

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 1

Facing the New Year



If Thou wilt walk, O Father, by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year,
In lowland mist, through forest gloom, on radiant height,
I will not fear!

I will be wise.

I am life's pupil. Earth's my schoolroom. Babe
And sage shall be my teachers, thrush's song
And glint of star my mood; yon cliff, rose, brook, my books;
I will be wise!

I will be strong.

Burdens are my muscle makers; tests wake powers,
And weariness well worn brings happy balm.
'Tis fretful coward weakness saps our strength and kills.
I will be strong!

I will be calm.

The age's worry never stirred a leaf.
I'll drown mine deep, then, in a sea of trust
On which my care-freed soul shall sail in quietness.
I will be calm!

I will be glad,

Glad of the whole of life. Bitter rue
And fragrant thyme are good. Serpent and dove
Thou madest. Let me drink life's cup, not sip its foam.
I will be glad!

I will be great,

Not in the littleness, nor in the mouth
Of men, but in my work and spirit. Must
I fret if fame doffs not its cap? Use me, O God!
I will be great!

I will—I?—dust?

Nay, I said "if"! And yet there is no "if"
With God. All's mine if I will take it. The if's
With me. I can do all, be all, attain the Christ!

I will with God!

Then walk, O Father, daily by my side,
Along the climbing pathway of the year;
For so I will clasp hands with Love and Power,
And shall not fear!

—Selected.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

A New Year's Greeting!

For He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye.

Respond to God's mercy and love.

Only the eternal is important.

My utmost for the Highest—a motto for 1933.

There is nothing so kingly as kindness, nothing so noble as truth.

Heaven's golden gate opens not to the self-exalted.

Every stream of refreshing flows from some altar of sacrifice.

In every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a "Here, My child."

Never abandon the purpose to get an education.

Sweetest lives are those to duty wed.

The secret of being a saint is being a saint in secret.

Righteous lips are the delight of kings.

Unless God be with us, all labor is vain.

Consecrate your life to the service of the world.

Time and tide wait for no man—or woman.

One smile is worth a thousand frowns in any market.

Right is right and wrong is wrong—always.

Earnest constancy of purpose is the secret of success.

Do not put off till tomorrow what can be done today.

I can do all things through Christ and in His strength.

The time to work for the Master is NOW.

Only that which is honestly got is gain.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

1933! How strange it looks! The New Year!

It brings to me a very definite and personal challenge. Is the year just arrived to be in my experience a better one than the year just gone? I accept the challenge. Facing it squarely, I purpose to turn over several new leaves in my Book of Living.

I AM resolved to be more generous—not merely with the bit of "filthy lucre" which comes into my hand, but in my estimates and opinions of others and what they do. Suppose I were in their place—just suppose! Would I be wiser or more foolish than they? The latter, probably. It is always my privilege to believe that another's motives are honest and sincere, even if I cannot approve his acts. Remember how zealous Paul was in persecuting the Christians of his day, before he found Christ for himself? And he certainly thought he was doing God's service, until he saw Jesus! I shall pray that those who are walking the Damascus road may see this same vision. That will help them far more than criticism.

I AM resolved to mind my own business. There are many things occurring in the world and in the church which are not a part of my personal responsibility. Why go out of my way deliberately to "take on" burdens? I do not understand *why* such and such decisions are made, or why this and that are done thus and so. But if I knew *all* the background and the reasons involved, my outlook would probably be far different. But I don't know, and I can't know—and really, do I *need* to know? Not at all.

I can be sure of some things without question. I am sure that God is God. I know that He is watching over His beloved remnant church. And isn't it a marvel how He is using poor, weak, blind humanity to work His will in carrying the gospel message to all the world in this last day? Really, you know, He doesn't *need* our help at all! And I know another thing—that God sits as "governor of the nations." However political winds may blow, His hand is upon the helm of the Ship of State, and may I not confidently trust Him? And still another thing I know is that Jesus Christ is *my* Saviour, and that I *need* to be saved! My relationship to Him, and His to me, are really the most important of all my concerns. Therefore—yes, I shall *mind my own business!*

I AM resolved to live within my income. This frantic effort to "keep up with the Joneses" is too hard on the system—nervous, physical, and financial. I shall have what I need—if I can afford to pay for it. But if I cannot afford it, then I shall revise my needs. Debt is a monster to be shunned, even as the devil, and truly he who goes a-borrowing, or installment-buying, goes a-sorrowing.

I AM resolved to forget unpleasant things—all of them, little and big alike. I refuse longer to clutter up my memory with this and that and the other thing that would rankle—if I gave it a chance. Nobody can do anything so mean to me that it is worth remembering! There are far too many happy, pleasant, colorful things to weave into the tapestry of life. Yes, I shall bury the hatchet completely, absolutely, and not even leave the handle of a grudge sticking up a wee bit above ground to trip me, *I shall forget!*

I AM resolved to be a good sport. Right here and now I stop blaming the Umpire—or anybody or anything else—for the unfortunate happenings which befall me. I shall not hereafter hunt for an alibi; I shall hunt for a reason. Shakespeare points out the folly of blaming circumstances when he says: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves." In the long run we get from life just about what we are entitled to receive. Truly, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Therefore I shall make the best of loss, of failure, of disappointment, and turn present defeat into future victory by taking strict and honest account with myself of the innermost whys and wherefores.

I AM resolved to be more like Jesus in spirit, in speech, in dress, in manner. To be all this I know I must spend more time in talking to Him, and in listening while He speaks to me through His Spirit and His Book. I simply *will not* allow myself to be too busy for an unhurried Morning Watch and a quiet evening study. If I do my part, it is my privilege to believe that some one who is looking for Jesus will find Him as He lives His life in me.

REALLY, isn't this a wonderful chance we have to begin again? What are you writing, friend o' mine, on these first pages of *your* New Year?

Lora E. Clement

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ANOTHER year has greeted us, another page has been written, another scene in the century-drama has been curtailed. Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote in his journal, "A New Year has opened its bitter cold eye upon me. A New Year has opened and found my best hopes set aside, my projects all suspended."

Just so! Others have found themselves robbed of their surest securities, dispossessed of their hard-earned awards. Yet they have renewed their grip on life and continued in hope. The test of a man's character lies not in the losing, in how much or how often he loses, but in the self-mastery shown in the face of loss and defeat.

Have you ever heard of Leader, or Jim Curry? Naturally you have not. Leader is a very small pin point on the large map of the Dominion of Canada. It sticks down in the sun-scorched southwest corner of the province of Saskatchewan, about seventy-five miles north of the Montana boundary line, and is one of thirty or more shanty towns of approximately four hundred inhabitants. Some people know it for its wheat, others for being at the junction of a freight shunting line on the Canadian Pacific Railway; still others know Leader for the miles and miles of rolling prairies, a treeless horizon, the large barns, the howling winds of winter, the dust storms of spring, and the grasshoppers of summer. In spite of topographical, geographical, and climatic handicaps, Leader has been correctly named. It is the "top-notcher" among rival towns. Other than being my home village (which item may be of interest only to me), Leader is the place where I met James Fenimore Greenwood Curry (the Greenwood a gift bestowed by his grandmother), otherwise known as Jim Curry. He is one among hundreds of Currys, and one among thousands of Jims. That seems almost a fatal indication of mediocrity. He *was* common, but not small or cheap. When I first met him, he was only a college sophomore, a surveyor's chain carrier, a hard worker, a hatless, clear-eyed, sun-tanned chap, a Canadian by birth and training.

As the years have passed, it has become evident that he is one of those characters a person may read about in books. He was a poor boy, and as far as I know, he is still poor. He graduated from college after four years of

This New Year---1933

THEO. G. WEIS

single-handed plugging, was drafted to the army, went overseas, lost his right arm, and the use of one eye, inherited nothing from his unfortunate mother, was disowned and swindled by a cowardly stepfather. Now that would be about enough disaster to heap upon anybody's back in a brief space of six years. But more followed. Jim saved his government pay, earned what he could, and invested this cash in a farm, then mortgaged the land for the house and the barn he erected. He bought pure-bred horses and planted what promised to be a good crop. What happened? Lightning struck his barn and burned it to the ground, and with it his harnesses, machinery, and three of his best horses. That year the wheat crop was a complete failure. Taxes came due, notes on the burned machinery ran past due and accrued bigger interest, mortgages and trusts had to be paid. Only one road was left open—lose everything he possessed.

The war made Jim a cripple physically, but it *did not* wreck him mentally, morally, or spiritually. The losing fight of reconstruction and the agony of re-establishing himself after the war, were equally unsuccessful in robbing him of faith and determination. Three years after his farm failure James Fenimore Curry was the possessor of a better farm, more live stock, a wheat prize and a heifer prize (both won in one year), was a leader in his community, and a man whose fame

has spread for miles because his ability, time, tools, and horse and engine power are always ready to help in any new project for community betterment.

Why tire you with so common a tale? Here's why, my reader friend: When Jim was tramping the prairies in high-top, cowhide boots, dragging a surveyor's chain, he told me he had one and only one motto. He called it Geacf. (Pronounce it—looks like a confusion of his initials.) He meant, "Golden Courage and Clean Fight." He believed and lived every letter of it. Because he has been awarded success in a humble way, because observation over a period of years made a deep impression, because it is a motto worthy of consideration, I have told you about his struggle.

This New Year may kiss our toil-numbed hands with the frosty kiss of sorrow and loss. This New Year's dawn may find us speechless, blind, bewildered wanderers in a maze



"JUST one thing, O Master, I ask today.

Now that the old year has passed away,
And a promising new year, through grace
of Thine,

With all the dreams of youth, is mine—
Just one thing I ask as I onward go,

That I'll walk with Thee, not too fast,
nor slow;

Just one thing I ask and nothing more,
Not to linger behind, nor run before.

O Master! this is my only plea:

Take hold of my life and pilot me."

of many unsolvable perplexities. Worry may have hounded our midnight hours like a fierce-moving, snow-driven pack of angry wolves. This New Year's Eve may steal upon us, and find us idly saturated with the juices of gluttonous living, of too much sensuous pleasure, of too many hours filled with thoughts and acts that fence the borders of indecency, of too few moments of serious reflection, conscientious meditation, and sincere searching for the light of God. This New Year *will find* us somewhere between the poles of extremities possible only in such a year of floundering uncertainties as 1932 revealed—panic and pleasure-idle; hunger and oversupply; peace councils and war preparations; enlarged sales profits and bankrupt businesses; new factories and idle workmen. Wherever we may be, whatever our pursuit, this year is golden—golden rich to the very core, laden with possibilities never open before to any generation of young people. Therefore, "Golden Courage and Clean Fight."

