

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Looking Back

GOD calls us back in strange, sweet ways,
Along the paths of childhood days —
The chuckling of the chestnut leaves,
The music of the dripping eaves,
A little room, a trundle-bed,
A tender hand upon our head;
An evening breeze that softly croons,
Ablend with mother's sacred tunes.

The memory of a Sabbath day,
A prattling group, a sunny way
Quiet, restful, sweet, that leads
Through cowslip-jeweled lanes and meads;
A red-roofed church, a crowded pew,
A solemn bell, a message true,
An earnest plea; the joy, the tears —
They call to us in grown-up years.

The forms around the fireside bright,
Still gather with the falling night;
The brown old clock is striking nine;
A psalm is sung, the word divine
Is read; and then, all kneeling there,
A father's voice is heard in prayer.
Through those sweet paths that we have trod
In youth we find our way to God.

— Anne Porter Johnson.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE five-minute signal shrilled its warning through the length and breadth of the camp. Instantly all the eighty-odd J. M. V. girls who had not been busy before were up and doing. It was *almost* time for Inspection!

And be it known that Morning Inspection at Junior Missionary Volunteer camp is a real event, and not to be lightly regarded. *Everything* in *every* tent must be spick and span, and in perfect order. Every occupant of every tent must be neat and clean and above reproach in personal appearance. Unbrushed teeth, neglected finger nails, a carelessly arranged pillow, a book out of place, extra shoes not toeing an exact mark under their owner's cot, a tiny scrap of paper on the floor, or within the "yard limits" front and back—any one of these and a dozen other seemingly small shortcomings, have been known to lose a unit (and the occupants of each tent make up a unit, one of them being appointed leader) the much-coveted Honors of the Day.

Once more the supervisor's whistle sounded—two blasts this time.

"Line call! Line call! Everybody on the line!"

And out they come a-hurrying, taking their places unit by unit in front of the long row of tents.

"Company, attention!" the command rings out.

"Right dress!" Instantly it is obeyed.

"Left dress!" Every eye turns "left."

"Unit leaders two paces to the front." Out they step from the rank and file.

"Company at rest." And the line relaxes. Inspection is on!

Beginning at the ends of the two lines, Senior counselors work up and down each file, looking into such personal matters as the condition of clothes, finger nails, hair, shoes, and teeth. Meanwhile many anxious glances are being cast tentward, where other Senior counselors are passing judgment on the housekeeping skill of the inmates.

Then come the tense moments when the supervisor receives reports. The record, as it comes to her, is all written down in black and white. What unit will win the honor of being custodian of the flag today, tonight, and until tomorrow's Morning Inspection?

"Company, attention!"

Everybody snaps into position. The supervisor announces:

"First honors go to Unit Fourteen. They will raise the flag, and if they do not lose first place at Afternoon Inspection, will lower it at sunset. Second honors go to Unit Five. These girls will entertain us for the first ten minutes at camp fire tonight. Third honors go to Unit Nine. They will sing our good-night song."

And so with all due formality the leader of Unit Fourteen receives the carefully folded Stars and Stripes from the leader of Unit Seven (yesterday's winner), and we watch the five proud girls march to the flagpole, set Old Glory floating in the breeze from its very tiptop, and march back again to their places. Then:

"Company, break ranks!"

And they do, for Morning Inspection is over.

But for the next fifteen minutes the most interesting place on the camp is the immediate vicinity of the Tent Committee.

"O Mrs. Penrod, why didn't *we* get first honors?"

"Our tent was just perfect, and *we* never win anything!"

"Why didn't you just give us Honorable Mention, Miss Bollinger?"

"What was wrong with No. 8 *this* morning? We tried so hard."

"Tell me, Miss Elwood, what's marked down against us!"

Unit leaders were right "up on their toes," and such resolves as were resolved then and there about *tomorrow* morning!

But the girls, as they lined up those crisp July mornings on the lake shore, never failed to remind at least one of their visitors of another Inspection which is soon to come—one in which not only J. M. V.'s, but all the rest of us will be called out "on the line." The Master of Ceremonies will have before Him a record of each life which has been written by the recording angel, and then "every thought, and word, and action Christ, the righteous Judge, shall weigh." What is your Guardian writing moment by moment, hour by hour, day by day?

When you think, when you speak, when you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you walk, when you seek for delight—

To be kept from all evil at home and abroad,
Live always as under the 'eye of the Lord.'
Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know.
Whatever you say, in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.
Whatever you read, though the page may allure,
Reading nothing of which you are perfectly sure
Consternation at once would be seen in your look
If God should say, solemnly, 'Show Me that book!'
Whatever you write, in haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read.
Whatever you sing, in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear could displease.
Wherever you go, never go where you fear
God's question being asked you, 'What doest thou here?'

Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
The cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing
Were God to look down and say, 'What are you doing?'

And rewards will be given to "every man according as his work shall be." But at this Inspection there will be *only two*—life, and "a crown of glory that fadeth not away;" and death, eternal death. This Judge does not recognize degrees of goodness and badness. He demands perfection—inside and out—and will tolerate no "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Only two awards! One class bears aloft the blood-stained banner of the glorious King, the other class the black banner of the deceiver of the world. To which company will *you* belong?

Lora E. Clement

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"Seekest Thou Great Things for Thyself?"

I WISH I could decide what I am going to do," said Merle, tipping back in his chair, with his hands folded behind his head. "The other fellows, all except happy-go-lucky Jim, seem to have made up their minds that they are going to teach, or be doctors, or work in an office."

Merle Hendricks was home from college for the short holiday vacation. This was the last evening before his return. Worship was over, mother had gone upstairs to tuck the younger children in for the night, and he was alone now with his father. John Hendricks looked across the table at his son and smiled understandingly. He was a man of few words, respected by all who knew him, who believed in doing things rather than in talking about them. He had for a number of years been the elder of the local church, and a leader in the community in many other ways. To him had never come the opportunity to go to college, and he was what his neighbors called "a self-made man," but he had often told Merle that he coveted for him, his only son, the advantages he himself had been denied.

All these vacation days he had been an interested listener to the accounts of school life, but while he had said nothing in the way of disapproval of the boy's college activities and aspirations, Merle felt somehow that he did not measure up to his father's expectations for him. He wished dad would say something about it and give him a chance to defend himself.

"I have just been reading about the young man Baruch," mused father, "and somehow I can't forget what Jeremiah said to him, or rather what God told Jeremiah to say to him. 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.'"

"What made him say that?" questioned Merle. "I don't seem to remember who Baruch was."

"Well, Baruch was a sort of private secretary to Jeremiah, and very devoted to his employer's interests. Jeremiah depended upon Baruch to conduct his business transactions for him when he was shut up in prison. It was in prison, too, that Jeremiah dictated to Baruch the stirring appeal to his countrymen in the great crisis of their history. Baruch knew, perhaps better than any one else, what a great man Jeremiah was. He thought surely the message of the great prophet would be heeded, and what an honor it would be to him, to be so closely

EMILY JOHNSON

associated with the deliverer of his nation. 'Now I am shut up here in prison,' said Jeremiah, 'you go up to the temple, Baruch, and read what you have written to the people.' Word was carried to the princes about Baruch's bold act, and they sent for him to come to the palace and bring his written message.

"No doubt that Baruch thought now everything was coming his way. This would lead to an interview with the king himself, and a great reform would be started that would bring great honor to his master as well as to himself. Confidently he read the stirring message to the princes; but what was his dismay when they advised him to go and hide himself and take Jeremiah with him. They would take his manuscript, they said, to the king.

"The king was sitting before an open fireplace, and after one of the princes had read a part of the prophet's solemn warning to him, he took his penknife, cut the leaves in pieces, and threw them in the fire. Jeremiah and Baruch had to flee for their lives. It was so different from what Baruch had expected, that he became greatly discouraged. It was then God gave Jeremiah that little personal message for his servant, 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not.'"

"What became of Baruch after that?" asked Merle.

"The last we hear of him he and Jeremiah were with the little remnant of the people who insisted upon going down into Egypt, contrary to the prophet's advice."

"I wish," sighed Merle, as he straightened up in his chair, "I knew as much about the Bible as you do, dad."

"I hope you will know a great deal more, son, before you have lived as long as I have. Your opportunities, you know, are greater than mine. I hope you will come to see, too, that the things people of this world toil for, and strive for, are not so valuable as many think. I am not so much concerned, my son, about whether you are going to be a doctor, a minister, or a farmer, as I am to see you live your life for the advancement of the kingdom of God.

"I have wondered, as I have listened to your conversation, if you and the boys you associate with at school are really pursuing your studies with the right motive, and a worthy purpose in view. I wouldn't have you be less ambitious, but I shall be greatly disappointed if you

The Rich Young Man

IT seemed so mad a way to do —
To grieve so deep; to suffer, too,
For men He never even knew!

A life so lonely, meek, and bare!
I wonder why He made a prayer
For them that mocked and nailed Him there!

Vast wealth is mine; why do I see
My golden hoard without avail?
Why turns no man with love to me?
Why did He triumph and I fail?

Poor — and despised! how strange a thing
That mighty hosts, with worshiping
In endless praise His name should sing!

Oh, 'tis a grievous mystery —
That mankind never looks to me
As to that spent and broken Christ
That drooped on Calvary!

— Laura Simmons.

"Glory often shines first when the life glows in the fires of affliction."

lose sight of the great fundamental principle of life, and spend your time and energies in merely seeking things for yourself.

