The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 80 August 16, 1932 No. 33

What Prohibition Has Done for Children

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WHEN the World Series of baseball games was running last year, Connie Mack, the famous manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, was induced to give some reminiscences of his boyhood. It happens that the home in which he grew up was not over 300 feet from the childhood home of the writer. The country ball field on which he won early laurels was but a few hundred feet in another direction; so I knew well the scenes he described and the circumstances of some of the experiences he related. We attended school in the same little old two-room schoolhouse, though at different periods. Farther down the street still hums the mill where, Connie Mack related, boys of his day often went to work in their early teens. Long hours there were, 6:30 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., with an hour's noon intermission, if I recall correctly.

The mill is still part of the village's industry. But no longer does it employ boys in their early teens, nor could it work them so many hours a day. Laws for protecting childhood and youth stepped in. The laws prohibited allowing young people to work for such long hours. They prohibited children from leaving school to go to work until later ages or until certain grades had been passed, and today require at least part-time schooling until a much later age than was the case fifty years ago. Protection of the health, the growth, and the education of the child are the object of these laws, and children of today on the whole are far better off because of them. It must be admitted that the laws interfered with the personal liberty of the mill owner to employ cheap child labor, but the welfare of children and youth was more important.

There were other things that occurred in that village in those childhood days which happen far less often now, if at all. In my girlhood, I heard the cries of a young boy who, tied to a stake in the ground only a short distance from that old ball field, was being beaten by his drunken father. We saw children scurrying to hiding places, on the approach of a drunken father. There were hungry children fed by the town because a father's earnings went into the village saloon cash box. There were motherless, ragged children whom the motherly women of the village outfitted with clothing because they were unprovided for by a drinking father.

There were other children who suffered in less conspicuous ways, but no less acutely, from some deprivation or shame caused by a drinking parent. "How do you suppose I felt," a capable, self-respecting woman said to me in later years, "when I knew my mother had been taken to the lockup drunk?" As a young girl I had seen that mother when, muttering and staggering, she had been guided down the street by the officer.

Incidentally, I may say that in Massachusetts, where this incident occurred, there were about 7,000 arrests of drunken women a year in the last ten years before prohibition. Under national prohibition the number has averaged about 2,600 a year. This is too many, to be sure, but the decrease in many cases has meant an increase in the care, comfort, and self-respect of many children.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

LET'S TALK IT OVER

WHY," we wail, "oh, *why* does God allow this—and *this*—and THIS to happen? Of course He is great, and wise, and all-powerful, and loving, and kind, and good—but—why—*this?* And to *me?"*

No, we don't understand. And what's more, we never *can* understand the *why* of God's dealing with us down here. We're too shortsighted. But in His all-wise purpose *everything* that comes into your experience and mine is somehow best for us. And could we see life's end from its beginning, we would not wish to have it one whit different. But just for now—well, it isn't easy to—just—trust.

ONCE upon a time a man wished to cross one of the great forests of Germany, thus runs an old, old story—folklore, but still true as truth itself. As the traveler came to the edge of the forest, he met a hermit, and asked him for directions. The hermit told him that as it was a matter of two or three days' journey, it would be impossible to give him directions, but said, "I will go with you and show you the way."

They set out. At the end of the first day they came to the hut of a poor peasant, knocked at the door, and asked if they might stay all night. He welcomed them cordially. "Come in," he invited. "Mine is only a poor peasant hut, but all that I have is yours. I have had such good fortune today that I am happy to have some one with whom to share it. My enemy, who has hated me for years, has today made peace with me. See," and he pointed to a shelf, "there is the silver goblet which he has given me in token of our reconciliation and friendship." So they stayed the night.

In the morning they went on their way, but after about an hour's travel the hermit stopped and said: "Wait here, please. I must go back. I have forgotten something." And so the man waited, and presently the hermit returned, and in his hand was the silver goblet which had stood on the shelf in the peasant's home.

"What do you with that?" questioned the man in surprise. "You profess to be a man of God, and you have stolen the most precious possession that poor man had. And he was so kind to us! How could you?"

Answered the hermit: "I am doing as God does," and dropped the goblet into his duffel bag.

The traveler was very much perplexed, and thought about it the whole long day, and wondered what sort of man he had chosen for his companion, but he said no more.

Night came again. At a house set back from the path they asked for shelter. The householder received them gruffly, was very rude to them, and bade them begone. But they insisted. The hour was late. There was nowhere else to go. So finally he allowed them to remain, and sleep on the hay in his barn. They did not mind, for in the house there was drinking and carousing.

Morning—and once more they took their journey. But after they had gone a way the hermit stopped and said, "You wait here. I must go back. I have forgotten something." And he took the beautiful silver goblet, carried it back, and gave it to their late host.

The traveler was much distressed. "I do not understand you at all," he exclaimed, when the hermit returned empty handed. "You steal the only treasure a poor man has, and give it to a man who has treated us most unkindly."

Answered the hermit: "I am doing as God does."

But the traveler was more puzzled than ever.

Once more night fell. Once more they came to a house and asked for shelter. This host was ungracious and indifferent, but he was not unkind. "Stay if you wish," he said, "but I have no time to bother with you. Help yourselves to what you need," and he left them.

As the travelers were just ready to resume their journey the next morning, a beautiful boy came in and spoke to their gruff host as his father. The hermit asked that the boy might go with them to show them the way. The father agreed, but he said: "He is my only son; I love him; he is the dearest thing in the world to me. You must see that no harm comes to him, and he may not go farther than the stream which you must cross." The hermit agreed, and they set out.

But when they came to the river, the hermit urged the boy to go across with them, and when he was finally persuaded and started, he put out his foot and tripped him, so that he fell into the swift current, and was drowned.

"Oh," questioned the traveler in horror, *"why* did you do *that?* I do not understand you at all. First, we came to the house of a poor peasant, who was kind to us, and you stole from him his only treasure, and gave it to a man who grudged us a place to sleep. Then when our host of last night allows his *only* son —the dearest thing in the world to him—to come with us as guide, you trip him and allow him to drown. I certainly do not *understand!* And you profess to be such a good man, and to serve God."

Answered the hermit: "I am doing as God does. But now I shall do as God does *not,* and tell you *why.* The beautiful silver goblet, which the poor peasant's enemy had given him in token of peace and friendship, was not what it seemed. It was a poison cup. His enemy had not made friends with him. He had given him the goblet, hoping that he would drink from it and die.

"The man to whom I gave the goblet was a very wicked man. His cup of iniquity was full. He could only have lived on in wickedness, and led others into sin, and so I put an end to his life.

"The man with whom we stayed last night was a bandit. This beautiful boy was the one thing in the world that was dear to him. But if the boy had lived, he would have grown up to be a bandit. I have therefore caused him to die, that he may be saved.

"So you see, I have done as God does. But in telling you *why,* I have done as God does not."

SOMETIME, in the glad Hereafter, "when all life's lessons have been learned"—and not till then—shall we be privileged to see why, "when we called, He heeded not our cry, because His wisdom to the end could see. And e'en as prudent parents disallow too much sweet to craving babyhood, so God, perhaps, is keeping from us now life's sweetest things—because it seemeth good."

Till then! Shall we not just—trust?

Lora E. Clement

VOL. 80, NO. 33 THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, AUGUST 16, 1932 ONE YEAR, $1.75

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Assn., at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

They Were Beaten

ERIC B. HARE

NIGHT was falling, as through the jungle Thara Tha Myaing, the evangelist, and Tha Mwe, his follower, hastened on, as they thought, toward Kyauktan. Clouds obscured the heavens and the hills so completely that despite their jungle-born intuition, they now feared they had mistaken the trail.

"I thought an hour ago, Tha Mwe, that that little path turning to the left was only a bullock trail. Had it been the right path, long ere this would we have been resting in the village. Come now, even though it is late, let us turn back," suggested the evangelist.

"Turn back! No, Thara. Fear not. The village must be near. Stop and listen for a moment; maybe we can hear the dogs barking, or the pounding of the rice machines."

But even as they stopped and held their breath, the better to hear some sound, not even the rustle of a leaf reached their ears. It was one of those close, still nights, and the quietness was such as precedes a tropical storm. This empty silence told them more than they wanted to know,—not only were they not within three miles of any village, but there would, before morning, burst an awful storm.

"It's no good going any farther," said Tha Mwe, discouraged. "It's dark, and we can't even see the stars."

"More than that, it isn't safe to approach a village after dark," added the evangelist.

"And why?"

"Have you forgotten the rebels and dacoits already!"

"But we are preachers."

"But the villagers cannot know that in the dark. They wait with spears and arrows, and maybe a bamboo gun, at every entrance to the village. And I have no desire to be pierced through by spears or arrows."

"Nor I, but how shall we stay here in the jungle, with snakes and tigers?"

"Why, we'll build a—" but he didn't finish his sentence. It just occurred to him that he hadn't any means of making a fire, and turning, he put another question direct to Tha Mwe, "Have you any matches?"

"Now what a question to ask of a Seventh-day Adventist! You know I don't smoke! Therefore why make my burden heavier by carrying matches? But I have an electric torchlight. Here!"

And producing it, they prepared a place to lie down, agreeing as they did so that it was best anyway not to have a fire, for though it might keep tigers away, it would certainly attract robbers if there were any. So without any supper to cheer their hearts, after asking the angels to watch over them, they lay down on the floor of the jungle, and completely covering themselves, heads and all, with their blankets, to keep off the mosquitoes, they slept,—slept heavily, because they were tired; slept fitfully, for they must be on the alert. And this kind of sleep is dangerous, for whatever the sound that startles one from heavy slumber, that painful, half-drunk, big-eared sensation that one has, as he struggles to comprehend, multiplies it a thousandfold, makes it grow arms, and legs, and claws, and guns, in just a second; and assuming thereby hideous proportions, it nearly kills one.

Thus it was that maybe about midnight, some innocent little wildcat, scurrying away with a frightened snarl, as it encountered two sleeping forms in its path, woke Tha Mwe. He sprang to his feet, and opening his mouth, tried his utmost to challenge the intruder, but nothing intelligent came forth—only an inarticulate sound vibrating with fear, "Aaa—ah—ah—ahhhhh. Oooo—oh—oh—ohhhhh!"

But it was enough to arouse the evangelist, who also sprang to his feet, calling out in a little better style, "What's up?"

"Ttttttiigggers," answered Tha Mwe.

