

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 81

February 28, 1933

No. 9

## O Youth

THOMAS E. HIRST

O youth, ride forth with banners flung,  
Ride onward to the setting sun.  
Why should you fear if death draw nigh?  
Nay, rather fear the coward's sigh.

O youth, the need is great today;  
The times would bid thee cease thy play.  
The fallen warrior's lance now clasp,  
Then bravely carry on his task.

Brave youth, be fearless, heed thy call;  
What though thou sacrifice thine all?  
For he who gains a crown must give,  
Must learn to die, if he would live.

God's youth, blood-bought for Him alone,  
Thy time consume, thy duty own.  
No other cause must claim thy life;  
Serve God, His truth, in this last strife.



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT was a tall, stately old pine tree, and had stood for nobody knew how long as sentinel beside the five-barred pasture gate of the old homestead down in the valley below snow-capped Pike's Peak. And then one balmy summer day it crashed to earth and lay like a fallen giant across the lane it had so faithfully guarded.

The rings on the shattered trunk told the secret of its age—*four hundred fifty years!* It had been a mere sapling when Christopher Columbus first set foot on the shores of the New World. Scars showed that lightning had struck this grand old tree fourteen times. It had defied earthquake, tornado, and hurricane, and braved the storms of four centuries undaunted. It had stood stanch and strong through summer "twisters" and winter blizzards that would have destroyed it had their strength been sufficient. But at last it fell, and that too when the sun was shining and scarce enough wind blowing to move its shining leaves. Why? because a tiny black beetle had bored under the bark, dug into its heart, eaten away its strong fiber and *killed* this majestic king of trees.

How very like sin, I thought when I read the story. For *even a little sin* is—sin! And a *little sin* is as dangerous as dynamite or TNT, because it doesn't make itself known till its deadly work is done! Very insidiously it bores into the bark of character if we are not constantly on guard, digs silently into the heart, and there eats away the strongest fiber of resistance, and then we fall! Struck down ruthlessly by just a tiny black beetle of a sin! And it was so *very small* that—if we took note of it at all—we didn't think it could *possibly* do us any *real* harm!

**A**DAMS COUNTY in the great Keystone State has a reputation for growing apples that for quality and flavor cannot be surpassed anywhere in the Eastern section of the United States. The heart of this apple belt is—just orchards! Some of them number thousands of trees, and some only hundreds, but taken altogether they are a joy to behold when laden with blossoms or delicious fruit.

Last shipping season a singular incident occurred in one of the largest orchards. Thousands of bushels of apples go out from its packing sheds every week during harvest, and we cannot imagine that any *one* apple would be worth special notice among the millions. Yet *one* apple—*just one*—held up the whole packing process for more than a day. For you see the foreman ordered his men to locate this particular apple whatever the cost.

And so they went to work. It was rather like looking for a needle in a haystack, but finally the fruit was traced to two barrels recently headed up for market. The first was opened and layer after layer of carefully selected and packed apples removed, but what they sought was not found. Then the second barrel was opened, and a search of its contents begun. At the very bottom, in the very last layer—there it was!

The foreman looked thoughtful as he turned the beautiful rosy apple over and pointed to a speck of rot—just one! Then he threw it aside into a pile of "seconds" which were being sold in bulk and for al-

most nothing. It had been found on the ground by one of the pickers, and because of its size and beauty attracted notice. On the scales it was found to weigh a full ounce more than the largest apple ever before found in that orchard. So even though it *was* a windfall, it was admired and passed and packed.

Then the orchard owner heard the story of "the largest, reddest apple." He made inquiry. The facts set him to thinking. He knew that windfalls are always bruised, and that bruises bring rot in their train. Therefore he gave the drastic order which held up shipping, and was expensive in time and money. But they found the specked apple!

Had it been permitted to stay in that barrel of perfect fruit, the whole would have been ruined. These barrels were on their way to a cold storage plant where they would be kept until late winter or early spring, when they could command fancy prices from fastidious city dwellers. That little speck of rot would not have remained *little*. It would first have spread all over that "largest" apple, and then to its neighbors, until the whole barrel would have been spoiled before the dealer who was buying them could know of the damage.

And that's just exactly what one sin retained in our hearts—only one—will do to you, to me. And it will rot not only all the good in us, but—what about our influence upon neighbors and friends?

**Y**ES, the least sin does dreadful things to us.

It makes cowards of us.  
It makes liars of us.  
It deceives us.  
It disappoints us.  
It weakens our minds.  
It troubles, then sears, our conscience.  
It wastes our money.  
It dissipates our bodily strength.  
It wastes our time.  
It destroys our influence for good.  
It breaks the heart with regrets.  
It sooner or later makes us ashamed.  
It destroys all hope of heaven.  
It will bring us death at last.