"Henry Drummond says that 'things' are not great. The cowardly and self-centered king lived in a palace where he had *things* in abundance. Jeremiah spent many of his days in dismal prisons and dungeons, but how magnificently his courage stands out in contrast with the monarch's meanness and cowardice. The king cared little about what became of his people. His first thought was of his own safety; but Jeremiah, in his deep loyalty to his people, many times took his life in his hands in an attempt to bring them back to God. The king of Babylon had nothing but contempt for the craven king; but Nebuchadnezzar must have appreciated the great qualities in Jeremiah's character when he charged his servants to 'look well to him, and do him no harm; but do unto him even as he shall say.'"

"But a chance to show such courage and loyalty doesn't come to every one," remarked the listener.

"It is in a time of crisis, Merle, that character is revealed, but it is in the choice that we make every moment of every day that character is made. No one can be loyal to the right in a great test who has not been loyal in the multitude of smaller tests. You will have abundant opportunity to learn that in your college life."

"I have found that out already, and I am afraid I haven't always stood the test," Merle confessed. "A fellow always thinks he will do the right thing next time, but argues with himself that *just this once* he will follow the crowd."

"I think the trouble with many of our boys and girls who go to college," Mr. Hendricks went on to say, "is that they think of the years they spend in school as a life entirely separate and apart from real life after they leave school. They really expect to live up to their original intention and give their lives in service for the Master after they have completed their schooling; but they become so absorbed in their

studies and other interests that they fail to see the opportunities for service all about them all the time. This indifference to the needs of others grows into a habit, and when their school days are over, they have lost sight of their purpose in going to college.

"For instance, when you young folks come home for vacation, there is an excellent opportunity for you to pass on to the other young people, and all of us in fact, some of the good things you have enjoyed. But I have been disappointed to notice that your interest in the activities of the church is less than it was before you went to college. I was sorry, when the superintendent asked you and Ward yesterday to take a little part in the program, to hear you refuse. Just the other day Ward's father was talking to me about these things. He asked me if I thought it was worth the sacrifice we are making to keep you boys in school."

"What did you tell him, dad?" Merle asked seriously.

"I told him we must pray that our boys will remember to seek 'first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.' It is no time now to be seeking great things for ourselves. The thing that I covet most for you and for all young people is that, under the leadership of Christ, you may develop all your talents, and become of the greatest possible use in His kingdom. I have heard it said that 'God helps them that help themselves.' I don't know as to that, son, but I am sure of one thing, God helps those who help others."

"I didn't hear everything you said in church yesterday, father, because Ward was whispering to me, but I did hear what you said about the rich young man. I wish I had the poem you read about him. I'd like to copy it."

Mr. Hendricks went to his desk, took out his scrap-book, opened it to the right place, and handed it to Merle.

It was getting late, but before the boy went to bed he had copied the verses (found in the box on page 3) on a flyleaf of his Bible. Perhaps you will wish to follow his example.

FEW people realize and sense the importance and value of "now"—this day, this hour, this moment. If one could wholly realize that the past is irrevocable, the future is God's and His alone, and that only the present is ours, one would be more careful of how he utilizes the "now."

We should remember that "now" is the crucial hour of all the ages—"in the present is the living sum total of the whole past" and the destiny of the entire future. "Thus the 'now' of today is the hub of the universe and of eternity."

Now is my hour, your hour. Now character is made or marred; now unfolds all the possibilities of advance and achievement; now, rightly understood, grasped, and improved, will bring to one all the best things of life, for "time is eternity, pregnant with all that eternity can give."

Why dream over a vanished past—an unchangeable past? Why speculate on an uncertain future? Why not fill the "now" brimful of best things? Fill it with study, fill it with work, fill it with "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," and whatsoever things are worth while. Then will you know the joys of advancement and achievement.

"The present hour alone is man's." The "now," with all its possibilities and opportunities, is ours, to grasp and to transform into accomplishment—into life, into character, into destiny. To this end Benjamin Franklin reminds us, "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

"Now"

EDWARD J. URQUHART

Then arouse! stir yourself, and grasp this present moment with all that it can give you. "Now" is yours; claim it!

He who fills the present rightly will have no regrets for the past and no fear for the future. Thus Chesterfield urges, "Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

How sad, and yet how true it often is that "not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, does man begin to see that the leaves which remain are few in number."

We should ever remember that "life is short and time is fleeting." The "now" soon slips away, for "naught treads so silent as the foot of time." And remembering this, make the most of today, young man, young woman! Compel it to give you a character that you will not be ashamed or afraid to face in the judgment.

The past is but a memory,
The future is a dream;
But "now" is a reality
In God's great scheme.

"Now" gives me what I cherish,
Bestows a fitting dower,
For out of all eternity,
"Now" is my hour.

It brings, of all the ages,
The crucial test to me—
'Tis freighted with a character
And destiny.

"You can divide humanity into the wishers, the wobblers, and the workers."

TRAVEL TALKS

By
CECIL K. MEYERS

AMONG THE PEOPLE

OUT among the people is where I like to be. In their homes, or meeting them in their daily avocations, or reaching them in their church life, one discovers the real heart of them. The opportunities for such contact in the Philippines were extremely limited. Four brief days intervened between the close of the union session in Manila and the sailing of my boat for Singapore. Into these four days I crowded all the travel and contacts that were possible in this brief time.

I began with the crowds. Sunday, my first day for itinerary, was Rizal Day. Rizal was a martyr in the cause of Filipino freedom. The Spanish rulers opposed his activities, subjected him to confinement in prison as a political enemy, and finally shot him to death as a public nuisance. Around him gather all the incidents that go to make national heroes. He is, in sentiment at least, the Filipino George Washington, though, unlike Washington, he failed to carry out his program.

Early, Manila stirred with all the expectancy and movement of a gala day. At ten o'clock in the morning a procession, lengthy and varied, moved slowly from its moorings. For hours it had been assembling. Heated directors had sworn or persuaded it into shape. Link by link the chain was formed. Floats profusely garlanded and beribboned, exalted maids of honor and their attendants in settings of colorful costumes and blushing beauty, bands more or less meritorious in their performance, came marching down the avenue lined with cheering and elated multitudes. It was a spectacle well calculated to stir the deepest national emotions, expressed by frequent outbursts of echoing applause. Happy, care-free Manila gave leadership in its sumptuous celebrations to all the country, for in every hamlet and city throughout the provinces firecrackers oral and literal echoed the reverberations of Rizal Day as celebrated in the capital. In lavish expenditure, in orderly commotion, and in success of achievement, the Rizal parade I saw vied with the best that I had witnessed in any place.

It was a great day for my camera. What color and grandeur and motion passed before my lens, registering its impressions so accurately and well on the speeding sensitized film! And there it lives in two hundred feet or more of negative, to be reenacted for the benefit of those who cannot journey to gay Manila to celebrate with its citizens in hero worship.

At noon we mounted our Ford, all groomed for the journey into a province of southern Luzon. My two companions were a Filipino driver and one of our native ministers. Slowly we wended our way

through the congested holiday traffic, then out to the freer, more open road, with increasing speed. Once in a while even a Ford fails to live up to its reputation or has to seek an alibi. Forty miles of fairly smooth travel along roads of American conception and construction, and then a symptomatic coughing, a last breath, and a peaceful somnolence overtook our engine. Even this old-type engine of Ford construction would require that its epitaph should contain an incriminating clause of reference to a driver's abuse or mishandling. But excuses are no help in such a situation. There we were, at a point where my hopes for three days of travel were in a high state of expectancy, with forty miles of growing confidence in driver and engine all suddenly blasted, for — we were stalled.

Stalled, too, on a holiday! Who ever heard of the Orient having any concern or care for work on a holiday? Our search for a mechanic in the little town near by was as unproductive as the search for a needle in the proverbial haystack. We had advisers unnumbered, who, like Job's comforters, stopped to diagnose the cause of our calamity or express their irrelevant sympathy, but like the miserable patriarch, nothing lifted us out of our misery. No one of our party had ever taken a course in Ford anatomy, so we were equally unfitted to meet such a situation. Somebody must be found who was versed and competent in the logic of the mechanical symptoms and inherited tendencies of the automobile progeny of a certain somewhat renowned billionaire. It made me wonder how much of the billion stood related to the blasted hopes and uncompleted journeys of Ford-transported travelers.

Somebody, whose claim was frequently substantiated by other onlookers, in an effort to defend the reputation of the town, declared that it boasted a highly competent, Ford-acquainted mechanic. One of our number hied to the home of this much-needed mortal, another scanned the crowd at the pit where a cockfight was in progress, in the hope that the lure of reward

for the helpful display of his reputed skill would bring to light this master mechanic. But for us he remained as mythical as the characters in Aesop's fables.

By the way, just for diversion from our current misery, let me say something about a cockfight. That is the great pastime of the Filipino. A special breed of otherwise useful fowl has been developed for the inhuman struggle of feathered gladiators. Temper, love for combat, and dexterity in attack and defense are all put into the poor creatures by intensive training from early chickenhood. Sundays



Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

The people of the Philippine Islands live in houses of bamboo and nipa palm, built on stilts, and standing high above the marshy ground.

and holidays provide the occasions for well-advertised and freely attended cockfights, accommodated in the cockpits provided even in the smallest wayside hamlets. Here the disporting crowds applaud each favored cockerel while the hearts and purses of some who lay the wagers are broken with the overthrow of the champion on whom the bets are placed. Cruel in the extreme, this form of sport is still tolerated in the islands.

Finally happy thought and outlook governed the prospects. This related to the confession of our chagrined driver and owner that at his home lay garaged a new and highly dependable Chevrolet. Some persuasion, then more, and finally he consented, if we would continue the vigil over the silent, sleeping Ford, to go back home, a distance of twenty miles, and in due time reappear with the means of escape. The next fleeting car I hailed. I succeeded in securing passage for our driver, and away he sped, leaving us, the Filipino minister and myself, to while away a dreary afternoon waiting for what seemed a long-delayed return. But finally, out of the dust it loomed and sped toward us—a resplendent, shining specimen of an automobile—that new Chevrolet!