"Tigers!" The light was found, and flashed here and there, but no other sound reached them, though they watched thus for an hour. Sleep, however, was impossible after that. So they sat huddled together, talking, and wondering what to do. Erelong, however, the clouds gathered blackness, a breeze sprang up, and with thunder and lightning the storm burst in its fury, drenching them to the skin in a few seconds.

Fortunately, however, tropical rain is warm, and though they still had to sit for several hours after the storm was over, before the day at last dawned, they suffered no ill effects.

With the morning light they retraced their steps, and with the bright sun and the clear hills to guide them, they soon arrived at the village. Kind friends ministered to them, and having eaten, and slept, and dried their blankets, by noon they were on their way again, hoping in two more days to reach the distant village of Ler Wa, where the parents of two of their school children lived.

By four o'clock they crossed a little stream and were in Baw Kaw Plaw.

"I think we shall stay in this village tonight," said the evangelist.

"Indeed, I sleep pleasantly with people in houses," answered Tha Mwe. "Much more pleasantly than in the jungle with tigers."

"And rain!" added Thara. "Let us ask for a man of good repute, who is hospitable to strangers, and there let us abide until the morning."

Tha Myaing, the Evangelist, and Tha Mwe, His Follower

And so it was that they joined the village circle, and chatted happily to the men and boys as they tethered the bullocks and buffaloes, telling anon their experience of the night before. But soon there appeared another focus in the village circle. A little crowd were whispering, pale-faced, together, and in a minute the whole crowd was bending breathless around two of the men who had just returned from a day's hunting.

"I saw them," one was saying, "with their loins all girded. A dozen of them were sacrificing and muttering prayers to the spirits, invoking their protection."

"It's that bad bunch of Burmans," said the other. "That's what they always do before they go out dacoiting and robbing."

"Did you hear them name any village?" asked one of the village crowd.

"No, and depend on it we didn't feel like asking them, either. We were glad to be out of sight, and because they were drunk and noisy, we escaped without attracting their attention. But some village is going to get it tonight. Of that I am sure."

"Oh, do you think it will be this village?" pleaded one old grandma, struck with terror.

"How can we tell? But we had better get ready."

"How shall we? What shall we do?"

And as all villagers do when they need a decision, they now sought out the headman and put the question to him. The headman whispered his orders, and the crowd immediately dispersed. "Down at the end

of the banana grove," they repeated to themselves. And soon, silently, in the gathering darkness, mothers with babies tied to their backs, fathers with what money and silver they could gather up tied around their waists, the boys and girls with what bundles of clothes they could carry, fled, as ghostly shadows, to the banana grove for refuge, leaving their houses, their bullocks, their buffaloes, and their chickens to the mercy of the robbers if they should come.

"Aren't you coming too?" they said to Thara and Tha Mwe.

"I don't know. Are you sure they will come? We spent last night in the jungle. We would rather sleep in a house tonight. Surely, if we hear them coming we can escape."

And thus it was that they slept alone in the village, —slept heavily, because they were tired; slept fitfully, because they must be on the alert. And about halfway between nightfall and midnight, the robbers came. But they came quietly and silently, as shadows, flitting from house to house, and the evangelist and Tha Mwe heard them not.

Our Seventh-day Adventist School at Awbawa

Not until the robbers, enraged to find the village empty, flashed their lights upon them, did they awake. Was it real? Was it a dream? And then confusion reigned!

"Tha Mwe."

"Uh!"

"Bind them tight with cords," yelled the robber chief.

It was no dream; it was real. How the cords hurt!

Then brandishing a gleaming knife in front of them, the robber chief demanded, "Where's the money?"

"We are strangers here, sir. We came at evening time. We know no one in the village. We know not about any money."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a fine story," yelled the chief; then addressing his men, he commanded, "Now beat them, and see what next they will say."

And despite Thara's cries for mercy, and Tha Mwe's crying from the pain like a child, heavy blows fell on their backs and shoulders.

"Indeed, we are strangers. We are Seventh-day Adventist preachers from Awbawa village. We know nothing of this village, and even if you beat us to death, we cannot tell you anything else."

"Then where are the village people?"

"That also we cannot tell. We know not the place of hiding. We are strangers, and being tired, we slept early. Have mercy on us. Spare our lives."

"Beat them to within an inch of their lives. Well, try them once more. Then search every house. Take only money if there is any left. Kill every chicken—those we will eat. Release every buffalo and bullock—such property is too easily traced so near home. Then burn every house," ordered the robber chief, and while the heavy blows fell again on the shoulders of these two gospel heroes, the bandits scattered around to carry out the chief's orders. Soon the fierce flames lit up the scene of destruction. Chickens squawked and crowed as they were slaughtered, while frightened cattle galloped their way to freedom.

"Now tell us where the money is," again roared the robber chief.

But Tha Mwe and Thara were almost beyond words. Had God forsaken them? Would He not deliver them? Oh, with what suggestions does Satan taunt us in the hour of trial. God had power to deliver them—of that they were sure. But if God wanted their lives, they were willing to lay them down for Him who had done the same for them. So with peace in their hearts they answered:

"Truly we know not, sir."

"Set fire to this house, too," he then yelled, "and now before you roast to death, I will give you one more chance. Where's the money? I tell you, quick! It's getting hot. Waste no time."

"Sir, we are servants of the living God. We are Seventh-day preachers. We are stran—"

"Cut those cords! Quick! Out of this, before the blazing roof falls in on us!"

And so it was that, still bewildered, and hardly able to walk because of the aching from their bruised backs, they realized finally that they were being marched away into the jungle —prisoners of the bandits.

They had gone about a mile, and had reached an open paddy field, when the command to halt was given.

"Here, what's that you are carrying?" yelled the chief again, angrily laying hands on them.

"Our bags have Bibles and tracts and one or two pieces of clothing in them."

"Hand them over," and in a minute clothes, tracts, and Bibles were sown to the winds.

"Here you two! Do you know any of us?"

"No, sir,"

"Could you recognize us if you saw us again?"

"No, sir!"

"Seventh-day preachers from Awbawa! Huh?"

"Here, men, let these fellows go back. Come on now, get out of this, quick!"

But no second command was needed. With strength miraculously renewed, they ran—anywhere to be out of the company of those ruthless bandits, but even as they raced along, they wondered whither their steps would lead them.

Not more than a mile had they covered, when the challenge rang out, "Who comes? Karen or Burman? good or bad?"

They recognized the voice of Karens behind the challenge, and called out, "Seventh-day preachers from Awbawa. We've been beaten by the bandits till we're nearly dead. Oh, receive us!" And in half an hour they were telling their story of deliverance to an open-mouthed crowd of another near-by village.

For two days they remained the guests of this village. Their black-and-blue backs were gently rubbed with oil, and every kind of village sympathy was lavished upon them. They were urged to stay even longer, but anxious lest the news should reach home before they did, they arose early in the morning of the third day, and first visiting the near-by paddy field, where they gathered their tracts and Bibles and bags, very little the worse for their rough handling, they took their journey safely home, rejoicing that they had been "counted worthy to suffer" with Him.

Languageitis

NATHANIEL KRUM

LANGUAGEITIS—a new disease! But don't waste time looking up definitions in a medical dictionary. You will not find the word. Despite this fact, there is a case at the Sentinel Publishing Company, Kenilworth, Cape Province, South Africa. But since there are no quarantine signs tacked on the front door, we'll go inside and view the patient.

We enter the building, pass the manager's office, and coming into a hall, enter the first door to our left. Here, in a corner by a window on a concrete bed, sits the patient—an intertype. Ah, and he has languageitis? Let's see, what are the symptoms? We examine him. Look, he is coughing now. Here comes a line of type—it's English. He coughs again. Here comes another line of type—it's Afrikaans. Oh, he's having a real spasm. Here come other lines—Xosa, Sesuto, Zulu, Sechuana, Lamba, Chinyanja, Chitonga, Chishona, Chibemba, Kilubu, Sikololo, Runyaruanda, Dutch, and Kingwana—sixteen in all! It's a hard case, to be sure. And wouldn't you think you had languageitis, if you had to speak in sixteen languages day after day?

The Sentinel Publishing Company, like most Seventh-day Adventist publishing houses, had a humble beginning. It was born about 1902 as an industrial child of old Union College, Kenilworth, which at that time occupied the present Sentinel building. The Union College Press, as it was then called, was housed in various places—a corrugated iron shack, a spare room, and finally a five-room cottage. When Union College was transferred to Ladysmith, Natal, and became Spion Kop Training College, the College Press left its humble cottage and moved into the vacated two-story administration building.

God has prospered this institution in the intervening years. Many new books and pamphlets have been published in different languages, and it has become entirely self-supporting. Modest profits during the past four years have enabled the Sentinel to make needed repairs, add some up-to-date machinery, and employ additional workers.

Often when in the States, I used to wonder just how things were carried on in a foreign publishing house, and believing that others have desired similar information, I shall try to give some of the high points regarding the book work in Africa.

Our patient—the intertype—was installed two years ago, and replaced a worn-out linotype that had worse diseases than languageitis. If you think it's an easy job to set type—or typewrite—in sixteen languages, you have something to learn. Spelling some of these words is worse than saying the alphabet backward. Fred Visser, Jr., the operator, has set type in these languages for many years, and says that "it's easy enough when you know how," which, undoubtedly, is a good maxim, but doesn't put most of us in the "know how" class. "Pay strict attention to the syllables, and you can't get mixed up," are his instructions. And taking the Chinyanja translation for "God's Answers to Man's Questions," we find that he would read it something like this as he sets: "Mu-lu-ngu A-ya-nkha Zi-fu-nso za Mu-nthu." Here are a few other title of books, with no hyphens inserted, that to the uninformed might mean anything:

"Izifundo ze Baibile," is nothing more than "Bible Readings" in Xosa (Kafir). "Tsela tsa Modimo Dipotsong tsa Motho," may not sound like the "Way to Health," but that's what it is in Sesuto. "Izinyatelo Eziya ku Kristu," is, "Steps to Christ," Zulu. And if you want the "Sabbath Restored," Sechuana, ask for "Puseco ea Sabata." But enough jawbreaker examples. They make interesting reading—for the natives!

In the pressroom and bindery you will find a large American Miehle press capable of taking a sheet 38 x 52 inches; a British Centurette Miehle with a built-in feeder, capable of taking a sheet 24 x 37 inches at a speed of 3,000 impressions an hour; a German-made Auto-Phoenix platen or job press; a large Seybold paper cutter, a Cleveland folder, a wire stitcher, a rounding and backing machine, an embossing press, and some smaller machines. This may not sound like a very long list, but it is good equipment for an African publishing house, and entirely adequate for our present needs.