In the battle that this New Year will set before each individual, some will wage a manly warfare, others will yield to trifles, succumb to petty sins, cheat with the game, and burn their reputation. The best way to meet the year's issues is square faced, well armed, and in the open. He who aims to make life a gamble must be willing to play a losing game with loaded dice. He who aims to cheat, must submit as a willing prize to cheaters. He who wishes to grab, must willingly yield to the hand of the grabber. He who will give and take, win and surrender, be praised and sacrificed; who will quietly swallow the whispered "lie" of a "best friend;" who has courage to be honorable instead of selfish, will be victorious even though he has borrowed the shirt on his back. He may be broken physically and financially, but he need never be broken mentally or spiritually.

Dean Alfred said, "There are moments which are worth more than years. A stray, unthought-of five minutes may contain the events of a life. And this all-important moment—who can tell when it will be upon us?" A mathematician once wagered a dinner to all the shipmasters in the port of Madeira in defense of his assertion that Nathaniel Bowditch could not solve a certain mathematical problem. The great Spanish mathematician did not know that Bowditch had occupied every spare hour of his time with mathematics since he entered the seventh grade, or that he "outsolved" his teachers; that he had acquired a library of mathematics books while still a grocer's errand boy, that he had taught himself Latin, German, and French just to be able to read treatises on mathematics in those languages. It took Bowditch a few minutes to solve the problem that had puzzled master mathematicians three months. He had prepared himself for his hour by rightly using his spare minutes. By diligent study he won fame and many friends. At twenty-nine he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He corrected Hamilton Moore's work on navigation. Later he was asked to prepare the "American Practical Navigator," which ran over twenty-eight editions during

his lifetime. He wrote magazine and encyclopedia articles as well as numerous books. He was elected professor of mathematics in Harvard University, Virginia University, and the Military Academy at West Point—all of which he declined. He received an LL. D. degree from Harvard. When he died, at the age of sixty-five, the words of Hafiz, the Persian poet, were on his lips:

"So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all round thee weep."

The Future

HAROLD J. BASS

IF I could roll the curtain back,
And see before my eyes
A miniature of each event
That in this new year lies,

I'm not so sure that I would push
The sheltering veil aside,
For I might falter to behold
What's on the other side.

There may be life, there may be joy,
But who can guarantee
That nothing else but happiness
Will be stored up for me?

If I may judge by other lives,
Some day I, too, shall know
The pangs of grief and suffering
That caused their tears to flow.

It may be that this coming year
Will bring me loss of friends,
Or misfortune in other ways,
Before its twelvemonth ends.

If I could peer into its days,
I might see just ahead
The outline of a marble slab
That tells the world I'm dead.

If I saw joy, I might become
Too confident of life;
If I saw hardship, I might be
Afraid to face the strife.

And so I'm glad that Providence
Has thrown a kindly haze
Over the happenings of the year
To hide them from my gaze.

He was a poor boy who learned the value of the placer gold buried in spare hours. By diligence and undaunted courage he gave us treasures which will keep his name a memory.

Truly, as Shakespeare says:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea we are now afloat;

And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our venture."

In the life of Salmon Portland Chase that turning tide came in the qualms of absolute failure. When young Salmon graduated from Dartmouth College at the age of nineteen, he proposed to devote his life to teaching. On the opening day of his Classical Institute in the city of Washington only one scholar presented himself for enrollment. The enterprise was a complete failure. This was the turning point in his life. He did not sit down and cry over his disappointment. He presented himself to his uncle, Dudley Chase, Senator from Vermont, for a government clerkship, and in reply received a promise of fifty

cents to buy a spade, but no clerkship.

Rebuffs could not smother Salmon. He had a will to win. He used every hour and opportunity at his command, and became one of our country's most gifted Senators. He served a term as governor of Ohio, became Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, succeeded Judge Roger B. Taney as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He died May 7, 1873. Of him Demorest Lloyd wrote: "His will was his great power. This faculty in him probably more than any other, contributed to his success. It was dominating and indomitable. It yielded to no man and no force. Its persistency was measured only by the length of the task to be accomplished."

What challenge could be more convincing, what argument more conclusive? This New Year asks us as young people to show courage, golden courage, and to stand unyielding for God and the principles of truth we believe in our hearts. This year calls for sacrifice and "clean fight." It calls each one of us. No call is greater.

"So shall the days, the weeks, the months,
Be threaded on a golden cord,
And all draw on with sweet accord
Unto Thy fullness, Lord."

Drury Webster Reavis I Remember



My Boyhood
Days on
a Missouri
Plantation

ONCE upon a time"—what magic words! They never fail to grip the attention, for who is not interested in things as they used to be? We wish that you could have the privilege of meeting personally the dignified, white-haired young man whose memories are to be recorded on these pages during the next several weeks. As a child he lived through the thrilling days of the Civil War on a Missouri plantation, and this struggle of the new world for unity and freedom came into his youthful experience in a very real way. He had personal contact with soldiers who wore both the blue and the gray, and with bushwhackers, and sweet potatoes, and night riders, and corn bread. Also he tells of the beginning days of tent efforts, and colporteurs, and Battle Creek College. For fifty-eight years he has been directly connected with the organized work of Seventh-day Adventists, and the last thirty-seven of them have been spent in promoting the sale of our various publications. He was the originator and has been circulation manager of that big-little paper, *Present Truth*, which has by far the largest circulation of any of our periodicals since its beginning eighteen years ago. You will thoroughly enjoy his story, but before you begin to read, let your eye drop down the page and meet Drury Webster Reavis—the man who never grows old!

How old are you, Mr. Reavis?

You may think it strange I cannot answer you at once, giving my exact age, but because I think so little about my age it is always necessary for me to do some figuring before I can tell just how old I am. With many adults, the question of age is overemphasized. If they would forget their age, they would remain young longer, for "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If he thinks he is old, and keeps that in his mind, his body will gradually come into harmony with his mind, and he will be old before it is really necessary.

Well, let's see. I was born July 30, 1853. That will make me seventy-nine years of age at the present time. But were I not forced by my friends to think of it—if I could entirely forget the date of my birth—I would, judging from the way I feel, consider myself not over fifty.

Where were you born?

That question I am always prompt to answer, for to this day I am proud of my native State, Missouri, the "Show Me State." Nearly everybody smiles when I announce the place of my nativity, because they think that the people in Missouri are so dull it is necessary for them to be shown about *everything* that is new. But that is not true. The State was named the "Show Me State" long, long ago, because early settlers were so imposed upon by those

An Interview

coming from other States that they became suspicious of all strangers, and demanded *proof* of good faith in every transaction.

Missouri was a slave State at that time, was it not?
Yes, that part south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Will you not tell me something about those early days in a new country, Mr. Reavis? Did people manage in business as they do now? Did your father keep slaves? And what about the relations of the white and colored people, as you knew them?

My memory reaches back to a few years before the Civil War. Previous to that time, my information comes from near relatives, who often repeated to me things I was too young to know about in any other way. My father and his father were slave holders in that part of Missouri permitting slavery. Our family were descendants of one Ashley Reavis, who came over to this country with the Jamestown, Virginia, settlement. His name was Ashley when he came over, but he married a lady by the name of Reavis, and took her name, which seemed at that time to be admissible in cases where the woman was a property owner and her family better known than that of the man. This branch of the Reavis family were inclined to frontier life. They kept close to the frontier as the country developed westward.

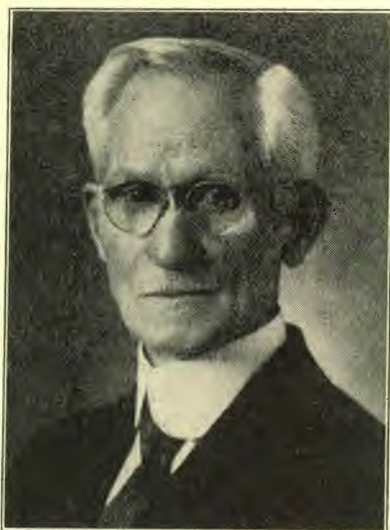
Long before I came upon the stage of action, my father secured a large tract of government land in western Missouri, for which he paid \$1.25 an acre. There were few white people, no railroads, no telegraph wires, nothing but broad prairies and howling wolves. Kansas City was a mere village out on the western border of the State.

When he left the home plantation in Boonsville, Missouri, his father gave him a horse, a saddle and bridle, and a young Negro man, born on his own birthday. The young slave was worth, according to slave prices at that time, about \$500. My father struck out with these possessions into the most unsettled part of the State—away from the Missouri River, along which the people usually settled, on account of its being the only way of travel excepting by ox or mule team and wagon.

Arrived at his destination, he built a log hut near a prairie stream, which was skirted by timber, and began to develop a plantation for himself. He put up a horsepower sawmill, a wool and cotton carding mill, and a corn gristmill operated

on the old treadwheel power plan; also he put in a tannery, a wagon shop, blacksmith and carpenter shops, in all of which building he and Charles, his first Negro slave, were the only master mechanics.

When the Civil War came, my father had a prosperous plantation. There was a large frame and log resi-

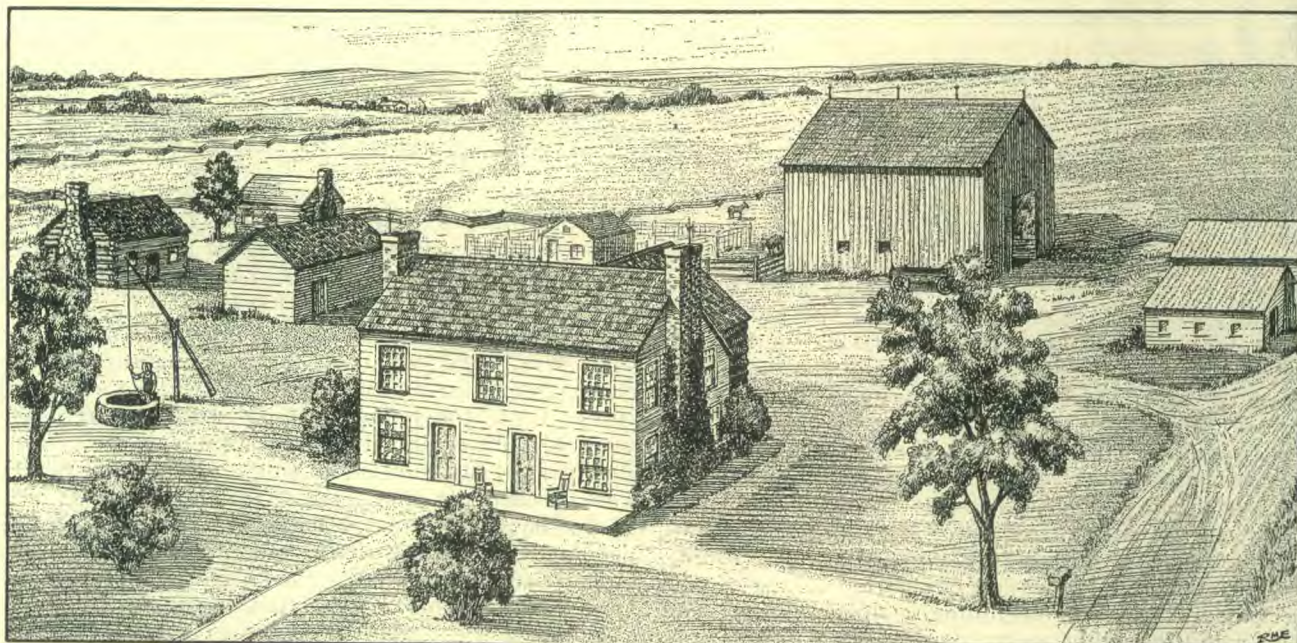


dence, a huge barn, a carding mill, smokehouse, saw-mill, a number of Negro cabins, and a few other small houses occupied by white people, who worked on the plantation as overseers. My father's large frame and log residence served also as the village tavern and stagecoach station.

