

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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This Is the Way They Irrigate in Egypt

An Archimedean screw used in irrigation in the Nile Delta. It can only be used to advantage where the water is to be raised less than five feet.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THE doctor has youth, and health, and ambition, and—yes—apparent material success. His beautiful home, with its spacious well-kept grounds, his two high-powered cars, and his large and growing practice all indicate prosperity. His social engagements are many and varied, which spells popularity. There are, however, other and very evident indications which point emphatically to the fact that he has lost his faith in God, and his hold on Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour.

Now the doctor was reared in a godly home, and trained from childhood in Christian schools, even to the very end of his very excellent medical course. And—yet—somehow—things are as they are! Perhaps one day the treacherous winds of temptation blew a few seeds of that noxious weed, indifference, under his heart's door, where he had neglected to close a crack with the weather-stripping of prayer. At any rate, they have gained entrance, taken root, and their rank growth is fast choking out all the other heart plants, once cherished with tender care.

Not long ago he chanced to meet an old friend, a former schoolmate—a preacher now—and they fell a-visiting.

"Well, but what about it, Jack?" the preacher queried as they were about to part. "Don't you look forward to *anything* beyond this world?"

"I'll tell you how it is, Tom," said the doctor frankly. "Somehow heaven seems so *far* away, so intangible, so—sort of mythical. I've decided to take what I can get right here in this world, and let the future take care of itself!"

WHAT a pity to allow the mist of transient earthly treasure or passing pleasure to dim one's vision of that all-glorious Better Land which lies just beyond the sum of our drab todays! For heaven is *really* a real place; no sin, no sorrow, no sickness, no death, are there. It is a land of untold wealth, where each of the twelve gates of the City Foursquare is just one immense pearl, and where the very streets are paved with gold. It is a land where time is lost in eternity, and it is the home of God, our Father, and of Jesus, His Son, and our Friend who, because He so loved sinners down here, died on Calvary to save us. It is a satisfying land, an altogether lovely land, a land of perfect peace, where nothing may enter to mar the happiness of those who dwell therein. And it may be your home—and mine—for just the taking. Earth is tinsel; heaven is treasure. How utterly foolish to refuse to accept such a gift, simply because we cannot hold it in our hands today!

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who decided that since he had only one life to live, he might just as well have all the fun possible right here and now. Let the future take care of itself! Who knew anything for sure about it anyway? He didn't believe in what he couldn't see—not at all! Some folks—dad and mother, for instance—looked forward to the end of this earth and a home in heaven. But had anybody ever seen heaven? And why be so simple as to believe what folks had been believing for years and years and *years*, and yet it had never come to pass? "Today is today," he sang blithely, carelessly. The world goes on in the same old way. I'll have a good time, and get while the getting is good! Fie for the future!

So this rash youth demanded that his father give him his inheritance. It was a goodly sum of silver and gold and goods and chattels, but the sorrowing father pointed out how much more he would receive were he only content to wait and trust. But wait? Not he!

So he took the wealth that was his by right—it was no mere pittance, and looked to his pleasure-blinded eyes like all he would ever want—and journeyed to a far-away land. There, with no one to remind him that present pleasure is not real pleasure, he set about living his own life. What he did was nobody's business but his own! Silver and gold, houses and lands, influence, position, and popularity were his. Oh, yes, the present was wonderful.

But there came a dark day when trouble laid her heavy hand upon his shoulder and shook him rudely. Bankruptcy, loss of position, of influence, of the gay, fair-weather friends he had cultivated—then illness. He lost, in fact, *everything* he had possessed. Hungry and in real distress, he at last found a job, far from his former city home. Doing what? Herding swine!

Sitting one day on a hillside, in his rags, heartsick and alone, this young man fell a-thinking. And he thought seriously for the first time in all his careless life. As a result "he came to himself."

"I've been all kinds of a fool," he acknowledged candidly. "Here I am in this disgraceful fix, and I might just as well be at home, where there is plenty and to spare. The wealth I had has vanished; the health I had is shattered; the friends I had are gone. Those 'todays' I lived so thoughtlessly are only a bitter memory. Could I have thus lost *everything* that I may have a chance to gain *everything*? I know now that as sure as there's a past there's a future, and *this* present looks far different from my dreams! It's not so good!"

Then, sudden determination breaking through his gloom, this sadder, wiser young man exclaimed: "I will arise and go to my father! Even as one of his servants I'll be far better off than here."

All those long, weary miles of the homeward journey he tramped, thinking—thinking—thinking. About what? The present? No, not at all! Thoughts of the future filled his mind. It didn't seem mythical, or mystical, or unreal—not now. He was going home! And for the first time in his life he really appreciated it. All the things, all the joys, that ever had been his, or ever might be, were as dust and ashes compared with the coming thrill of seeing his father! And the royal welcome he received proved that his faith was not misplaced.

YES, it's sure as sure, whatever anybody *thinks*, that—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For our Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

And Today is nothing compared with that glad Tomorrow when we meet Him face to face! The treasures and pleasures of Now are less than nothing compared with those which await us over There.

Lora E. Clement

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Through the Amazon Valley

ON returning from Ecuador, South America, for our fourth, we decided to journey through that great forest and little known section of South America drained by the great Amazon River and its tributaries. With our provisions on pack mules, Mrs. Ford, our two children, and I, on saddles horses, started eastward down the mountain from our Andean mission home, into what is known as the Oriente. This is the great lowland jungle country of eastern Ecuador, where many tribes, including the wild head shrinkers, live, and where as yet we have no established work. No Seventh-day Adventist previous to our visit had entered their country. It was a wonderful trip, bringing to us many hardships and dangers, but the beautiful scenery and the satisfaction of being able to help needy people more than paid for them all.

The first two days took us down the upper Pastaza River, past volcanoes, over mountain precipices, across swinging bridges, and along tunnel-like trails cut into the granite wall of the river's gorge. Here we preferred walking to riding with our feet dangling over hundred-foot precipices while our little mules slipped and slid on the narrow muddy trail. J. D. Replogle, who took our place at the mission, accompanied us on this first part of the journey.

At Mera, the outpost of civilization, we spent several days waiting for Indian carriers, and took advantage of this time to scatter literature and also to hold several meetings. Before we left, one family had accepted Christ, and we have learned from letters received since reaching home, that they are still true to their decision, and are awaiting baptism.

From here, with fifteen Yumbos (as the jungle Indians are called), we were guided for six days through virgin forest, which was uninhabited except by the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life. Our provisions, and also the children, were slung on the Indians' backs. The giant trees were draped and covered

ORLEY FORD

with parasitic plants, while brush and wild cane formed an impenetrable mass in the now swampy plain. The wild life in the thicket and our nearly nude carriers, carrying machetes in their belts while they made their way forward at a peculiar, stealthy walk, gave us at times a creepy feeling as we slowly followed through the bush.

The nights were passed under open huts, erected each evening by our guides. The Indians sleeping around our cots, the awful darkness of the jungle night, its calls of the wild life, and our imagination running rife as to what was just beyond in the deep wood, made impressions which will long remain, and are worth going a long way to experience. Little fire-flies, called *cucujo*, which at will project two beams of light several yards ahead of themselves while in flight, and dim them to mere rosy glow when at rest, were numerous and curious. Also the little red light on their rear reminded us of a tiny automobile tail-light. A most disconcerting sound was that made by a kind of little tree toad, which often came near our hut and shrilly croaked its terrifying "Ohee! Ohee!"

Through this section there are no bridges, and the incessant heavy tropical rains form many torrential streams, which, although they are sometimes waist-deep, had to be forded. Our carriers welcomed the crossing of these streams as a time to put down their loads and take a drink of their beverage, *chicha*. This is prepared before they start on a trip, by chewing the cassava root and forming the chewed mass into bundles. Arrived at a stream, they filled their gourd drinking cups with water and stirred in a handful of this *chicha*, and partook of this mixture with evident relish. However, we were not tempted to join them.

Our travels took us across the country to the headwaters of the Anso River, and a few hours farther to the village of Napo on the Napo River. Here we planned to start our canoe trip down the stream. We



Our Carriers Through the Jungles

Fifteen Yumbos guided us through virgin forest for six days.



One of Our River Canoes

Twenty-one days were spent aboard just such a boat as this.

found in the village two white families, one of them English, and a few hundred Indians. After several days of rest, we loaded our things into a forty-foot canoe, which was hollowed from a single log, and started our water journey.

This was the most thrilling part of our trip. It is not uncommon for such canoes to capsize in the rapids, but we found our five Indian canoe men to be real experts, and many times when our craft was filling with water, they, by dexterous management, righted it, and we went careening on down past sunken trees and big rocks, at race horse speed. We often wondered if they would be able to make the sharp bend, away from the rocks and whirlpools which so many times are at the foot of the rapids. All went well, however, and between rapids we had time to bail out the water and get settled for the next bad place.

The country of the Sacharuna tribe, the wildest of all the Indian tribes of the valley, gave us opportunity to wonder what a poison-tipped arrow from their blow guns would do for us. No one who has tried to penetrate their country has ever been known to return, as their arrows and spears, dipped in poison, bring a quick, silent death. Their unfortunate victim is then quartered, the choicest portions are eaten (the poison does not affect the flesh), and the head is shrunk to a horrid little trophy of their prowess. By hugging the far bank, leaving them entirely alone, we passed their country safely, and left further exploration to more daring adventurers than ourselves.

Along the river we found scattered settlements of a few white men and small groups of domesticated Indians. Without exception, we found them anxious to hear the gospel story. One most interesting experience was in the wildest part. While passing the territory of the savage tribe, a little canoe approached our own, and we found, during a conversation with the occupant, that this man had, on a trip to the mountains, heard of the gospel, and was trying to follow it and teach it to his neighbors. It encouraged our hearts to see how God has set a spark of light in this, the most unknown part of this little-known country.