Many people ask us, "Who does your translating and proof reading in the native languages you handle?" Well, that's one of our problems. One thing is certain, we do not keep sixteen translators here at the Sentinel. We could not keep them busy. In recent years we have had one translator working half time on the Afrikaans, that and English being the two official languages for the Union of South Africa. Experience has taught us that, under the conditions, the best method is to have a translator and reader for each native language area. When we receive English manuscripts for translation, we mail them to the translator, who may be at Spion Kop Missionary Institution, Ladysmith, Natal, where the Sesuto and Zulu translating is done; or to Nyasaland, where the Chinyanja translator lives. For translation into Kilubu and Runyaruanda, the manuscript must go to the Belgian Congo.

It requires from two weeks to over two years to get back the translated manuscripts, which are mostly written in longhand, the time depending, of course, on whether the material is merely a Sabbath School Lesson Quarterly or a large book. It takes more than a month to get proofs to Angola, and the same time is required for their return. So it's just a matter of sending out proofs and forgetting all about them until

"There are no quarantine signs—we'll go in and see the patient."

they come back. That may sound unbusinesslike, but once you know Africa—its vast distances, its slower methods of transportation, and its tendency toward not doing today what can easily be put off until tomorrow—you'll understand.

If you should visit our book stock room, which occupies the larger portion of the second story of our factory, you would find books in more than twenty languages. Some may ask, "What do you publish for the Zulus, for instance?" Here is the list: "Bible Readings," a thirty-two-page booklet; "Baptismal Manual," or "Catechism," containing about sixty-four pages devoted to short studies on doctrinal topics; a set of five tracts; "Christ in Song" (abridged), in tonic sol-fa; "Christ Our Saviour," "God's Answers to Man's Questions," a book of 256 pages, resembling "Bible Readings for the Home Circle," but on a smaller scale; "Sabbath Restored," a thirty-two page pamphlet; "Steps to Christ," "Way to Health," and Sabbath School Lesson Quarterlies. The other native languages have practically the same books as the Zulu, some more, some less. The largest book that we publish is the 864-page "Home Physician," in Afrikaans. This book has just recently gone into a second edition.

The Sabbath school has proved to be one of the most efficient means of approaching the African natives with the third angel's message. Because of this fact, quarterlies are printed in as many languages as possible. Just now we are sending them out in the Xosa, Chitonga, Chishona, Sechuana, Runyaruanda, Sesuto, Zulu, Kingwana, and Afrikaans.

The natives of Africa are good singers, and in this respect resemble their better-educated cousins in America. They, however, do not as a rule use the music notation as found in "Christ in Song," but rather the tonic sol-fa system, which consists of a series of symbols based upon the do, mi, sol, do scale. Within the past two years, the Sentinel has got out an abridged edition of "Christ in Song," containing about 125 songs, in four of the native languages. Three others are to come from the presses soon.

Go where you may, you will find the *Signs of the Times*. North America, South America, Australia, China, and some of the European countries all publish a *Signs*. And Africa, not a whit behind these other countries, has its *Signs of the Times*, also. In fact, it has two periodicals by that name, as the Union of South Africa is bilingual, and therefore requires that we have the *Tekens van die Tye*, or *Signs of the Times* in Afrikaans. Both papers are eight-page monthly magazines, the former having a circulation of about 10,000 copies a month, and the latter, 5,000. Just this year a *Signs* was launched in the Zulu language, with a monthly circulation of 5,000 copies. This paper has been well received, and has resulted in an urgent request that the same be printed in Sesuto.

When I was working at the printing trade in the United States, it was an easy matter to take down the receiver and call a printer's supply house and have paper, ink, cloth, metal, or any of numerous things delivered within a few hours. It is an entirely different problem in Africa. Practically no printer's supplies are manufactured in this country, and consequently supplies must be ordered far in advance of actual requirements. We get paper, ink, cloth, mull, metal, glue, and other like things from America, Canada, England, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, and other countries. I have in my hand a small book that we published a few weeks ago. The cloth for its covers

(Continued on page 13)

Let Us Be Glad for Them

GORDON H. SMITH

TWICE, at least, we glance at the man upon whose tunic a medal is hung. The trumpets are sounded when a field marshal approaches. A reception committee goes out to meet a captain. The common soldier usually must pass into the beyond to receive his bouquets. Still in this day, at least nationally, we give some recognition to that fine symbol of patriotic loyalty, the Unknown Soldier.

Here is a rose and a word of gratitude, while they live and serve, to those faithful, starless, ribbonless, unsung soldiers of the cross who enlist for the Ingathering crusade. Young and old, juniors and youth, they have plodded up and down highways and byways, main streets and rural side roads. They have climbed steps, gone around to rear doors, and crossed fields and barnyards. They have called again for folks who were out, or who hadn't change, or who offered some other alibi. They have taken refusal, rebuff, and rebuke, and gritted their teeth and grinned, or lifted their hearts and smiled as they kept faithfully, persistently, devotedly, plodding along—for *missions*.

Among the letters in that word "missions," "s" is the most frequent, and just a stroke or two makes it a dollar sign. The sound of the cash register bell is music to our ears. Sweet and satisfying is the crisp rustle of paper currency. We are truly grateful for those beribboned and starry toilers who have won goals and passed far beyond them. Fortunate is the treasury and blessed is the mission field for the funds they have gathered.

Let us pause a moment to be grateful for the host of our unknown soldiers who toil on without fame or great material reward. At least one "s" in "missions" may stand for "service." These have rendered good service.

It may be that not only what we bring away from the people counts, but also what we leave with them. A smile, a real honest smile, a cheery word, a bit of sympathy, a sense of human fellowship, a new assurance in God, a ray of light on gloomy pathways, a gem of truth,—these we leave as we go our way from door to door. I do not know who is treasurer up in heaven, nor if the jingle of coin interrupts the chanting of angelic choirs. It is written, however, that the Keeper of the records pauses to note the "widow's mite" and the "cup of water" given.

Splendid indeed is the work of those whose personality or acquaintance or influence may reach the purse of the banker or the till of the merchant. Thankful are we all for those whose tact and skill move hearts to open purse strings wide. Deserved is the honor they receive, the ribbon or star they wear. Let us also be glad for the many homes that are made brighter, for the thousands of hearts that are lighted with new hope because some of the host of these unsung heroes, plodding with weary feet, and light of purse, called at their door. Let us be glad for these who also go and serve.

The "mite" is a very little thing, but the sum of many mites has great value. Their number is in itself impressive. There rings in my ears a bit of a very lovely melody: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." Perhaps the Master is interested in footsteps along the pavements as well as in ribbons and stars. At least only He can safely mark an "s" for dollars or for service.

Then, too, a rather strange afterthought: since the divine Recorder has space for the mite or the cup of water in His record, what a miserably bare and inexcusable and guilty-looking thing a *blank record* will be.

Rambling Through New England

By Ima Greene Horne

AT Melrose we met two college friends. When bedtime came, we had not nearly finished our visit, so decided to get up at six the next morning, and take a walk around Spot Pond, while we continued our talk feast. So we did. But it was with reluctance that we parted even then, and Sis and I hurried to our rooms to find a long-suffering dad and mother wondering if by any chance we had lost our ambition to see the *whole* of New England.

The sky, which in the early sunrise had been so beautifully blue, grayed as the morning advanced. But glowering skies could not dampen our spirits. Back over the Paul Revere road we traveled, through beautiful farming country, and in and out of little villages flaunting their "Antique Shop" signs, and almost before we realized it, we had again entered Concord. We drew up first in front of a stone marker which

Wayside Inn—

pointed out the fact that just over the fence was the original Concord grapevine, perfected by Ephraim Wales Bull, a Boston horticulturist, from a wild Labrusca grapevine he had found in the woods behind his hut.

A large, rambling dwelling, marked, "The Wayside," proved to be the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and with its cupolas, gables, chimneys, and porches, it was an ideal place to hunt literary memories. And what memories have been built into this house since it was a crude three-room shack! It was in 1845 that Bronson Alcott found himself left homeless after one of his unsuccessful attempts at working. With the little money which had come to Mrs. Alcott from her father, and a gift of $500 from their kind friend, Ralph Waldo Emerson, they bought this tiny place in Concord. But three rooms provide small space for a family of six, and the dreamer, Bronson Alcott, had to bring himself out of the roseate clouds of philosophic thinking long enough to devise additional room. This he did with admirable ingenuity. From somewhere he secured an old blacksmith's shop, divided it in the center, and affixed half of it to one side of the little dwelling and half to the other side, thus adding two rooms. During the seven years the Alcotts lived here, many of the incidents described so vividly in Louisa May's "Little Women"—which, by the way, is really a biographical slice out of the life of this interesting family—occurred.

Later the place fell into the hands of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He enlarged and remodeled the house considerably. And here he spent the last twelve years of his life. In more recent years, this dwelling became the home of Margaret Sidney—of "Five Little Peppers" fame.

On the main floor there is the parlor, furnished in the mode of three quarters of a century ago, the old-fashioned kitchen, with brick fireplace, swinging iron pots and kettles and andirons; the little oratory, made, 'tis said, especially for his wife, with large windows facing out toward two long rows of stately trees leading down toward the river. To us the most interesting room on this floor was the library, where Hawthorne did much of his writing. A comfortable, leather-upholstered chair was pointed out to us, said to be the author's favorite. Three large windows look out toward the woods just at the rear of the house, where Hawthorne was wont to walk and think out the plots of his stories. Up on the second floor are several old-fashioned bedrooms, and one containing more modern furniture—the room of Margaret Sidney.

And then there is a third story, which comprises a cupola, or tower room, as the author called it. It is a plain little room, with windows on three sides. In one corner is fastened to the wall a slanting stand, at just the proper height from the floor so that Hawthorne could stand up and write when sitting became tiresome. A clever idea, Sis and I declared, and wondered if we could not have a typewriter desk arranged thus.

Next door we stopped to pay a visit to the kind, impractical dreamer-philosopher, Bronson Alcott, his capable, practical wife, and the four girls, Anna, Louisa, Beth, and May, whom we met a long time ago in "Little Women," in the persons of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. For here they made their home for years after leaving the house next door for a considerable sojourn in Boston.

It was almost like walking through the pages of the book itself to visit the "Orchard House." There, just to the left of the hall, is the living room, with its old-fashioned furniture and welcoming fireplace. Pictures of the Alcott family decorate the room. Opening off this room to the back is May's studio. May—Amy of the story—was an artist, and there are a number of pictures, which she drew, on display. To the right of the hall is the parlor.