He erected a frame store building near the house, and offered to give it to any one who would put in a stock of general merchandise. A young man by the name of Jack Lee accepted the offer, and put in the required stock, whereupon my father named the place, "Leesville," which is even today a small country village. This village at the time of my childhood had about 200 inhabitants, so a schoolhouse was built upon

cation of newness. How proud and how pleased we were.

In those days, children, both white and black, had very limited clothing of any kind. I distinctly remember the one slip, made of homespun flax, which reached about halfway from my hips to my knees, as the only wearing apparel I had the year round, excepting home-knitted socks added in winter. When I grew so large I could not get into this slip, then it was given to a younger child, and I got another slip, which had been worn for several years by my older brother. These flax slips were usually washed by the Negroes after we children had retired, and were all dry and ironed and ready for us early in the morning. Children had no changes as they now have in clothing,



our plantation, and a private school established. Also, a church was built halfway between Leesville and another plantation several miles away. All around the village were the fields of my father's plantation, and his various mills, factories, and other buildings.

Everything we used, with the exception of chinaware, glassware, pins, needles, and buttons, was raised or manufactured on our plantation. From raw wool, cotton, or fiber came our clothing. Slaves working under white bosses were skillful mechanics, and produced agricultural implements, wagons, buggies, and all kinds of tools. The few things we could not produce came by ox wagons from Saint Louis, but there were no such things as silks, satins, ribbons, fancy buttons, and store shoes in those days. Yet they were days of abundance of the simple necessities of life, and of real satisfaction—days of physical and moral development, when a spirit of happiness and contentment prevailed.

The tannery, the shoe and leather factory, was some distance from the village, down by Tebo Creek, where water could be had in abundance for tanning purposes. All shoes for the family were made at the tannery. It was a great day for us children when in the late fall the old colored tanner and shoemaker took measurements for our winter shoes. (In the summer we went barefooted.) From that day to the thrilling hour the shoes were brought to "the big house" by the same dignified, serious tanner, every hour was one enjoyable anticipation. A child of the present day would find no pleasure in the shoes that gave us as children such great delight, for they were made of heavy cowhide, on straight lasts, and pegged with heavy, home-made pegs. The soles were heavy, and they had large, low heels. But the squeak of our humble "new shoes" was music in our ears. In fact, squeaky shoes were *especially preferred*, because the squeak was a sure indi-

cation of newness. How proud and how pleased we were.

Children, both white and black, were put to work at a very early age. They had all the recreation it was thought they really needed in the easy work assigned them. They were taught to find pleasure and recreation in the work they were doing. To illustrate: When I followed the one-horse shovel plow during the time of the first plowing of corn, when it was very small, and uncovered that which the plow had nearly buried, I was told by a wise old Negro, who was doing the plowing, to play that the covered corn plants were people who were caught in a landslide, and that I was a rescuing party following in the wake of a great storm, sent to save the lives of the "corn people." In my childish imagination the thing was made real by the way the old man pictured it out to me. I worked in a frame of mind that obliterated time, and with zeal that produced health, and gave me physical, mental, and moral exercise.

One bright spot in my early memory was the thrilling twilight hours which we white children spent in the cabins of the slaves, enjoying the stories and the singing that always went on there. We usually stayed until the old house "mammy," upon the request of the "mist'ess," our mother, called, demanding our presence at "the big house." Only those who have had a similar experience can imagine the relish of such evenings. And our hosts apparently enjoyed us as audience, for often they joined us in pleading for an extension of our stay.

These associations of the white children and the colored people had their good and bad effects. They were good in that the colored people, as far as they knew, were strict in their application of principles,

(Continued on page 13)

PLEASE, dad, may I go to church today?" Her lips trembling with emotion, Joyce Lee Blackman faced her father with a request which a month before would never have occurred to her. She had been an average high school student, interested in her studies, but carefree and reckless in social good times. Popularity claimed her. Flattery swept her along in its dizzy current.

Then came Susie, surrounded by all the interest that is usually accredited to "new" students, and in this case with justification. "Susie is an odd stick," was the immediate opinion of half the student body. Certainly she was decidedly different from her classmates, both in appearance and in conduct. There was nothing flapperish about her. She was the personification of demure young womanhood, in direct contrast to the flippant up-to-dateness of the other girls.

When the students invited the newcomer to attend their school social, she replied with the question, "Do you dance?"

"Oh, yes," they assured her.

"Then I can't go," she replied without further comment.

"Don't you dance, Susie?"

"No."

"We'll teach you how. It's easy to learn."

"I don't doubt that, and thank you for your kind offer; but, you see, I'm a Christian, and everything Christians do or say must give an affirmative answer to the question, 'Would Jesus do it?' I don't believe He would dance."

"Why?"

"I know He wouldn't. Jesus was the Man of Sorrows, and isn't it just impossible to picture Him whirling in a crowd to the time of modern music? It almost hurts to try to imagine such a thing."

"Hurts! Well, you *are* a queer one!"

And so, in amused bewilderment, they left her to continue their plans for the social. However, there was in the group one girl who was more than bewildered. Joyce's heart was deeply stirred. She could not think clearly about color schemes and decorations while in her ears there rang that query, "Would Jesus do it?" Did it, then, *really* make much difference whether one considered Susie's Man of Sorrows in the affairs of daily life?

Unsatisfied with any explanation she could make for herself, she sought an interview with Susie. She found her in the library diligently preparing a French translation.

"May I ask you a question?" She spoke abruptly.

"Certainly," smiled Susie, "and I'll be glad to answer, if I can."

"Let's go outside where it's quiet. . . . Now then"—when they were alone at the south side of the building—"why do you check all your acts by the question, 'Would Jesus do it?'"

"Because He's my best Friend, and I don't want to hurt Him. Since He did more for me than I can possibly repay, it is my pleasure to do only those things that I am sure will please Him."

"Is it so important? And what did He do for you?"

"Why, Joyce, don't you know about His being crucified on the cross—"

And then followed for Joyce the most interesting and enlightening hour she had ever spent. Strange as

Victory

FLORENCE FARMER

it may seem, from that day a new resolve commanded the life of Warren Blackman's frivolous daughter. She cultivated Sue, and the queer things her new friend believed somehow fascinated her.

She had never given much notice to the Bible, but now she read it, and its words touched her heart. Diligently she set about to put into practice what she was learning, and it was not long before the critical eyes of her classmates saw her as a second Susie.

Upon invitation, she attended the little Seventh-day Adventist church of which Susie was a member. After several months, she felt a desire to become a church member. Her father, who had, until now, considered her new outlook on life as somewhat of a joke or a passing fancy, became alarmed, and forbade her to be baptized or to attend this church again. He did not dream, of course, that she would disobey him, for since the loss of her mother six years before, Joyce had never gone contrary to his commands.

However, he failed to take into consideration the fact that she had been doing some thinking for herself. With strong faith and with the words, "We ought to obey God rather than men," ringing in her ears, Joyce stepped into the watery grave, and afterward was received into church membership. When she went home, she told her father that she had disobeyed him, stating as the reason that she felt justified in doing so.

He raged. "I don't care what the Bible says! You're my daughter, and you're going to do as I say! You just keep away from those Advents, and if you don't, I'll—take measures!"

He succeeded in keeping her away from church, but the spirit of Daniel and of the martyrs of bygone ages had taken possession of his docile daughter, and he found to his dismay that she was not to be swerved from her chosen course.

Therefore, each Sabbath, though she dreaded the interview, she approached her father with this patient question, "Please, dad, may I go to church today?" And each Sabbath she received the same negative answer, accompanied by bitter remarks that clutched viciously at her heartstrings, almost breaking them.

One morning when she especially wanted to attend the Sabbath services, her failure to get permission

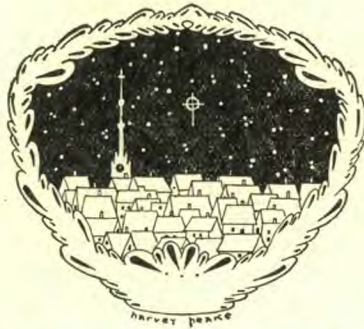
brought tears. She struggled to repress them, and feeling that she must be alone, asked if she might take a short walk. The reply was an almost inaudible grunt.

Walking listlessly, unmindful of a light mist that blew across her face, Joyce thought. It seemed that there was no solution for her problem. How could she ever truly serve God without the help of Sabbath worship? What could she do to bring a change in the tide of her father's opposition? She wondered vaguely if she would be displeasing her heavenly Father to leave home, run away, and find work where she could be free to serve God as her conscience said she must.

But on second thought she realized that to do so would

be the act of a coward. She was a soldier, a Christian soldier, and it was her duty to remain where her Captain had posted her. After all, her father had a soul to be saved, and who was in a better position than she to work for him? She decided that, summoning all her courage, she would be faithful, come what might.

With the light of new courage springing up in her



"OLD years and new years, with all their pain and strife,
Are but the bricks and steel and stone with which we fashion life;
So put the sin and shame away, and keep the fine and true,
And on the glory of the past let's build the better new."

"A jeer and a sneer never proved anything yet."