Why, then, cling to sin—this "little something" that we know we should ask God to wash away from our hearts and put entirely out of our lives? Really—why?

**A**SINNER is *never* happy—not *really*. And the Christian who tries to be half-and-half is of all persons most miserable. Aunt Dinah once described a young member of her church as having "jes' enough 'ligion to make her uncomfortable—too much to be happy at a dance, an' too little to be happy in prair meetin'." Ever know anybody in that state of mind and heart? Honestly?

Why not ask God now—this very moment—to take you and wash you clean from the least stain of that dreadful thing called S-I-N? Will you? Won't you?

*Lora E. Clement*



# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 81

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1933

No. 9

## "I Knew John Barleycorn"

ANONYMOUS

### Personal Recollections of Prohibition Days

**M**Y earliest memory is one of fright. I am not sure how old I was, but I must have been under three. With my sister and brother I was playing happily in our room when we heard muffled sounds and cries from our mother, who was in the front room, and curses and threats muttered in undertones by our father who had come home—drunk!

Alarmed, all three of us dashed for the scene. There we added our screams and cries to the confusion as we beheld our father turned into a maniac by the liquor demon, in his black eyes a diabolical gleam, staggering in pursuit of our mother, who easily eluded him as she dodged around the table and chairs. Upon our entrance she begged him to stop, and he dropped exhausted on the bed.

Then I shall never forget how my brave mother, gasping for breath, nobly turned and said as calmly as possible: "Daddy's only playing—you children go on to bed." Thus reassured we did so, but we were still trembling and had our doubts! That was my initiation, my introduction, to John Barleycorn, whose blighting influence I was to see many times thereafter.

Fearing for her life, my mother had to flee in the middle of the night with her baby, and hide in a near-by corn-field when she heard the drunken threats of my father returning home from a "keg party."

When I was seven years old, we moved to a large city. Soon becoming acquainted with the boys of our neighborhood, I was playing marbles in the street with them one day when a playmate happened to glance down the street and spied a drunken man staggering along. He soon had all the boys watching and laughing uproariously at the queer antics of the stranger as he swayed in his walk, traveling almost as much from side to side as he did forward. None of their fathers drank, and it was highly amusing to them, but it was a tragedy to which I had become accustomed. To me that was a familiar figure

approaching us, and I hastily persuaded the boys to "c'mon and play marbles." I didn't want them to see him turn in at my home.

Some time after that my father, again inebriated, insisted on going to the shops where he worked, five miles across town, to get his pay. My mother tried to dissuade him, but he became all the more determined. Then she summoned me, and though I was only eight years old, she told me I must go along to guard my father from accident and to see that he returned home. So I went, and I vividly remember how long that trip seemed; how every one on the streets and in the street cars stared at us; how terribly my father staggered, and how often I begged him to "try and walk straighter;" and when we had to transfer cars uptown, how I would have him lean on me so as to keep him from bumping into any one. This may not sound exciting, but I can tell you that time can never erase such memories from a child's mind.

Now all this is in the past; it happens no more. Thank God for prohibition!

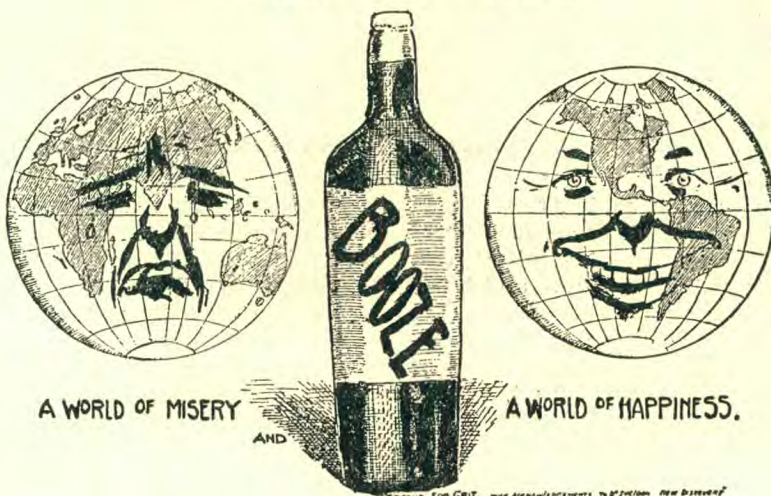
Why do I tell this? Certainly it is not flattering to

one's family pride. It is the opposite; but I am glad to reveal it as a testimonial to the effectiveness of prohibition. Dad has not bought one drop of liquor since prohibition became law. Only once has he tried "home brew," the results of which made him so deathly sick that he has never indulged in it since.