Upstairs we went, and into a room which we recognized as that occupied at one time by the artistic May. For in the days when the Alcott family were too poor to afford aught but the bare necessities, the ingenious girls helped the aristocratic and beauty-loving

—With Its Old-fashioned Garden

May to decorate her sleeping quarters. They themselves hung the wallpaper, painted the woodwork and furniture gray, and stenciled on bed, chairs, and stand

a dainty blue pattern. And May, unable to buy proper material on which to express her art, drew pictures on the door and window moldings. Through the years these have remained, but they are now covered with glass so they cannot be effaced by careless tourists.

The large corner room belonged to the beloved author, Louisa May Alcott, herself. Here, between two windows, looking out over the garden, is her desk. And on the molding by one of the windows is painted a panel of flowers, done by May one time when Louisa was sick. The family could not think of the luxury of real flowers for the sick, but as May commented cheerfully, the painted bouquet had the advantage of being fadeless. Last, but not least, we visited the attic, where the lively family of girls carried on their numerous clubs and literary societies.

"Orchard House," Where Louisa M. Alcott Wrote Her Famous Stories

"Where to next?" dad inquired as we again climbed into "Elizabeth." Sis and I produced our map of Concord, and proceeded to locate the next dot—just down the road a little way, and across the street. By referring to the key, we learned that here stands the dwelling which for most of his long life was home to the poet-philosopher-essayist, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Our guidebook of Concord informed us that this house is not open to visitors. But at least we enjoyed stopping for a look at the dignified old white New England mansion, squarely regular and set in its frame of velvety green lawn and softly swaying green leaves. In such lovely, tranquil surroundings, it is easy to imagine the production of the erudite, finely couched essays and the delicate, smoothly phrased poems which have secured for Emerson a unique place in American literature. Down the straight cement sidewalk often came his neighbor authors, Alcott and Hawthorne, to consult with their philosopher friend. And from across the sea, many of the literary lights of Europe came to pay tribute to the "Concord Sage and Philosopher."

"And now out in the country to see Walden Pond, where Henry David Thoreau spent two years trying to get back to nature," exclaimed Sis, whose hobby is the out-of-doors. So out of town to the southeast we traveled—about two miles—then turned sharply onto a none-too-smooth dirt road. Suddenly, in a little clearing of the woods, we spied a large bowlder with a brass plate thereon. Promptly "Elizabeth" halted, and Sis and I tumbled out of the car pell-mell. And sure enough! On *this very spot*, we learned from the inscription, at one time stood the naturalist's little hut—made of weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which, the optimistic hermit observed, "made it cool at night." A pile of stones—some larger, some mere pebbles—suggested the next proper duty of serious sight-seers, and we turned toward the lovely little Walden Pond, which was plainly visible from the cabin site, and started down toward it to get our pebble to add to the pile. The supply was anything but plenteous, but we finally found a small offering. Before returning to place it on the heap, we stooped to wash our faces in the pond, as probably the great naturalist often used to do, and paused to look out over the water—smooth as glass, and mirroring beautifully the trees which spread their branches protectingly over its surface. Then we trudged back up the little path, and with one last look at the quiet, restful scene, bumped along the country road again, and were soon spinning down the highway, returning to Concord.

"Wouldn't that be a *lovely* place to live?" sighed Sis.

Dinner next—for even sight-seers must eat—then on to South Sudbury, and another attempt to see the inside of the old Red Horse Tavern.

The gate swung wide for us this time, and we walked boldly up the tree-bordered walk, across the small front porch, flanked by white benches, and handing half a dollar each to the attendant, we gained admittance to these historic precincts.

First we were ushered into the old barroom—now used in the much more tranquil capacity of reception room. The quaint fireplace tossed us a warm welcome from its glowing embers. The room was furnished with an antique table and chairs, which, by the way, are far more picturesque than comfortable.

Next the kitchen, and its immense open fireplace, huge oven, and motley array of heavy iron cooking utensils, told us plainly that in the old days, when this tavern was a thriving hostelry, cooking was really a stupendous job. As we passed from this picturesque room, full of antiques, some good housewife expressed her opinion, "Well, I'm glad I live in 1931!" And more than one feminine head nodded approval.

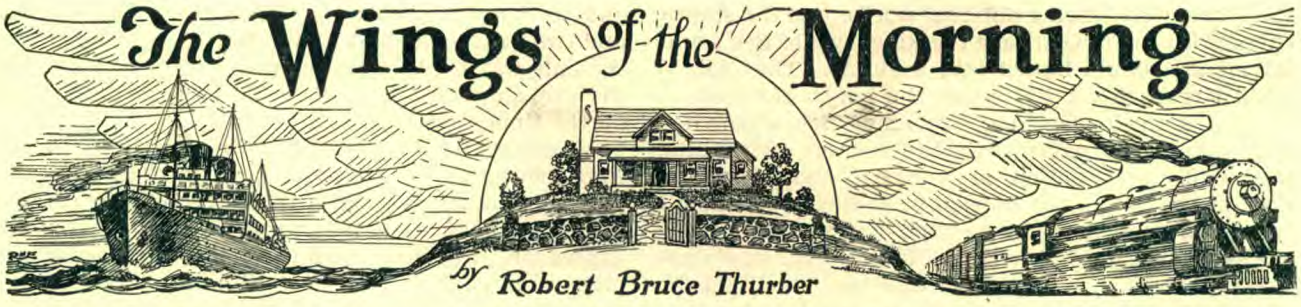
Then we were led into the dining room. The large old table was hospitably set with pewter dishes, and the two-tined forks added their touch of long ago to the service. More pewter ware reposed serenely in a cupboard. And, of course, there was the inevitable fireplace. At this very table, the hostess told us, the Father of His Country had been served dinner, and Lafayette had more than once been entertained.

And last we were shown into the parlor, which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow took as the setting for his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." And so vividly had the poet described the room, that I stepped into it with a feeling that I had been there before, and looked around with a sense of satisfaction on the well-remembered landmarks, touched by the fire's ruddy glow—"fair Princess Mary's pictured face," upon the wall, the old spinet (not, however, the same one which Longfellow described), the somber clock, the landlord's coat of arms. The friends which the poet, in his imagination, placed within this warm circle of firelight, though, of course, not seated in the happy circle pictured, seemed to look down approvingly from their frames on the walls. Beside each picture is the description given by their friend, Longfellow.

On the second floor we found Washington's bedroom,—so named, though it is not known for certain that he ever spent a night here,—the room really occupied by Lafayette, so 'tis affirmed, the Edison room, and the Longfellow room. These rooms are furnished with beds of a century and a half ago, long-legged highboys, commodes with water pitcher and basin on them, and even the wallpaper is quaint and old-fashioned, with curious little figures rambling over it. On the second floor there is also the ballroom, which, when the hostelry was at its height, many and many a time witnessed the dainty tripping and gallant bowing of the graceful minuet.

There is a third floor to the Wayside Inn, but the

(Continued on page 14)



MORNING found both boys on deck early for the first full day at sea—too early, in fact, to suit the ship's routine, for the sailors were in the midst of swabbing the decks. The sun shone gloriously, and there was a tang about the air that was exhilarating. They were in high spirits. Youth seldom gets seasick ordinarily, perhaps because it is used to an unsteady equilibrium. It was great to be alive. They ate a hearty breakfast, and saw that Mr. and Mrs. Sanders were offered some in the cabin. But the latter were still indisposed, and only after much coaxing and encouragement managed to wabble up on deck to their steamer chairs. The steward said they would feel better in the air; and they did.

But no steamer chairs for Ben and Raymond. The young and the active older on the ship were getting together for sports. There was bull-board (played by pitching small, weighted, leather-bound disks from a stated distance onto a slightly inclined board with numbers from 1 to 10 upon it, the latter counting up the score, shuffleboard, deck quoits, indoor baseball, and other games peculiar to ship recreation. Before the day was far advanced, the boys concluded that life on the rolling deep was the life for them.

John B. was telling his wife, "A young passenger approached me a little while ago, and wanted to know if I wanted to go into a pool on the ship's run for the day. I told him I didn't feel much like swimming just now; perhaps I would some other day. He laughed, and said he meant a sort of sweepstakes, a gamble on how far the ship will run in twenty-four hours. You see, they have a little propellerlike wheel that they fasten on the end of a long rope and trail out behind the ship in the water. Its turning round, faster or slower with the speed of the boat, twists the rope, and an indicator on the rail shows the number of revolutions, and from this can be calculated how many miles we have traveled in a given time. He said he was betting on 423 miles for today, but that I could use my own judgment."

"Your judgment wouldn't be worth much at that game, would it?" laughed Mrs. Sanders. "What in the world did you tell him?"

"Well, he was saying that each passenger who wished put a shilling in the pool, and tomorrow, when the distance of the run is officially posted, whoever guessed it right would get all the money. If no one did, the one who came nearest to it would get three fourths and the next one fourth. I told him I wasn't in the habit of trying to get something for little or nothing; and since I was not succeeding in holding anything that I put in my stomach, I would try to hold all that I had in my pocket. He laughed and passed on."

"The trouble is," observed a fellow passenger, who, with his wife, sat next to them and had overheard the conversation, "even if one does win, he is not considered a 'good sport' unless he treats the whole crowd with his winnings; and when that is done, he has little if any left. In the end these games of chance are pretty unsatisfactory to all concerned."

"You're right there," assented John B., with his thoughts on the last statement. The two men turned to notice each other with more than casual interest, and the wives smiled friendly recognition. Wide openings are not necessary in order to get acquainted on shipboard. Soon they were exchanging opinions about one thing and another, which led them on to facts about themselves. And as the gong sounded for luncheon, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders were made aware that their intelligent and cultured friends were *missionaries*, bound for India.

"I never would have thought it," said John B., as he helped his wife down the companionway; "they're so refined, and educated, and cordial, and have such a keen sense of humor."

"Well," she burst out, "can't missionaries be all that and still be *missionaries?*"

"Oh, I suppose so. But I always pictured them with long black coats and long blue faces, the corners of their mouths turned down, and a big Bible under one arm."

"You must have got *your* education from the cartoons in the newspapers, my dear," she returned. "I'm going to know these people better before we get to Southampton."