Page 7

SOME of us think that it is modest to say, both to ourselves and to others, "I am of so little consequence that I have no influence."

There was never a more mistaken idea. Not long ago, an elderly woman visited, after years of absence, a town where she had spent many summers in her youth. There she met an old neighbor of about her own age.

"Do you remember that green satin riding dress that you used to wear?" asked the old neighbor.

"Green satin! Yes; wasn't it absurd?" laughed the visitor. "I was a terribly spoiled child, and in some way I conceived the idea that green satin was a suitable material for a riding dress. The family all laughed, but I was allowed to have it."

"In those days," the old neighbor confided to her friend, "I tried to have everything exactly like yours. I thought that glistening green riding dress, swinging along with its weighted border, the most beautiful object in the universe. Nothing would do but I must have one, too. We could ill afford it, and the household was upturn for weeks on account of it, but I got it in the end."

Later, in telling others this little story, the one who set this foolish example said, "Never for an instant did the

"You Never Know—"

ERNEST LLOYD

thought enter my mind that anybody would be influenced by my example. I was in a little country place. It pleased my fancy to wear any silly

thing that occurred to me. The thought that I had caused another to make such a spectacle of herself and to spend money which could be ill afforded, really depressed me for days, years past though the offense lay."

You never know who is watching you, and who may be measuring all religion by your conduct. The thought lends a dignity to our smallest action; and as we cannot explain doubtful circumstances to the general public, it is well to keep out of them as far as we can. This thought of ever and always representing the religion that we profess, should dominate our lives, no matter what our inward state may be. The banner of holiness must be upheld. You may be among strangers—unknown, lonely. All the more must you stand by the colors. If you have peace within, be glad of it. If you have no peace at the time, go on just the same, resolved to show to the world and to your Master how loyal you can be to the principles of the third angel's message. The peace will come, and so will honor. Let us only be faithful to the trust committed to us—representing Jesus to the world.

heart, she knelt beside an old stone wall, and there, to the accompaniment of a saucy, chattering squirrel and the chirping of a cricket, she prayed. All the hopelessness of the struggle of the past few months she poured out into the loving ear of the one great Counselor. Then, with intense earnestness she prayed for her father.

When she arose, she was conscious of the presence of the Holy Spirit. God seemed very near. She felt now that she could face her father's unsympathetic gruffness and angry words without a tremor. That day marked the beginning of greater depth in her Christian experience. She prayed more, and found prayer sweeter and more helpful than she had realized it could be. She enriched her own experience by active missionary work in the form of distributing tracts and other periodicals telling of Jesus' soon coming. Her supplies were purchased with the spending money which had formerly gone for cosmetics and "treats."

In school, as at home, her new life was not a path of roses. The students who had formerly been her most intimate friends now shunned her, making scathing remarks which were often overheard by their subject. She was definitely "out" of the social activities which had once occupied so much of her time. However, life was so full of new meanings and interests that these petty discomforts did not bother her—not much!

Although she prayed unceasingly for her father, his heart remained seemingly unchanged. His attitude was still that of a domineering taskmaster. He hated the sight of her Bible, which she studied faithfully every evening in preparation of the Sabbath school lesson, although she was not allowed to attend.

But "all things work together for good to those who love God." The day came when Joyce received the reward of her faith. All apparent barriers seemed to be suddenly broken down by a happy event, and the Christian pathway lay clear before her.

One Sabbath morning when she had asked her usual question in the same patient, hopeful way, Mr. Blackman flared up.

"Aren't you ever going to give up this crazy belief? I'm sick of hearing about it! This is the last time you're to ask me that bothersome question."

"Well, dad," Joyce rejoined, "may I ask you some other questions? I've been obedient to you in every way, and I've respected your every wish for a long time now. But of late there has been ringing through my consciousness the divine command that we should obey God rather than men.

"You're a good man, dad, as the world judges good-

ness, and you've been a wonderful father in many ways. But, honestly, do you think you are treating me fairly? Should I not have the privilege of living up to my convictions? What would mother say if she knew?" She choked on the word "mother." "Why do you object so strenuously to the Seventh-day Adventist Church and beliefs? Why, dad?" And flinging her arms around his neck, she wept bitterly. He pushed her aside, and left the room without one word.

It was late that night when Joyce was ready to retire. She had been preparing her lessons, but because memory of the bitter experience of the morning made it difficult to concentrate, the task was prolonged.

On her way to her room, as she passed her father's door, she thought she heard the sound of a voice within. Yes, as she listened she could hear a disjointed murmuring. Now she could distinguish a word or two. It was a prayer—a prayer from her father's lips! Her father praying! With thrilling heart, she hurried to her own room and fell on her knees, offering her own prayer of thanksgiving and pleading.

In the morning, Mr. Blackman greeted his daughter with a tender embrace, a thing he had not done since the day of her baptism.

"I have a confession to make, daughter," he said, "a confession that will make you happy. You have been faithful in observing the day which you believe is the Sabbath, and you have been just as conscientious in many other things. This has changed you greatly during the past months, and I'm sorry that I have not realized the extent and the value of the change.

"Of late I haven't been worried by your being out until late hours of the night. I'm no longer ashamed of your appearance, for your face is free from gaudy paint and lipstick and you dress like a lady. I'm very glad of these things, Joyce, despite my unsympathetic attitude toward you.

"I have heard you mention my name in prayer as I have passed your room. That touched me even more than your patience and gentleness, more than your careful regard for my wishes. Your pointed questions yesterday brought me to myself, and now I've made a decision. I'm going to serve God, too. Next Sabbath, Joyce, you and I are going to attend the Sabbath school and church service at the Seventh-day Adventist church. I must find out what this is all about."

"O dad! dad! I'm so happy! God *does* answer prayer. I—I heard you praying last night, dad, and I was happy then, but now—I'm just blissful!"

Before she dropped into a peaceful sleep that night, Joyce murmured to herself, "I just feel like singing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

Glorifying God in the Fires

SOMEbody's voice would ring out through the roar of the fire, 'Bring up the water guns! We're cutting a trail around this little spur!' 'Oo-oo-ah-AH-AH-ah-oo-oo,' a siren would moan in the distance. Orders were terse and snappy. 'Bring all the ax men off that upper patrol. We've got to open up that old logging road.' Then—CRASH!—another big pine would topple over in a shower of sparks."

"Now wait a minute, if you don't mind," interrupted Bud. "I'd like to get the straight of this. It's too good a story to go without any setting."

From the wind-blown summit of Three Peaks we looked out over a vast expanse of meadows and hills that sloped away toward Napa Valley and the great blue range beyond. In the distance, the beacon atop Mt. Diablo was already flashing in the feathery edge of the graying shadows. Five miles away, white diamonds in a tray of green velvet, gleamed the buildings of Pacific Union College.

Bud stood on the very highest crag of the Middle Peak, and thoughtfully surveyed the thousands of blackened acres before us. Here and there a heap of grayish white ashes or a crag of yellowish limestone broke the black monotony. Tiny shrubs and great trees lifted a few charred branches. A fluffy ball of cloud rolled unconcernedly across the sky.

"You say it started right down here in the bottom of this draw?" he queried at length. "That would be about four miles from the college."

"That's right, Bud," I answered, "it started from a hunter's camp fire on a Sabbath morning. Some of the fellows came out right away and fought desperately to stop the advance of the flames. But the wind was blowing a gale from the west, and the fire was driven over this ridge and on into Pope Valley. I was home that Sabbath, but midnight found me back on the hill and into the fight that lasted almost a solid week."

"This is going to be good," my companion chuckled as he settled into a convenient hollow in the lee of a sparse clump of dwarf bay trees. "Go on with your story, old man; and don't forget the thrilling details!"

"Well, Bud," I began again, "the greatest thrill of all is to look back over the whole thing and realize that there were more than human fire fighters on that line. Look at that little green oasis in this desert of cinders and ashes. Twenty-five years ago God set apart that spot and dedicated it to His work. Thanks to His protection, it is green today."

For some time we both looked in silence at the scene. The slanting rays of the sun beamed from a bank of cloud over the Coast Range, and even from our windy perch miles away, we could see the golden blaze on the western windows of old West Hall and the Gym. I wondered what my

VERNON E. BERRY

young, recently arrived college friend was thinking about.

The wait was not long. "Listen. If I were a poet I'd write on 'A Distant Prospect of Pacific Union College.' Ought to be good, don't you think? But if you don't get to fire fighting," he added hurriedly, "the fire won't be out till it's too late to find the way home!" "Okeh, amigo," I agreed. "Where was the said conflagration last reported?"

"Right over there, hurrying down into Pope Valley before a west wind," came the prompt reply.

"That's right," I affirmed, "and I want you to notice especially the winds that enter this story. It is in them that, it seems to me, we can trace the unseen battle which ended with our college unharmed though surrounded on three sides by acres and acres of smoldering woodland."

"You know Isaiah tells us to 'glorify God in the fires,' and I think we ought to recognize His protection in this one. Here, I think I have in my pocket a rough chart which I made a while ago to illustrate the unusual features of this interesting battle."

"Ah! graphic depiction!" exclaimed Bud, as he took the map and turned it around to the right direction.

"We are up here at the top, you see," I began to explain. "The fire began at that 'X' and went over the hill to the west. Its southward progress was halted by a fire guard we'll call Trail A, which was made Saturday night and Sunday morning. Then a north wind took the fire down the south side of the ridge, making it necessary to withdraw and backfire along the road which constituted Trail B. That night our fire was reported 'well under control.'"

"And these arrows indicate the direction of the wind each day, and the curved lines, the area burned over," Bud explained half to himself. "Just as exciting as a good football game," he added, "but I'd hate to keep it up for a week!"