Fifty days of hard travel along the fifteen-hundred-mile course of the winding river by foot and canoe brought us to Iquitos. Here F. A. Stahl and his wife are carrying on their good work, and we found several well-established churches of both white and Indian believers. We enjoyed a few days' stop-over with them, while waiting for a steamer to come down the river, and boarding it, we covered the remaining twenty-five hundred miles to the sea. This was the most beautiful river trip I ever hope to take. Along banks massed with dense green, an occasional giant Brazil nut tree proclaimed its kingship. Of course, on board ship we were safe from the snakes and tigers of the wood, as well as from the crocodiles, the piraya, a bloodthirsty fish, the electric eel, which is capable of giving a terrific electric shock, the coiling anaconda, and the venomous python of the river. Also the movement of the boat made enough breeze to keep away the pestering

gnats, flies, and mosquitoes, which, besides being annoying, carry disease.

Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon, brought us to the end of our long trip across the country. To describe it properly would require a book. We had for eighty-three days followed the bends of this mighty river and its tributaries, and had seen it grow larger by the addition of scores of other rivers till now it stretched for one hundred fifty miles between the banks at the delta mouth, and for one hundred miles at sea discolored the ocean's blue. Here Missionary and Mrs. L. B. Halliwell made us comfortable until our boat sailed for New York. Then we bade good-by to South America temporarily, planning to return, after a few months in the homeland, to this great needy country, and continue, with the Master's help, the work in

which we have been engaged for many years.

This unique trip was free from accident or sickness, despite the many dangers encountered, and again we thank God for His ever-present care. Our travels have enlightened our eyes and encouraged our hearts, and it is for us to step into the open doors and do our part in telling the story of salvation to



Loading wood on our steamer along the Amazon below Iquitos. Note the Catholic priest on the gangplank.

Amazon's benighted people of the forest, who are lying in degradation, ignorance, and disease, without a knowledge of the soon-coming Saviour.

Redemption

IN the great Treasury Building in Washington, the capital of the United States, you will notice over a door, "Redemption Department." In it are piles of soiled paper money—"greenbacks," they call them. When these bills, through much use, have become soiled, torn, and ragged, they are brought into the "Redemption Department," and for every one of them a brand-new clean bill is given. If you can prove to the officer in charge that you really have the principal part of a bill that has been mutilated, though it be half burned up, he will give you a new one in exchange. I heard of a merchant who came in with a pile of bills representing several thousands of dollars, which had gone through a fire without the protection of a safe-deposit vault, and was almost reduced to ashes. But those who were skillful in such things could tell exactly the amount involved, and the merchant went home with a bundle of new money, a happier and wiser man.

As I looked at those piles of greasy, torn, soiled bills, and then at the beautiful, clean, bright bills by the side of them, I said, "This surely represents redemption!" Here is my poor, soiled, torn life, and the Lord Jesus Christ takes it and gives me His clean, white, righteous character. It is not only imputed, so that I am regarded as if I had never sinned; but by the work of the Holy Spirit it is imparted. He pronounces me righteous, and then begins to make me righteous; and by and by the work of making righteous will be as complete as His imputed righteousness, "through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—*Selected.*

"Seven days of self-indulgence makes one W-E-A-K."

EXPERIENCES OF DAVID DARE



By
EARLE ALBERT ROWELL IN BIBLE RESEARCH

MR. EMERSON had declared that the Bible prophecies concerning Babylon contradicted each other. The audience leaned forward in tense interest. A ripple of encouragement greeted him as he arose, at David Dare's invitation, Bible in hand, to point out these contradictions.

"Here in Isaiah 14:23," Mr. Emerson's strong voice rang out, "we are told that God will make Babylon 'pools of water.'"

"And Jeremiah 51:42 confirms this: 'The sea is come up upon Babylon: she is covered with the multitudes of the waves thereof.'"

"So far both Isaiah and Jeremiah agree, but now observe that Jeremiah, in 50:12, tells us that 'she shall be . . . a wilderness, a dry land, and a desert,' and in Jeremiah 51:43 he reaffirms his assertion by saying that Babylon shall become 'a desolation, a dry land, and a desert.'"

"Thus Jeremiah most surely contradicts both himself and Isaiah. But that is not all, for Isaiah contradicts both himself and Jeremiah when he tells us that 'wild beasts of the desert shall lie there,' that Babylon is to 'sit in the dust,' and that it shall be dry like 'stubble,' and the 'fire shall burn them.' Isa. 13:21; 47:1, 14.

"This is certainly a hodgepodge prophecy. Will you, Mr. Dare, who claim so much for prophecy, tell us how a place can be a desert, stubble, and burned with fire, and also covered with pools of water, overspread with multitudes of waters? How can it be dry and wet at the same time? These differing predictions are not merely discrepant, but are downright antagonistic, conflicting, incompatible, opposite. As well claim that a man can ride two horses going in opposite directions as maintain that these antithetic forecasts are all true.

"Now, we want a clear answer; no squirming, no twisting, no splitting of hairs, no fine-spun arguments. We want a frank, straightforward reply."

Mr. Emerson sat down amid a ripple of applause. It was evident, from the hum of approval, that his question was regarded as unanswerable. The skeptical element, composing a large share of the listeners, had become restive under the constantly accumulating evidence Dare had produced. But their champion, they felt, had now definitely refuted this unwelcome evidence.

Lucile was enthusiastic. "I knew you'd do it, dad," she whispered, then added anxiously, "but Mr. Dare doesn't seem to be the slightest bit disturbed!"

Contradictory Prophecies

The lecturer stepped calmly forward to reply. The murmuring ceased as he raised his hand for quiet, and began to speak.

"You have stated the case well, Mr. Emerson. There seems to be no explanation, no answer. But the discrepancies you have noticed are quite typical of those one meets out of the Bible as well as in it.

"Before solving the problem you have presented, I desire to illustrate this point from the writings of that prince of doubters, the one who coined the word 'agnostic'—Thomas Huxley.

"In his 'Essays Upon Some Controverted Questions,' pages 52, 53, Huxley says: 'It occurred to Seth Wright, who was, like his successors, more or less 'cute, that if he could get a stock of sheep like those with the bandy legs, they would not be able to jump over fences so readily; and he acted upon that idea.'

"Now if you will read Huxley's 'Darwinia,' pages 38-40, you will learn that it was not Seth Wright's idea at all. Says Huxley in this account: 'With the 'cuteness characteristic of this nation the neighbors of the Massachusetts farmer (Seth Wright) imagined that it would be an excellent thing if all of his sheep were imbued with the stay-at-home tendencies enforced by nature on the newly arrived ram, and they advised Wright to kill the old patriarch of his fold, and install the ram in his place. The result justified their sagacious anticipations.'

"Huxley would be amazed if we were to claim he had contradicted himself in these two accounts, though they do differ decidedly. In one Seth Wright is given the credit for the idea and in the other the neighbors suggested the plan to Wright.

The fact is, of course, that the whole truth is the combination of both narratives."

Mr. Emerson shot to his feet. "Is this your solution? Huxley gave two differing accounts of an incident, therefore the conflicting predictions in the Bible are true! Fine logic!"

There was a wave of laughter in which David Dare joined. "Bear with me while I relate an incident that happened in a class of history when the students were asked to look up and report by what vote Louis XVI of France was condemned. Then I will answer Mr. Emerson's question

so directly that even he will admit a clear, straightforward explanation.

"Nearly half of the history class reported that the vote of condemnation of Louis XVI was unanimous. A number said he was condemned by a majority of only one, and still others reported that the majority



BE noble! and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own.—Lowell.



"The truest wisdom is a resolute determination."

was 145 in a vote of 721. How utterly irreconcilable these differing reports seem. But in fact all are true, and the full truth is a combination of the whole.

"On the first vote as to the king's guilt the vote was unanimous. Next, the vote on the penalty was given individually, with reasons, and a majority of 145 declared for the death penalty, at once or after peace was made with Austria, or after confirmation by the people. Finally, the vote for immediate execution of the death penalty was 361 to 360, a majority of one. Thus all three reports of the class, though glaringly different, and seemingly impossible to explain, were nevertheless strictly true.

"But when a skeptic finds a discrepancy in the Bible half as difficult to harmonize as the Louis XVI vote he raises a great hue and cry about the unreliability of the Bible, its teeming contradictions, etc., *ad nauseam*.

"Then if we relate facts to prove there is in reality no contradiction at all, that the differences only add a fuller knowledge to a many-sided fact, the unbelievers rise up with one accord and denounce this as 'hypocritical lying to save God's truth.'

"If the discrepancies in the Louis XVI vote had appeared in the Gospel reports of the crucifixion of Christ, do you believe that doubters like Paine or Ingersoll or yourself, Mr. Emerson, would accept as a fact and a sufficient explanation so simple a solution as history gives of the Louis XVI vote?

"In the unbeliever's eye all differences, though as easily solved as the historical puzzle just mentioned, are of necessity contradictions. The skeptic claims

that only *one* of two or three diverse statements can possibly be true, and the rest *must* be wrong. However, to assume such an attitude is the suicide of reason.

"Now we will come to the Babylon puzzle presented as insolvable by Mr. Emerson. The antithesis, the paradox, noted in the predictions concerning Babylon, carries a valuable lesson. In this seeming contradiction lie interesting facts.

"Had a doubter like Celsus, or Paine, viewed the ruins of Babylon even centuries after the prophecies you have quoted were given, he might with reason have challenged the Christian with regard to this

unfulfilled prophecy. Logically it was an improbability that pools of water would ever cover these ruins. Many hundreds of years had passed without its happening: why should it *ever* happen?