"I wouldn't mind, either," he said, "if they don't start preaching to me and trying to convert *me!*"

Home of Emerson, Where He Lived From 1835 Until His Death in 1882

But after luncheon they didn't go on deck. The breeze stiffened, and the sea became rougher. Reluctantly they surrendered their luncheon, and retreated to the bunks again. And the dark clouds seemed to mock as they swallowed the sun and kept it swallowed. Driven from the deck by the rain, the boys listened to the ship's orchestra in the dining room, and looked over books in the library.

As the orchestra struck up the last tune, all the passengers present rose to their feet, and some began to sing. The boys recognized "America," and patriotically got up and joined the singing, as they had often done in school at home. Already a little homesick, they caroled lustily,

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,"

when they noticed several around them looking at them, some with annoyance, some with amusement, written on their faces. Suddenly Ben was aware that

the others were singing different words; and the stanza ended with their "God save the king," while Ben's and Raymond's efforts lapsed into a gurgle. They forgot their patriotism and left before the song was ended.

"This is an English line," exclaimed Ben when they were out in the passageway and he was forestalling Raymond's exclamation of wonder, "and I suppose most of the passengers happen to be English. I didn't remember that the tune to their national anthem is the same as that to 'America.' Ha, ha! We surely got into it that time. I remember now that they had the tune before Americans took it up, and I judge they feel that they have more right to it than we have."

Raymond was a little bewildered, but dismissed the situation with a laugh. They were getting their first taste of what it means to come into contact with the rest of the world and adapt oneself to strange ideas and customs. Already they had remarked how differently the stewards at the table talked. It was English, all right, but not at all American.

That night they were awakened by a sonorous horn that seemed to shake the very ship with mighty tone. A minute of silence, and it bawled forth again. Ben switched on the light, and it shone out through their porthole into an impenetrable bank of fog.

"We must be off the Newfoundland Bank," explained Ben. "I've heard that there are nearly always fogs here. They are caused by the cold water from the arctic meeting the warm water of the Gulf Stream from the south. That's our foghorn, warning other ships of our position, so that we won't have a collision."

"It kinda sounds as if some one had thrown a blanket over the ship," said Raymond in an awed voice. "The fog seems to throw back the sound, just as if we were in a big, closed room."

Wide awake, they sat up and listened to the regular blast as the great ship plowed through the shroud at half speed. Less danger than without it, there seemed to be more, now that it was sounding so ominously. But at last their fear wore off as nothing happened, and sleep again enveloped them like the fog.

The next few days were quite uneventful. As may be imagined, there is a sameness about the seascape, and when its untamed billows cause the great majority of those who voyage upon it to be possessed with one great wish to get off and walk, there is a sameness about life on shipboard, and not a comfortable sameness at that. When the one consuming desire for days and nights together is to reach as horizontal a position as possible and stay there, spurn the very sight and smell of food, loathe attention from any one, and despair of ever feeling well again, then life is flat, though the sea is otherwise. Raymond was quite immune, and that made it all the more tantalizing for the others. Even Ben was nauseated when the storm got into good working order; but he managed to be a regular attendant at the table with the younger boy, and to consume and keep under cover three square and two quarter meals a day. John B. concluded that the only way to avoid seasickness is to go to bed when the ship starts and stay there till it docks, and be sick all the time anyway.

But storms have a way of blowing over after a while. And the voyager is always admonished to keep this platitude in mind. The fifth day out saw the sea almost as calm as a mill pond, to use the common expression. Raymond, with the globe of the geography class in mind, liked to imagine the ship slipping down the other side of the world toward England. With the suggestion of Mother Sanders, during the inclement weather the boys had spent much time reading up on the places they were to visit in England, becoming familiar as far as possible with the map of the country, and learning something of the ways of the people that were different from American ways. They were helped in this last by striking an acquaintance with some of the English stewards on the ship. Now they thought they knew English and the English pretty well, and were ready for strenuous exercise.

That afternoon the Isles of Scilly were sighted, and they were off Lands End, which John B. hailed as land's beginning. Never had terra firma been more welcome. Circling sea gulls greeted them, cutting the keen air with their knifelike wings. In the distance a fleet of small fishing boats tipped up and down in the heaving waves. Every passenger was on deck, even the sickest ones timidly braving the upper air. Conversation was renewed between the Sanders parents and the missionaries to India. A sea trip wasn't so bad after all.

The great liner anchored in the harbor of Plymouth at dusk. A small boat, called a tender, came out and took off a few passengers who were in a hurry and would go to London by train from this port. In a short time they were out into the English Channel again, steaming across toward Cherbourg, France. Travel agents and others had boarded the ship at Plymouth, and the evening was spent in arranging for stopping places, itineraries, and choices of modes of transportation, and in changing American money for English currency. They encountered no little difficulty in learning the names of the various coins and their relative values, in a nondecimal system. But at last they gained a fair facility by practicing on each other at making change. But would they ever become really English by saying "haypunny," for halfpenny, and "tuppunce," "thruppunce," and "sixpunce" for twopence, threepence, and sixpence?

The "Adriatic" made Cherbourg by midnight, and the boys were allowed to stay up to see the landing. But the big ship anchored as before, and a tender came out to take off passengers and luggage. It looked very small and far down to the boys as they leaned over

(*Continued on page 12*)

Winners

H. H. VOTAW

THE winning of the championship at Wimbledon, near London, is the aim of every aspiring tennis player. In this year, young Ellsworth Vines, of California, beat all his competitors. This latest American success reminded me of an article which appeared in the *Daily Mail*, London, July 8, 1930. In that year an American had been successful in winning the men's singles. Said the *Daily Mail:*

"The modern game calls for a well-trained athlete. He must be ready to deny himself the pleasures of life during (and for about two weeks before) a tournament of the importance of Wimbledon. The Americans' success last week was largely due to their intensive training. Tilden never accepts invitations to dinner, official or private, until the tournament is finished. *He does not drink any alcohol.* All the Americans take great care of themselves. Cocktails are forbidden.

This testimony concerning the necessity of abstaining from intoxicating drink, if one is to succeed in the most strenuous of athletic sports, was given by a sports writer, and not by a dry lecturer. If a youth picks for himself a position at the top, whether in mental or physical endeavor, he can only hope to succeed if he learns to avoid the blighting effects of alcoholic drink.

OUR PLEDGE

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

JUNIORS

OUR LAW

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

The Naughty Blue Jay

ESTHER AMBS

JAY! Jay! Jay!" this was the harsh scream that rang into my bedroom window early one spring morning. Instantly, I thought of the brown box near my window, which I had nailed up a few weeks before.

I had noticed a pair of cunning wrens flitting to and fro in the yard. My first thought at seeing them was the probability of their desiring to nest. Considering the fact that my mother had always taught me to regard birds with a certain degree of respect, I decided to put a small box in a place where I could conveniently watch the process, should the birds decide to accept it for their home.

Not long after my crude bird house had been firmly nailed to one of the porch pillars, much to my pleasure, I saw the father bird cautiously but carefully investigating it. Then with a flit of approval he flew out to a tree where his mate was anxiously awaiting the report. She seemed to assent, for immediately the work began, and it was not long until a well-constructed, cozy nest of grass and thread was finished.

It was this nest about which I felt concerned when that harsh cry came into my window. For just as I expected, there was a great big naughty blue jay tugging and pulling at the wrens' precious nest of silk and hair. Evidently the greedy blue jay had taken advantage of his opportunity while the wrens were away hunting for their breakfast.

I tried to drive him away, but to no avail. In the meantime the wrens came back, and one could almost see a look of disappointment come into their wee eyes at seeing their home being destroyed. As soon as the intruder thought he had done enough damage, he flew away with an air of triumph.

As the nest was not completely demolished, the wrens went to work to repair it. Nearly a day passed before it was in its original condition, but once the hair and silken threads were restored, the mother bird lost no time in laying her eggs.

Several mornings later I looked out of my window, and what do you suppose I saw?—A cream-colored egg specked with brown! Not many days passed before there were six little eggs, and then Mrs. Jenny Wren began to sit and sit. My enthusiasm grew until I was already picturing to myself the precious little wrens that were to hatch from the eggs.

"Jay! Jay! Jay!" Again early one morning that harsh sound came into my window. And what do you suppose I saw this time? That naughty blue jay had pecked and pulled at the nest until one little egg had fallen to the ground. Before he could do any more, I was down on the porch, and had driven him away.

Two days after this, I was called to the city, circumstances demanding my absence from home for several hours. Upon returning home I drove my car into the garage, and as I was walking toward the house, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Wren flitting wildly here and there. My curiosity was aroused, and hurrying as fast as possible, I went around to the porch, and much to my disappointment I found that naughty jay tugging at the nest, having already thrown out the five little eggs. I was indignant at this vandalism, and quickly seizing the broom, I drove him away. After this trouble the wrens left, and never came back. They were disappointed, and so was I.

This little experience made me feel very sad indeed, but do you know what makes me feel still sadder? Sometimes when I walk down the street, and see two boys or sometimes two girls fighting and scolding each other, I think of the naughty blue jay and the precious little wrens.

Two years ago I had the privilege of visiting at the beautiful country home of a friend. In this home were two very attractive and apparently agreeable children, —Marie, thirteen years old, and Bob, a lad of eleven. The first day I was there, Marie and Bob got along without even a sign of bad manners and quarreling. But the second day brought to light another side of their natures. Early in the morning I was awakened by shrieks and cries of anger which seemed to be coming from the back yard, the place where the children usually played. I listened, and this is what I heard:

"Bob, don't do that! You mean, ugly boy, stop hitting me, and stop splashing that dirty water on me. O-o-oh, look at the mud. O mother!"

"Well, you nasty, horrid girl, you broke my scooter. O mom, come here."

Then their mother's quiet voice could be heard, "Children, children dear, what are you doing, and what do you mean by all this noise? Please, children, be quiet; you will wake Aunt Violet."

"Well, Marie is a mean, horrid girl, and I hate her."

At the time this seemed like an ordinary brother-and-sister quarrel, soon to be forgotten. However, as the days came and went, I noticed a continual friction between the two children. Gradually I began to wonder what I could do for them, so they would change their attitude.

Their father was away all day, and their mother was busy, and much of the time not well. However, she noticed their growing hatefulness toward each other, and several times she mentioned it to me.

My third Sabbath afternoon there found Marie, Bob, and me in the woods, climbing hills and crossing creeks, meeting with many interesting nature adventures. All at once I heard a familiar "Jay! Jay!" and almost in unison the children cried out, "What is it?" I told them that was the blue jay's war cry. As they asked more questions about the bird, I finally ended by telling them the experience I had had with Mr. and Mrs. Wren and the naughty blue jay.