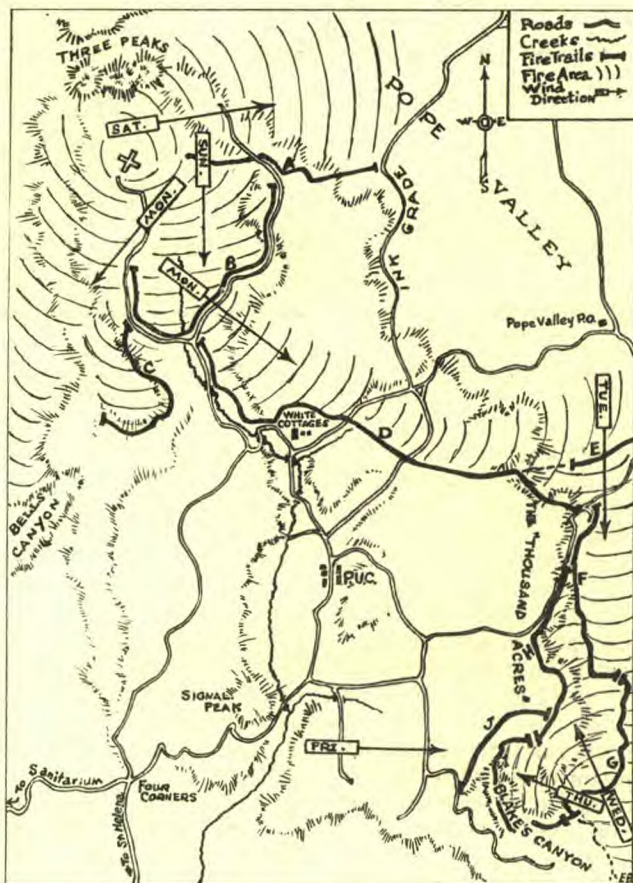
"I'd hate to go through it again, myself." My tone of voice seemed to impress him, and he said nothing more. Only a quick upward glance indicated he was ready to go on with the story.

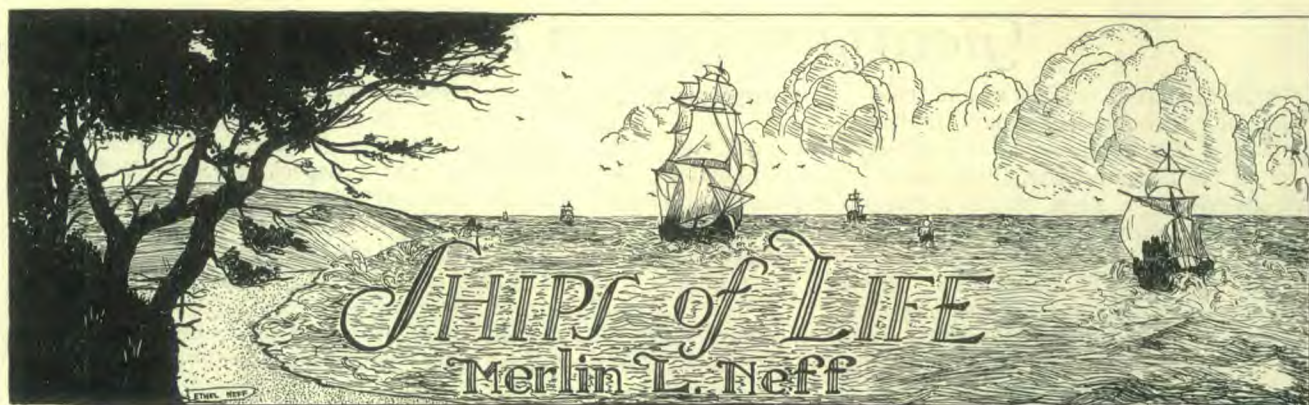
"Early Monday morning"—the words seemed pitifully stereotyped—"another emergency call came. A brisk northeast wind had whipped the fire across the road (Trail B), and sent it roaring up the ridge to the south, where it was stopped by Trail C. You will notice, too, that the same wind swept the original fire down into Bell's Canyon. Many men were ordered down there to protect the St. Helena Sanitarium's water supply, and prevent the fire from swinging around the hill to the institution itself."

"But there are two arrows for Monday," interjected Bud at a convenient pause.

"I was just going to tell you about that," I explained. "The early morning wind was from

(Continued on page 12)





AT the mouth of a river on the Pacific Coast not many months ago a heavy fog hung over the water in such density that an ocean liner sailing out through the channel went aground on the sand bars and was hopelessly wrecked. The passengers were rescued and valuable cargo removed. The crew left the ship as the heavy seas, driven by stormy winds, began pounding it to pieces. But in the midst of the imminent danger the captain of the ship remained at his post. Coast guard officers entreated him to leave the boat with them, but he refused to move until passengers and all valuable cargo had been taken off. The code of the sea made him feel responsible for the liner as long as there was any possibility of salvaging cargo. He stuck to his ship until all of value was saved.

Such an incident is not uncommon in the annals of seamanship. The men who sail the seven seas brave the dangers and stay by their post until the work is done. A captain will go down with his ship in time of disaster rather than face the reproach of failure to duty in time of stress. He realizes that a serious responsibility is upon him to bring the cargo of passengers and freight to the port, and if he fails he is disgraced.

Such faithful stewardship is demanded of every individual who sails the ships of life. We cannot shift the duty to some one else in time of peril. We must see that the cargo of life is brought safely to the harbor goal, or we have failed in our duty.

Stewardship of life means the proper care and development of the talents that are given us. Each human being has certain talents aboard his character ship. This is a valuable cargo. What are we going to do with it? With youth at the helm of the ship, we must steer carefully to avoid the rocks that will surely wreck our talents if we run aground. Life itself is a valuable asset. What are you doing with it?

One of the most precious articles of freight on life's ship is time. Analyze life and see how short it is. None of us have any of this valued article to spare. If you are eighteen years of age, you can estimate that

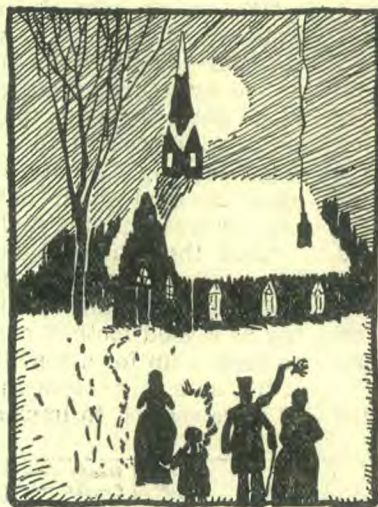
Stewardship

you have used up almost a third of the average cargo of time. What have you accomplished in those years? A

mere beginning of education, a strong physical frame, perhaps, but very little real achievement. You have not turned the world upside down, that is sure and certain. What are you going to do with the remaining two thirds of the cargo? Are you wasting time? How about those spare moments, those foolishly spent hours? What kind of steward are you of your cargo of time?

Then there is health.

One never realizes what a costly cargo this is until he begins to lose it. Would you take a million dollars for your health today, and spend the rest of your life in bed, flat on your back? No! Then your cargo is worth while, is it not? With all the ambition and strength of youth, there is a constant temptation to "burn the candle at both ends." Some young people do not take proper time for rest. They think they can dissipate the talent of health, and never pay the price. You see some young people burning the cargo of health away with cigarettes. What careless stewards they are in



A New Year's Hint

What are you going to be next year?
Better, or worse, or the same, my dear?
If you're not better, you'll surely be worse;
Nothing stands still in the universe.

—Selected.

wrecking the heart, the lungs, the nerves, and the brain with such poison. Improper eating, lack of sleep through late hours, careless health habits, lead to sickness. Don't forget to guard well your talent of health!

There is the talent of brains. It seems that some people are given more of this talent than others, and yet we are told by science that no one has ever attained all that of which his brains make him capable. What are you doing with your memory? Are you remembering foolish jokes, giddy songs, or worth-while facts? Some people who read stories find that their minds come to the state where they cannot remember worth-while things. They get "mental indigestion." The titbits and sweets of novels and light literature so ruin the brain that at last it can hold nothing else. Make good use of your brain. Study is the best way to exercise the brain systematically. What we put into the gray matter between our ears is a vital part of stewardship. What kind of steward are you of your

(Concluded on page 13)

JUNIORS

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE.

MY DEAR BOB AND
MURIEL ANN:

Where Jesus Walked

MRS. HARRIET IRENE FISHER

I was thinking this morning of Barbara, a little girl who lived in a little town, went to a little school, and whose parents had a little pocketbook with just a little in it. But Barbara had a great big idea—she wanted to travel, and in her heart she said that no matter how poor they were, she would travel all over the world.

Strange to relate, she did travel in a very large way, and yet in her very own way. She had a geography, and when she decided to go somewhere, she selected the city or country, located it on the map, looked up the best route to take, rail, bus, boat, or airplane, then with a red pencil she traced her journey on the map, from her home to the destination. With this information she set out for the school or city library. Maybe books or a magazine would tell her all about the land she was visiting, also about its government, natural resources, and best of all, about the people. She enjoyed her trips very much, and used to tell about "traveling on the map."

As you see by this letter, we are in Palestine, the land of the Bible, and I want you to go "traveling on the map" with me.

First of all, get your map of the world, or better still a globe if you have one. Locate your home, and then find New York City. It is more than a month since we left this great city. At the docks all was noise and confusion. Baggage was being hoisted high in the air, swung around, and dropped into the hold of the vessel.

Whistles were blowing, bells ringing, and horns tooting. We hurried aboard ship, and it was not long until the whistle warned all who were not passengers to go ashore. One by one the long ropes were released and pulled in, and the sturdy little tugs began to push and pull and with many a chug, chug, towed us out into deep water, where we were soon moving out and away under our own power.

Something caught in our throats as a bit later "Miss Liberty," torch in hand, watched us pass, seeming to say, "I'll be waiting for your return."

We are members of a group of twenty-six who are traveling together under the Travel Institute of Bible

Research, so when I say T. I. B. R., you'll know what I mean. There are two girls of our party that I want you to meet right now. May I present Mary Evelyn and Ruby Jim of Texas. You should have seen them come aboard. Of all the interesting books, games, and what nots they had brought with them to pass the hours of a month at sea, and before very long we were all girls and boys together, and played games, too.

From New York City draw a line with your pencil east and a little south across the Atlantic to that little narrow passage between Europe and Africa called the Strait of Gibraltar. When we sailed through, we thought of the brave Christopher Columbus as he sailed out to find our own dear America. Our boat made many stops at many ports to let off passengers and cargo. We had the most interesting days of sight-seeing at Oran in Algeria, Africa, Athens and Salonika in Greece, Constanta in Rumania, and Constantinople in Turkey—but I'll tell you about those cities some other time, for I want you to come directly over to Palestine—that little country that skirts the shores of the eastern Mediterranean.

The Bible gives it many different names; among them are Canaan, the Pleasant Land, the Promised Land, the Holy Land, and Palestine. A little boy in Chattanooga, Tennessee, wrote a letter to one of our party, and told him to be sure to see the Holy Land while he was in Palestine. Quite a joke on him not to know they were the same thing.