Arrangements were quickly made to leave the Ford in care of a householder, and with revived hopes, though shattered appointments—for I was supposed to preach that night eighty miles farther on—we hit the trail for what soon proved to be more adventure. A dozen miles, and then, as if to prove that some Jonah was still aboard, this spanking new piece of mechanism also failed. Benighted, this time by the side of an open and uninhabited countryside, we were left to our unmolested mournings over a day of unusual and unaccountable failures. This time adulterated gasoline proved to be the cause. The feed pipe had choked with foreign substances. Soon this was cleaned, and again we started out, feeling that the penalty for selling adulterated gasoline should be made far more severe and enforced more rigidly.

Late that night, long past bedtime, we found ourselves knocking at the securely barred door of the man whose guests we were to be. A meeting of believers had convened at the church, and had dispersed disappointed, unable to account for our nonappearance at the scheduled hour. Our host aroused, we were soon within. My bed I had brought with me. In a few moments I had erected the camp stretcher; then up went the mosquito curtain, a precaution always necessary in keeping out serenaders, who, while beguiling you with their humming, mercilessly wound you with their germ-infected weapons.

I had been provided with a corner in the living room. Adjacent was the family bedroom, already overtaxed, but expanding generously to include for the night my two companions—or three now, for I forgot to state that when our driver returned with the Chevrolet, it contained his cousin. All that company of

slumberers were accommodated on the floor of the bedchamber.

The crowing of cockerels, the barking of numerous dogs, announced the dawn, and we responded gladly, for we had a full day ahead of us.

The countryside through which we passed was beautiful. The road climbed gradually as we journeyed on through tropical verdure, flanked as it was on each side by terraced ricefields. Series of waterfalls mumbled their welcome as we sped along. The traffic consisted mostly of pedestrians, mainly early-rising farmers carrying their plows on their shoulders, driving their untethered water buffaloes before them. Lazily these animals sauntered, nibbling at wayside herbage, except when frightened into startled activity as we whizzed by. At times the attainment of some point of elevation widened the horizon and the sweep of landscape. Coconut groves, too, with intermittent thatched huts, housing the agrarian population, lent added charm and attraction to a very pleasing journey.

In the middle of the morning we stopped at a little city to meet a company of believers. A corrugated-iron chapel housed this loyal band. They welcomed the stranger from afar, and listened reverently to the rehearsal of providences that urge on an advancing work in all the world.

An hour later we were visiting some believers at work in the industrious city of Tabias, where the whole populace earns its living by making Panama hats. The hats here made are world famous, and find a ready sale with discriminating buyers in other lands. We spent an hour photographing each process in the surprisingly prolonged procedure of converting the fibrous tissue of the plant into the blocked and bleached and shrunken finished product. A hat may have traveled the whole circuit of the town before it completes its journey, for each stage of the construction is done by specialists who prefer to toil within the limits of their little thatched homes rather than in groups, as in our own industrial plants. Generation after generation learns its specialty to weave, or bleach, or block the coveted headpiece.

The old Catholic church in this city attracted me. It visibly displayed the signs of age and wear. In old Spanish days, when the friars were the taxgatherers as well as the spiritual fathers, these monuments were doubtless renovated more frequently than in these hapless times when government patronage is no longer forthcoming. For all that, its molding walls still sheltered the busts of saints and a surprising collection of charms. But the lines of the old church were shapely, and it stood out in striking contrast to the surrounding plainness, as evidence of the lordly superiority and claim of church over people.

A meeting was held there too, for under the very shadow of these ancient citadels of Romanism the gospel message is winning hearts to the service of Jesus.

(Concluded on page 13)



The mission sailboat is a great help to the workers in the Philippines, as they must travel from island to island.

Mudholes or Ladders?

JOHN was discouraged. For three days he had trudged over hill and valley without selling a single book. The summer was half gone, and his scholarship appeared almost as far away as when he had started in the colporteur work. Besides, he had not been feeling very well lately; the territory was poor, and his father needed him on the farm. What was the use of wasting one's time this way? With an audible groan he left the hot, dusty road and threw himself down in the shade of a near-by tree.

His pessimistic thoughts were soon interrupted, however, by the approach of a heavily loaded wagon, on the seat of which sat a homely but kindly-faced old farmer. As he drew alongside, he shouted, "Hey there, young fellow, climb on, and I'll give you a lift." When John was in the seat beside him, the farmer introduced himself and remarked that he had been watching the young man, and that he "appeared about all tuckered out."

The boy admitted that he *was* tired, and then sat gloomily back in the seat and made no effort to keep up his end of the conversation.

After traveling on some little distance, they came to a large mudhole, the result of some careless farmer's letting his irrigation water get away from him. Deeper and deeper sank the wagon, till at last the mud became stronger than the team. Knowing, however, that a manger full of hay awaited them at their journey's end, the horses were determined to go on, and giving a sudden lurch, snapped the doubletree.

"Now we're stuck," growled John, looking around at the mud on all sides.

"Stuck?" said Farmer Brown, "'stuck!' Say, young fellow, I've been in several thousand mudholes in my life, but I've never been *stuck* yet. There is a lot of difference between being *stuck* and being *delayed*. I'd have been in the poorhouse years ago if I had left a wagon in every mudhole that tried to hinder my progress. If you want to earn a little spending money, you might unload a few sacks of these potatoes while I go up to the Jones' house and borrow a new doubletree."

"What a conceited old fool," muttered John to himself when the farmer was out of hearing distance. "I've a notion to go off and leave him in the mud! 'Never stuck yet!' . . . 'Never stuck yet?' Say—I wonder—could that old man be right? Have I ever been *stuck*?"

"When the river overflowed and washed our crops away, I thought we never would get enough money ahead for me to go back to the academy; but I *did* go back! When our house burned down, it looked as if all my plans would fail; but they *didn't* fail! 'Delayed, but not stuck.' Say, I'm going to frame that motto, and when Hard Times, with his whimpering, sniveling, hard-luck story, comes around to sell me a carload of discouragement, I'll point to it, and boost him out of the door! Move on there, potatoes. You needn't think that just because you weigh a hundred

MURL VANCE

ten pounds, you can stop me! A sack of spuds stop determination? Never!"

Fifteen minutes later, Farmer Brown returned with the borrowed doubletree, and expressed surprise at the number of sacks that had been unloaded.

"That was easy," said John; "and you don't need to pay me anything. I've already been paid a hundred times over."

The farmer's eyes twinkled understandingly, but he said nothing. After the wagon had been extricated, the potatoes again piled aboard, and the horses were once more jogging on, Farmer Brown interrupted John's musing with the query, "By the way, are you the young man selling those Bibles?"

"Yes," John was.

A sale was soon completed, and the two friends shook hands as they parted at a crossroad.

"Good-by and good luck," said the farmer cordially.

"Thank you," answered the colporteur earnestly, and was gone.

Six weeks later, a plainly dressed but determined-looking young man walked into the dean's office in one of our Western colleges. The preliminaries of matriculation were soon completed, and within an hour he had been shown to his room. But he did not at once begin to unpack his suitcases, as you may suppose. Instead he drew a crumpled bit of paper from his pocket and fastened it to the wall at the foot of his bed. On that paper was this poem—the result of his one and only literary inspiration:

"Life's Mudholes"

"We find many, many mudholes
As along life's road we go.
Into them we often tumble,
With our spirits mighty low;

"Then we whine, 'This life is hopeless'
(Oft the very worst we fear),
'What's the use of one a-trying?'
Might as well be dead as here!"

"But, my friend, just pause a moment,
To these queries lend your ear:
Were you ever stuck so tightly
That it ended your career?"

"Are you dead, or are you living?
(While there's life, don't drop your goal.)
Are you here, or are you yonder,
Groveling in an old mudhole?"

"No! Alive you are, and moving,
Spite of mishaps, falls, or muck.
Snap your fingers, smile, and whistle;
Climb on out in spite of luck!

"Lift your chin a little higher;
Gird your armor on with pluck;
When you're down, this truth remember,
'Never yet have I been stuck!'"

Through that school year, and ever since, this thought has been John's help, his inspiration, his watchword. Perhaps it will also serve to encourage you, as you read today.



ONE of our missionaries to the West Indies and Central and South America told to the children of his home Sabbath school a story which so interested those little folks that I obtained permission to reproduce it as nearly as I can remember it, for the readers of the *Youth's Instructor*. Just imagine he is telling it.

Since daylight, I had been trudging along a winding trail, and now at midday the sun was pouring down upon me with a power almost prostrating. Summertime in Central America is always a trying season for foreigners who have not been long away from the mild, invigorating atmosphere of more northern climes. This day I realized that the intense heat and strain of my means of travel had sapped my store of physical strength to almost the limit of endurance.

My purpose in making this journey was to find an isolated Spanish Sabbath keeper who was reported to be living about forty miles north of the city of Port Limon. Having set out in the very early morning, I had hoped to reach his house by noon. However, my plans had greatly miscarried. It had been according to expectation that I should walk much of the way; but my plans did not call for the entire journey on foot, and the necessity of pushing a heavily laden bicycle that bore a fairly complete supply of books in addition to my wearing apparel and other personal belongings.

The faint trail led through marsh and jungle, over stony hillocks and almost impenetrable bush land. Millions of mosquitoes thrived everywhere. My face, neck, and wrists were soon practically raw from their continual attacks. Perspiration trickled into my eyes, dropped from my chin, fell off my hands, ran down my back in little streams, and squashed in my shoes when I stepped. I was soaking wet, thirsty, and feeling famished, yet there was not a drop of water to drink. My throat felt as if it had been scalded; my face burned, every joint in my body ached, weakness seized me, but still I struggled on.