His is not an exceptional case, for exactly the same is true of three of my moth-

er's brothers and seven of my father's, one of whom was a typical drunkard, a burden to society with his helpless family. Including the latter, all have prospered since prohibition, and are in more comfortable circumstances than they ever were before. Three have been reached by the influence of the gospel and are earnest Christians, one being the elder of his church. This would have been almost an impossibility before drink was taken away from them by law. I have two other uncles by marriage, and both of

ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN



"Nothing pays smaller dividends than a captious spirit."

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them have stopped drinking since prohibition.

Thus, out of twelve uncles who were most of them "heavy drinkers" before the Volstead law, all have become abstainers—that is, to be perfectly honest, all except two who do take a drink once in a while when it is offered them by friends, but never buy any, and are not by any means the habitual addicts they were twelve years ago. Counting my father, that is eleven out of thirteen of my own near relatives who have been made dry by prohibition. On the basis of decreased drinking this gives prohibition the high batting average of 84 per cent, and it would easily be 90 per cent if the other two were taken into consideration. Again, this is family history that one would rather not make public, but I am proud of what prohibition has wrought in the lives of those whom I love.

Then when the zealots of the thirsty cause profanely decry prohibition in my presence, saying that it has forced those who once drank "good liquor" to turn now to poisonous hooch, thus creating a much worse condition than ever before, I can truthfully reply, "You're all wet!" For I know that that claim is untrue; because again in the case of my father and uncles I know that hooch more than anything else served to scare them into total abstinence. Rather than risk the consequences of "white mule," etc., they have become teetotalers. I know that if this is true of eleven of my relatives, besides many others of personal acquaintance, it must be equally true of millions of others.

As for the "personal liberty" fable—too much "personal liberty" is a dangerous thing. My father used to buy his "personal liberty" by the jugful, and bring it home to drink; but it meant personal slavery for the rest of us. While himself a slave to the effects of his "personal liberty," four of us were slaves to fear and trembling, wondering what cruel turn his "personal liberty" would take toward us. When the "personal liberty" of one makes life miserable for four, it is tyranny. Just the fact that children can't vote is no reason why they should not be given some consideration in this matter.

However, I do not want to give the impression that my father, normally, was a mean man and the next thing to a drunkard. He was not; and I love my father as much as any one could love a parent. Nor was our home ever the scene of poverty. Ours was an average, middle-class American home. My father was a steady, ambitious workman. He never lost a day's work because of drink. He was a master carpenter and cabinetmaker and made good wages, but prior to prohibition nothing had been saved. He would

dissipate only on periodical "sprees." When sober, he provided well for his family; but when otherwise, his money was soon squandered in saloons and their subsidiaries. I could not even call him a "heavy drinker" compared with others, for just one or two glasses of beer were sufficient to unbalance his equilibrium completely (despite the protests of the Wets to

the contrary). I have seen others drink much more, and apparently be none the worse for it.

Now my father is broken in health, and has been unable to work for several years. Had it not been for his savings during the prosperous years following prohibition, he might now be a dependent; but he would not give prohibition any credit for it. However, if you should inquire of my mother as to whether she would rather continue in these hard times by keeping prohibition or restore prosperity by repealing prohibition and legalizing liquor, she would say in the words of Solomon: "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of good cheer [margin] with strife." Prov. 17:1. I have heard her say many times: "I would rather scrub on my hands and knees to help make a living and retain prohibition, than to live in luxury and have beer back again."

For she knows that if beer is legalized her husband will be one of the first to resume drinking. That is why we fear repeal so much. Though one hears the theory advanced by the Wets that only a "few" have quit drinking since prohibition,

and that they will not be affected by its repeal, but those who still drink will be helped by it, I know that that is another false premise.

Though my father stopped drinking following the Eighteenth Amendment, he is by no means a prohibitionist. Far from it; he longs for the return of "good"(?) beer. And if it comes back, I know the misery that will result; and though all of us children are now married and away from home, I think of the sorrow that it will bring down on my dear mother, who is entering that period in life known as old age. When I think of that, my blood boils, and I vow that though it may cost me my life I will gladly give it to stem the tide of public sentiment from being deceived into bringing back the liquor demon again, under whatever disguise it may masquerade; and I think to myself: "I would rather live on bread and water the rest of my life than to see that happen, with my poor mother at home alone and in fear of her life."

I know that if it would bring such grief to my old home, it would do likewise to millions of others; for mine is just an average American home.