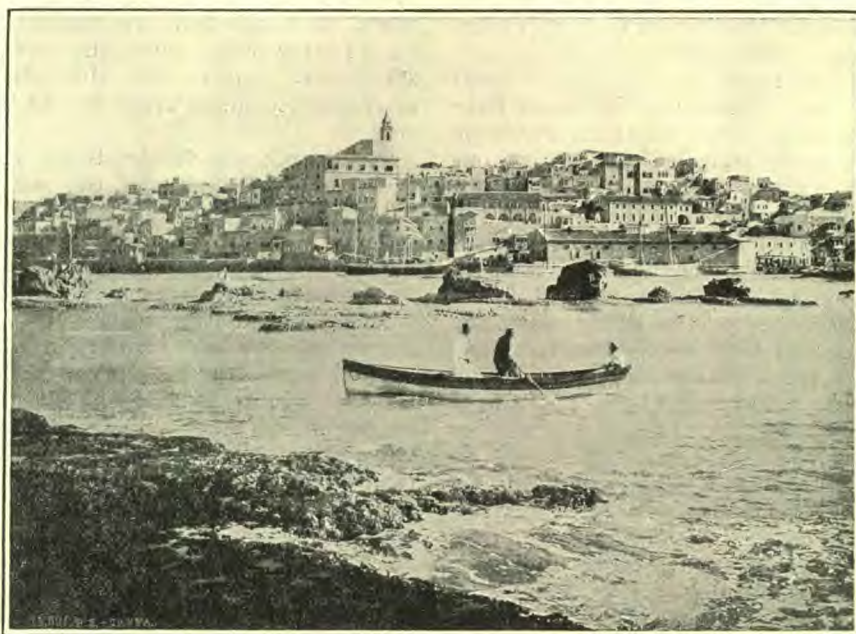
But that is one reason why I am writing these let-

ters to you, for there are so many—not all little folk either—who seem to think the land of the Bible isn't a really truly place. A man said to Uncle Harry one day, "Why, do you mean to say you are going to Jerusalem? Don't you know Jerusalem is in heaven?"

The Bible is a real book, and tells about real folks and real places, and has real stories about events that actually happened. I am

realizing more every day I am in this wonderful land, that every word of the Bible is true.

One night after we had been on the boat for twenty-six days, the captain said that if the weather was favorable and the sea calm we would anchor in Jaffa



The old city of Joppa looked this like as we entered the harbor.

"He that would thrive must rise at five."

Page 11

the next day. If you are using a Bible map, look for Joppa.

About five o'clock in the morning, when we heard the wooden-soled shoes of the deck boys clattering above our heads, we jumped out of bed and looked out of the porthole, and sure enough, just skirting the horizon in the early morning light we saw Palestine, the land where the Lord Jesus lived when He was here on earth. As soon as we could we went up on deck, and with our field glasses watched that interesting shore line, with the city of Jaffa coming into view. By six o'clock we had cast anchor a half mile out in the bay, for Palestine has no natural harbors, and this port is filled with great rocks over which the waves dash high, even in calm weather.

Then we saw a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Ever since I was a little girl it has always made me laugh to see a man try to run in skirts, and here they all wore dresses—no, not exactly dresses, but it looked as if they heard our boat whistle, and jumped out of bed and ran down to the docks in their nighties.

By eight o'clock the little collapsible stairs had been let down on the side of the boat and the dock gate opened. The big boat was swaying gently up and down, the water was swirling underneath the little rickety stairs, and the little boats were dancing merrily up and down as we descended—helped by much-begowned Arabs—to take our seats in the little crafts. The loose, clattering steps of the stair made me think of the old nursery rhyme, "Hickory-dickory-dock."

And now a fleet of these small sea boats, each manned by two oarsmen, standing up to row, were bearing us to the docks.

Passing through customs—a formal affair for through-country travelers—we found to our great joy six American automobiles of the Travel Institute from Jerusalem, waiting for us, the Arab drivers all in T. I. B. R. uniforms.

Our first visit in Jaffa, which in Bible times was called Joppa, was to the house of Simon the tanner, with whom Peter was lodged when the Lord told Cornelius to send for him. We went up on the roof, and while there read the Bible story of Peter's vision. It most likely is not the same house, but it is very ancient and probably much like it.

From the housetop we viewed the harbor and remembered it was at Joppa that Jonah took ship to go to Tarshish.

By ten o'clock all was ready for the trip to Jerusalem. It was Easter week, otherwise we would have gone north to Haifa and visited northern Palestine first, thus following, more logically, the life of our Lord; but every one wanted to be in Jerusalem for Easter, so to Jerusalem we went.

The road to Jerusalem is a beautiful ribbon of pavement as fine as any in America, but the road was about the only thing that looked like home.

I wish I could make you see the sights along the way as we saw them. In some respects it reminded me of a long and scattered circus parade. Here would come a train of heavily laden camels, moving slowly and patiently along, guided by Arabs in their queer dresses.

Then after a little we would meet a similar train of donkeys traveling along under loads which almost hid their sturdy little bodies. Again we would see a company of women and often little girls single file, wending their way to the nearest town. They wear long black dresses, and have shawls over their heads, and on top of their heads they carry huge, round, flat baskets filled with fruit and vegetables which they sell in the markets.

Now our driver slows down and almost stops. A flock of sheep is crossing the highway. Listen! Do you hear the shepherd as he calls his orders? See those dear little woolly sheep obediently crowd over to the side of the road, then scamper down the footpaths,

to be lost from sight in the fastness of the rugged hills. The mountain slopes were filled with hundreds of shepherds and their flocks, hunting grass and water, both scarce in this part of the country.

Before we reached the Jaffa Gate of the old city of Jerusalem our cars turned north a mile to the American Colony, which is to be our home while we are here. It is a group of very beautiful stone buildings two and three stories high, that used to be the home of a very wealthy Turkish official. We were given a room in the former harem. The floors are of marble, the stairways a delicate pink marble, and a beautiful garden is inclosed in the court, in which are palm trees, roses, gorgeous hanging vines, fountains, and many varieties of blooming flowers.

We arrived in Jerusalem the Wednesday before Easter, and on Thursday we went in the autos to the Mount of Olives, on the summit of which is a high iron tower built for an outlook. We climbed its many steps to a platform where we viewed the surrounding country.

Palestine is only 150 miles long and fifty miles wide, and the Mount of Olives being near the center, we could almost see the length and breadth of the land. You will find Mt. Olivet, on your map, close to Jerusalem, with only the Kidron Valley between.

To the north, on a clear day, can be seen Mt. Hermon and the Lebanon Mountains, with their snowy peaks; to the east, just a little bit of the north end of the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley; to the south, the wilderness mountains; and to the west, the city of Jerusalem, with its great wall around it, and if it is a clear day, away over beyond the city can be seen the Mediterranean Sea.

In my next letter I'll tell you about the city of Jerusalem.

Much love,

AUNT HATTIE.

Glorifying God in the Fires

(Continued from page 9)

the northeast. Later it veered to the northwest and west, driving the fire across Trail B at another point. Then a wall of fire swooped along north of White Cottages, just a mile from the campus. At terrific speed it cut a narrow swath across the north end of the "Thousand Acres" and on into the valley. That night we attempted to unite Trails D and E, but without success.

"Tuesday it was decided to cut Trail F. Soon a sudden north wind showed the wisdom of this move. Tuesday night, however, an extension (Trail G) was necessary to halt back fires started in the valley. This Trail G joined the fire trail around Las Posadas State Forest in Blake's Canyon.

"What a fight that must have been!" Bud doesn't say much when he's thinking hard.

Then came the description of Wednesday's ordeal. How inadequate are words in picturing it! But I went on, hoping to make the situation as real as possible. "A cloud of smoke rolled up from the very southeast corner of the 'Thousand Acres.' Fanned by a strong wind, the fire jumped Trail G and roared up the hill. On its way it burned 900 cords of wood which had been cut by students for use in the heating plant. This made Trail F useless, and the men, unable to stop the fire by actually putting out the flames, fell back and cut Trail H."

"Looks as if those winds had it in for the college, all right," commented Bud, "or else it's the fellow back of the winds. This *isn't* an ordinary situation!"

"That's just what a lot of us who fought that fire think about it," I added. "Like most stories, however, this one had a happy ending.

"By Thursday we had learned to expect almost any-

thing. So when the wind swung to the east and sent the fire along the rim of the valley toward the college, we were not as surprised as we might have been earlier in the week. Despite our efforts to fight it with close-range equipment, it progressed steadily to the west toward the upper end of Blake's Canyon."

Bud was looking at the map, but glanced up as the last rays of the sun were lost behind the cloud bank. "I have a good idea of the chart now," he explained. "Maybe we'd better start home, and you can finish the story as we go along."

As soon as the rugged down trail had been covered, I went on:

"County fire wardens, district fire wardens, State fire wardens, local fire wardens, traffic officers, recruits from towns all along Napa Valley—you should have seen the array of men assembled to fight that fire!

"But here is the point of the whole story: A multitude of men were not necessary when God decided to end these attempts upon the existence of an institution founded in His name. A wind coming from the west—directly opposite the one which was driving the fire toward the campus—arose Friday morning. This made it possible for two men, working alone for two hours, to circle the front line of the fire as it was about to jump the trail. Trail J, which was built Friday as a precautionary measure, was never needed."

For a long time we walked along, silent as two Indians. Bud and I are like that. We enjoy thoughts and stars better in silence.

But after a while he spoke. "I believe God *did* have a hand in that fire-fighting business."

"No doubt about it, Bud."

The stars were shining in the dark blue of the evening sky as we neared the campus, but I think a star called Trust shone in our souls a little brighter than ever before.

Stewardship

(Concluded from page 10)

mental talents? You possess nothing more valuable.

An important part of our stewardship has to do with the use of money. Money represents life, when we stop to think about it. We work to earn money. Therefore it is our life and strength that we exchange for it. What do we do with our money? Spend it, of course. Yes, to be sure, but how?

First of all, in considering money, we should think of our stewardship to God. If it represents our life and strength in work we have done, should we not acknowledge God as the giver of our strength? He has told us that a tenth of our earnings belongs to Him. This tithe is not ours to give to God, for it is rightfully His. If we do not pay this honest debt, or tithe, to God, we are robbing Him of His money. The best time to begin paying tithe is when we get our first bit of income. I can remember beginning to pay tithe on the money I earned running errands when but a boy. It gave me a good feeling of loyalty to God when I slipped a dime into the tithe envelope for the dollar I had earned. It was not much, but I was trying to be faithful over the "few things."