For hours, no sign of a house or hut had been seen. The speedometer on my bicycle showed that I had come slightly more than seventeen miles. Where was I? I did not know except that this threatening wilderness surrounded me on all sides. Malaria was taking a firm grip on me. It would be impossible to reach my destination that day, for I knew I could not go much farther, nor would I have been able to retrace my steps to town had I known the way. Lost! And in such a place as this!

The path now skirted the foot of a steep hill, running along the edge of a jungle marsh. Alligators were sunning themselves and lolling at ease in the greenish shallow waters. It was impossible to move the bicycle an inch farther. I stopped to lean upon it, and a dizzy nausea possessed me. What must I do? To remain in the jungle at night would mean almost certain death. Discouraging thoughts pressed in, sorely besetting my feeble mind and affecting even my strength of body.

But I knew that there was in my possession the key to the storehouse of our heavenly Father's strength, and to Him I turned. From my heart I cried: "Dear Lord, forgive. Never could I doubt Thy boundless love and mercy, only teach me to trust and see the purpose of Thy will. And now have pity on Thy servant. I am weak and faint and weary, lost and helpless. Reach down, my Father, I pray Thee, Thy great strong arm in love and help me."

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads in this world below;
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

Music, soft, clear, and appealing! Floating gently, down to me it came, the voice of a child singing. Was this a dream, or could it be the seductive influence of delirium? This was a land where the English language is not spoken, and many hours had passed since last I had seen human habitation. Perhaps my faith was not ready to recognize the immediate answer to prayer. I stood as if bound with wonder as the unseen singer continued:



"Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own;
Though His hand may lead me over dreary ways,
Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise."

Here, summoning all my reserve strength, I shouted "Who is singing?"

The bushes on the hillside were moving. In a few seconds some tropical shrubs were drawn apart, and a little black face in which were set two shining eyes that stared at me in wonder and startled pleasure, appeared.

"Child, was that you singing?" I asked the dusky little lass.

"Yes, sir," she replied in very good English.

"Where did you learn that song?" I questioned, and her reply came quickly,

"At Sabbath school."

"Sabbath school!" I exclaimed in surprise. "Is there a Sabbath school around here anywhere?"

"No, sir, I learned it at Sabbath school in Barbados."

"Barbados!" That was another surprise, for Barbados was over a thousand miles distant, and I asked again, "What are you doing here?"

"Why, we live here now, up there on the top of the hill," she said, pointing.

"Is there a way for me to get up to your house?" I asked.

With a nimble spring she landed in the path where



© Publishers Photo Service

Dead River and Bigelow

A SONG

RICKLAND



ood, and started down it in the direction from which I had just come, beckoning to me to follow, as she said:

"Yes, sir, come this way. I'll show you."

Going only a few feet, the colored child pulled aside a heavy growth of vines, disclosing a well-worn footpath ascending the hillside.

"So you went to Sabbath school in Barbados," I remarked, as I turned into the opening she had made.

"Yes, sir, but we don't have regular Sabbath school here. There are none who keep the Sabbath but ourselves."

The climb, together with the weight of the bicycle, was too much for me, and I dropped upon the root of a near-by tree, permitting the "wheel" to roll on till it chose to stop in a heap on the ground at no great distance. Then, gaining my breath, I sought to resume the conversation by saying, "How many are in your family?"

"Just me and my mamaw and my papaw, but we want to have meeting tonight anyway. You will preach for us, won't you, elder?" said she, bringing another surprise to me. "What makes you think I am an elder?" I asked.

"Oh," she said, "I know who you are. You are Elder — have your picture."

Another surprise. "Where did you get my picture?"

"It's on the Kingston church calendar that papaw got from a man he met when he was in Colon," came the reply.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Ellen Young," she answered between puffs, as she tus-

sled with my bicycle in a successful effort to get it up the hill.

Watching the little lass struggle with the heavy burden of the bicycle, stirred me, and I climbed on up the hill too, but my weakened condition would permit me to do but little at a time, and I was obliged to stop often for rest ere the top was reached.

Arriving at the house (a two-room thatched hut), Ellen darted in and placed a chair for me, then dashed out with all speed to return in but a moment with two green coconuts from which the ends had been severed with a sharp cutlass. The sight was a welcome one indeed, and as I drank the cool, sweet coconut water so thoughtfully provided, I silently offered to God my thanksgiving for His having heard the cry of His needy servant.

Refreshed, I learned that the family had come from Barbados only recently, and that they had been living in this place but three months. The child's father and mother were working on a near-by banana plantation, and would have been summoned had I not protested. I did not wish them to leave their labor before time for them to stop, and thus incur the displeasure of their employer.

Ellen brought out a package of carefully treasured Sabbath school papers that had been given her in Barbados, showed me a "Gospel Primer" that was hers, and pointed to a copy of "Christ in Song" as one of her treasures. After this display of her wealth, my little hostess inquired if I had had any dinner, and on learning that I had eaten only a few water biscuits (a plain, hard cracker much used in the tropics), she went out again, but returned presently with a nice, big, ripe, juicy papaw.

Her intelligence and thoughtfulness impressed me as being a forceful testimony to the power of the gospel in developing minds and forming character.

"Do you know," I said to her, "I don't like to think what might have happened to me if you had not gone to the hillside and sung that song. I was sick and tired, and but for the fact that the Lord sent you to find me, I would, no doubt, be lost somewhere in the jungle now."

"Miss Nina," she explained, "that was my teacher in Barbados, told us we ought to sing every day. She said singing would keep us from having bad or worthless thoughts, and she said it is possible that a child's singing would sometimes bring people to Jesus."

"Your teacher taught you right, my child," I assured her. "Jesus wants His children to be happy and sing His praises. Your singing has today been a great help to me, and by continuing you may, as your Miss Nina has said, lead some one to Christ."

For a child of her age, Ellen was surprisingly familiar with the Scriptures. One of the greatest longings of her little life was to own a Bible all her very own. In the parcel carrier on my bicycle, where I always carried Bibles and books when out on trips of this kind, there was a new British and Foreign Bible Society Bible of a suitable size for such a child. It was bound in morocco divinity circuit. Taking this book out, I wrote on the flyleaf:

"To my dear little friend,

"Ellen Young.

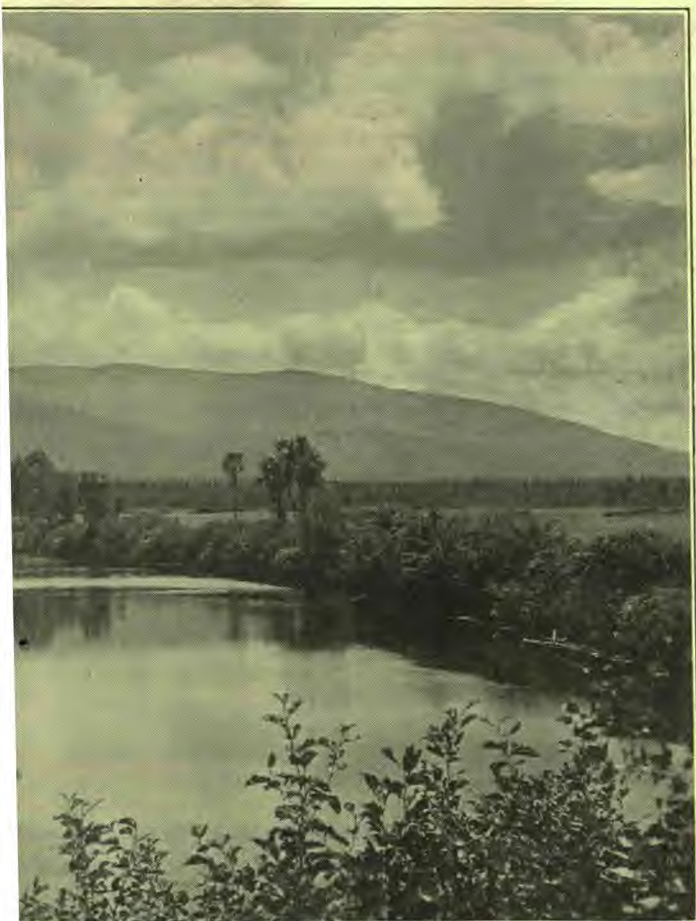
"In appreciation of the great good that came to me from her singing 'Anywhere With Jesus.' May this blessed book be your constant companion and daily guide.

"Elder — — —"

(Date)

In the more than thirty years of my connection with the gospel ministry, it has been a pleasure to me to distribute many Bibles, but never have I known one to be received with such joy, gladness, and demonstration of thankfulness as were shown by that little Negro girl when I placed the Book of books in her hands. A brief moment she stared at me in surprise, eyes and mouth wide open, perhaps thinking her ears had deceived her; but when she finally realized that the beautiful new Bible was *really* hers, a look of supreme happiness spread over her face, and in joy she cried:

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, elder. Oh, I am so



s, Near Flagstaff, Maine

glad! I didn't know it was going to be really mine."

"I'm glad you like it, Ellen."

"I like it better than *anything*, better than *all the things I have ever had in all my life!* Now I can let Jesus talk to me, can't I?"

"Indeed you can," I replied, and started to say more, but the eager little face lighted up, and looking out of the door, I saw a man coming along the path. He had a small bunch of green bananas on his shoulder, and a cutlass under his arm. Toward this person the child raced, and I watched the meeting, for it was Ellen's father. The distance was too great for me to hear the words, but I saw her displaying her new treasure. The man seized her hand and started toward the house in such haste that soon they were both running.