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## A State Roll Call

ACCORDING to a recent survey made by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, existing laws in thirty-two of our forty-eight States will prevent the manufacture and sale of beer, even when and if Congress passes a beer bill, or repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is accomplished. Furthermore, there are municipalities in the remaining sixteen States where local laws will prevent the sale of beer and other intoxicants. The survey indicated that it is probable that ten of the sixteen beer States could open saloons for the sale of beer at once. Eleven States which have no prohibition codes are given as follows: Arizona, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, Nevada, New York, Wisconsin, California, Rhode Island, Washington, New Jersey. In the following five States 3.2 per cent beer could be sold under present laws: Kentucky, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Wyoming. Ten States have no laws forbidding saloons. These are: Arizona, California, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, Nevada, New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota. In three States, Kentucky, Connecticut, and New Jersey, the status of the saloon is not clear; while in three others, Wyoming, Rhode Island, and Washington, the saloon is specifically forbidden. Five States have voted or are considering repeal: Colorado, Illinois, Louisiana, Texas, Michigan. Rhode Island has an enforcement act, but it is reported as virtually repealed by an act which defines legal alcoholic content as 3 per cent. Oregon repealed its State enforcement act, but left the liquor ban in its constitution. Kentucky has an enforcement law, but its attorney-general recently delivered an opinion that it would not prohibit 3.2 per cent beer. Courts in California recently decided all local option laws are null and void by the repeal of the prohibition law. Michigan approved a constitutional amendment providing for a State liquor commission, if and when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, but not affecting the existing State enforcement act. Texas has prepared a program for State liquor control machinery which forbids the saloon. Colorado has repealed its prohibition law, and substituted State control forbidding the saloon. Nebraska's State attorney-general recently gave an opinion that the Nebraska constitution makes illegal the sale of "any beer capable of producing intoxication when taken into the stomach in such quantities as it is practically possible for a man to drink."



**H**OW do you take your radio programs? Do you swallow them whole, hook, line, and sinker? Or do you select

them with sanctified discrimination and God-given intelligence? Why should we allow the devil to pour into our ears all this sentimental slush, obscene talk, nerve-destroying drama, soul-destroying music, and advertising tommyrot that comes over the air just because we happen to be in the sanctuary of our own homes, and are not laying ourselves open to church discipline or justified criticism by going to some questionable place of amusement to hear or see the same thing?

Not all music is bad; some sentiment may be a good thing; perhaps even a little dialogue and impersonation of the right kind might not be harmful; and advertising is as the lifeblood of our modern civilization. But let us arise in the strength and intelligence that God has given us, and protect our souls from the polluting influence of many of the programs flooding into our homes over the ether waves. We cannot, of course, control the broadcasting of the programs, but it is ours to choose what we shall hear. It is in us *to will*, by the grace of God, what we shall listen to, and what we shall reject.

How shall we choose? Here is a rule that may prove helpful; I have found it so: I will not listen to a program that lessens my desire for Bible reading, prayer, or any spiritual exercise; that interferes with my duties as a church member, an employee, or a conference worker; that causes me to neglect my loved ones, my friends, or my social obligations. (This rule, by the way, may be applied to other recreations than listening to the radio.) It is good to remember that any interest or recreation that becomes an obsession ceases to be a recreation. It is work.

But to get back to radio programs. We can certainly all agree that we should avoid anything that destroys our love for God and His word. We shall also probably all agree that whatever interferes with our making-a-living jobs should find no place in our radio entertainment, for, as the saying goes, we all know on which side our bread is buttered. But what shall we say of the young person who is so interested in a favorite continued serial that he sits at the supper table wrapped in the clouds of romance and neglects his proper food; of the husband or wife who listens to a radio program, and neglects to carry on a pleasant conversation with the family at mealtime; or of the young woman who is so concerned about when her favorite entertainer will be on the air, that she violates good taste and the simplest social ethics when her friends come to call?

Really, it is very easy to come short in these smaller matters. Selfishness is a natural human trait—to be overcome, of course—and it is selfishness that causes us to neglect our duties and our friends, so that *we* may be able to listen to that in which *we* are especially interested. Let us think of others.

It might not be remiss to remark here that God

## Let's Tune In

MERWIN R. THURBER

the serious duties of life by its inherent nature, but it must, by the very fact of its interest for us, keep us from those duties.

After all, most of our radio listening is for purposes of entertainment. And entertainment is not the chief aim in life, nor should it occupy a large portion of our time. Happiness, you know, is a by-product of a life well lived in accordance with divine law. It eludes the definite pursuit—is not to be found in a continual round of pleasure seeking and entertainment. Let us keep our radio entertainment in its proper place in the scheme of things.

