, and the taxpayers' money as well?

A NEW movie house for New York City is to be entirely educational, giving children travel pictures, selected news reels, screen versions of the best literature, and instruction in the sciences to supplement school work. It is too bad that this right and legitimate use of the powerful motion picture should trail the field of the evil and the doubtful films instead of preceding it.

CHICAGO lets in the light on places where liquor is sold by a recent police order requiring all restaurants, pool rooms, clubs, stores, or soft-drink parlors to remove "all camouflage of any nature whatsoever, whether it be curtains, stained glass, partitions, obstructing signs or shades, so that clear and unobstructed view can be had of the interior of all public premises." As a result of this order, 1,700 "speakeasies" have been closed in the past few weeks.

In Turkey, the past few months have witnessed a revolution as far as reading and writing are concerned. Since the change from the old Arabic to the Latin alphabet, every means for learning the new written language has been put into use. Newspapers contain lessons; night schools are crowded; primers are now "best sellers" in the country; and even Mustapha Kemal, the premier, has turned tutor, and is attempting to teach the new alphabet to some of his government officials.

THE largest airship hangar in the world will soon be erected at the municipal airport at Akron, Ohio. In it will be constructed at least one of the two gigantic dirigibles for which the Navy Department has contracted. The hangar will be in the shape of an enormous elongated archway, and will be not only the largest building in the world, but the largest building without pillars or posts to hold it up. The vast level floor laid on a special foundation, will have an area of 389,000 square feet and will be large enough to house six miles of freight cars. It will probably be the largest single unobstructed floor area in existence.

THOMAS A. EDISON is looking for a boy to carry on the work in his laboratories in Orange, New Jersey. He has asked the governor of each State and the directors of the District of Columbia to choose one boy each, to be sent to Orange, New Jersey, at his expense. These forty-nine candidates are to be youths of the highest type of American young manhood, and are to have outstanding ability in natural scientific subjects. When the candidates arrive at Orange, they will be required to answer a questionnaire prepared by Mr. Edison, and from these answers the winner will be selected. The young man who is chosen will receive as a preparation for his life work, four years of training in a technical school of his own choice. All high and preparatory school boys are eligible.

How would you like to live in a one-hundred-house town that can move, dwelling houses, post office, schoolhouse, warehouses, and all, to a new site when desired? The McCloud River Lumber Company, of northern California, owns such a town, which is called Pondosa. Not only can this whole town move, but it can do so without even disturbing the furniture in each house, and housewives may go on with their housekeeping duties at the same time, if they wish. Recently Pondosa moved twenty-seven miles to a new site in five days. Each house was picked up by a big crane and placed upon a flat car, twenty cars to a train. There were sixty dwelling houses, holding that many families, moved. The remainder of the one hundred houses were public buildings or cabins and bunk houses for the men. The schoolhouse was moved on Saturday, so not one hour of school was lost, everything being ready for continuing lessons on Monday morning in the new location. This new location was in the center of a great forest, the only clearing being that of forty acres made in advance to hold the town. The town was moved because the timber around the old site had all been logged off.

WHAT is the much-discussed "debenture plan" for farm relief? It is simply a subsidy, an indirect bounty. The exporter of a farm product would get, in addition to what his stuff brought in the foreign market, a bonus in the form of a debenture certificate or duebill on the Treasury for an amount equal to one half the tariff rate on that product. To illustrate: The tariff on wheat is 42 cents a bushel. The farmer, or merchant, sending a bushel of wheat to Germany or China gets the market price there, and in addition gets from the Treasury a certificate of 21 cents. If he sold 1,000 bushels, he would get a certificate for \$210. These certificates cannot be cashed, but may be used to pay duties on anything imported from abroad. Of course the farmer would not import anything; he would merely sell his debenture certificates to importers who could use them in their business. It is not a new thing. It was employed in England more than two hundred years ago—remaining in force, off and on, for more than one hundred years. It is used with limitations, in four European countries now—Germany, Belgium, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia. It is also used in modified form in other countries. Australia uses it for her dairy products. According to the advocates of the plan, it is simply a system to give the farmer his share of tariff protection. But there is another side to it, and President Hoover is on that side. "I regret deeply," he said, "that I cannot agree that this provision would bring the results expected. On the contrary, I am convinced that it would bring disaster to the American farmer." The President states clearly why he thinks so: It would cost the Treasury from \$200,000,000 to \$400,000,000 a year; it would stimulate overproduction, which in turn would depress world prices, result in farmers' getting less, and thus defeat the purpose of the plan; it would disturb the whole basis of diversification, particularly in cotton and wheat sections; it would give an advantage to foreign cotton and other manufacturers who could buy the American raw material for less than Americans could; farmers would have to sell their debentures at a discount, while the government would have to redeem them at face value; a substantial increase in taxation would be required to make up the depleted revenues.

ONE dictator of the world, General Gomez, of Venezuela, is tired of dictating, and has adopted the famous attitude of Calvin Coolidge when he said, "I do not choose to run," which is a very unusual attitude for a Latin-American ruler. In spite of insistence by committees of merchants, committees of municipal officials, and committees of congress, the aged president-dictator persists in his refusal of re-election. He has finished his third term—nineteen years of power—and during the period has ruled so sternly that 5,000 political enemies have been jailed. A short time ago rumors were rife that a rebellion against him was in preparation. In the meantime the uncertainty of the succession has caused a sort of business stagnation in the country.

ALTHOUGH almost overshadowed by San Francisco, its larger neighbor across the bay, Oakland, California, is a city of no mean proportions. It covers an area of more than sixty square miles; is an important transportation center, boasting an 845-acre airport, five air lines, twenty-seven miles of water front, fifty steamship lines, three transcontinental railways, and thirty-four miles of industrial rail trackage; and its educational advantages include forty-four grammar schools, fifteen junior high schools, eight high schools, and two colleges.

Nor less than one hundred thousand men and women are "going to college at night" here in the United States. In New York City it is said that night classes outnumber the theaters, and that a large part of the evening crowds that throng the street cars, the subways, and the elevated lines is out on education bent.

An official document, bearing the autograph signature of Thomas Lynch, Jr., one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was recently sold at an auction of rare books in New York City for \$9,500. It is a receipt for £50, dated Aug. 22, 1775, and came from the South Carolina State files.

Of Americans living abroad, nearly 400,000 in number, 234,000 reside in Canada, according to recent estimates of our State Department.

"Motive counts with God."