When he came within hearing distance, I heard him saying, "Thank the Lord, thank the Lord." Then when he spied me, he shouted gleefully, "Elder, howdy. Thank the Lord He did send a preacher. Elder, I'm sure glad to see you. Ain't the Master real good to His poor children? I found some poor folks that want to know about Him, and I tell them all I can. Then when I can't do any more, I ask the Lord to send us a minister, and here you come. The good Lord shure do answer prayer. Ain't that grand?"

"Yes," I answered, "the Lord certainly does answer our prayers." But I was thinking of my own recent experience, and marveling that I felt so much better. It seemed that the fever was leaving me almost entirely.

It was not long after the father's arrival till the barking of the family dog announced the mother's return. Ellen also ran to meet her, proudly showing her Bible, and heralding the minister's presence in their home. At the announcement, the mother, daughter, and even the dog ran for joy to meet this man whom God had sent. On the way, the woman's emotional nature expressed itself as she exclaimed:

"Thank Jesus, our prayers is answered. Praise the Lord for His blessings to us. I knowed the Lord was going to bless me, I been feeling it all day. How you do, elder?" This last as she came into the house. "How did you find us? The Lord sure did send you here." Then wistfully, "You goin' to have a meetin' tonight, ain't we, elder?"

Without waiting for me to reply, the host spoke: "Yes, we are going to have a meeting tonight. That's what the Lord sent the elder here for. You fix supper. I'm going over to tell the folks about the meetin', and see if we can't get the Taylors to come."

Just before dark he returned, and happily reported that two families had promised to attend the meeting. A good, substantial supper of white yams, rice, and boiled green bananas was served, and before the table was cleared, the visitors began to arrive, from where, in what I had thought to be wild jungle, I know not. The company, besides the Young family, consisted of three men, two women, and two girls a little older than Ellen.

The subject of the discourse was the second coming of Christ. No audience within my knowledge ever received the message more gladly. They were loath to leave, and insisted on hearing more, so I felt forced to give a Bible study on the various phases of the Sabbath question. This occupied much time, finally drifting into a talk on the love of God. Many times

during the studies that evening little Ellen found the texts that were announced, and read the passages. The visitors were amazed at her ability, because never before had they seen even a grown person, much less a child, who could turn readily to any scripture cited.

Eleven o'clock came, and the hearers were not tired, and it had not once crossed their minds that the man whom God had sent to instruct them might be weary. "Parson," said a man named Macey, "tell us about heaven and hell. Do good people go to heaven when they die, and the no-count ones go to hell? I don't understand them things at all."

In response to this request, we took up quite a complete study of the nature of man, and were gratified to find that by nods and expressions of assent, the seed was falling in good soil. At the close of that study, Macey said:

"That explains it. Now I understand lots of things that were puzzles before."

"Just think, Brudder Macey," said Taylor, "here we's been all these years, and didn't know all them good things was in God's Book. Brudder Young, I do shure thank the Lord you brought me here to-night to hear this gospel."

Still they wanted to know about the home of the saved, so I preached again, stressing the point that only God's real commandment-keeping children will inherit the land to share the glories of God, while those who walked with the world will be destroyed in the final conflagration when the earth shall melt with heat, and all the works therein be burned up.

It was well into the morning when I finished preaching. The two visiting children had fallen asleep hours before, but Ellen had bravely remained awake, seeming to drink in every word that was spoken, until about two o'clock, when she fell asleep, with her Bible open in her lap. On finishing the last sermon, an appeal was made to those present to decide the great question as to whether they would walk with God's commandment keepers or not.

The man Macey was upon his feet instantly. "I have decided," he said. "God has set the pearly gates ajar tonight, and I have seen the blazing glory from within. I'm done with sin, and done with the old devil. It's me and Jesus now and forever." Turning to his wife, he said earnestly, "What you goin' to do about it, honey? Don't this blessed truth look sweet to you?"

"Yes, Tom," she answered. "Praise the Lord for His goodness! How I do thank Him for what I have learned tonight!"

Tears of happiness flowed. Taylor and his companion and Taylor's wife wanted to decide the question then and there also, but they were under a contract with their employer, and felt that they should talk it over with him before they began to keep the seventh-day Sabbath.

Next day, Ellen undertook to wash my perspiration-soaked clothes, and when they were dry, she smoothed them with an iron heated in an open fire built in the yard. She did a fine job, too, for such a little girl. After this work was finished, I taught her how to use the references and marginal readings in her Bible; and in the late afternoon she piloted me to visit a sick woman, whose misery was made lighter by the girl's ministry.

(Concluded on page 13)

Honor

THEO. G. WEIS

Do the work that's nearest,
Be thyself's sincerest,
Call no price the dearest,
Shun the wrong thou fearest,
Pray for guidance clearest —

Thou shalt reap life's greatest bliss,
An honest happiness.

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.

AFTER breakfast on Sabbath morning, and after the Kitchen Aide work

has been completed, there is an hour or so of free time before Sabbath school comes. This is a good time for getting better acquainted and for helpful conversations. The leaders saunter down to the boys' tents. One stops here with a gathered group, another goes to yonder tent, a third, after a few words of mystery, is trailed by a company off down the lake.

What are they all talking about? Well, a variety of things. One starts in with a question as to why Samuel's grandsons were famous, and shortly a portion of Scripture is being explored that none of the boys had ever known existed. Another mentions casually his acquaintance with a famous missionary in Peru, and at once is besieged to "go on, go on; tell us more." The third has said something about just having discovered a bittern down the lake shore, and offers to lead a party of discoverers, of those who know how to stalk quarry quietly. Others, boys and leaders, are engaged on different subjects, for some of the Juniors have some puzzling questions they have been saving up for a good chance to ask somebody who knows. Here and there some one bethinks himself to ask how many have studied their Sabbath school lesson every day, and some points are brought out preliminary to the now swiftly approaching Sabbath school.

The Sabbath school program has been arranged for days beforehand. It is wholly in the hands of Juniors, except as they have solicited the help of a leader or two. Archibald has been asked to act as superintendent, and Willis as secretary. The superintendent has rehearsed his part with Mrs. Williamson, who was the leader appointed to arrange the Sabbath school affairs, and Willis has written out his report of last year camp's Sabbath school.

So now at 9:30 the signal sounds for gathering. The Circle has been transformed into a special meeting place, with planks for seats laid upon blocks, there being near by an old sawmill with refuse lumber, some of which is sound enough. The band formation is not required at this service, and while at some camps the company is divided into classes, at this camp it has been decided to teach the company as a whole. So everybody is permitted to sit where he will. Archibald and Willis "do themselves proud" in managing this Sabbath school. Everything goes off like clockwork, with an opening song promptly on time, and not a member

"You're Yellow"

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

the ten commandments and, second, the twenty-third psalm.

After prayer Willis reads his report, which proves to be not only interesting but informative to most of those present, since of these forty boys only five attended last year's camp, the first in the conference.

Then comes a special song by a quartet, consisting of Don, Charles, Seymour, and Jay, accompanied by that renowned violinist, Reginald, and that artist upon the French harp, Terry.

Now Archibald announces that there will be a mission talk. He sits down and calmly waits. But he has called on no one, and no one responds. The nature of this mission talk has been kept a profound secret, and the audience wait uneasily, expectant but mystified.

After a minute, however, a young man comes walking up the trail. He carries in one hand a canoe paddle, in the other a Bible. As he comes into the forum, out of a thicket of trees and bushes in the other direction there emerge cautiously and stealthily several figures dressed like South American Indians. They peer intently at the white man with the paddle that proves he has just come down the river to them, and the book of which they have heard as the sign of the missionary for whom they have been looking. Then they lay down their weapons, bows and arrows and blowguns, and walk forward, the chief with hand outstretched and the greeting, "How, Senor Pastor! welcome!"

Then follows a series of questions and answers, the Indian chief pleading for a station and school to be established for his tribe, and the missionary putting him off, saying that at present he has no teacher and no money with which to do it, but promising that as soon as the dear people back home will raise the money and give him a man, he will surely send them what they want. They turn hesitantly and sorrowfully away, fading back into the jungle. Then the missionary turns to the Sabbath school and pleads

for the biggest offering they ever have made, to make an overflow that will put new schools into lands where those who know not Christ are waiting.

Well, it's a good Sabbath school. There's a bumper offering, then the lesson is studied together, with a selected leader to teach, and then with the closing song Sabbath school is dismissed.

After that a five-minute intermission



Photo by C. L. Bond

The unit leaders at the Upper Columbia Boys' Camp appear to be jolly, upstanding fellows, don't they?

is ordered, so that everybody who needs a drink can get it.

The whistle blows, and the boys are back in place for the church service. Again the air is filled with Sabbath song, not one, but two and three —

"I have a song I love to sing
Since I have been redeemed,"

"O day of rest and gladness,"

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!"

Leader Guy Mann then preaches this sermon:

This morning I am not going to take the text from the Bible. This text is going to be from real life. You may think it peculiar, but maybe before I finish, you will see it has some reference to the Bible.

As I was passing the swimming pool the other day, I heard one boy say to another, "Oh, you are yellow." This will be my text for this little talk. What does it mean to be yellow? As we hear it spoken of today, it means that one has not the backbone or stamina to go ahead with what he is assigned to do.

In the Army some of our Seventh-day Adventist boys were given a test, and then they were told that they were yellow. I shall give you the story and see what you think about it. The story began to circulate that all the Seventh-day Adventist boys in Camp Kearny,

near San Diego, were to be marshaled out and shot, because they declared themselves noncombatants, and while they were willing to do any other service, they would not bear arms. And so they were called yellow.