Try being faithful to God. This is the only course which brings real happiness. The best way to become interested in heaven is to make an investment there. You may have noticed some one who had money in stocks and bonds closely watching market reports. He has an interest there. Jesus said, "Lay up for *yourselves* treasures in heaven." He wants us to invest in things that will endure forever. The point is not that He *needs* our money. He is asking us to invest in the bank of heaven in order that our interests will be there, "for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

What, then, is our stewardship? Is it not the care-

ful and faithful use of every talent and possession that is ours? Jesus Christ gave us the parable of the householder who distributed talents among his servants. The two faithful men went to work at once and doubled the value of the talents which had been given them. One man went off and buried his. It is time for some of us to dig up the talents of life's cargo that have been buried amid the rubbish of carelessness.

There are some young people who have a talent for music, but who are wasting that asset. Some have good singing voices, but never use them to the glory of God. I have known of young people who never would take part in Missionary Volunteer meetings. They had splendid talents, but just did not care to use them. A talent that is not used is soon buried out of sight among the passing days—lost for any service.

A boy once expressed his idea of stewardship in a grammar school essay. He wrote: "Stewardship means that life is a great ship loaded with a rich cargo of many things to be delivered to many peoples in many places. God is the owner, but I am the captain of the ship.

"Everything I have on board, all my possessions, my talents, my time, my health, my strength, my capacity, my personality, my privileges, my money, is a cargo to be delivered. God has intrusted it to me. I do not own what I possess; I OWE IT. God has made me captain of the ship (His steward), and it is my job to bring the ship to the right port and discharge the cargo. That's stewardship. Everything I have on board is for delivery."

Stewardship is the flagship of life, and the most important of all the craft on life's rolling sea. Would you know her value and the worth of her cargo in words that are divinely inspired? "There is no limit to the usefulness of one who, putting self aside, makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart, and lives a life wholly consecrated to God. All who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to His service will be constantly receiving a new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power."

Think of that! Unlimited opportunities for us as youth of the twentieth century? The prerequisite is faithful stewardship of body, soul, and spirit. It means what Paul said when he declared that he presented his body a "living sacrifice."

Shall we not, as the youth of the advent movement today, determine to conserve every talent for God? Let us pledge ourselves to think well before we spend our time, our strength, our energy, and our brains on those things which are not for the strengthening and betterment of life and our Christian experience.

If the athlete of the track or the player on the gridiron must heed training rules, if he must guard his strength and life for the victory in a mere game that is soon forgotten, what should be our rules of training in the fight for victory in the contest of life? "Keep thyself" is the pledge of the Christian. It is the motto of the captain who stands on the bridge of "Stewardship" and sails the sea of life. But he must remember that without the help of the Great Helper this is impossible.

I Remember

(Continued from page 6)

especially in the matter of discipline. Obedience—immediate obedience—to the known will of parents or to those in authority, was absolutely imperative. There were no "if's" or "and's" about it. It was a law! And somehow their convictions were so strong on this point, and their looks and words and general demeanor were such in the presence of these requirements, that they forced unquestioning and immediate compliance on our part. They were good also in that the Negroes were naturally religiously inclined. They believed in

an exacting, yet merciful God in a simple, confiding way that begot confidence in all who came in touch with them.

But these contacts were bad in that the Negroes were superstitious. They believed in a real, personal, ever-present devil in all of the very worst forms imaginable. They believed in the existence of ghosts, witches, and evil spirits. Never can I forget the vivid impression made upon me when I was told, in a most hair-raising way, that every night after twelve o'clock the devil came and sat on top of the large gate post at the entrance of the plantation yard, watching for all bad people; that he had a great head of iron, with horns, and fire in his mouth and eyes, and a great long tail, with a spear point; that in the blackness of night ghosts and evil spirits abounded everywhere.

As a consequence I became afraid of night. I would never think of such a thing as going out by the big gate in front of the plantation after dark, even in company with other children. When I went out of that large gate with my parents at night, I was very careful to cling close to them for safety. For years I was a night coward and a day dreamer of spirits and ghosts. The colored people joyed in telling the most thrilling, goose-flesh-producing stories of ghosts it was possible for the human mind to invent.

Some distance from our community there was a stretch of wild prairie, miles long, lying between two reaches of highlands several miles apart. This place was known by colored people as "Spirit Valley," and many were the ghost stories associated with it. There was a wagon road or trail through this valley, but it was seldom traveled by the Negroes. It was the only road, however, leading from our plantation to the flour mill, to which our wheat was taken twice a year to be ground and bolted into flour. It was always planned to make a daylight trip through this valley, but on one occasion, one of the wagons broke down en route, and night came on before repairs could be made. There those frightened black drivers were, stranded in the heart of "Spirit Valley," with "Devil's Ridge" on one side and "Indian Ridge" on the other, and on the very spot where it was said that fifteen or twenty families had been massacred by Indians in earlier days, "a long, long time ago."

There was no sleeping in the Negro cabins at the plantation that night at the usual bedtime, for all the colored people knew the mill teams must pass through "Spirit Valley" after dark, seeing they had not arrived home earlier in the evening. Therefore, all the cabin tallow dips were alight when the wagons finally drove in, and subdued inquiries were made of the almost speechless and frightened travelers. Soon all the servants came together in one cabin to hear their stories. With the morning light, however, the spirits seemed to fade before cold reality, and the excitement died down.

At the breakfast table, my father heard some of their stories from us children and old Ann as she served, and he said the black boys saw only the images of their own imagination, and that the welts he found on the oxen were made by their whips in urging them through the valley, and not by spirits at all!

(To be continued)

OUR COUNSEL CORNER

There are few Seventh-day Adventists in the community where I live, so of necessity most of my closest friends are of another denomination. They attend the theater. If I decline to go occasionally, I know I will be dropped from their social circle. Are all movies wrong?

Motion pictures may be good or bad in their influence. They are used to good advantage in some lines of educational work. Moving picture photography is effective in representing mission life and conditions. Many scientific

phenomena, the habits of animals, and mechanical actions can best be revealed through the use of motion pictures. These types of educational pictures are helpful when shown under proper influences and in places which careful Christians approve. Be very careful of pictures which are advertised by the commercial picture houses as educational. It is hard to find films promoted by commercial producers which are true to Seventh-day Adventist standards or ideals—about as hard as for the camel to go through the needle's eye. Many pictures generally regarded as educational do not meet the ideals of our church. Seventh-day Adventists are opposed to all that class of pictures known as "shows." They are many people who are opposed to pictures of illicit adventure, such as robberies, hold-ups, safe blowing, and wild westerns, and to pictures of illicit love affairs and suggestive sex drama. But Seventh-day Adventists seriously question even those dramas that are supposed to teach good moral lessons. Why? Space will not allow discussion, but our strong stand against the "movies" is maintained by such reasons as the following:

1. The moral effect is bad.
2. They produce false and distorted ideas of life and life's duties.
3. They have an unfortunate effect in reference to home ideals, marriage ties, and modesty and purity.
4. They educate in crime through the portrayal of it.
5. They confuse the principles of the spectators. Things that are wrong are condoned or made to seem right. Or an easy last-minute conversion is supposed to justify an immoral story.
6. They frequently hold up to odium or to ridicule the recognized authority of the law or the church.
7. Their effect on the actors is bad. An actor must make his rôle appear real. An actor cannot love women other than his wife or sweetheart so ardently as to win the applause of the screen audience, as a business in life, without having his own experience affected by the process.
8. Even the best of dramas make artificial entertainment of life's realities, and offer some ignoble suggestions.
9. Because of their swift and changing impressions, motion pictures may lead to kaleidoscope thinking. That is, the mind is drawn from one scene to another too swiftly to allow careful thought concerning each scene.

Let me suggest that you secure from your local Book and Bible House the leaflet, "What About the Movies?" price, 5 cents.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

II—"God Is Light"

(January 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 John 1:5 to 2:6.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whoso keepeth His word, in him verily is the love of God perfected." 1 John 2:5.

Questions

1. What message did John declare to the churches? 1 John 1:5.
2. What does he say of those who claim to have fellowship with God, yet are walking in darkness? Verse 6.
3. What is our relationship with others in the church when we walk in the light? Verse 7, first part. Note 1.
4. What experience is then ours? Verse 7, last part.
5. How may we deceive ourselves? Verse 8. Note 2.
6. What promise is made to all who confess their sins? Verse 9. Note 3.
7. Repeat a statement setting forth a fact concerning all. Rom. 3:23.
8. If we deny this statement, what do we make of God? 1 John 1:10.
9. How are the readers of this epistle addressed? For what purpose was it written? 1 John 2:1, first part. Note 4.
10. What provision has been made for one who falls into sin? Verse 1, last part. Note 5.
11. How complete is the provision of God's mercy? Verse 2.
12. What may we know as a certainty? What is said of one who claims communion with God, yet refuses to keep His commandments? Verses 3, 4.
13. In whom is the love of God perfected? Verse 5.
14. What should be the daily walk of the Christian? Verse 6. Note 6.

Notes

1. No one whose soul is darkened by sin can have fellowship with Christ. The thought is emphasized that if we are truly walking in the light, we shall have "fellowship one with another." All the division and lack of union in the church,

and among brethren everywhere, is caused by a failure to follow the light and counsel of the Lord. We should seek to impress strongly this spiritual lesson upon all, for it contains the secret by which all the trouble in the church can be healed.

2. "None of the apostles and prophets ever claimed to be without sin. Men who have lived the nearest to God, men who would sacrifice life itself rather than knowingly commit a wrong act, men whom God has honored with divine light and power, have confessed the sinfulness of their nature. . . . Let the recording angels write the history of the holy struggles and conflicts of the people of God; let them record their prayers and tears; but let not God be dishonored by the declaration from human lips, 'I am sinless; I am holy.' Sanctified lips will never give utterance to such presumptuous words."—"The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 561, 562.

3. If we confess our sins, then what?—Why, blessed assurance, He forgives us "our sins," and cleanses the soul from "all unrighteousness." He forgives. When?—Just as soon as we truly repent, and turn away from that which is wrong. Have you confessed your sins? If so, walk no longer in sparks of your own kindling, but rejoice evermore, and thank the Lord for pardon and forgiveness of every sin.

4. "My little children." Note the fatherly affection expressed in these words. And these are not simply the words of John. They are the words of the Holy Spirit, expressing a message from our kind heavenly Father to His children, to each of us personally. Should we not appreciate having our Father in heaven speak to us, and call us "My child"? He does this in this scripture just as truly as He spoke to Daniel in Babylon, saying, "Thou art greatly beloved."