When I had finished and looked down at the children, tears filled two pairs of brown eyes. Then I told them how Satan puts naughty words into our mouths and hatred into our hearts, making us dis-

agreeable and quarrelsome, just like naughty blue jays. Of course, the blue jays are not always fighting, but since sin came into the world, there has been evil in the hearts of men and women and boys and girls, and selfishness in the hearts of even the little birds.

The following Monday I left their home. Two weeks later I had a letter from the children's mother, telling me that Marie and Bob were more loving and kind to each other. They had told her about the naughty blue jay and the wrens, and she was very happy to see that the lesson had brought so great a change into their lives.

How Stories Grow

PERRY was hurrying to school a bit late one morning, when he saw Mrs. Stoner standing at her front gate, talking in worried tones to a neighbor. "I can't understand why he should wish to run away," she was saying. "I fed him well, and took good care of him. But he never seemed to be quite happy with us. Now he is gone."

"Have you called up the police?" asked the neighbor in a brisk, businesslike voice.

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Stoner. "We have been hunting him ourselves since daylight."

Perry had to hurry along without hearing any more. He wondered if it could be Rudolph who had run away. Yes, it must be. Rudolph was the orphan boy the Stoners had taken to live with them last year.

Perry caught up with Homer at the corner. "I believe Rudolph has run away," he confided to Homer. "Don't say anything about it until we are sure." Then he told what he had heard.

" 'Course it is Rudolph. Whom else could she have meant? I hope they do not find him. He thinks he is so big and smart," Homer said spitefully.

"Oh, I like Rudolph," Perry cried. "He is bigger and smarter than most of us in our class. But he never bullies boys who are smaller. He is always kind."

Homer was the kind who liked to bully and who liked to feel that he was the biggest boy of all, and that was one reason he did not like Rudolph.

When they arrived at the school grounds, the line was just ready to form. Homer caught Burton by the sleeve. "Say, old Rudolph ran away last night. They have been hunting him all morning. They are going to have the police after him next. I hope they stick him in jail awhile, just to teach him a lesson."

Burton was horrified. But there was a great deal of noise about them, and he was in a hurry to get into line; so he did not listen very carefully to what Homer was saying. He whispered to Hobart, who was monitor for their side of the line: "Rudolph is in jail. The police have been hunting for him all morning."

"What did he do?" Hobart asked quickly.

"I don't know, but I saw him carrying a beautiful dog home in his arms after dark last night. I wonder if he stole it."

"Of course he did," cried Hobart, who did not like Rudolph either.

When the teacher asked if any one knew where Rudolph was, Hobart stood up as monitor for his side and reported, "He is in jail for stealing a valuable dog."

"Oh, I don't think so. There must be some mistake," cried the teacher. "Let's not say a word about it till we know for sure."

"Yes, ma'am. Perry told me he heard Mrs. Stoner say he had run away, and he heard them say something about getting the police to look him up. I guess it's true all right," Homer stated with apparent satisfaction.

There was nothing more said at the time, but during the morning recess the children gathered in knots and groups to talk over the matter.

Rudolph was late getting to school after lunch. The line was forming as he ran panting to his place.

"Hello, jailbird. How does it feel to be caught by the police?" Homer jeered as he passed him. Several other children echoed that cry of "jailbird" under their breath, so the teacher could not hear. Others gave him sidelong, suspicious looks. Very few had their usual welcoming smile for Rudy, as they called him.

Soon after they were all seated, Rudolph was called to the superintendent's office. When he came back he looked sorrowfully over the roomful of boys and girls whom he had looked upon for a year as his friends. Only one or two gave him back a smile of sympathy. The rest either averted their eyes or gave him a scornful stare.

Rudolph whispered to the teacher. She sent Hobart out of the room. A moment later Hobart came back looking ashamed and crestfallen, and said the superintendent wished to talk to Burton. When Burton returned, also abashed, he asked that Homer be sent to the superintendent.

When Homer came back, the superintendent was with him. He stood for a long moment looking gravely at the boys and girls, and especially at Perry.

"Rudolph," he began, "has spent the entire forenoon looking for a valuable dog which a friend intrusted to his keeping. The dog ran away during the night." Thirty heads dropped in shame.

"Some one happened to overhear Mrs. Stoner telling a neighbor about their worry, and put his own unfair construction upon the words.

"He told his version to another, asking him to keep it to himself until they were sure of the facts. This second listener broke faith with his friend, and put his own interpretation upon the story. The one in whom he confided was not careful to make sure he had the story straight before he told it to the monitor. The monitor, without taking the precaution to make sure he was retailing facts, made the story public. Most of you have added to the wrong by telling the story at home. It is now spread pretty well over the town. What are we going to do about it?"

"I move we stand and in this way apologize to Rudolph for our unjust suspicions," cried Perry. "Then I will go, if my teacher will give me permission, and set the story straight with every room in this building. After this I will be careful to drop not even a hint of such a tale until I am absolutely sure of my facts."

"I am sure you other boys who were responsible for spreading and adding to this story will do your best to make amends to Rudolph," the superintendent said. "You will get your own lesson from it all."—*Jennie E. Stewart.*

The Wings of the Morning

(Continued from page 10)

the upper deck rail. There was a slow drizzle of rain, but the disembarking of many steerage passengers went through with dispatch. A long chute was swung into place, and luggage of all sorts was shot down this to the deck of the tender. No matter if a fragile trunk or a big bundle of clothes happened to be sandwiched between two huge trunks, to be crushed open when they struck and the contents scattered over the sloppy deck. It was all a part of getting off in a hurry.

Then off again with much bell ringing, whistle blowing, and shouting, out past blinking harbor lights to that roadstead of the world's commerce, and on to Portsmouth, their final haven. Ben and Raymond slept heavily after their long day, and awoke long after sunrise to discover that the throb of the ship's engines had ceased, and the shouting of workmen and the grinding of winches and rattling of chains had taken its place. A porthole's-eye view revealed only another ship's steel side close by. They dressed in a jiffy and went on deck. They were right alongside the dock

now, and the gangplanks were being let down. Confusion was the descriptive word for the scene. On the wharf, where the boys first looked, crowds of people were surging back and forth, straining their eyes to catch sight of friends, waving handkerchiefs gayly, calling greetings to those they had come to meet. Porters by the score were wheeling luggage (not baggage in England) into the great waiting shed, engines on the railway beyond were "shunting" back and forth.

The decks were jammed with people eager to get off. Mr. Sanders had early got the trunks into the hands of the attendants, and he and his wife had been eating a little breakfast in the dining saloon while they waited. There was no hurry, the purser told them, and John B. wanted to eat one last meal on the old ship that he could enjoy. They joined the boys and urged them to go below and eat, but the late risers were too much occupied with all that was to be seen, to eat now.

The stewards who had waited on them during the voyage—dining room steward, cabin steward, deck steward—lined up with palms extended to receive tips from the passengers. Tipping is almost as necessary as paying the fare in most countries; so John B. did his duty handsomely, and got a hearty "Than-*kew*" from each recipient.

At last they were pushing and being pushed down the gangplank, with their hand luggage.

"So this is England," observed Ben cheerily.

"Just so it's land," commented the head of the family in a relieved tone, "and I don't have to smell fresh paint and cooked fish for a while. I believe those odors would make me seasick after this if I sniffed them in the Sahara Desert."

(To be continued)

What Prohibition Has Done for Children

(Concluded from page 1)

These are not pleasant stories to bring up from the observations of a child whose own home was perfectly free from drink and its consequences. Nor was the village exceptionally ridden by drink, since it had nearly always only one place where liquor was legally sold.

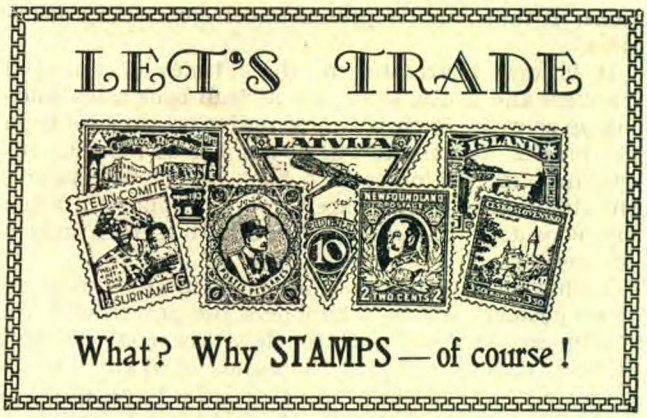
But the incidents are mentioned to remind young people of today that one of the foremost reasons for national prohibition of the liquor traffic was to protect childhood, if possible, from the misery, loss of opportunity, and humiliation resulting from adult drinking, just as child labor laws, when enacted, are designed to protect the health, strength, and education of children.

What has prohibition done for children? Those who knew thousands of homes before and since prohibition tell us that for hundreds of thousands of children it has increased home comforts, care, safety, and happiness as father's beer or whisky money has been put into better rents, food, clothing, recreation. Teachers say children come to school in better condition. More of them have stayed longer in school and gone on to high school, even since the hard times came. Health is better because of the bettered home conditions. More milk is bought for babies and children. One farm paper (*Wallace's Farmer*) says that the average person is using twenty-five gallons more of milk annually, as milk, butter, ice cream, or cheese, than when national prohibition went into effect.

Children are better protected against the neglect and cruelty of drinking parents. One State, and not a very dry State at that (Massachusetts), offers some illustrations. Before prohibition the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children found that among its thousands of children cared for, 47 out of every 100 cases of neglect or cruelty were bound up with intemperance on the part of some one else. Under prohibition the highest figure has been 22 in a 100. One year it was but 16. There are too many still, of course, but the change means that in just that one State thousands of children, have, since prohibition, escaped suffering and hardship due to drinking by their elders.

Any grammar school boy or girl can figure out with pencil and paper what even 25 cents a day spent for beer or other liquor by the father would provide in a year in extra milk for the children, shoes, clothing, and some toys and pleasures. From many a household much more than this was spent for liquor by the father at the expense of the mother and children.

There are still children who have to work too young or too hard for too small wages because the laws do not yet fully protect them, and their parents are careless. There are still children who suffer because careless parents still drink, and careless people do not give them the full protection of the law which prohibits the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor. But all over the nation there are hundreds of thousands of children and young people who are happy, healthy, and given a better chance in life because of the protection against liquor temptation that prohibition has given their homes.



J. J. Verkouteren, Route 2, Box 35, Battle Ground, Washington, has German, French, British, and South African stamps for trade. He desires Hawaiian, Philippine, Mexican, Indian, Persian, or island varieties.