So one morning the order was given for them to form in line, and they were marched across the parade ground back of a mess hall. As they stood back of the mess hall, they could hear men talking and laughing on the other side. Then the order was given to the men of those companies to shoulder arms, forward march. The band began to play, and the heavy step of the soldiers could be heard. This order was given all down the line from company to company. These companies were formed out on the parade ground, and the Seventh-day Adventist boys were marched out where they could see all the companies in review before the commanding officer of the division. As the bands from these companies played, the officers on their horses were directing their men. The martial music thrilled every one within hearing.

After all had been marched back and forth for some time in perfect order, the command was given to halt, and the Seventh-day Adventist boys were marched out in front of that whole division.

The commanding officer stepped out and said to the Seventh-day Adventist boys, "Here you have seen this whole division in review. You have seen how these soldiers have responded to the commands. Every one in this great division is a man, a real American soldier, giving his best for his country. Now I wonder if there is not a response in at least some of you to place yourselves on the side of America and all it stands for. As a special honor, if there is one

in your ranks who will step out, and by so doing say that you are a real, true American soldier of the United States of America, willing to bear arms, I will grant him, or as many of you as will do it, the special privilege of leading this whole division down to camp headquarters. We will let you march in front."

There was silence for a moment. A real battle was going on inside each boy. The challenge was, as far as the commanding officer and that large division were concerned, "Are you true men, or are you yellow?"

Then on the other side, the Seventh-day Adventist boys had placed their lives under another banner, the banner of Prince Immanuel, which was coming to mean more in their lives than the honors any earthly army could bestow, though they loved their country, too, and were loyal citizens.

Let me tell you, boys, that required real decision. Were they going to be made to seem disloyal to this earthly government, and be disgraced? or were they going to be disloyal to the Great Leader, Jesus Christ, and dishonor Him? If they should honor Him by taking their stand for Him, would He forsake them in an hour like this?

What! Yes, there is one boy stepping out, leaving not only the Seventh-day Adventist boys, but showing before that large division that he is not loyal to his convictions, to his conscience,

to what he knows to be right, or to his God.

But the commanding officer said, "Fine! We have one real American among this yellow-streaked bunch."

So he brought him forward and placed him in front of that large division, and again he appealed to the other boys; and then he abused them with his hard language. But they did not move. So finally, he sent them away, seemingly disgraced, and let this one boy who had forsaken the others, who wanted to be a real American as defined by the officer, lead the division in review again on the parade grounds, with the bands playing.

Let us follow for just a moment this one boy who was counted a real American by the officer, with not a streak of yellow in him. As he went to another company, the soldiers and officers despised him for not standing up to his convictions, and they planned in every way to give him the hardest and dirtiest jobs in camp. At last, when he was discharged from camp, his deportment was put down merely as "Good," while most of those boys who were considered "yellow" at the time of test, were given advancement as corporals and sergeants, and were dismissed with a record of "Excellent" and above reproach. High recommendations were sent with them.

Boys, do not be afraid to stand true to principle, even if it looks as if certain defeat were just ahead. "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." Matt. 10:32, 33.

Shall we not remember that numbers do not make

Boy Wanted

TO fill an important position. He must have a clean face, clean habits, and a clean heart. Need not know how to roll a cigarette, or how beer tastes; and if he is not up-to-date on all the smutty jokes of the pool room, his ignorance will be overlooked. He must be a boy who treats his mother and sister — and every other boy's mother and sister — with respect, and does not refer to his father as the "old man." He need not be especially brilliant at school, but he must be studious and persevering, never cheating in his examinations or passing a problem until he has mastered it. He must be truthful, prompt, obedient, and industrious. He must make his employer's interest his interest, and never be afraid he is earning more than his wages. He is wanted to respond at once, and to any number of calls. Merchants want him to sweep out the store for a few years, and ultimately take charge of it. Newspapers want him to begin at the bottom and work to the roomy place on top. He is wanted everywhere — in the law, in medical practice, in the countingroom, and to run great public works. The people who pay big salaries are looking for him. The people want him for judge in the court, member of Congress, Senator, and for President. And the nicest girl in the world wants him for her husband. — T. C. Mansfield.

a thing right or wrong? Principle should be the main factor in each life. I remember the experience of Gideon, a young man who was called of God to deliver the children of Israel from the hand of the Midianites. At first he began to think of numbers, thinking there was a possibility of having one hundred thousand soldiers. But as the call went forth, only thirty-two thousand came.

He was fearful, and the Lord spoke to him and said, "Gideon, you have some here who are not real soldiers, who, when the test comes, will fail." As Gideon gave them the opportunity to return, twenty-two thousand went back home, leaving only ten thousand. Here was an opportunity for Gideon to become fearful, to show "yellow;" but he started on with his ten thousand. Then another test came, as they passed through a certain stream of water, and nine thousand seven hundred were sent back home because they were not heart and soul in the cause. That left only three hundred.

What! Three hundred men going to meet an army of fifty to seventy-five thousand? Was Gideon equal to the occasion? Was he to remain true to his call, acknowledging God as the Leader? You know the story. He went on, trusting in God and not in the weapons they had, because their equipment consisted only of pitchers, torches, and trumpets. This was a wonderful opportunity, as far as human foresight is concerned, to become "yellow." But never when we trust in God and His power will He disappoint even one of us.

So, boys, as we come to the great tests in our lives, and before we say some one is "yellow," let us consider carefully who is our Captain and Leader. Is a boy "yellow" because he will not smoke when other boys are smoking? when he will not swear because other boys swear? when he will not destroy or deface in any way his body, which is the temple of God, or in any way harm his character, which is to take him not only through this life, but the life to come? Not "yellow," but true blue to Prince Immanuel, our Captain and Leader. And let this be the aim of every Junior Missionary Volunteer.

Among the People

(Concluded from page 6)

From this point we turned back to Manila. On the return journey we picked up the stalled Ford. The town's mechanic had practiced his art upon the patient with as little success as the medicine man who invokes magic instead of skill in diagnosis. When we had parted company, it was coughing violently on one cylinder, but after treatment at the hands of this mechanic, its symptoms had become progressive, and it coughed alarmingly on all four cylinders. Obviously it needed a change of physicians, so we lassoed it to the "Chevy," and returned home trailing the invalided "Elizabeth" behind us.



Saved by a Song

(Concluded from page 10)

That night there was quite a gathering for the meeting, more than the house would hold, so I preached in the yard, where several torches were kept burning to supply light. It was hard to leave those interested and heart-hungry people, but as I set out early the next morning, my host and Ellen accompanied me for the first three miles. Finally we came to the place in the road where they must turn back.

Taking the man's hand, I wished him heaven's rich blessing, and thanked him for kindly coming so far on the way with me. Then turning to Ellen, I placed my hands on her head and prayed God to bless the little life that had brought help to me and joy to others. As we knelt, we united our petitions to God in

behalf of those who were starting, in that place, to walk with Him.

A little way down the path I stopped and looked back. There was Ellen, holding her Bible and clinging to her father's hand. He shouted, "Good-by, elder. If we don't meet down here again, let's meet on the sea of glass." I waved, and in another moment a turn in the road lost them to sight.

Many years have passed since then, but even now, sometimes when I am weary and the way is hard, it seems to me I can hear echoes of that sweet voice singing,

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below."

Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

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

Is it proper for a girl to walk to and from school with boys? Our principal objects to this, even though we go to the same school. What do you think?

Seventh-day Adventist schools have ruled against such escorting as you mention, not because escorting is wrong in itself, but because out of it grow a great many more serious problems of association. The school has your best good at heart in making the rule. And under the circumstances, it would be improper for escorting to be carried on. You will find if you give your mind to it that you can be just as happy, and perhaps more happy, in the association of your own sex. The progress in school of those who overcome the craving for associations with the opposite sex is improved. The whole spiritual and social tone of the school is lifted if a healthy spirit of general friendship prevails and sentimental attachments are given no recognition.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

I have heard of a book named "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers," which tells of good games for Adventist young people. Please tell me where I can purchase this book, and the cost of it.

The book "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers" is now being revised. The publishing houses have exhausted their stock of the old edition, so we know of no place where you can obtain the book at the present time. However, revision work is now being done, and we hope to have the revised edition ready for circulation within a few months. Watch for announcement when the book is ready. Purchase books from your Book and Bible House.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

Is there any harm in reading the True Story Magazine?

A number of magazines have made their appearance during the last few years, which, judging from titles alone, would naturally appeal to those who do not make it a practice to read fiction. Among these periodicals is the one mentioned by our correspondent. This type of story or incident, whether true or otherwise, does not serve to build Christian character. Many of these stories are exciting recitals of sordid incidents in the lives of border-line heroes and heroines. They tease the mind into evil imaginations, yet by clever omissions or disguises, they elude the vigilance of the censor. Even though true, what pure-minded young man or woman desires to wade through such sully, defiling experiences? The recital of rank immorality may be true, but terribly poisonous.

"And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence."

C. A. RUSSELL.

Is it right to drink homemade root beer?

It would depend upon whether such a drink were allowed to ferment, or whether it contained materials which were in themselves unwholesome. A drink made of roots or herbs might not be harmful. If, however, it were a form of home brew in which materials were used which would favor fermentation, and the process of making developed such fermentation, then it would be wrong to use it.

L. A. HANSEN.

"A religion that is not used every day soon becomes tarnished."

How would you encourage more of our Missionary Volunteers to report?

This question is discussed at length in "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work," pages 319-321. E. E. H.

Does the Spirit of Prophecy Reading Course take the place of the "Testimonies" Reading Course? Is a gift award also given for that course?