5. A description of the second apartment of the heavenly sanctuary—the heavenly courtroom where our Advocate intercedes for us—is given in Revelation 4. Here, before the Supreme Court of the universe, from whose decrees there is no appeal, our blessed Saviour is interceding for us. It is "court week" now. For eighty-eight years this tribunal has been in session, and we each have a case pending, soon to be decided. We cannot personally be present to look after our interests, but Jesus can. It is our privilege to have an Attorney in court to look after our case. And such an Advocate! He insures a verdict of acquittal from the One who sits on the throne,—the Supreme Judge,—for even the most guilty and wretched ones who place their cases fully in His hands. This wonderful thought brings comfort and consolation to every believing heart. Emphasize this. Press the question home upon each one, Is Jesus your advocate? Have you placed your case fully in His hands? Your eternal destiny depends on whether or not you have done this.

6. "It is not Christ walking upon the sea, but His ordinary walk, that we are called upon to imitate."—Luther.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAB.

MAKE A ✓ IN THE SPACE BELOW EACH DAY WHEN YOU STUDY YOUR LESSON THAT DAY

Junior Lesson

II—The Story of Creation (Concluded)

(January 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 1:20-31; 2:1-3.

MEMORY VERSE: "God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Gen. 1:26.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 48-51.

Questions

REVIEW: What was made during each of the first four days of creation week?

Fifth Day

1. On the fifth day, what did God cause the waters to bring forth? What did He make to inhabit the air? Gen. 1:20-23.

2. What do we know concerning the number of animals in the water and in the air? Note 1.

Sixth Day

3. What was the earth made to bring forth on the sixth day? Verses 24, 25.

4. What did God then say? Verse 26. Note 2.

5. In whose image was man created? Verse 27. Note 3.

6. From what did God form man? How did he receive life? Gen. 2:7. Note 4.

7. What dominion was given to him? Gen. 1:28.

8. What was given to man for food? What was provided for birds and beasts? Verses 29, 30. Note 5.

"He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping."

9. What did God see concerning all that He had made? Verse 31.

Seventh Day

- 10. What did God do on the seventh day? Gen. 2:1, 2.
- 11. After He had rested, what did He do? Verse 3. Note 6.
- 12. What three steps were taken to make the seventh day the Sabbath? Note 7.

Things to Do

Make an outline showing what was made on each of the days of creation week. Read what the psalmist says of man. Ps. 8:4-6.

Memorize the Sabbath commandment.

Notes

1. The waters truly brought forth moving creatures "abundantly." The oceans, the lakes, the rivers, the brooks, are full of animals, many of them so small that we cannot see them. Millions of animals are in the air. From the eagle that makes its home on the lofty mountain crag, to the tiny insect that wings its way from flower to flower,—all are creatures of His loving care. The psalmist says: "These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good." Ps. 104:27, 28.

2. "God created man in His own image. Here is no mystery. There is no ground for the supposition that man was evolved, by slow degrees of development, from the lower forms of animals or vegetable life. Such teaching lowers the great work of the Creator to the level of man's narrow, earthly conceptions. . . . The genealogy of our race, as given by inspiration, traces back its origin, not to a line of developing germs, mollusks, and quadrupeds, but to the great Creator. Though formed from the dust, Adam was 'the son of God.'"—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 44, 45.

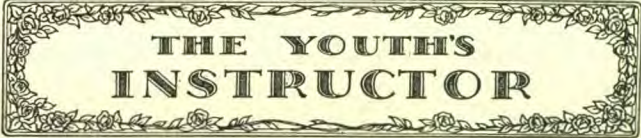
3. "Man was to bear God's image, both in outward resemblance and in character. Christ alone is 'the express image' of the Father; but man was formed in the likeness of God. . . . As man came forth from the hand of his Creator, he was of lofty stature and perfect symmetry. His countenance bore the ruddy tint of health, and glowed with the light of life and joy. Adam's height was much greater than that of men who now inhabit the earth. Eve was somewhat less in stature; yet her form was noble, and full of beauty."—Id., p. 45.

4. "The mechanism of the human body cannot be fully understood; it presents mysteries that baffle the most intelligent. It is not as the result of a mechanism, which, once set in motion, continues its work, that the pulse beats and breath follows breath. In God we live and move and have our being. Every breath, every throb of the heart, is a continual evidence of the power of an ever-present God."—"Testimonies," Vol. VIII, p. 260.

5. "Grains, fruits, nuts, and vegetables constitute the diet chosen for us by our Creator. These foods, prepared in as simple and natural a manner as possible, are the most healthful and nourishing. They impart a strength, a power of endurance, and a vigor of intellect that are not afforded by a more complex and stimulating diet."—"The Ministry of Healing," p. 296.

6. "God looked with satisfaction upon the work of His hands. All was perfect, worthy of its divine Author, and He rested, not as one weary, but as well pleased with the fruits of His wisdom and goodness and the manifestations of His glory. After resting upon the seventh day, God sanctified it, or set it apart, as a day of rest for man. Following the example of the Creator, man was to rest upon this sacred day."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 47.

7. In making the Sabbath, (1) God rested; (2) He blessed the day on which He had rested; (3) He sanctified it—set it apart for man to keep. These are the things God has never done for any other day, so none but the seventh day can ever be the Sabbath.



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THE LISTENING POST

WATER leaking from a faucet in a stream the size of a pin wastes some 150 gallons a day, say engineers of the Department of Agriculture.

AN imposing monument was recently unveiled at Fort Sumter, to honor the Confederate defenders of this, the first fort fired on during the Civil War.

A RECENT census of grogshops in France reveals that that country has 480,000 stores where intoxicating drinks are sold, to serve a population of 40,000,000, or, in other words, a saloon for every eighty-three people.

ON the recent anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, retired United States Supreme Court Justice, a creek was discovered in the Koyukuk River region of Alaska, and appropriately named Holmes Creek by the U. S. Geographic Board.

THE baby nation of the world is Iraq, an Arab kingdom formed after the World War from the Turkish provinces of Mosul, Baghdad, and Basra. It became independent recently when it was released from the oversight of Great Britain, and admitted to membership in the League of Nations.

THE last surviving son of Charles Dickens, Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, has just retired, after spending fifteen years as the Common Sergeant of London.* In spite of his eighty-four years, his mind is still very clear. He gave up his work, he said, "in order that others might get a chance of promotion."

ON the mountain in the Sinai Desert which some Bible scholars affirm was the one on which Moses received the ten commandments, now called Mt. St. Katherine, an observatory is soon to be erected by the Smithsonian Institution. This is one of several observatories which the institute is establishing at advantageous points on the earth's surface, to study solar radiation.

THE new \$10,000,000 United States Supreme Court building on Capitol Hill, in Washington, D. C., is growing rapidly, and the government is looking forward to the time in the near future when its judicial section will have its first permanent home. During the many years of its existence, this, our highest court, has wandered from one temporary headquarters to another, always hoping for what is now becoming a reality.

THE inhabitants of Onslow, Western Australia, are in imminent danger of an advancing foe—not a human enemy, it is true, but a very dangerous one, nevertheless, in the form of a range of huge sandhills. And the worst part about it is that there seems to be no weapon of defense. In fact, the people have been informed by engineers that the only thing for them to do is to move the village. Attempts made to plant grass and creepers on these hills have been in vain, for the sand moves so fast that no vegetation will take root.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has a unique hobby. Ever since he entered public life, he has been collecting the caricatures of himself. His collection, kept in one of the east rooms of the White House, now numbers some 20,000 pictures, and they range from representations of him as the patron saint of the New York Stock Exchange and uncomplimentary sketches recalling the recent bonus marcher rumpus, to pictures showing him as an angel with wings, autogyroing over stricken Belgium. Some of the pictures are framed and hung on the walls, but most of them are kept in portfolios and indexed. When Mr. Hoover feels the need of relaxation, he often goes into this "Chamber of Horrors," as he sometimes calls it, and amuses himself by going over the strange assortment of pictorial representations of himself as seen through the eyes of friends and foes, in the United States and abroad.

RIO DE ORO (River of Gold) may not have sounded like such an unpleasant place to the leaders of the unsuccessful revolt in Spain who were herded aboard a ship recently and started toward the African coast, and this, their exile home. But when the travelers arrived, they looked in vain from one end of their new abode to the other without finding either river or gold. In fact, a lack of water is one of the greatest problems of the colony. They find themselves in a barren, sun-swept land, with only here and there an oasis. And its mineral wealth is figured solely in terms of its nitrate of soda deposits. The Portuguese sailors who explored this country about a half century before the discovery of America, are responsible for the inappropriate name. They sailed into a deep indentation, or bay, which they took to be the mouth of a huge river, and on going ashore, they met some natives who had a small quantity of gold dust, probably the last yellow-hued metal that has been seen there.

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN, noted European mathematician, has accepted a life appointment with the new Institute for Advanced Study, being organized at Princeton, New Jersey. This will require the noted German scientist to remain at his post of duty between the dates of October 1 and April 1. For the remaining few months of the year he may go back to his homeland if he wishes. This new advanced-study school, which is scheduled to begin next autumn, will have temporary quarters on the Princeton University campus, but it will in no way be connected with the university.

SEVERAL years ago there appeared in the Western States—from where, no one knows—a most disturbing plant called the puncture vine, which thrives along roadsides. It gets its name from its hard burs, which have projecting thorns almost as long and as hard as tacks. These burs roll out into the road, and work havoc in puncturing automobile tires. Despite all efforts to exterminate this plant, it seems to be spreading. It grows best in dry climates, and is most common in the desert region of the Southwest.

TUSKO is a huge elephant who has been moved from place to place up and down the Western coast of the United States for the past several years in search of a permanent home. But this he has been unable to find because of his propensity for breaking things. At last, however, he has found his little corner in the scheme of things, and is being rented out by his manager as a house wrecker. It is said that he does good work, and seems to enjoy his occupation.

THE sixty-foot triangular granite shaft which stands on Kill Devil Hill, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to commemorate "the first successful human attempt in all history at power-driven flight, achieved by Orville Wright, Dec. 17, 1903," was recently dedicated. Those who had the ceremonies in charge fittingly invited Orville Wright himself to be guest of honor.

THE cost of rearing a child from birth to adulthood is estimated by William John Cooper, United States Commissioner of Education, as in the neighborhood of \$5,000, if he does not go to college. If he does finish sixteen grades of education, the cost runs from \$20,000 to \$25,000 to get him properly ready for the business of life.

If any one doubts that Edward, Prince of Wales, is a much-written-about personage, let him make a visit to a certain press clipping bureau in London, and view the forty volumes which contain the records of the prince's doings, as told by different publishers the world over. Each volume contains some 7,000 separate entries.

WHEN the will of George Eastman, of kodak fame, was made public, it was found that the University of Rochester had been bequeathed \$12,000,000. This makes this university one of the best endowed institutions of higher learning in America.