"But it did! The very embankments and canals, which made the waters of the Euphrates a defense and not a danger, obstructed the river hundreds of years later, and annually during the past few hundred years the Euphrates has overflowed and covered half of Babylon with 'pools of water,' as the prophets said, and likewise half is still 'a dry land, and a desert.' Not only is there no contradiction, but the union of the differing facts makes a larger, stronger fact. Note, please, that it was *centuries* after the two 'contradictory' prophecies were given before they were both true. But during the past few hundred years, and every year now, the paradoxical, antithetical, contradictory predictions are regularly fulfilled. Thus, the

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EDUCATION is a subject that always interests me. A person, to be properly educated, should be physically fit. In order to have a healthy body, he must be temperate in all things. The cigarette or liquor habit or other harmful practices should find no place in his program. To quote from a popular magazine: "The human machine is most efficient which accomplishes most with least damage to itself."

An educated person is one who lives up to the maximum of his efficiency. Therefore, if we would be educated, we must train every faculty of our being to produce the greatest amount from the talents that God has bestowed upon us. In training this body of ours we must remember that we are not our own, but are bought with a price, the precious blood of Jesus.

Education means advancement, and every day, in every way, we should grow better and better. "Study to show thyself approved." Do not be satisfied with your present condition, no matter how high you have climbed. There is always one more rung on the ladder of success. "Hitch your wagon to a star."

Education means playing square. Do not take advantage of others. Do not cheat, not even in acquiring knowledge. If you do, you will soon find that you are stepping down the ladder of success instead of up. Have a clean conscience.

The truly educated person knows how to talk with God, how to meditate upon great themes of eternal salvation. It will not pay to let anything mar that sweet fellowship with God. Remember that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Do not leave Him out of your studies. None of the world's classics can take the place of God's masterpiece, the Bible.

The really educated person takes a deep interest in the creative works of God. He loves flowers, birds, stars, and, in fact, every phase of nature. The beau-

Education

B. A. SCHERR

tiful appeals to him. There are so many people who are so busy making a living they forget to make a life. There is pleasure in seeing, hearing, and handling things of beauty. It is wonderful to appreciate the works of the masters in art, science, and literature in this world, but remember the Power that gave exceptional ability to these men. The beauty of their works should be the means of inspiring us to undertake and achieve greater things for God and for our fellow men.

The educated person is never a leaner, but always a lifter, a leader. Launch out and try something for yourself, for the very joy of accomplishing something by your own efforts. Why read the literary efforts of others, and never attempt to write yourself? Why just be a doorkeeper when you might be the president? Why content yourself to be an ordinary day laborer when by study and sacrifice you can get a Christian education and be a real power in the world? But in this connection do not think only of the dollars that may possibly come to you in gain because of knowledge you have acquired. Think of the good you will be enabled to do as a consecrated worker for the Master. Think of what you can do by the help of God to make this world a more joyful, beautiful place. Remember that money is only a medium of exchange, and will perish, but "he that winneth souls is wise."

A truly educated man is not selfish and narrow, but gives wisely of his means to advance every worthy cause. He is interested in his home, his community, and in the whole wide world. He is a man with a vision. His one aim is to do God's will and God's work. And to carry on God's program requires every kind of knowledge. What a vast university is God's great organization! Some must study into the intricacies of the human body; others must acquaint themselves with history and science; others must ac-

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"One-way minds, like one-way streets, are often closed for repairs."

WITH OUR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

Notes Prepared by the General Conference Missionary
Volunteer Department

Resolved!

EXEMPLARY resolutions are these which have been chosen by the Alberta (Canada) Conference Missionary Volunteers. Are they not resolutions worthy of adoption by other societies?

Resolved, That, by the grace of God,

1. I will be true to this message and my God, come what may.
2. I will help my fellow Volunteers to walk the strait and narrow way.
3. I will give my time and talents to the gathering in of other young people. My society must have a Youth-for-Youth Movement.
4. Knowing that the Mission Board is facing a crisis, I will become a leader among my fellow Volunteers in the saving of money for this great cause.

Contract a Year Ahead for an Education

The Indian boys and girls of the camps around the Lake Grove Indian Mission, New Mexico, are so anxious to attend the mission school in preference to other places, that the parents are asking permission to sign contracts a year ahead for their children who are too young to attend now. One little fellow only four years old was quite indignant when told he would have to wait a year or two longer. Several of these children walk six miles from their camps each morning, and return home every evening—a twelve-mile walk daily—in order that they may spend six hours at the mission school, trying to master hard lessons in a foreign language. Is not such eagerness for an education commendable?

Evangelistic Effort by Missionary Volunteers

The corresponding secretary of the St. Charles (Michigan) Missionary Volunteer Society writes: "Our society holds meetings each Friday evening. We have formed two prayer bands, one for the young women and one for the young men. Last fall we made plans to hold an evangelistic effort, and prayed that the Lord would direct us where to go. The way opened very definitely for us to go to the town of Luce, about ten miles away, where there is a small country church. Three young men have charge of the speaking, one of the music, and two of the ushering. At the first meeting, in October, the church was filled to its capacity of seventy people. About twenty of those present were not of our faith. Since then the young evangelists have been giving the doctrinal phases of our message to a full house each Sunday night. Many of those who attend regularly are young people. Every week we mail *Present Truth* to the interested persons. Our prayer bands have been praying earnestly for this project, and have received some wonderful answers to their petitions. We feel that the success of the effort can in large measure be attributed to the unceasing endeavors of the prayer bands."

A Child Shall Lead Them

The Mexican's inherent love for music is proving an opening wedge in the giving of the third angel's message in Vera Cruz, Mexico. During the song service on Sabbath mornings many ragged, dirty little street children used to stand outside the door of the church in that city. One day the superintendent invited them to come in and join in the singing. Timidly they entered. But the next Sabbath they returned, and they continued to come until they began to feel quite at

home. Now they enjoy the school and eagerly take home the Memory Verse Cards. For several months these children came to Sabbath school alone, but one day, one of the little girls brought her mother. Since then other parents have been attending the services quite regularly.

Youth's Prayers Bring Revivals

Several years ago, we had a good church and school at Hong Pong Ri, in the West Chosen Conference. As time passed, many grew discouraged, and for a while there was only a little home Sabbath school, attended by one young man and a few faithful women. The young man prayed over the situation, and asked the Lord to send them a worker. His prayer was answered. The worker came, and through his efforts a revival took place. Later the worker and this faithful young Korean went to another village and conducted open-air meetings. Within a short time they had thirteen persons serving Jesus. Twice during the week these newly converted people now hold meetings in their own village, and besides this, they often walk to Hong Pong Ri to attend the Sabbath services. Our missionary says: "When I was there, the roads were very bad, but the people were so eager to attend the evening meetings that they walked in by the light of their paper lanterns. It was an inspiration to see their zeal and love for the message." Two church school teachers stationed in a village not far from Hong Pong Ri heard of the soul-winning endeavors of this worker and the young Korean, and they decided to follow their example. To another village where there were no Christians they went, and began to hold open-air meetings. Wonderful success has followed their efforts.

"Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods"

Some months ago a little ten-year-old Chinese girl and her brother from a Christian family, entered a district school. She writes about her experience in school: "At the opening and closing exercises the ceremony of bowing the head to the picture of Sun Yat Sen was observed. I thought of the first commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me,' and was much distressed to know what I should do. But I prayed to God that He would help me to be obedient to Him rather than to man. I determined that I would not serve a false god. Then when Sabbath came, I stayed away from school. The teacher, Mr. Huang, asked me why I did this, and I told him. My parents also explained the reason to him. The next Sabbath the teacher himself came to church. As this gospel was unfolded to him, his heart was touched. Now the whole school is closed every Sabbath, for the teacher was baptized last month, and attends church regularly. When this school term closes, he is going to give up teaching and become a colporteur, in order that he may give his life to the proclaiming of this gospel message. One of my schoolmates also now attends church with me on Sabbaths. Will you not kindly pray that the Lord may help me to continue to bear witness for Him?"

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"Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us, they come back argosies laden with the riches of divine grace. The prayer that begins with trustfulness, and passes on into waiting, will always end in thankfulness."

"Self-respect is the corner stone of all virtues."

FOURSCORE years ago there lived in western Pennsylvania two boys, whose contrasting careers will point out a moral as they adorn this tale. One of them was christened Samuel Smith; the other, John Steele.

Sam Smith was the sturdy, square-headed, square-jawed, level-eyed son of a blacksmith, Uncle Billy Smith. Uncle Billy was just as square-headed and square-jawed as his son Sam; in fact, that's where Sam got his square-ness. The elder Smith was a worthy smith. He might well have been the model for Longfellow's eulogy:

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

Uncle Billy loved his trade, his forge, and his tools, and he was a wondrous craftsman. He was no mere shoer of horses; he could make a knife, a plow, or a drill that would go through rock or iron. Everything in his shop was made by his own hands, and when anybody in the little town of Tarentum or the surrounding country wanted anything in the line of implements or tools, they asked Uncle Billy to make it.

Sam Smith and his younger brother grew up in their father's blacksmith shop. Their father encouraged them to use any of his tools which they might need in their experiments and imitations of his blacksmithing. Only two things he required of them—that they use the tools always with care as became good workmen, and that they put them back in place when they were through with them. Uncle Billy's tools were the pride of his heart, for into them he had put the best that was in him as a craftsman and a man. But more than his tools he loved his boys, and into them most of all he sought to put the best that he had learned from life and God.

One of the great lessons he sought to teach his boys was that happiness comes from honest and worthy work, and that one of the great delusions is that the possession of money can bring peace or joy. What he taught he lived, and he was to have a great opportunity to demonstrate it in his life. Sam Smith believed in his father, because he was always straightforward and honest and quietly forceful, a man who could do great things because he had made himself a great man.