Several years ago the "Testimonies" Reading Course was superseded by the Spirit of Prophecy Course. However, in order not to discourage young people who had almost completed reading the nine volumes of the "Testimonies," we continued giving the gift for either course. But two awards cannot be given the same person, even though he may have read both courses. However, notice the following action, passed by the Missionary Volunteer Regional Councils in 1928: "We recommend, That, because of the increased cost of providing gift books for those who complete a series of Reading Courses, the General Missionary Volunteer Department dispense with the Senior Missionary Volunteer and Spirit of Prophecy Reading Course gifts, after the close of 1929." We believe our youth read these books of helpful admonition for the benefit derived therefrom, and not because a gift was offered. Let us find our award in the reading of the books. E. E. H.

Is it wrong to go to the show to see a picture such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?

The question of attendance at shows, even the best type of shows, has been presented in a series of articles in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, entitled, "What About the Movies?" (See issues of May 14, 21, and 28, 1929.) Broadly speaking, the Christian and the show business belong in two different camps. The one is "in the world, but not of the world;" the other is a very integral part of the world, and much of it presents the world in its lowest experiences. We believe that the Christian should refrain from attendance at shows. There is a special reason for not attending the one you mention. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written to arouse the nation against the evils of slavery. Naturally, it stirred up a great sectional feeling. Whatever good it may have accomplished in its time, it surely is improper for Christians, by patronizing it now, to keep fanning the flame of sectional differences. H. T. E.

What about our Sabbath mail? Is it "doing our own pleasure" when we write letters of intimate nature or missionary letters on the Sabbath and post them in the post office?

Living in a rural community, I never have felt condemned over the matter of receiving mail from rural mail carrier, nor thought it amiss if I had to sign for registered mail, although I wish this could be avoided. Of course, I draw the line at secular mail and literature. Yet I have never catalogued our letters of intimate nature, like those from relatives or friends, as such.

It would seem to me that the questioner has very well analyzed the situation, and has the right attitude toward the question. In Isaiah 58:13 the Lord pronounces a special blessing upon those who on the Sabbath do not do their own ways, nor find their own pleasure, nor speak their own words. In the "Testimonies," Volume VI, pages 355, 356, we read: "Before the setting of the sun, let all secular work be laid aside, and all secular papers be put out of sight." Both the text and the quotation given above lay down a principle which should guide in this as in all phases of Sabbath keeping. On this day of days the mind should turn to spiritual things, and those things that would lead the mind to the secular should be put out of sight. On the Sabbath our thoughts should be His thoughts, and our words His words. Sabbath should be the happiest, most joyful, and most profitable day of the week. It is not meant to be a day of prohibitions, but a day of fuller opportunity for the exercise of life's truest and best service and enjoyment.

T. ROSE CURTIS.

I am sixteen years of age. I ask if it would be advisable for one of my age to go to church and other places with a good boy of the same age or older. I also ask if it is proper and all right for girls to ask boys of their acquaintance, who are Seventh-day Adventists, to write in their autographs. And is it all right for a girl of my age to correspond with a good Seventh-day Adventist boy?

Notwithstanding the general laxity of the young people today in the matter of social standards and social relations, we believe that the proper escort for a girl of sixteen is some older member of her own family. Surely it is pleasing to God for those of families who attend church to sit together during the hour of worship, as well as to go and come together. Parents should make the necessary provision for their children in going to church or to other places to which they may safely go. Autograph albums may be made not only the means of preserving pleasant memories of one's friends, but of giving helpful and inspiring thoughts. There can be no harm in this, but let us all try to be sensible at

least in what we write over our names in the albums of others. A correspondence between a girl of sixteen and a boy of similar age may or may not be advisable. It would depend upon the individuals, and upon the character and purpose of the correspondence. A friendly correspondence about mutual friends or common interests might be made helpful and beneficial. This might be particularly true among isolated young people who have no church privileges or association with other Adventist young people. But a long-continued correspondence between young people of sixteen is likely to become more or less personal in character and tend to sentimentalism. We believe that anything in the nature of a regular correspondence with a young man would best be omitted from the program of a girl of sixteen. H. J. SHELDON.

Do you think a person who takes our young people for Sunday outings and permits them to dance at a road house should be a Missionary Volunteer leader?

There is only one answer to your question. Surely no one who has a conception of what the Christian life means and what leadership of our young people at this time involves would think of taking them to a road house to engage in dancing. A leader should be an example in Christian conduct to those whom he is leading. M. E. KERN.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II—Lot Pitched His Tent Toward Sodom

(October 12)

MEMORY VERSE: Rom. 12:10.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 132-136, 156-169 (new ed., pp. 127-132, 153-164).

Questions

Abraham and Lot Separate

1. What relatives did Abraham take with him when he left Haran to continue his journey to Canaan? Gen. 12:4, 5.
2. After spending a short time in Egypt because of famine in Canaan, what caused Abraham and Lot to separate? To settle the difficulty, what plan did Abraham suggest, which showed his unselfish spirit? Gen. 13:1, 5-9.
3. What selfish choice did Lot make? Toward what city did he pitch his tent? Verses 10-13. Note 1.
4. What promise was renewed to Abraham after he separated from Lot? Gen. 13:14-18.

Lot Rescued From the Elamites

5. How did Abraham rescue Lot when he was taken captive in the battle between the Elamite king and the kings of Canaan? Gen. 14:10-16.
6. Who came out to welcome Abraham after his victory over the enemy? How did Abraham recognize God's ownership? Verses 17-20. Note 2.

The Destruction of Sodom

7. While Abraham dwelt in Mamre, what visitors came to warn him of the destruction of Sodom? Gen. 18:1-5, 16-22.
8. How did Abraham plead with God for the inhabitants of the city? With what success? Verses 23-33. Note 3.
9. Although Lot did not recognize the visitors to Sodom as angels, how did he greet them? What urgent invitation did he give them? Gen. 19:1-3. Note 4.
10. What did the men of Sodom demand of Lot? Verses 5, 6.
11. When Lot refused to give up the men, how was he treated? How was he protected? Verses 9-11.
12. What did the angels tell Lot to do? What response did he receive from his sons-in-law? Verses 12-14.
13. What command was given Lot by the angels early the next morning? When Lot lingered, what was it necessary to do? What final plea did he make? Verses 15-22.
14. What judgment came to Lot's wife because she looked back? Verse 26. Note 5.
15. When Lot entered Zoar, how were Sodom and Gomorrah destroyed? Verses 23-25.
16. Why did the Lord spare Lot? Where did he eventually go to live? Verses 27-30. Note 6.
17. What conditions will prevail in the earth before Christ comes? What should we remember? Luke 17:28-30, 32.

Notes

1. "The inhabitants of the plain were 'sinners before the Lord exceedingly;' but of this he [Lot] was ignorant, or knowing, gave it but little weight. He 'chose him all the plain of Jordan,' and 'pitched his tent toward Sodom.' How

"Your most intimate problem, your hardest trial, is the place to use your religion."

little did he foresee the terrible results of that selfish choice!"—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 133.

2. Besides the king of Sodom, "another who came out to welcome the victorious patriarch, was Melchizedek, king of Salem, who brought forth bread and wine for the refreshment of his army. As 'priest of the most high God,' he pronounced a blessing upon Abraham, and gave thanks to the Lord, who had wrought so great a deliverance by His servant. And Abraham 'gave him tithes of all.'"—*Id.*, page 136.

3. "Though Lot had become a dweller in Sodom, he did not partake in the iniquity of its inhabitants. Abraham thought that in that populous city there must be other worshippers of the true God. . . . Abraham asked not once merely, but many times. Waxing bolder as his requests were granted, he continued until he gained the assurance that if even ten righteous persons could be found in it, the city would be spared."—*Id.*, pp. 139, 140.

4. "In the twilight, two strangers drew near to the city gate. . . . Lot did not know their true character, but politeness and hospitality were habitual with him; they were a part of his religion—lessons that he had learned from the example of Abraham. Had he not cultivated a spirit of courtesy, he might have been left to perish with the rest of Sodom."—*Id.*, p. 158.

5. The effect of our daily life in influencing others counts for more than the words we speak. "If Lot himself had manifested no hesitancy to obey the angels' warning, but had earnestly fled toward the mountains, without one word of pleading or remonstrance, his wife also would have made her escape. The influence of his example would have saved her from the sin that sealed her doom. But his hesitancy and delay caused her to lightly regard the divine warning."—*Id.*, p. 161.

6. "Lot dwelt but a short time in Zoar. Iniquity prevailed there as in Sodom, and he feared to remain, lest the city should be destroyed. Not long after, Zoar was consumed, as God had purposed. Lot made his way to the mountains, and abode in a cave, stripped of all for which he had dared to subject his family to the influences of a wicked city."—*Id.*, p. 167.

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

"The men who live the life of separation and devotion toward God, are they who act with most promptness and success when the time for action comes."

What lesson should we learn when we "remember Lot's wife"?

Junior Lesson

II—The Story of Jeremiah

(October 12)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Jeremiah 36 to 38.

MEMORY VERSE: "Obey, I beseech thee, the voice of the Lord, which I speak unto thee: so it shall be well unto thee, and thy soul shall live." Jer. 38:20.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 432-439, 452-458.

Memory Gem

"Oh, where are kings and emperors now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same."

Questions

1. What provision did the Lord make in the time of Jehoiakim, to save Judah's king and people from threatened disaster? Jer. 36:1-3. Note 1.

2. To whom did Jeremiah dictate this message? When the roll was written, what did he say Baruch should do? Why did Jeremiah not read it to the people? Verses 4-6.

3. What did Jeremiah hope might be the result of hearing the message read? Verse 7.

4. Upon what occasion was the roll first read? Before whom was the scribe then summoned to read it again? Verses 9, 10, 14, 15. Note 2.

5. What did the princes say they would tell? What question did the princes ask Baruch? What was his reply? What warning did the princes give him? Verses 16-19.

6. When the king learned what had been done, for what did he send? Where was he when the words of the Lord were read to him? Verses 21, 22.