Raymond Rokne, McEwen, Oregon, would be glad to trade European stamps for South American, West Indies, and Hawaiian stamps.

Bernard Thompson and Gordon Pearson Thompson, 574 Hartshill Road, Stoke-on-Trent, England, are especially anxious to obtain Washington Bicentennial stamps. They have British stamps of all kinds for trade.

Dorothy Liese, Rowe, Massachusetts, has United States stamps to trade for stamps from any foreign country.

Danovan Olson, 8 Avenue North, No. 57, San Salvador, Salvador, wishes very much to obtain stamps from Nyasa, Liberia, North Borneo, and Ecuador for his collection. He has stamps from Argentina, Honduras, Panama, Costa Rica, Salvador, and Guatemala for trade.

Olive Vaughan, 654 Cedar Ave., Long Beach, California, has United States, Canadian, Italian, and German stamps which she will trade for stamps from any other country.

Jeanne Buchanan, Box 57, New Market, Virginia, wishes to exchange United States, British, and Venezuelan stamps for those from Bermuda, Sweden, and Poland.

F. I. Mohr, Calle Segunda No. 31, Arroyo Apolo, Havana, Cuba, has duplicates from Argentina, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, Bahamas, Cayman, Dominican Republic, and the United States. He will trade for Canadian, British, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Portuguese, or French stamps.

Languageitis

(Continued from page 6)

was made in Germany, the strawboard came from Sweden, the paper was made in England, the thread in America, and I believe the glue came from some European country besides those mentioned above. Quite international! But that's the usual thing down here. Our supply room is a miniature League of Na-

tions, in that it has representatives from many countries.

It is very heartening in these times of financial leanness and chaos, to see the African book sales holding up so well. Each year new native books come from our presses, and these, with a number of reprints, result in a steady increase in book sales. The figures showing increased sales are the more wonderful when one considers that many of the natives earn only a few cents a day.

Nothing can stop God's work. His message must go to all peoples. Africa is no longer the proverbial Dark Continent. Ah, no! Those days are gone forever. Behold, there are lights, thousands of them! God's colporteur evangelists have carried the torch of truth into every dorp, across the burning veldt, and into every barren mountain fastness. And there are lights, —"Bible Readings for the Home Circle," "Onze Dagen in het Licht van die Profetie," "Daniel and the Revelation," and "Die Huisdokter en Gids tot Gesondheit,"— in many cases three or four in a single home!

A tract here, a pamphlet there, a book on the right hand, and a paper on the left,—these silent messengers of hope are scattered. Hearts respond. The lamps of truth are lighted. Do you see them? They glow. Then think no longer of "darkest Africa," but think, rather, of a land where a million flames brighten the trail of the colporteur, and where myriad hearts, like your own, eagerly await the dawn.

Rambling Through New England

(Continued from page 8)

stairs had a rope across them, and a sign commanding, "No Admittance." We were curious at first, but when we learned that up there were modern rooms in which people could still stay, we lost all interest. For why should we waste our time looking at perfectly comfortable, livable rooms, when we could do that at home, and had come way up here to view antiques?

Neither did we bother about the up-to-date dining room which has been appended to the inn, but turned our attention to the colorful, old-fashioned garden adjoining the place. We roamed, in the silvery mist—which seemed quietly to be increasing as the shadows lengthened into twilight—down the central path, past beds of old-fashioned flowers of every imaginable variety, size, and color which a grandmother might plant, from pinks and bachelor's buttons to sunflowers, and at the end of the path stopped in front of a marble bust of Longfellow. The whole garden was sweet scented and lovely even in the rain—what must it be when the sun brightens the subdued tints which the flowers had taken on that dark day?

South Sudbury ended Monday's sight-seeing, and a tired family gratefully sought rest once more in the hospitable Melrose Sanitarium.

(To be continued)

OUR COUNSEL CORNER

We hear so much about premature marriages. What do you consider the age of maturity?

In answer to your question I quote from the book, "Messages to Young People:" "Early marriages are not to be encouraged. A relation so important as marriage and so far-reaching in its results should not be entered upon hastily, without sufficient preparation, and before the mental and physical powers are well developed." "A youth not out of his teens is a poor judge of the fitness of a person as young as himself to be his companion for life. After their judgment has become more matured, they view themselves bound for life to each other, and perhaps not at all calculated to make each other happy." According to this, one should not enter into marriage until he is out of his teens. If the young man is from twenty-three to twenty-eight years of age, and the young woman beyond twenty at the time of marriage, it generally proves more satisfactory than when marriage is entered into at a younger age.

C. LESTER BOND.

In "Messages to Young People" we are told that it is wrong to take photographs, and that the making and exchanging of photographs is a species of idolatry. Then why are so many Christian homes full of photographs?

The references referred to in the book, "Messages to Young People," emphasize the danger in extravagance, and do not state, as suggested in the question, that it is wrong ever to take pictures or have one's picture taken. In the last paragraph in that section, on page 319, you will observe that it is repeated visits to the photographer that are especially spoken of, and it is such a course that becomes idolatry to an individual. Mrs. E. G. White was a very consistent Christian woman, and as far as I know, she always endeavored to carry out in her personal life the instruction she gave to others. And yet she had her photograph taken, and you will find a picture of her as the frontispiece in the book, "Messages to Young People." What Mrs. White condemned was the repeated expenditure of money for this purpose, money which might be used to advance God's cause. C. L. B.

Will you please tell me whether the power spoken of in Exodus 8:7 and 1 Samuel 28:7-14, was satanic or but a deceiving trick?

The best explanation of Exodus 8:7 which I know is found in "Patriarchs and Prophets." From page 264 I quote the following paragraph:

"The magicians did not really cause their rods to become serpents; but by magic, aided by the great deceiver, they were able to produce this appearance. It was beyond the power of Satan to change the rods to living serpents. The prince of evil, though possessing all the wisdom and might of an angel fallen, has not power to create, or to give life; this is the prerogative of God alone. But all that was in Satan's power to do, he did; he produced a counterfeit. To human sight the rods were changed to serpents. Such they were believed to be by Pharaoh and his court. There was nothing in their appearance to distinguish them from the serpent produced by Moses. Though the Lord caused the real serpent to swallow up the spurious ones, yet even this was regarded by Pharaoh, not as a work of God's power, but as the result of a kind of magic superior to that of his servants." In the same book, page 677 and on, is a discussion of Saul's meeting with the witch of Endor, from which I quote only a few sentences: "It was not God's holy prophet that came forth at the spell of a sorcerer's incantation. Samuel was not present in that haunt of evil spirits. That supernatural appearance was produced solely by the power of Satan. He could as easily assume the form of Samuel as he could assume that of an angel of light, when he tempted Christ in the wilderness." H. T. ELLIOTT.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IX—Christ's Parting Gift to the Church

(August 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." John 16:7.

KEYNOTE: The indwelling Christ.

Questions

The Holy Spirit Promised

1. What promise did Jesus make to His disciples before leaving this earth? John 14:18.

2. For what did Jesus say He would pray the Father? Who is this Comforter who will abide with the church always? Verses 16, 17. Note 1.

3. What is said regarding the personality of the Holy Spirit? 1 John 5:7; Matt. 28:19. Note 2.

4. In what way is the Holy Spirit to help God's people? John 14:26.

5. How did Jesus renew His promise of the Spirit before His ascension? When was the promise fulfilled? Acts 1:8; 2:1-4.

6. To whom else besides the first disciples is the Spirit promised? Acts 2:38, 39. Note 3.

The Work of the Holy Spirit

7. What is the special work of the Holy Spirit today? Note 4.

8. What spiritual gifts are bestowed by the Spirit to the church? 1 Cor. 12:7-11.

9. For what purpose are the gifts of the Holy Spirit given? Eph. 4:11, 12.

10. After the Holy Spirit had been bestowed at Pentecost, how far did the influence of the apostolic church extend? Rom. 1:7, 8. Note 5.

The Work to Close in the Power of the Spirit

11. What positive statement is made regarding God's purpose for the finishing of the work? Rom. 9:28.

12. Who will act as God's agents that the work of the gospel may close in power? Rev. 18:1; Joel 2:23. Note 6.

13. What exhortation is given to the church of today? 2 Peter 3:11, 12, 14.

Notes

1. "When Christ gave His disciples the promise of the Spirit, He was nearing the close of His earthly ministry. He was standing in the shadow of the cross, with a full realization of the load of guilt that was to rest upon Him as the sin bearer. Before offering Himself as the sacrificial victim, He instructed His disciples regarding a most essential and complete gift which He was to bestow upon His followers,—the gift that would bring within their reach the boundless resources of His grace."—*"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 47.*

"The Holy Spirit is Christ's representative, but divested of the personality of humanity, and independent thereof. Cumbered with humanity, Christ could not be in every place personally. Therefore it was for their interest that He should go to the Father, and send the Spirit to be His successor on earth."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 669.*

2. "The nature of the Holy Spirit is a mystery. Men cannot explain it, because the Lord has not revealed it to them." —*"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 52.*

3. "The promise of the Holy Spirit is not limited to any age or to any race. Christ declared that the divine influence of His Spirit was to be with His followers unto the end."—*Id., p. 49.*

"Only to those who wait humbly upon God, who watch for His guidance and grace, is the Spirit given. The power of God awaits their demand and reception. This promised blessing, claimed by faith, brings all other blessings in its train."—*"The Desire of Ages," p. 672.*

4. The special work of the Holy Spirit today is:

To reprove of sin, convince of righteousness, of judgment. John 16:8.

To guide into all truth. Verse 13.

To comfort hearts. John 14:18.

To teach and to bring to remembrance. Verse 26.

To bestow power. Acts 1:8.

5. "What was the result of the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost? The glad tidings of a risen Saviour were carried to the uttermost parts of the inhabited world. As the disciples proclaimed the message of redeeming grace, hearts yielded to the power of this message. The church beheld converts flocking to her from all directions."—*"The Acts of the Apostles," p. 48.*

6. "The great work of the gospel is not to close with less manifestation of the power of God than marked its opening. The prophecies which were fulfilled in the outpouring of the former rain at the opening of the gospel, are again to be fulfilled in the latter rain at its close."—*"The Great Controversy," p. 611.*

During the former rain, "the human agent had only to ask for the blessing, and wait for the Lord to perfect the work concerning him. It is God who began the work, and He will finish His work, making man complete in Jesus Christ."—*"Testimonies to Ministers," p. 507.*

Junior Lesson

IX—The Sleep of Death

(August 27)

MEMORY VERSE: "The living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." Eccl. 9:5.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 60-62; "Testimonies," Vol. I, p. 344.