But so much for the programs. Let us turn to the advertisers. Radio companies gain their profit from the charges made to the commercial companies which sponsor the programs and provide the advertising. They have spent their money and deserve their time to advertise. It is all free to the listener anyway. But be that as it may, any undue proportion of advertising on a program will impel discriminating listeners to turn the dial to something else. They will also reject the entertainers if the advertising is woven too obviously into the program, especially throughout the entire time.

To the statements of the advertisers, however, we should give most careful discrimination. In the last few years, advertising has become disgracefully exaggerated and even untruthful. The world in general has recognized this, and the magazine market has been flooded with periodicals ridiculing such statements of the advertising profession. Surely it is time for Seventh-day Adventists to anchor to the truths of health reform, good medical practice, and sensible living that have characterized us through the years.

Take, for instance, a certain confection that was highly advertised a year or two ago as "health" candy. Its healthful properties were supposed to be based on yeast, the health value of which, so say the best physicians, is very doubtful. But the obvious difficulty was this: If one ate as many bars of the "health" candy as the advertisers recommended, he would be getting too much sugar. And the consumption of sugar is repeatedly pointed out as a large factor in causing many of our present-day functional and degenerate diseases.

Or take the coffee programs. Repeatedly we are told over the air that it is not the inherent qualities of coffee that make it bad for one, but that it is *stale* coffee—when the essential oils of the coffee bean become rancid—that causes the sleeplessness, nervousness, and other bad effects noticed by the drinkers of

this beverage. What a lot of nonsense! Every semi-intelligent person, and especially every Seventh-day Adventist, knows that it is the poisonous nature of the stuff itself that causes all the trouble.

(Continued on page 13)

I  
Would—



GROW daily in spiritual grace.

Gain in health.

Become more efficient in the performance of my duties.

Find increasing joy and happiness in my work.

Learn to make my home more attractive.

Continue the stimulus of charming and helpful friends by daily contact and through the medium of correspondence.

Foster mental growth.

Develop socially, including conversational abilities, culture, poise, friendliness, a neat and charming appearance, a sense of humor, and the cultivation of every talent I possess.

Be a credit to my parents and my friends, and my God.

Help others.

—Esther M. Adams.

"Some are very busy and yet do nothing."



**W**ORDS as individuals have proved themselves worthy of acquaintance, but certain word families are equally interesting. Some march with martial tread, others with pride of ancient race, flaunt their colors, and a family dear to the heart of surgeons brandishes a scalpel.

The warlike clans seem to be in the forefront of the approaching crowd. They wear Roman helmets as befits words of Latin origin. Mr. Pugno, whose name means to fight, leads on his stalwart sons—Pugnacity, Pugnacious, and Pugnaciousness. Close behind him, Mr. Bellum (war) is flanked strongly by four outstanding sons of ferocious mien—Belligerent, Bellicose, Belligerence, and Bellicosity. There is such an aura of grim determination about these hard-faced Romans that we breathe a sigh of relief at their departure. True, in times of stress we like to make use of them, but they are too intensely in earnest to be comfortable for every day.

But here come some more peaceable Latins in impressive array. Hail, Mr. Duco! Since the watchword of your house is to lead, you would be at the head of this distinguished body. Here is your wife, Mrs. Education, and your two argumentative sons, Induction and Deduction. Welcome, Miss Educate and the plastic Miss Ductile. We could not get along without you and the philosophic Educue. Fortunately there are now none who dispute Mr. Duco's right to lead in this procession of words. Once upon a time, however, he and his wife were not at all popular with the privileged classes, who thought it more to their advantage to keep the peasants in ignorance than to allow them an education.

Mr. Dicto seems to be a harmless old patrician, but he is surrounded by a vociferous band of relatives. Poor gentleman! He started out as meaning simply *speak* or *say*, but look what modern invention has done to him. Dictate, keyword of the business man, drones in his ear, Dictaphone clicks disturbingly close by, and Dictograph has a reprehensible habit of listening in on his private conversations. Interdict has an unsavory reputation, and he is a most powerful enemy. He has brought desolation, empty churches, and terror to a persecuted people. He has overpowered kings and emperors with his potency. But a son who is a real comfort to his worried father is Verdict. He always speaks the truth.