John Steele lived near Titusville, up the Venango Valley, sixty miles or so from where Sam Smith lived. John was an orphan boy who had been taken into the McClintock family, who were farmers. When Johnny was twelve years old, Mr. McClintock died; but Mrs. McClintock, whom the boy called Aunt Sally, with Johnny's help continued to carry on the farm. From its rocky soil they made a fair if frugal living, and with miserly fingers she tucked away in an old stocking every cent she could shave from their small earnings.

Johnny worked along at milking the cows, feeding the stock, cleaning the stables, driving the team, plowing, sowing, harvesting, haying. That was all good, sturdy training if there had been in it anything to rouse Johnny's interest or teach him the beauty in the earth and sky which he constantly watched with crops in mind. But old Mrs. McClintock, though religious, had little appreciation of what life was for. She thought mostly of laying up money in her secret store, and when she talked with Johnny it was about making money, and saving money, and building a fortune out of money. For she had about money exactly the opposite idea from Uncle Billy's; she believed that money was the source of happiness.

So it is not strange that Johnny often dreamed of making money, and of what he would do if he ever got great wealth, which seemed unlikely enough if he stayed on the farm. He was very fond of sweets, which in his experience came mostly in the form of sorghum molasses, and about the highest idea of wealth that Johnny could get, as he drudged away at the barn or in the field or through the snow of winter, was to have a whole barrel of sirup, and eat, and eat, and eat. Well, so was he to



Coal Oil

have the opportunity to test out his philosophy of life.

There was a strange thing about this country around Titusville, and that was that many of the small streams which flowed down to the Allegheny were mixed and covered with a thick, black, greasy oil which came out of the ground with the water. Moreover, the men who made salt by digging wells which bore salt water were often greatly bothered by this same oil's coming up in the water so plentifully that their salt was spoiled.

This oil was petroleum or coal oil, for which no one at that time had found much of any use except to rub it on rheumatic joints. One man down at Tarentum, where Uncle Billy and Sam Smith lived, made a business of putting it up in bottles and selling it as a cure for rheumatism. Once in a while some one would take a little of this crude oil and burn it in a crude kind of lamp, to make a light, but it was so smoky and so ill-smelling that it was almost worse than no light, and so everybody stuck to firelight or tallow candles, or else went to bed early. For you must know, of course, that the use of electricity for lighting had then never been dreamed of, while gas was had

in only a few of the big towns, and even the kerosene lamp was not yet invented; for there was no kerosene nor gasoline nor any of the other oils that were soon to come out of this same crude petroleum.

However, along about 1857-58 some enterprising men had some of this petroleum analyzed by chemists, who declared that a good illuminating oil could be distilled from it; and so these men started to make the distillate (soon to be called kerosene) and sell it. Now, however, they were confronted with the difficulty of not being able to get enough petroleum, for all they had was what came up in the salt wells and what could be gathered from the creeks by stretching blankets on them and then wringing the oil out of the blankets. That was little enough, hard to get, and expensive. So to one of them, a Colonel Drake, occurred the idea of drilling a well deeper than the salt wells, for he reasoned that there must be a lake of this oil deeper down.

Looking around for a man who could make a drill and who knew how to use it, he was directed to Uncle Billy Smith down at Tarentum. He went down to see him and quickly interested Uncle Billy in the project. So the Smiths all packed up in a lumber wagon and moved to Titusville, where Uncle Billy with his son Sam, now sixteen years old, went to work on the land of the Seneca Oil Company to put down a well. They started first to dig through the sand, but it caved in; so Uncle Billy invented the method of driving down an iron pipe to

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Sam Smith and Johnny

— By —
Arthur W. Spalding

rock bottom, pumping out the water and sand, and then putting down through the pipe the drill that would go through the rock. They had a little steam engine to run the drill.

One day, the 27th of August, 1859, only Uncle Billy and Sam were at the well. Uncle Billy was tinkering with the engine. Sam walked over to the well, and as he had often done before, took a peep down the iron pipe. What he saw made him let out a yell. "Oil!" he shouted. His father rushed over to the pipe and took one look, then he began to give orders. They rigged up a little pump they had used before to clear the pipe of water, and now shortly it began to pump up the crude petroleum. They pumped away, letting the oil run over the ground for a while, and then they bethought themselves that they should save it. By this time everybody in the vicinity had heard that Uncle Billy Smith had "struck oil"—a new term then—and they came rushing out from Titusville and from all the farms around, bringing barrels of all kinds into which the oil was pumped by the also excited discoverer.

That was the first oil well, the beginning of all the great strikes and excitements and stampedes that have occurred since in oil regions. No one as yet realized what it was going to amount to, but since they had become able to refine oil and make kerosene, it was at once perceived that there might be fortunes in this business. Men began to pour in from everywhere, buy up land, and put down wells; or, where they could not buy land, they leased it, agreeing usually to pay royalty—that is, a certain sum per barrel which was paid to the owner of the land. Very shortly the peaceful farm country around Oil Creek, as the little stream was called, became typical oil boom towns, with derricks and wells and shanties and saloons, and a roaring, roistering crowd of adventurers.

Since Uncle Billy Smith was the first oil well driller, he was in great demand, and tremendous sums of money were offered him by different ones to come and work for them. But Uncle Billy turned upon each and

every one of them his level gaze and said, No, he would stick to Colonel Drake, to whom, though he had made no written contract, he believed he owed an obligation to stay by for three years. And there he stayed.

During those three years many men made great fortunes in oil, and the business grew by leaps and bounds. Oil wells quickly spread over a territory of a hundred square miles. From that start the business began its march over the length and breadth of the United States and finally of the world. But Uncle Billy looked on with a cool and calculating eye. "Sam," he said to his son,

"that is a new way to make big money, but that is not the way to make a happy life. All this scrambling and fighting and cheating to get money is the devil's way of seeking happiness. Let's turn our backs on it." And at the end of three years, turn their backs on it they did, Uncle Billy going back to Tarentum, and Sam—for this was in the beginning of the Civil War—going into the Army.

Meanwhile, old Mrs. McClintock was growing rich. She did not sell her farm, but leased oil rights to many men, who paid her royalties. No one knew how much money she was taking in, for she did not trust the banks, but hid in her house all she received. And Johnny was making money too. He hired out to haul oil from the wells to the towns for shipping, and as he charged the good stiff prices which all teamsters just then could get, he had more money than he had ever had in all his poor, pinched life. But he did not keep it. First he went to Pittsburgh and bought a whole barrel of sirup, of which he became heartily sick before it was half gone. Then he spent money freely in the oil towns about, in their saloons and dance halls and gambling places. He had been brought up to believe, and he did believe, that money is the source of all pleasure, and he was going to get all he could out of it.

Then suddenly he was, for him, unbelievably rich. Old Mrs. McClintock decided one morning to try some of the new oil to make her kitchen fire burn better. She took off a lid and tipped a pan of coal oil on it. She was probably the first of a long list to die from pouring petroleum on fire. When her will was read, it was found that she left everything to Johnny Steele. A search of her house revealed hidden a great sum of money, which rumor speedily raised to half a million, but which Johnny himself declared to be only \$24,500. Anyway, it was all Johnny's.

Johnny Steele had from \$25,000 to \$500,000, and more coming. What should he do with it? Johnny knew. Money meant good times. No more following the plow, nor driving the team to haul barrels of oil. Eat, drink, and be merry! Buy diamonds, wear good clothes, stage oyster suppers, go to see shows, drive fast horses, dance with gay girls, make a splurge in life! So Johnny Steele took his money and started out. He had by this time married and had a baby boy, but in the life upon which he now entered he had no time for wife or child. He gathered to him gay friends who could show him how to have "a good time."

He continued Aunt Sally's oil leases for a while, and money kept rolling in. After a time he bargained to sell his farm for a million and a quarter of dollars, and though that deal never was put through, he lived on the reputation it gave him of being an oil millionaire. He went to Philadelphia, and with gay companions, began, in the slang phrase of the day, to paint the town red. He actually did paint his carriage red and several other colors, with a coat of arms consisting of an oil derrick, an oil tank, and a spouting well. The carriage cost sixteen hundred dollars and the team a thousand, which may seem small in this day of five-to-ten-thousand-dollar automobiles, but which was extravagant enough then. He finally gave away the team and carriage, as well as the livery stable, to his coachman. It was while whirling around the corner on two wheels in this equipage that he was first greeted with the epithet which was ever after to stick to him, for a newsboy shouted, "There goes Coal Oil Johnny and his gang."

Coal Oil Johnny paid \$25,000 at a Philadelphia hotel for six months' residence, besides countless sums spent in shows, entertainments, and tips. He used to go down the street with five-dollar bills in his buttonholes and throw handfuls of silver dollars for street urchins to snatch and scramble for. And the first time he went out, he and his companion were arrested for their appearance, being dressed in plaids that looked, as he says, like "a horse blanket for a blind horse," besides stovepipe hats, gold-headed canes, diamond stick pins, etc. He was

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Kleiser.



fond of theaters and shows, constantly caroused with actors and show girls, and once bought a half interest in a minstrel show, with which he traveled for a time as a chief attraction, for now all the newspapers throughout the country were playing up Coal Oil Johnny. He also tried training as a prize fighter, but did not get very far with that. He was more than half drunk most of the time, and the rest of the time dead drunk.

He ignored and avoided his wife and boy, who finally went back to her father's. But Johnny went on making a show of himself, for he was confident that within a few weeks he would receive more than a million dollars for his farm.