Questions

1. What was stated by the Lord to be the penalty for disobedience? Gen. 2:16, 17. Note 1.

2. What was done to prevent sinners from eating of the tree of life? Gen. 3:22-24.

3. What are the wages of sin? What will the righteous receive as a gift? Rom. 6:23.

4. What is said concerning the living and the dead? What besides the body perishes when a person dies? Eccl. 9:5, 6. Note 2.

5. Why is it impossible for the dead to think? Ps. 146:3, 4.

6. By what figure does the Bible represent death? Ps. 13:3.

7. How did Jesus speak of the death of Lazarus? John 11:11-14.

8. What is the common resting place of the good and the evil? Dan. 12:2.

9. What promise is given concerning those who sleep in Jesus? 1 Thess. 4:13, 14.

10. How is the meeting of the resurrected dead and the living described? Verses 16, 17.

11. What incident is given that shows that Jesus has power to raise the dead to life? Luke 8:41, 42, 49-56.

12. What other story is told that shows the power of Jesus over death? Luke 7:11-15.

13. How was Lazarus brought forth from the grave? John 11:43, 44.

14. Who has the keys of death? Rev. 1:18. Note 3.

Errors and Confusion

What popular belief is opposed to the truth set forth in these scriptures?

If the saved are taken to heaven when they die, what need is there of any resurrection at a future time?

How can the teachings of the Bible concerning a day of judgment be harmonized with the doctrine that men enter into their reward at the hour of death?

Notes

1. The record in Genesis 2:16, 17, shows that Adam was not created immortal so he could never die. He was first to be tested, that it might be known whether he would be obedient if given everlasting life.

2. If, as stated in Ecclesiastes 9:5. the dead know not anything, then they have no knowledge of the lapse of time. Six thousand years in the grave to a dead man is no more than a wink of the eye to the living. To them, consciousness, our only means of measuring time, is gone; and it will seem to them when they awake that absolutely no time has elapsed. And herein lies a most comforting thought in the Bible doctrine of the sleep of the dead, that in death there is no consciousness of the passing of time. To those who sleep in Jesus, their sleep, whether long or short, whether one year or one thousand years, will be but as if the moment of sad parting were followed instantly by the glad reunion in the presence of Jesus at His glorious appearing and the resurrection of the just.

It ought also to be a comforting thought to those whose lives have been filled with anxiety and grief for deceased loved ones who persisted in sin, to know that they are not now suffering in torment, but, with all the rest of the dead, are quietly sleeping in their graves. Job 3:17.

Again, it would mar one's enjoyment in heaven could he look upon earth and see his friends and relatives suffering from persecution, want, cold, or hunger, or sorrowing for the dead. God's way is best,—that all life, activity, thought, and consciousness should cease at death, and that all should wait till the resurrection for their future life and eternal reward.

3. *The Open Grave.*—In the city of Hanover, Germany, is a tomb known as "the open grave." It is that of a German princess, who died over a century ago. The grave was covered with a large marble slab, surmounting great stones bound together with clasps of iron, with this inscription placed on the lowermost stone: "This grave, purchased for eternity, must never be opened." But how feeble are all such devices! The Jews had confidence that the grave of Christ was made secure by the Roman seal and Roman guard; and yet one angel, clothed with resurrection power, rolled away the stone, and Jesus came forth. A birch tree seed fell into a crevice between the massive stones covering this grave in Hanover. Soon it sent forth a tender sprout, and a tiny root found its way down between the ponderous stones. Slowly and imperceptibly, but with irresistible power, the young birch grew, until at last its roots burst the bands of iron asunder, and opened this securely sealed tomb, leaving not a single stone in its original position. What a mute but striking illustration of the promise that, erelong, in God's own time, all graves shall be opened, and the sleeping ones awake from their dusty beds!

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - EDITOR

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

The LISTENING POST

DURING the last fiscal year the Post Office Department issued to postmasters 15,559,164,487 adhesive stamps, having a value of $431,965,207.76. Stamped envelopes numbered 2,835,422,371 and had a value of $62,349,393.54. Nearly 70,000,000 special delivery stamps were issued, more than 100,000,000 postage-due stamps, and more than 1,500,000,000 postal cards.

THE world's highest dam, the Owyhee, constructed by the Bureau of Reclamation in Oregon, was formally dedicated recently, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, officiating. The project has cost $18,000,000, and will irrigate 125,000 acres of arid land. It has a storage capacity of 715,000 acre feet and a reservoir length of 52 miles. Its area covers 13,000 acres.

THAT white face powder was produced in ancient Greece 400 years before Christ by methods identical with contemporary processes, has been established as a fact by Prof. T. Leslie Shear of the Department of Art and Archeology of Princeton University. Face powder was recently discovered in a small terra cotta toilet box in a woman's grave unearthed at Corinth, and this was used in making the investigating tests.

NEXT Christmas one of the novelties which will be found in toy departments will be a doll which not only says "mamma," but can eat bread and drink milk, according to reports from the Patent Office. For small brother there will be a fire engine which leaves the firehouse when an alarm is sounded, runs on a track, stops and pumps water out of a hose, and runs a ladder into the air. Big brother may be interested in a gold ball that finds itself in reality by either whistling or giving off a smoke signal.

LIKE a giant bird, with wings outstretched for flight, a great granite memorial to the Wright brothers, aviation pioneers and the first men to fly in a power-driven airplane, is rearing its stately, beacon-lit crest 150 feet above the surrounding sea on a barren, sandy strip of isolated beach along the storm-swept Carolina coast. Since 1928 this granite shaft, which upon completion will become one of the most outstanding memorials in America, comparable to the Statue of Liberty, the Lincoln Memorial, and others, has been in the process of construction, and probably next fall the magnificent structure will be dedicated to those intrepid pioneers who conquered the vast, trackless domain of the sky and freed men's feet from the earth, where they had been anchored since the dawn of creation. The scene of these operations to create this tribute to Wilbur and Orville Wright is on the beach a short distance south of the quaint little fishing village of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, where, on December 17, 1903, the Wrights, observed by a small group of amazed visitors from the United States Coast Guard station near by, successfuly carried through their now famous first flight. The memorial proper is located atop Kill Devil Hill, a great sand dune 95 feet high, which guards today, as it did on that memorable day in 1903, the plain immediately to the north and east where the intrepid inventors hurled their frail boxlike airplane into the air for man's first conquest of the upper regions. It rests upon a concrete foundation, extending 35 feet below the crest of the hill, and the main structure is appropriately constructed of granite mined in North Carolina quarries, the State on whose soil the great event took place. The base of the monument is star-shaped, and the great shaft, pointing skyward, takes the form of a triangular pylon, its sides ornamented with giant wings in bas-relief, giving the effect of a great bird lifting itself from the summit of the hill upon which it stands. At night the entire structure will be bathed in a soft glow of light from searchlights located upon each of the five points of the star-shaped base. At the tip of the shaft, 150 feet above the Atlantic Ocean close by, a great air beacon will intermittently sweep the surrounding sea and land with pencil-like rays of light. Within the monument a hexagonal-shaped room, with niches for busts of Wilbur and Orville Wright, will occupy the first floor, and space has also been provided for a small museum. From this landing a granite staircase leads upward to the beacon tower, 71 feet above the hill. The entranceway to the base of the imposing structure is through bronze doors, in which eight sculptured panels depict many famous events in aëronautical history since that epochal day when man first found his wings.

IN connection with the present wide discussion of Japanese as colonizers, it is interesting to note what they have done in Brazil. Japan first devoted serious attention to the possibilities of South American colonies at the end of the World War. Consular posts were established in Brazil, after that nation permitted the entry of Orientals, and a steady stream of Japanese began to flow into that country, which is steadily growing in size. In 1928 a Japanese colonization company was formed at Pará, which is near the mouth of the Amazon River in northern Brazil. This company acquired land at Acará, which is farther inland. By the summer of 1931 about 350 houses had been constructed, and of a large acreage reserved for cultivation, nearly all had been colonized. A hospital, sawmill, mechanical workshop, post and telegraph offices, and meteorological station had been established. Schools were opened and silkworm and rice cultivation were under way. The announced object of the colonization project is not to make it a great export producer, but rather that the residents may perfect a self-sustaining community.

ABOUT 60 per cent of the diamonds mined today are used in industry. Henry Ford is the largest diamond buyer in the world. Every two months the diamond committee of the Dearborn factories selects the necessary stones from collections submitted by dealers. The cashier has a record of the number and types of stones in each package, but the names of the dealers are not revealed to the experts. The diamonds are used in bores, drills, and other tools which do cutting and piercing work in the manufacture of automobiles.

WIND whistled through the sails of "Old Ironsides" again on July 20, the 134th anniversary of the day when that famous frigate first dropped down from Charlestown, Massachusetts, where she was built, to Boston Light, and put to sea. Twenty-eight brawny sailors of 1932 have been schooled in the operation, and on that anniversary day, before a distinguished throng of spectators, proved that they could sail before the mast. The "Constitution's" original ship's company numbered 475.

THERE were 500 laws enacted by the 72d Congress just before it finally adjourned *sine die*, but 13,000 bills were presented in the House and 5,000 in the Senate. These 18,000 suggested measures varied in length from a few words to scores of pages, and in importance from the merest trifle to measures of such country-wide significance as the economy, revenue, and relief bills, the moratorium bill, and the "lame duck" resolution.

A NEW German variety of fire engine sprinkles a chemical powder on the fire instead of water. The engine is very large, and has two immense tubes in front which play out the powder under heavy pressure. One great advantage of this method of fire fighting is that it does not injure goods which would be ruined by water.

FRANCE claims the largest submarine in the world. This giant of the deep the "Surcouf," was completed in 1930. Its length is 400 feet and its weight 3,500 tons, or nearly 1,000 tons more than the largest submersible in Uncle Sam's Navy, the V-4.

A SALVAGE company collects about one thousand tons of old tin cans each month from the waste of Los Angeles. These cans are pressed into bales and disposed of at a profit by the company.

OUR sheep farms are not all out in the "wild and woolly West." One prospers near Alfred, Maine. It has an average flock of 200 sheep, and is run very efficiently by a woman.

A NEW electric handsaw is now on the market which cuts through tile, marble, stone, slate, and similar building materials with ease. It is portable, and runs at high speed.

THE word "bible" is from the Greek "biblos," meaning book. That is the reason the Scriptures are often spoken of as the Book.