What an inventive person is Mr. Graph! His family all carry some kind of writing instrument as the badge of their trade. Mrs. Graphic is dressed vividly, as becomes a lady whose name means to write in an extremely lifelike manner. Mr. Graphophone has a curious type of headgear, which distinguishes him from his relatives. Many children follow in the motley crowd, but we shall not notice them now, for at this very moment we glimpse the most majestic member of all this Latin group. What a venerable sage is Mr. Tempo, or Father Time! And here we recognize his wife, Temporal, his bonny daughter, Temporary, and

## A Word Hunt

(Concluded)

THELMA WELLMAN

his slinking, cunning son, Temporize. What! He's out of sight already! But we forget his speedy passing when we glimpse the coming contingent of fair-haired, blue-eyed Greeks.

Mr. Logos, who arrives first, seems to be somewhat related to Mr. Dicto, though he lacks the latter's harassed manner. He means *words* or *speech*, and the virtuous, learned bearing of his family accounts for his carefree air. Clinging to his hands are the Dialogue twins, and their older sister, Monologue, trudges behind, muttering to herself. Various branches of wisdom are represented among his descendants, such as Philology (the study of language), Psychology (study of the soul), Eschatology (study of last things, death, judgment, etc.), Physiology (study of functions of body), and many others.

A pleasant hum of voices lifted in a Grecian chorus announces the coming of Mr. Phone, the sound expert. His wife, Mrs. Phonic, has had much to do with the revision of methods of teaching reading. So necessary and important is Mr. Phone in the word world that

two of his haughty Roman neighbors have sponsored marriages between their families and his. Miss Phone married Mr. Graph, the son of the writer, and now melodious sound is written in a most curious way. Mr. Vibra (to shake) united with another of Mr. Phone's daughters to make the tremulous, almost celestial music we enjoy. As is only natural, we find Greek families combining. There passes the harmonious couple Xylophone (wood plus sound) and the Telephones (end plus sound), all very useful members of present-day society.

### The Short Word

GRENVILLE KLEISER

To write your thoughts  
In prose or verse,  
Use plain, short words  
And style that's terse.

A word too big  
To fit your thought,  
Will show your work  
To be ill wrought.

The short, clear word  
Gives force and strength,  
While much is lost  
In words of length.

Hence speak and write  
In clear, brief style;  
'Twill tend to make  
Your words worth while.

Most beautiful of the young people in this section of the assembly are Mr. and Mrs. Euphony. We delight in the silvery tones of their voices.

But our enthusiasm must not all be spent on Mr. Phone, since another Greek, learned and popular in both family circles, is Mr. Photo, who lights his surroundings with the purest of illumination. Here come Mr. and Mrs. Photograph (to write with light), with their children Photographic and Photographer. The most blinding member of the family is Mr. Photosphere, the luminous envelope of the sun. Photostat, Photosynthesis, and Photothermic follow their illustrious father.

The benign manner of the last member of the Photo family, Mr. Phototherapy (light for healing) is a contrast to the most scientific of all the Greek families, the Ectomies. As suggested, they are fond of cutting out portions of the human anatomy, and enthusiastically flourish scalpels. Here they come, their sharp instruments gleaming in the glow left behind by the Photo family. What a fearsome group they are! Miss Tonsillectomy leads the van, closely followed by Thyroidectomy, Appendectomy, and many others.

And now the tramp of our word families recedes into the distance, but wouldn't you like to know more of them? Why not review your acquaintance with the dictionary?





# Drury Webster Reavis I Remember



My Boyhood  
Days on  
a Missouri  
Plantation

**H**OW did you get along after the war? Were not the people left very poor?

And how about the relations of the colored and white people under the new order of things?

## An Interview

The closing of the Civil War left people of the South poor, very poor, and thousands of Negroes homeless and destitute. Had it not been for the kind consideration of the white people of the South, many of these helpless colored people would have miserably perished. They had been dependent upon white people all their lives, and did not know how to plan for themselves. And to a large degree the white element was dependent upon them, for the white people had not been accustomed to doing hard manual labor. They had merely directed it. So the Negroes were still needed by their former owners, and certainly this need was fortunate for them. But their relations had now suddenly been changed, and a new, strange order of things had to be met and adjusted. This was no small undertaking. It involved many perplexities which the Northern people did not and could not appreciate. Former servants had become free men and women. They were no longer the property of their one-time masters.

This new relationship turned the heads of many of the younger element among the Negroes. But the more mature colored people retained their old-time general demeanor, and they fared far better than the others.

In slavery times the colored people were fed well according to the standard of good food at that time. They were clothed comfortably. They had plain, comfortable cabins. They were treated kindly as a general rule. True, some were punished when they willfully transgressed well-known regulations, but corporal punishment was a common method of correction for any offender against the law, no matter what his color—at least in our neighborhood. And white children were punished quite as often as were the colored children. In my judgment, a little more physical chastisement today and less imprisonment would work far better reformatory. Some people like to be fed and housed at the expense of the community they offend.