Then suddenly there was an end to his pipe dream. While he was carousing through the country, from Philadelphia to Chicago, from Baltimore to New York, slick, dishonest men had been scheming to get his oil land. Johnny knew nothing about business, kept no accounts, and being under the influence of liquor so much, often knew nothing of transactions into which he entered. To make a long story short, he woke up suddenly to find that instead of being a millionaire, he was penniless, his farm was gone, and bills and lawsuits were swallowing up all he had and clamoring for more, until he took refuge at last in being declared bankrupt. All his gay friends immediately fell away. He found himself deserted, despised, sick, and in despair, the fruit of pleasure turned to ashes in his mouth.

His story, though, has yet a better ending than might be expected. After fruitless wandering about, some of the time as an exhibit in the minstrel show he had once partly owned, he was called home by his long-suffering, forgiving wife, and, with many slips and failures, started on the slow climb back to respectability. At last, out in the West, they got upon their feet once more, he a respectable, hard-working man, and happy when he might escape identification as Coal Oil Johnny.

Meanwhile where was Sam Smith? Serving his country. When the war was over, he came back to Titusville. The excitement and speculation in oil were growing greater and greater. Men were making fortunes every day. It was the beginning of the great era of oil, the foundation of today's immense industries such as the automobile, the airplane, and all the gas-driven powers. A shrewd man might establish himself as the king of capitalists, as Rockefeller was to prove; or he might take the cream of the world in his coffee cup and drink it down, as Coal Oil Johnny was even then proving.

Sam Smith looked and pondered. Men came to him and urged that he get into the game. "There are millions in it," they told him. "You are a capable man, level-headed, shrewd. You know the game, for you and Uncle Billy began it. Get in and take your share."

But Sam Smith remembered what his father had

taught him, and what his own observation and thought had strengthened in him. The road to happiness, he was sure, lay, not in sudden riches, but in the wealth that comes from skill and love in service worthily and generously performed. He saw no peace or joy in the wild, seething, roaring tide of oil men around him. He wanted to make something, not merely to find something. So he set to work with his hands, those skillful, patient hands that had fingered lovingly his father's home-fashioned tools and that had shaped and made useful the dreams of his mind. And Sam Smith turned to carpentry.

"What!" you say, "carpentry! Are you going to make a hero out of a carpenter?" I would remind you that the world's greatest Man was a carpenter, and He, too, never fought a battle, nor made a million dollars, nor followed the tide of fashion and pleasure. Jesus of Nazareth found satisfaction and joy throughout the greater part of His life in creating out of heavy beams and with homemade tools, places for men

women and little children to live in. It was not, either, the humble houses He built that made Him joyous, but it was the service He gave with His hands and the love that flowed out through His skill that kept Him happy.

Sam Smith dealt with a carpentry that was nearer, in its form, to the days of Jesus than to our days. The carpenter in his time had to make everything, from hewn foundation plates to carved mantelpieces. There were no planing mills and sash-and-door factories and all the rest of machine-made accessories. The carpenter must be designer and artist as well as artisan.

So, in the rip-roaring oil country of western Pennsylvania, Sam Smith went on his quiet way. There was work to do and he did it, and took joy in the doing of it. The houses that he built were honest, well-made structures, with a sturdy beauty of their own that made their maker proud of them. He was happy in his work and happy in the memories of each job well done, and happy in the associations that his work brought to him. He did not make a fortune, but he made enough to live on and lay up something to invest in a house and garden of his own on the edge of town, where he might settle his little family.

While Coal Oil Johnny was throwing his tens of thousands into the gutter, Sam Smith was husbanding his tens of dollars and investing them in a home and in honest community service. This was the road he took to happiness; and in the bosom of his family, in the esteem of his fellow citizens, in the consciousness of work well done, and in his appreciation of the beauties of life in field and sky, in forest and garden, he was happy.

It is a short story, this of Sam Smith's—a short story soon told. But the depths of its satisfaction none may plumb save he who experiences it. Trouble

(Concluded on page 13)

BLACKLISTED

XI

CHARLES ELLIOTT WENIGER

ARE you an *Ad'vent-ist* or an *Ad-vent'ist*?

"What of it?" you say. "What difference does it make?"

Suppose, just for the sake of comparison, that a certain branch of the great tribe of Joneses should suddenly decide to forsake the time-honored pronunciation of its name and pronounce it as if it were spelled *Jo-nese'*. Would it have the right to do so? Certainly. But would its decision be wise? Emphatically, no. Why? Because generations of usage have established the old pronunciation, and a change would smack of affectation, of a desire to be different just for the sake of being different—an evil always to be shunned.

So it is with the denominational name *Adventist*. The fathers accented it on the first syllable. Members of other bodies using the same name accent it on the first syllable. A recent poll of Seventh-day Adventist leaders shows that an overwhelming majority of them accent it on the first syllable. Recognized authority accents it on the first syllable. Why differ?

Let's be accurate, and, as *Ad'vent-ists*, stand a unit. Why prejudice any one who might be affected by careless *Ad-vent'ists*? Let's be *Ad'vent-ists*.

"Success is born of resolution."

OUR PLEDGE

By the grace of God,—
I will be pure and kind and true.
I will keep the Juniors 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.

Pathfinders of the Sky

[We are sure that all you J. M. V.'s will be interested in studying the stars once each month for a year with Mr. Skinner, who is a very special friend of the boys and girls in southeastern California. These stories will help you to meet your Companion and Comrade requirements, and if you study the map carefully, then use it as a guide to locate the real stars in the real sky, you will have made a good beginning in astronomy. Of course you are anxious about "Teddy's But-ton." It will be continued next week.]

The Big Dipper

LAURENCE A. SKINNER

JIMMIE rushed home from school and into the house with a grin of satisfaction on his face. He found his mother busy ironing in the kitchen.

"I passed my Friend test 100 per cent," he announced with an air of a conqueror. "Mr. Martin, the Junior Missionary Volunteer secretary, says we are going to have an investiture service at the summer camp next July."

"Investiture service," said mother; "what is that?"

"Oh, that's a big special meeting when we get our pins. They have several little fires arranged in the shape of a big 'F,' and we are told what it means to be a real J. M. V. Friend. I saw one last summer when Jack Price got his Friend pin. It's sure great!"

Just then Jimmie's older sister, who was in the seventh grade, came bounding up the steps, and through the door.

"What's the hurry, Caroline?" inquired mother.

"I just wondered if Jimmie passed his Friend test. I need company in working out some of these Companion requirements."

"Sure did," rapturized Jimmie, "and I—"

"Better get to your evening work, children," interrupted mother. "It will soon be supper time."

Jimmie obediently marched out to the woodpile in the back shed to chop and carry in wood and kindling for the fireplace and cook-stove, while Caro-

line ironed the handkerchiefs and other simple pieces her mother had left for her. Jimmie also had a part of the garden to take care of

and twenty-five chickens that he could call his own; so he had enough to keep him busy for the next hour. His father, Mr. Kennedy, who was manager of a large lumberyard in town, came home in time to join his son in the garden work a little while before supper. He was pleased to learn of Jimmie's success in his Friend's test, and advised him to get busy at once on his Companion requirements.

"I'm just ready to begin the star study," remarked Caroline as they all gathered around the supper table, "but I don't know who I can get to tell me about them. If we could work together on this, Jimmie, it would be a lot more interesting."

"I wonder if Uncle Joe couldn't help you children," suggested mother. "Star study was quite a hobby of his when he was younger."

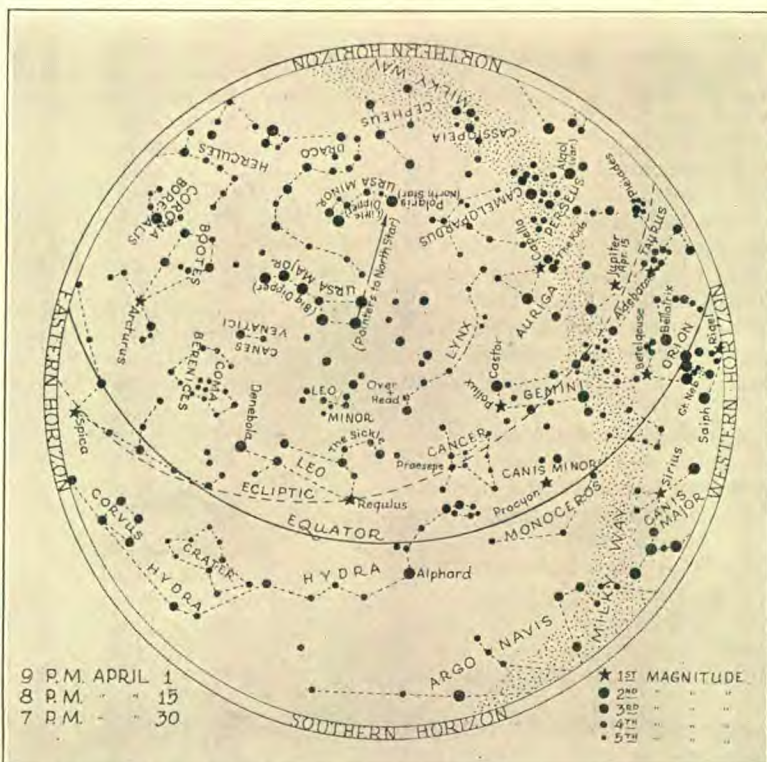
"Oh, let's go over and see him right tonight!" Jimmie's interest in the stars was increasing every moment.

"Let's wait till Saturday night, and then we'll all go," answered father, who took every opportunity to

help his Juniors in a worth-while task.

The Kennedy children were students of the local church school, Jimmie, twelve, in the sixth grade, and Caroline, fourteen, in the seventh. Their lessons kept them busy each evening in the week except Friday and Saturday, so the visit to Uncle Joe was postponed.