7. How did he receive the heaven-sent book? How did the king and his servants show their hatred of the message of the Lord? Verses 23, 24. Note 3.

8. What did Jehoiakim seek to do with God's ambassadors? When contempt is shown to an ambassador, to whom is insult really given? Verse 26. Note 4.

9. What did the Lord command Jeremiah to do the second time? What personal message was now sent to Jehoiakim? Verses 27-31.

10. What word did the Lord send to His people when Zedekiah was king? How certain were the Chaldeans to destroy the city of Jerusalem? Jer. 37:6-10.

11. What did the princes do with Jeremiah? Verses 15, 16.

12. Why did the king take Jeremiah out of prison? What did the prophet tell him? Verse 17.

13. What plea did Jeremiah make for himself? What privilege was then given to him? Verses 18-21.

14. When the wicked princes heard that Jeremiah still said that Jerusalem would be destroyed, what did they tell the king? What permission did the king give? Jer. 38:4, 5.

15. Describe the dungeon into which Jeremiah was now cast. Whose heart was moved with pity for him? What did he have the courage to do? Verses 6-9.

16. How was Jeremiah rescued from the pit? Verses 10-13.

17. Of what did Zedekiah confess he was afraid? What earnest appeal did Jeremiah make to the king? Verses 19, 20. Note 5.

18. While Zedekiah did not turn to the Lord, what did he permit Jeremiah to do? Verses 24, 28.

Topics for Thought and Discussion

Why are all efforts to destroy the word of God in vain? How may we cut out parts of the Bible from our own experience?

Why is it unsafe to disregard the warnings of the word of God?

How is the truth stated in Ecclesiastes 8:11 illustrated in this lesson?

Notes

1. After the death of good king Josiah, the time drew near for the punishments which the Lord had said would come upon the children of Israel because of their sins. But in His great love and mercy the Lord gave the people still another chance to repent, by sending a written message by Jeremiah.

2. "When the writing was completed, Jeremiah, who was still a prisoner, sent Baruch to read the roll to the multitudes who were assembling at the temple on the occasion of a national fast day. . . .

"Baruch obeyed, and the roll was read before all the people of Judah. Afterward the scribe was summoned before the princes to read the words to them. They listened with great interest, and promised to inform the king concerning all they had heard, but counseled the scribe to hide himself, for they feared the king would reject the testimony, and seek to slay those who had prepared and delivered the message."

"When King Jehoiakim was told by the princes what Baruch had read, he immediately ordered the roll brought before him and read in his hearing."—*"Prophets and Kings,"* page 433.

3. "'Yet they were not afraid.' This expresses the writer's astonishment at the depth of depravity, the intense hardness of heart, the mental blindness and dullness of the king and his attendants, as if they imagined that burning the roll would destroy the word of God, or shutting their eyes would ward off the lightning stroke."—*Peloubet*.

4. "A wrong done to an ambassador is construed as done to the prince that sends him."—*Matthew Henry*.

5. "Thus even to the last hour, God made plain His willingness to show mercy to those who should choose to submit to His just requirements. Had the king chosen to obey, the lives of the people might have been spared, and the city saved from conflagration; but he thought he had gone too far to retrace his steps. He was afraid of the Jews, afraid of ridicule, afraid for his life. After years of rebellion against God, Zedekiah thought it too humiliating to say to his people, 'I accept the word of the Lord, as spoken through the prophet Jeremiah; I dare not venture to war against the enemy in the face of all these warnings.'"—*"Prophets and Kings,"* p. 457.



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"Reputation is the coat which character wears."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

It is said that there are 8,000 hospitals in the United States, with facilities for the care of 900,000 people.

THE *Youth's Companion* is to lose its identity. Plans have been perfected for its merging with the *American Boy*.

THE Salvation Army is now established in 83 countries and colonies, and its message is spoken in 67 languages by 130,000 officers.

THE Federal Children's Bureau reports that during the past year 1,113 new playgrounds were opened in various cities large and small.

LAST year 203,000 cigarettes were lighted every minute of the twelve months. Placed end to end this line would extend to 3,367,954 miles, or one hundred thirty-four and a half times around the world.

DETERMINED to go modern is Turkey. New York offices of the Remington-Rand Company announce that 3,000 typewriters with the thirty-one letters of the new Turkish alphabet on the keyboard have just been shipped to Constantinople.

AN increase of \$37,994,502 in revenue from tobacco manufacturers for the fiscal year recently ended, due principally to the increase in cigarette consumption, is announced by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. North Carolina led all the other States in the tax on cigarettes, paying \$211,322,418.

THE completed version of the whole Bible in Luba-Sanga for Central Africa has been made by the National Bible Society of Scotland. This translation, which is the work of the late Dan Crawford, represents many years of laborious toil, and there is much gratification at the completion of the task.

THERE is great rejoicing in the depths of the Florida Everglades, for after a hundred years of vain effort to place the Seminole Indians on a reservation, the United States Government has given up the struggle. They are hereafter to be allowed to live in their evil-smelling swamps in peace and quiet.

THE leaven of the five-day working week seems to be working outside the confines of the Ford Motor Company. Recently one of the largest manufacturers of lighting fixtures in the United States, located in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, installed a five-day, forty-five-hour week. This company has recently reported a 30-per-cent increase in orders, and it is planned to run a night shift during the fall and winter, thus proving that the new working schedule is not due to slack business.

HIS own interest in the problem of child welfare plus the gift from private sources of \$500,000 to cover necessary preliminary expenses, has enabled President Hoover to call the first national conference on children's health to be held in the United States since the days when Theodore Roosevelt was President. This conference will meet early next year. It will bring together representatives of the larger private organizations, as well as representatives of Federal, State, and municipal authorities interested in child health.

FT. CRALO, at Rensselaer, New York, is soon to be opened to the public as another historic national shrine. On its walls is a plaque bearing this inscription: "Supposed to be the oldest building in the United States, and to have been erected in 1642, as a manor house and place of defense, known as Ft. Cralo. General Abercrombie's headquarters while marching to attack Ft. Ticonderoga in 1758, where it is said that at the cantonment east of this house, near the old well, the army surgeon, Richard Schuckburgh, composed the popular song 'Yankee Doodle.'"

A STUDENT for sixty years—such was the remarkable and probably unique record of William Cullen Kemp, who died last winter in New York City at the age of seventy-eight. Ever since he was eighteen years old, he had been enrolled at Columbia University, and in late years students had humorously dubbed him "Columbia's perpetual student." In 1868 he received his A. B. degree, and since then he had acquired an imposing array of degrees,—A. M., M. D., LL. B., LL. M., Ph. D., C. E., E. E., Mech. E., Phar. Chem., and a B. S.—but to his fellow students he was affectionately known as "Doc," for they had conferred upon him a degree not listed in the catalogue—D. P. M., or "Doctor of Perpetual Motion." It was said that in his youth he had no great liking for study, but a wealthy relative had urged him to enter college. This uncle died when young Kemp was eighteen, and in order to insure the boy's securing an education, the uncle stipulated in his will that William was to have \$2,500 a year as long as he remained in college. As soon as he stopped being a student, the legacy would cease. Hence William Kemp's inordinate zeal to continue as a matriculated student during those first years. Later in life, when he had acquired property and a modest fortune, the money was no longer needed; but by that time the habit of study had become not only customary but really pleasurable, so Kemp continued in the university. It is said that he had been registered in practically every department and school in Columbia, had pursued several widely divergent professions, such as medicine and engineering, and had covered almost every subject listed in the catalogues. There is no record, however, that he ever repeated a course. Aside from his studies, he traveled widely in Europe and Asia, but he always made certain that he was registered as a student at Columbia.

PEMBROKE, Georgia, looks for a boom. The town boasts no gold deposits, no lucky farmer has discovered oil bursting from his pasture ravine, real estate agents have not hit upon the place for summer colony development. But the boom is expected, nonetheless. For whatever else it may lack, Pembroke, nestling in the lowlands of south Georgia, has plenty of goldenrod. It flames from every untended field. It nods along the roadside. And, like many other things which are overplentiful, it has been classed as a nuisance. But now, it seems, Mr. Thomas A. Edison has discovered both goldenrod and Pembroke. The great inventor is convinced that the stalk of this, our national flower, is rich in a substance that would make rubber. On land near Pembroke owned by Henry Ford, Mr. Edison proposes, therefore, to set up a laboratory to discover whether or not goldenrod can be made to produce rubber—as readily as yellow blossoms and hay fever. Pembroke breathlessly awaits his experiments—and the boom.

LAST August 15 was the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of the Panama Canal. When this great waterway first admitted ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific without rounding Cape Horn, a new era in ocean travel between the two coasts of America was inaugurated, but even the engineers who planned and built the canal could not foresee the importance it would assume in fifteen years. So phenomenal has been the development of traffic through the isthmus channel that Congress has already authorized Army engineers to survey the proposed route for a second canal linking the Atlantic and Pacific across Nicaragua.

AS the years roll by, and the war over prohibition rages, Uncle Sam takes more and more to candy. Col. Paul Crogan, chief of the Bureau of Information of the Department of Commerce, has discovered that candy sales are increasing by leaps and bounds. For the first six months of this year the output was 3.32 per cent larger than for the same period of last year. More than \$158,200,000 worth of candies was manufactured by 466 concerns from January 1 to July 1.

AIRPLANES now fly 80,000 miles daily in the United States, carrying mail, passengers, and express between 216 cities. Mail planes alone fly 50,000 miles every day across 41 States and into Canada, Mexico, and Central America.

NEW YORK CITY requires nearly one billion gallons of water a day to supply its needs.

"No man can deliver us from ourselves. Only God can do that."