But while the Southern white people, in our part of the country, were kind to the colored people, certain social distinctions existed. On this point there has ever been, and probably always will be, a difference of opinion between the two races.

To illustrate how Southern white people in the main related themselves to the Negroes within ten years after the war, I will give an instance of my own experience. When I landed at Battle Creek College late in the afternoon on a cold day in January, 1875, I was taken to the home of one of the devout members of

the Battle Creek church to room and board. I retired early that night, as I had been traveling the two previous nights, and sleeping cars and dining cars were not used by common people then as they are today.

The next morning I was a little tardy in getting down to breakfast. All the boarders were seated at the long dining table, waiting for me, when I opened the stairway door leading into the room. In compliance with custom, the host had all the plates stacked at his end of the table, with the dishes containing food in front of him. And he forthwith, without asking whether any of us wanted what he had to serve or not, began to load every plate with two boiled potatoes, and a large fat boiled onion, over all of which he poured a generous supply of thick, white gravy, and passed the plates thus filled down the two sides of the table.

There was present a pronounced offensive odor, the like of which I had never smelled before. It was sickening, but I did not know what it was. As my plate sat steaming before me, I discovered that it came from the food itself. But others were eating with evident relish, and I was game. However, it was soon necessary for me to excuse myself, for I was really sick. I hurried back to my room upstairs, being closely followed by the good wife, who manifested great concern for my well-being. She inquired whether I was accustomed to fainting spells, and suggested sending for one of the sanitarium doctors, who lived near by. Poor woman, she did not know that the cause of my present sickness was the combination of boiled onions, which I always detested, and codfish gravy, the odor of which I had never before smelled. These two articles of Northern diet were too much for me, especially for breakfast. I wondered if that was a fair sample of the kind of food Michigan people lived on, and resolved that if it were, I would soon be back in my native State. I was not only sick with an offended stomach, but I was homesick and discouraged.

We had no onions or codfish for dinner, and having existed for several days upon lunches, I was hungry enough to eat fairly well, even when things were passed to me I did not relish.

At this lodging house was a young colored man who was working for his board while going to school. He was clever enough to discern the cause of my sickness at that first morning breakfast, for he had the same experience with these two

foods, of which this particular family was very fond. He came to my room and assured me that I would become tolerant toward such a diet in time if I did not mentally antagonize this unfavorable introduction. He first taught me the importance of one's

(Continued on page 12)



Not to work  
best of fun.

is to miss the  
—Barrie.



## Reflectors

R. E. KALFUS

ONE Sabbath morning, while sitting in church waiting for the opening of Sabbath school, the writer noticed one of the frosted windows through which, in soft, delicate tints, there appeared the red and green shades of a flourishing hollyhock just outside. One could not see the hollyhock, only the colors as they were reflected on the frosted window, by virtue of the sun's being in just the right position. The window was dark and unlovely except when illuminated by the bright rays of the sun.

So it is with life. By nature we are dark and unlovely. The traces of sin which have cast darkness and gloom upon every one and everything are very apparent. There is a brightness, however, to the one who accepts Christ as his personal Saviour, which is unknown to those who are steeped in worldliness and sin.

As the sun in the heavens brightened up the frosted window, reflecting the delicate hues of the lowly hollyhock outside, so the Sun of Righteousness, shining through the life of the Christian, will transform that which is dark and unsightly into the most beautiful thing in the world,—the consistent life of the humble follower of Jesus.

Those who accept Christ as their Saviour have just one thing to do. They are to *shine*. Every activity of the Christian that is to the glory of God (and there should be no other activity) is only a part of that shining. "Let your light so shine before men," we are admonished, "that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The "good works" are only incidental to shining.

As we journey along through life, let us remember that Jesus said to His disciples, "Without Me ye can do nothing." And let us also take courage from the words of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." If we keep in close touch with the Sun of Righteousness, our lives will be lovely and pure, shining forth to His glory in a world of wickedness and sin.

## "Who?"

BURTON CASTLE

ON that first-day morning many years ago, three women, on their way to the tomb of Jesus, asked this question: "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" This simple statement is made: "They found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher." And again: "The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door."

Sad would it have been for the two Marys and Salome, if, pondering over the problem of the removal of the stone, they had remained at home that morning, in an attempt to solve their difficulty.

The question often comes to us: "Who shall roll away the stone?" Knowing that there are stones, even of great proportions, in our pathway, do we sometimes let them stay our progress before ever they come to view? It was not doubt which caused the women to ask that question, for the record shows that they had made their plans for this journey to the tomb with no other thought but that in some way they would be able to gain access to the body of the blessed Lord.