About sunset the next Sabbath, the Kennedy family gathered for worship. They sang a song, repeated a verse of Scripture around the circle, and knelt in prayer, thanking their heavenly Father for the blessings of the day and for a united family circle. After a light lunch they walked out into the outskirts of the city, where Uncle



Courtesy of Nature Magazine

To use this map hold it before you in a vertical position and turn it until the direction of the compass that you wish to face is at the bottom. Then below the center of the map, which is the point just overhead, will be seen the constellations visible in that part of the sky. It will not be necessary to turn the map if the direction faced is south.



BLESSED IS HE WHO IS A FRIEND,
FOR HE SHALL CONTINUALLY
LEARN NEW LESSONS OF FAITH,
HOPE, AND LOVE."

Joe and Aunt Ella lived. Jimmie had his Junior Hand-book under his arm, and was anticipating a real treat; for the sky, with so many stars, some very bright and some very dim, had always been somewhat of a puzzle to him.

While Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were greeting Uncle Joe and Aunt Ella, Jimmie and Caroline began to talk about the Big Dipper, and soon were in an earnest discussion about whether there are seven or eight main stars in it. Uncle Joe immediately transferred his attentions to his niece and nephew, and led the way out of doors. It was getting toward the end of April, and the air was milder than it had been for some months.

"Our book says we must know five stars, five constellations, and three planets. You will help us find them, won't you?" begged Caroline.

"Surely, my dear, but getting acquainted with the stars above you is something like learning your way around in a strange city," said Uncle Joe. He was leading them down to the bank of a good-sized lake which was almost in his back yard. This afforded a clearing where no trees obscured the horizon. The frogs were croaking loudly, and there was a fragrance in the air which told them spring flowers had arrived.

"When you go into a strange city," continued Uncle Joe, "you first learn where the post office is. Then you find a grocery store and perhaps a park. You become acquainted with the main street, and then, using these as starting points, branch out until you are familiar with the entire town, at least, all the more important places. Now how many stars do you suppose we can see in the sky tonight?" Jimmie and Caroline, who had been looking up into the gem-studded dome of heaven, thought there must be a great many.

"More'n a million," Jimmie ventured.

"No, Jimmie, the answer is easier than you think. There are only 1,500 to 2,000 stars to be seen from a given position on the earth's surface."

"I see the Big Dipper, Uncle Joe, and there are seven main stars in it," exclaimed Caroline.

"The Big Dipper is a good constellation with which to begin," smiled their uncle. "You see tonight it is upside down with the handle pointing out toward the east. This group of stars is known by astronomers as Ursa Major, or the Great Bear. These constellations, or groups of stars, were named by ancient wise men who thought they saw in their arrangement outlines of animals, ancient heathen gods, and other imaginary objects."

"I don't see any bear up there," said Caroline.

"No, nor do I," rejoined Uncle Joe. "Remember, it's an imaginary bear. But do you see anything peculiar about the second star in the handle of the Dipper just at the bend?"

"Looks like another little star right beside it," observed Jimmie.

"That's right; you have good eyes."

"Do you see it, Caroline?"

"Yes, I do *now*," admitted Caroline, "but I have to look hard!"

"That is what is known as a double star," Uncle Joe explained. "The brighter one is called Mizar and the fainter one is called Alcor. Now if you had a strong pair of binoculars, you would see that Mizar is actually a double. And if you should take a photograph through a special instrument, you would find that both parts of Mizar divide into two, making Mizar

a quadruple star. And even Alcor divides in a similar photograph. Sometime I hope you can go to the big observatory and look through the large telescope.

"You will notice that the two end stars in the bowl of the dipper point down to a star which seems to be alone in that particular section. This is the North Star, or Polaris. This star is practically stationary in the heavens, the constellations apparently circling around it. The Big Dipper, being only a short distance from the North Star, is in sight the entire year in this part of the world, except occasionally when it may be so near the horizon that it is hidden by trees or hills. This is why it is good to make this the starting point in getting acquainted with the heavens. The North Star forms the end of the handle of the Little Dipper, which is not so easy to find. Before you come back again see if you can find the number of stars in the Little Dipper."

As Jimmie and Caroline went home that evening, they tried to pick out the outline of the Little Dipper. But though father and mother looked too, none of them could find it.

"We'll have to ask Uncle Joe, I guess," sighed Jimmie, as they obeyed mother's call to bed.

§ § §

Letting the Old Cat Die

NOT long ago I wandered near
A playground in the wood,
And there heard a thing from youthful lips
That I've never understood.

"Now let the old cat die," he laughed;
I saw him give a push,
Then gayly scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where it went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

"The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone," I said;
"But I'll play the mischief with *him*."

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek;
And what did I find but a swinging child,
With her bright hair brushing her cheek!

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her red little dress flashed by,
But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,
With the rose light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one.
And the wood her native place.

"Steady! I'll send you up, my child!"
But she stopped me with a cry:
"Go 'way! go 'way! Don't touch me, please;
I'm letting the old cat die!"

"You letting him die!" I cried aghast;
"Why, where is the cat, my dear?"
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

"Why, don't you know," said the little maid,
The flitting, beautiful elf,
"That we call it 'letting the old cat die'
When the swing stops all itself?"

Then floating and swinging, and looking back
With merriment in her eye,
She bade me good day, and I left her alone,
A-letting the old cat die.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

"The cure for fear is faith."

Can You Dust?

A SHABBILY dressed young man applied to the manager of a large department store for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"Most anything," answered the applicant.

"Can you dust?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why don't you begin on your hat?" The fellow hadn't thought of that.

"Can you clean leather goods?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then it is carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." The fellow hadn't thought of that, either.

"Well, can you scrub?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you wear. But don't come back."

While a neat attire is not always an index to good character and ability, the fact remains that of two applicants the business man will always employ the neatly dressed, attractive-looking boy rather than one who is careless in his appearance.

The reason is obvious. The boy who is particular in regard to the details of his dress will be careful in his work, and thus command the respect and confidence of his employer.

To be well dressed it is not necessary to expend a great deal of money on your clothes; on the contrary, if your garments are neat in appearance, and whole—if your collar is clean, your necktie neatly fastened, your shoes polished, and your trousers carefully pressed—the care and thought displayed in these small matters will more truly reflect character than the richness of the material of your clothes.

Muddy shoes can reflect nothing! Neatness and cleanliness are important recommendations, and are within the reach of every boy seeking work.—*Selected.*

Sam Smith and Coal Oil Johnny

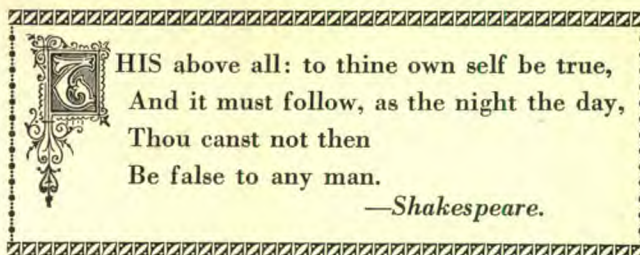
(Concluded from page 10)

and care did not spare this man; he had to bear his part of misfortune, of sickness and bereavement, but in it all there never came the sting of unworthy or wicked action. There was time for study of the holy mysteries of nature, for receiving the comfort of the Book of books, and for communion with God, as well as for service to fellow men. And in his soul grew the peace that comes to thoughtful, earnest, hard-working men.

Sam Smith lives today, in his little house by the side of the road, with a garden behind it, and the hills about looming up to the blue sky. A hale and hearty old man, his broad brow above clear blue eyes and firm but benevolent lips bespeak the mind of a Christian philosopher. Talk with him and you will find that he has no regrets for failure to gain a fortune of dollars in the great oil rush. More firmly than ever he believes what his father taught him as a boy, that happiness comes not from great riches, but from life given to worthy service. Many names famous in finance and commerce have arisen through the oil business, names to be tossed about from mouth to mouth as the "kings of America," while the humble name of Sam Smith is unknown and unsung. But yet Sam Smith declares that he is today the richest man in Pennsylvania. And who, knowing what true riches are, will presume to deny it?

Moral? Well, now, if from this plain tale that I have told of Sam Smith and Coal Oil Johnny, you are unable to gather your own sharp, pointed moral, then you are not as bright as I think you are.

"Fulfill the condition, and God will fulfill the promise."



Education

(Concluded from page 6)

quire literary proficiency, that the books and periodicals carrying the third angel's message to the world may be creditably prepared; still others must know the ins and outs of mathematics, that business may be done decently and in order. Then there must be a large force of nimble-fingered, wide-awake stenographers; also there is great need for Christian men and women who can deal sympathetically with sin-sick souls.

An all-round education includes a knowledge of how to be self-controlled without being inactive; of how to be tolerant of the opinions of others without compromising principle; of how to make as many friends as possible and keep them. We never know when we may need a friend.

The educated person is not to be top-heavy. Learn to make things with your hands. Be a molder, a shaper, a builder of things. Be interested in what you make, constantly striving to do your work better. Above all, grow in fellowship with the Carpenter of Nazareth.

❧ ❧ ❧

Contradictory Prophecies

(Concluded from page 6)

farther away from the prophecies we recede the more details are exactly fulfilled, until now not one of over one hundred different details that I have counted remains to be fulfilled."

"Where do you get this information?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"In histories of Babylon, but specifically in Rawlinson's 'Egypt and Babylon,' pages 105-112," replied Dare.

"Granting your contention," replied Emerson, "there are other things remaining to be explained."

"For instance?" prompted Dare.

"Well, in Isaiah 13:20 we read, 'Neither shall shepherds make their flocks to lie down there' in the ruins of Babylon."

"That's right," admitted Dare. "But what's strange about this prediction?"

"Just this: Any one would know that no shepherd would care to pasture sheep among dreary ruins. It was a safe prophecy."

"On the contrary," smiled Dare, "it was a risky one, as we shall see."

Next week: Babylon and the Arabs.

❧ ❧ ❧

A SALVATION ARMY officer tells of an old Maori woman who had won the name of "Warrior Brown" by her fighting qualities when in drink or enraged. She was converted, and gave her testimony at an open-air meeting, whereupon some foolish person hit her with a potato, a nasty blow. A week before, the cowardly insulter would have needed to make himself scarce for his trouble; but what a change! "Warrior" picked up the potato without a word and put it in her pocket. No more was heard of the incident until the harvest festival came around, and then "Warrior" brought a little sack of potatoes and explained that she had cut up and planted the insulting potato, and was now presenting to the Lord its increase.—*Sunday Companion.*

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 under the supervision of the Missionary Volunteer Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather are good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please 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 the Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

When a person has pledged all the proceeds from a certain crop to the cause of God, is it necessary to pay tithe on the money received for it?

It would seem to us that in such a case it would not be necessary to deduct the tithe, and that it would be perfectly proper to turn the entire amount to the purpose for which it was pledged. The proceeds from such a crop are in no sense counted as income to the donor. This question, however, is one which must be settled personally, and if any one feels impressed to pay tithe on such proceeds, it would certainly be his privilege to do so. C. LESTER BOND.

Is it right for girls and women to wear knickers?

In answering this question, I should say that the conditions under which they are worn would determine whether or not it was proper. If knickers are to be worn at all, they may be proper, perhaps, in mountain climbing. But I would rather see our girls and women wear, even on these occasions, the divided skirt which hangs in perfect skirt form while walking and which gives every comfort and convenience of the knicker when climbing. The tendency to wear, under ordinary circumstances and in public places, the apparel appropriate in extreme mountain climbing, is, to my mind, out of place, and should be discouraged. A woman or girl lowers her dignity by wearing garments designed for the opposite sex to wear. The Bible suggests that it is wrong for women to wear that which pertaineth unto a man. Deut. 22:5. MRS. A. E. KING.

Are "tacky" or "hard-time" parties a proper form of entertainment?

Efforts to create mirth by resorting to freakish or outlandish devices and dress are out of keeping with Christian dignity in recreation. To provoke laughter merely for the sake of empty, boisterous fun, is surely beneath the worth of true recreation, which comes as a by-product from some profitable as well as pleasurable pursuit. The desire for mere amusement in entertainment is childish, to say the least. I do not know what sort of entertainment may be intended under the words "tacky" and "hard-time;" I can only imagine. The ordinary "tacky" party seems unsuited to a gathering of Christian young people. If, however, the invitations were given out so that each guest came dressed in everyday clothing, and the expense of the whole entertainment were planned upon economical lines, that kind of "hard-time" party might be truly enjoyable and in keeping with Christian principles. In the new book, "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers," the first two chapters discuss quite at length the principles of Christian recreation, and the remaining chapters give interesting, pleasurable, and profitable games. Price, 75 cents. Order of your Book and Bible House. H. T. ELLIOTT.

Is it wrong for a Seventh-day Adventist boy to do chores and milk house work on Sabbath morning if he works on an unbeliever's farm? It seems to me some things like that have to be done, whether one is working for a person not an Adventist or at home on his own farm.

We do not see how the feeding and other care of stock on Sabbath morning could be considered a violation of the fourth commandment. The cows must be fed, watered, milked, and cared for on that morning the same as on any other. The fact that the owner is not a Sabbath keeper does not alter the principle laid down in the Bible: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Every farmer must care for his stock on the Sabbath. Where Sabbath desecration does sometimes come in is through the carelessness practiced by some,—working in the field until near sunset Friday evening and then performing the evening chores after the Sabbath has begun. Frequently these same careless Sabbath observers will do their milking and other evening duties before sunset on Sabbath evening, so as to drive to town or perform some secular task just as soon as the sun has set. As much as possible should be done before the Sabbath, so that the chores will not be any heavier than necessary on the Sabbath. C. A. RUSSELL.

"Many have suffered for talking, few for keeping silent."

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

V—Practical Duties and Privileges

(May 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Romans 12:9-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." Rom. 12:18.

Questions

Love the Brethren

1. How should love be exercised? What should we abhor? To what should we cleave? Rom. 12:9. Note 1.
2. How should we regard each other? Verse 10. Note 2.
3. How diligently should we serve the Lord? Verse 11. Note 3.
4. What helpful counsels are next given? Verse 12. Note 4.

Bless and Curse Not

5. How should we remember the needs of others? What should be our attitude toward our enemies? Verses 13, 14.
6. How shall we share the joys and sorrows of others? Verse 15. Note 5.
7. What further counsel is given as to our attitude toward others? Verse 16.
8. What are we to render for evil? What example are we to set to all? Verse 17.

Live Peaceably With Others

9. How should we live with others? Verse 18. Note 6.
10. What should we not do for ourselves? Verse 19.
11. How should we treat an enemy? Verse 20.
12. What is said about overcoming? Verse 21.

Notes

1. "Let love be without dissimulation." Let it be without hypocrisy, pretense.

"Abhor." Evil comes to us in many pleasing forms. Sometimes it does not seem harmful. Its appeal to us is strong, and many people yield to it. Our only safety is to ask what God's word says of it. What is its origin? What its purpose? What its end? If it is evil, however beautiful may be its flowering, its end is death. Then when it comes to us as a temptation, look upon it as death. See it as God sees it. "Abhor" it.

2. When pasturage became insufficient for the herds of both Abraham and Lot, though the senior, Abraham proposed a most unselfish solution to his nephew Lot. "Here the noble, unselfish spirit of Abraham was displayed. How many, under similar circumstances, would, at all hazards, cling to their individual rights and preferences! How many households have thus been rent asunder! How many churches have been divided, making the cause of truth a byword and a reproach among the wicked! 'Let there be no strife between me and thee,' said Abraham, 'for we be brethren;' not only by natural relationship, but as worshipers of the true God. The children of God, the world over, are one family, and the same spirit of love and conciliation should govern them. 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another,' is the teaching of our Saviour. The cultivation of a uniform courtesy, a willingness to do to others as we would wish them to do to us, would annihilate half the ills of life. The spirit of self-aggrandizement is the spirit of Satan; but the heart in which the love of Christ is cherished, will possess that charity which seeketh not her own. Such will heed the divine injunction, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'"—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 132, 133.

3. "Not slothful in business." These words will be fulfilled in the life of every true Christian. Even though your work may seem to be a drudgery, you may ennoble it by the way in which you do it. Do it as unto the Lord. Do it cheerfully, and with heaven-born dignity. It is the noble principles which are brought into the work that make it wholly acceptable in the Lord's sight. True service links the lowliest of God's servants on earth with the highest of His servants in the courts above. . . .

"As sons and daughters of God, Christians should strive to reach the high ideal set before them in the gospel. They should be content with nothing less than perfection; for Christ says, 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'"—"Messages to Young People," pp. 72, 73.

4. "The strength acquired in prayer to God will prepare us for our daily duties. The temptations to which we are daily

exposed make prayer a necessity. In order that we may be kept by the power of God through faith, the desires of the mind should be continually ascending in silent prayer. When we are surrounded by influences calculated to lead us away from God, our petitions for help and strength must be unwearied. Unless this is so, we shall never be successful in breaking down pride and overcoming the power of temptation to sinful indulgences which keep us from the Saviour. The light of truth, sanctifying the life, will discover to the receiver the sinful passions of his heart which are striving for the mastery, and which make it necessary for him to stretch every nerve and exert all his powers to resist Satan that he may conquer through the merits of Christ."—*Id.*, p. 248.

5. "In your association with others, put yourself in their place. Enter into their feelings, their difficulties, their disappointments, their joys, and their sorrows. Identify yourself with them, and then do to them as, were you to exchange places with them, you would wish them to deal with you."—*Id.*, p. 420.

6. "Live peaceably." It may not always be possible, but it must not be our fault.

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. How can the natural heart be made to abhor evil?
2. Why cannot a Christian disconnect his business from his religion?
3. Will a true Christian endeavor to "get even" with an enemy?

Junior Lesson

V—The Destruction of Jerusalem; Signs of the Coming of Christ

(May 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 24:15-31.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 13:14-27; Luke 21: 20-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Matt. 24:30.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 630-632.

PLACE: The Mount of Olives.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus continues His talk to the disciples in answer to their questions concerning the destruction of the temple and the end of the world.

"Jesus did not answer His disciples by taking up separately the destruction of Jerusalem and the great day of His coming. He mingled the description of these two events. Had He opened to His disciples future events as He beheld them, they would have been unable to endure the sight. In mercy to them He blended the description of the two great crises, leaving the disciples to study out the meaning for themselves. When he referred to the destruction of Jerusalem, His prophetic words reached beyond that event to the final conflagration in that day when the Lord shall rise out of His place to punish the world for their iniquity, when the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain. This entire discourse was given, not for the disciples only, but for those who should live in the last scenes of this earth's history."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 628.

This lesson begins with a reference to the destruction of Jerusalem.

Questions

1. What reference did Jesus make to the destruction of Jerusalem? Matt. 24:15. Note 1.
2. When this event should come to pass, what were God's people to do? How urgent was the need of haste in escaping from the city? Verses 16-18. Note 2.
3. For what did Jesus say the Jewish people should pray? Verse 20. Note 3.
4. What still greater time of trouble did Jesus then foretell? Verse 21. Note 4.
5. For whose sake were those days of trouble to be shortened? Verse 22.
6. Against what does Jesus warn His followers? Verse 23.
7. What kind of deceivers will arise? What will they be able to do? How very deceiving will they be? Verse 24.
8. Why should we not be deceived? Verse 25.
9. What particular sayings are we not to believe? Verse 26.
10. How did Jesus describe His second coming to earth? Verse 27. Note 5.
11. What signs of the coming of Christ were to be seen in the heavens? When were they to begin to be seen? Verse 29. Note 6.
12. After the heavens are shaken, what sign will then

appear? What effect will this have upon the people of the earth? Verse 30. Note 7.

13. How will the angels herald His coming? What work will be given them to do? Verse 31. Note 8.

Other Signs of Christ's Coming

What signs will be seen among the people? Luke 21:25, 26. How is this fulfilled today?

Notes

1. Jesus refers to the armies that should surround Jerusalem as the "abomination of desolation" standing "in the holy place." This holy place means a limited space around the city. Just as soon as the people of God should see the Roman army before the walls, they should flee to the mountains. To delay or even to hesitate, would mean their death. History tells us that when the Roman general came to attack the city, he pitched his camp opposite the strong positions of the palace and the temple. Then suddenly he suspended operations, gave up his advantage, and withdrew from the temple wall. It was an act so difficult to account for that naturally it was ascribed to a higher power than man. The people of God recognized the sign Jesus had given them, and left the city, and not one who did so perished. It was about two years before the Romans returned and renewed their siege under Titus. But during all that time the city was the prey of contending factions intensely jealous of each other, and at no time during that period could the Christians have safely left the doomed city.

2. The roofs of the houses in Eastern countries were flat. People often went up on them to pray or to rest, and from them could flee down the outside stairs to the gates in the wall surrounding the city.

3. In every trouble, and wherever they went, Jesus wished His followers to remember to keep holy the Sabbath day. He knew how the little children and the mothers would suffer if they were obliged to leave their homes in the cold of winter, so He told them to pray that their flight be not in the winter, nor on the Sabbath.

4. From speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, Jesus passed on to the events that should take place before His second coming. The "great tribulation" referred to is a period of 1260 years, known as the Dark Ages, when millions of the people of God were cruelly put to death.

5. The second coming of Jesus cannot be counterfeited. Jesus comes in person with the glory of His Father. He is accompanied by all the holy angels, who come in all their glory. It will be impossible for Satan to imitate the coming of Jesus as outlined in these words of Scripture. Thus none need be deceived by false teaching concerning the coming of Christ. Jesus has forewarned His people, so that none need be in ignorance concerning this important event.

6. The period of 1260 years ended in 1798. A little before that date the persecution of the people of God ceased. On May 19, 1780, the sun was darkened, and the following night the moon did not give light as usual. The event known as the falling of the stars took place on November 13, 1833. So the first of the signs that Jesus gave of His coming took place long ago.

7. Describing the coming of Jesus, the servant of God says: "Soon appeared the great white cloud, upon which sat the Son of man. When it first appeared in the distance, this cloud looked very small. The angel said that it was the sign of the Son of man. As it drew nearer the earth, we could behold the excellent glory and majesty of Jesus as He rode forth to conquer. A retinue of holy angels, with bright, glittering crowns upon their heads, escorted Him on His way. No language can describe the glory of the scene."—*Early Writings*, p. 286, new edition.

8. The "elect" are those who have loved and obeyed the Lord, and they are then gathered from every part of the earth to be with Jesus evermore.



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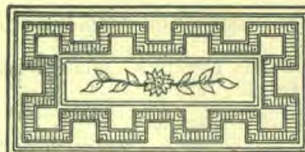
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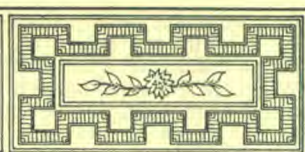
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"There is no satisfactory rule of kindness but the golden rule."



The LISTENING POST



MORE than 3,200 airplanes were manufactured in the United States during 1930.

§ § §

THE United States Government has spent more than a billion dollars these last six months for war purposes.

§ § §

THE highest Western Union telegraph office in the world is on top of Pike's Peak in Colorado, some 14,000 feet above sea level.

§ § §

A STATEMENT from the United States Treasury shows that on December 31, 1930, there was in circulation in this country \$4,890,000,000, or \$53.01 per capita.

§ § §

ACCORDING to Weather Bureau forecaster Charles L. Mitchell, the United States got only half its normal amount of rain last year. Not only that, but it is the driest year on record at the bureau.

§ § §

SCIENCE has found a way to watch a blood corpuscle make a 62,500-mile journey as it passes through the blood vessels of the human body. This feat is made possible by introducing fluids into the blood stream which can be photographed by the X-ray.

§ § §

ONE of the oldest and best known daily publications in the United States has less than 1,000 subscribers, though its contents are of vital interest to every person in the land. It is entitled the *Congressional Record*. Counting all those who receive it free—or rather at Government expense—its total circulation is only 36,000.

§ § §

SENSITIVE ladies and bachelors as well as everybody else had of necessity to reveal their ages recently, when an army of officials combed France, taking the quinquennial census in one day. While the speed with which this work is done is noteworthy, it will be four or five months before the 155 employees in the census office, working in two nine-hour daily shifts, complete their tabulation.

§ § §

A YOUNG college graduate in England was learning the railroad business from the ground up. He despaired of making any progress, but finally the company offered him a salary of \$3,000 a year if he could think of at least one money-saving scheme annually. After a week of solemn meditation he suggested that the final "R" be omitted from the "R. R." painted on the cars. His idea saved \$35,000 a year.

§ § §

THE world's highest-powered broadcasting station, W8XAR, Pittsburgh, has been licensed by the Federal Radio Commission for experimental work. Its power will be stepped up gradually, until it reaches 400,000 watts. Operations will be limited to the morning hours between one and six. Monitors stationed throughout the country will study the effects of these powerful signals. The station is owned by Westinghouse.

§ § §

In the desert regions of Southwest Africa there are to be found plants that are much irritated by dust. These will throw off the dust particles in a way which may well be described as coughing. Natives of these regions are very superstitious about the plants, for they are quite unable to explain the way in which they behave. A good example of this type of vegetation is the coughing bean. When dust settles on the stalk, it enters into the pores which are the breathing places of the plant. These are very largely clogged, with the result that a free passage of air is impossible. The choking of the pores causes an accumulation of gas within the stalk, and when the pressure is sufficient, the gas is exploded through the pores, making a noise something like a cough. Of course the dust goes as the gas explodes. Strange enough when the plant is coughing, it takes on a deep color much in the way that a person who has a fit of coughing will turn red in the face.

MILLIONS in old-size currency which was replaced more than a year ago by the new small-size paper money will never be presented for redemption, Treasury officials have estimated. Various methods of determining the amount which will never come back place the aggregate gain to the Government at from \$10,000,000 to as much as \$70,000,000. In addition to amounts destroyed and lost, the Treasury believes at least \$60,000,000 has been hoarded. Although new small-size currency began circulating fifteen months ago, a total of \$890,209,000 in old-size money is still outstanding. If only 1 per cent of this fails to return, the Treasury will save \$8,902,090. Joseph S. McCoy, Treasury actuary, believes that hoarding of paper money equals at least fifty cents per capita for the 122,000,000 persons in the United States, or a total of \$61,000,000. Aggregate hoardings of paper money, silver currency, and gold is placed by McCoy at more than \$400,000,000. This money is hoarded by the estimated 8,000 misers in this country, in children's banks, by foreigners who do not trust our banks, by those in isolated communities without banks, and by many who wish to keep a certain amount of currency always on hand. Catastrophes such as the Chicago and San Francisco fires destroy large amounts of currency. Thousands are lost annually in smaller fires or explosions. The fastest turnover in currency is in the \$1 bills. The average life of one of the old \$1 bills was eight months, so it is probable most of those of the old series still out have either been destroyed or are hoarded. There are 340,908 of unredeemed \$1 bills in national bank notes alone.

§ § §

THE hangar which the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation is building for the Navy at Akron, Ohio, might be classified as the largest house in the world. Most certainly it is the largest structure without interior supports. It will provide shelter for two super-Zeppelins, the ZRS-4 and ZRS-5. Its ground dimensions are 1,175 by 325 by 211 ft. A railroad six miles long could be laid on its floor. It would be possible to put away in this huge garage the airplane carriers "Saratoga" and "Lexington," the Washington Monument, and the Statue of Liberty.

§ § §

OF all the shifting ventures in the book business in recent months, the announcement of a book of "samples" is the most radical break from the usual. The book will contain "sample" chapters from twenty-one books to be features on the spring lists of ten publishers. It will sell for \$2, will be called "The Book Show," and will include a rebate slip which will entitle the reader to a rebate of twenty-five cents on the price of any one of the books listed.

§ § §

ADD this to your list of queer occupations: An Illinois man is getting fifty dollars a month and board for having a bad headache. The research hospital of the University of Illinois is studying the chronic type of headache called migraine, in an effort to find its cause. It advertised for victims, and 750 persons applied, but only one fortunate young man was chosen for observation.

§ § §

NOW comes the alarming news from Lick Observatory that the Great Dipper is coming apart. Dr. Frederick C. Leonard finds that five of these popular stars are moving along toward the solar system in a reasonable way, but that two are going off by themselves. The Dipper is our most familiar sky landmark, and it would be confusing indeed should part of it fly off the handle.

§ § §

AN asbestos mail bag which will resist fire, moisture, and rough usage has been accepted by the National Air Transport Company for future use. This decision was made because of losses of air mail by fire. The new bags have undergone severe tests successfully, and in an actual accident in Ohio a mail plane was completely burned, but the mail was undamaged.

§ § §

MORE than 24,000,000 radio sets, valued at about \$1,500,000,000, are now in use throughout the world; and 10,500,000, with a value of \$676,000,000, or about 25 per cent of the world's total, are in the United States.

"Don't borrow trouble; the interest is too high."