"They found the stone rolled away from the sepulcher." It was no accident which had caused the removal of this massive door of hewn stone. It was, at least partially, the answer to the act of faith on the part of those who, with loving hands, had made preparation for the anointing of the Saviour of men.

The trusting, praying Christian knows no defeat. Following the charted way, he knows, is the one and only way to the gates of the New Jerusalem. Our associates from without, and our wayward hearts from within, will endeavor to darken the flaming signs

# A THOUGHT

which point us to the city of God. Rocks of hardened temptations are rolled by unseen demon hands into the path which we take, but holy angels of God are always ready to clear the way at faith's command.

If obstacles and perplexities seem to increase, remember that increased faith more than counteracts. God's word hid in our hearts forbids the entrance of sin and the yielding to fiery temptations. Prayer brings to us heaven's treasures of unmeasured value.

## Great Lives

RUTH GILLIAM

THE rising sun painted the eastern sky with a beautiful red, and as the color rose above the horizon, it gradually changed to purple, green, and gold. Silhouetted against the brilliant colors were the bare tree tops of the woods, with their twisted limbs and broken branches crossed and interwoven. Like sentinels on duty they stood, cold and stony, while their background was a living flame of glory.

There are some lives that remind us very much of these bare trees, for there are great men and women who are never known to the world, but against the bright colors of the love of home and friends they stand, silently living for others, faithfully serving their fellow men.

It is hard for some people to see how one can be great who has never made any particular mark in the world. But just as there are some defeats that are greater than victories, so there are some people who, while little known, are real heroes and heroines. Silhouetted against this background of unselfish service, it would seem that these lives are bare and empty, but on close observation we find them interwoven with one another, giving and taking of the sap of love. I would rather be a bare tree in a forest of my fellows who need what I can give, and silhouetted against the flaming rays of a real service for others, than to be a single stately evergreen, bowed with foliage, but standing alone on a lonely hilltop.

## Coming Soon!

A. M. RAGSDALE

I HAD a visitor this morning. A young man came to see me. That is, he was a young man when the Civil War broke out between the States in 1861. When the first shot was fired, he was fourteen years old. He enlisted at the age of sixteen in the Confederate Army. Many and interesting are the tales he tells of experiences in that terrible war. But he tells another story, more interesting than any of these.

"Wal," he draws, and drops his head in thought as he begins. "Wal, it looks kinder as if it ain't a-going to be very long until some mighty interesting things begin to happen. The people today don't care about nothing nowadays but getting a dollar and having a good time. They've forgot something. They've left out the hub of it all. They ain't figurin' on God at all."

After a while he told me the object of his visit. "I've got a little tithe I want to pay, and the weather looks like it might set in and keep me from bringing it another day, and I didn't want nothin' to happen to me that would keep the Lord from having His own." Eighty-five years of age, he had walked nearly a mile to pay his tithe. "I may live only a few days; I may live until the Lord comes, but I want to be ready and



# FOR YOU

to have everything straightened out. He's a-coming soon. It can't be much longer." And he sighed.

For forty-seven years he has been looking for the return of Jesus in the clouds. He was baptized at the camp meeting at Pleasant Hill, Missouri, in 1884. "We thought at that time that it couldn't be over three or four years until He would come. The fact that He hasn't come yet doesn't make any difference. I know He's a-coming, and He's a-coming soon. I want to be ready for Him."

Dear young people, do you have this joyous hope? Read again and again the story of Jesus and His promised return. Read! Believe! Prepare! Obey!

## Gifts

DONALD F.

HAYNES

**J**OSHUA, David, Elisha, Isaiah, and Jonah were men of ordinary capabilities. Their lives began in obscurity. As time passed, fame and fortune lingered not at their doors. One was a soldier, one a shepherd, one a farmer, one a descendant of royalty, and another a man who defies classification. Every stratum of humanity is here represented, but in spite of this dissimilarity, all these men were headed for oblivion in the pages of history until God called them.

But the fact remains that God did call them, and it is only because they answered Him that they are famous. God dimmed their apparent mediocrity by enduing them with a Heaven-sent ambition to do His bidding. God not only gave each of these men talent and ability, but He guided them in the way they used these gifts from heaven. And through them, He wrought mightily in the fulfillment of His will for His chosen people.

God has not stopped giving the good things of heaven to earth-bound men and women. He has remembered you, and you are in possession of some talent which, if put to work in His vineyard, may bring results fully as important and far-reaching as those which were brought about through the work of these Old Testament heroes. A song, a prayer, a word of encouragement, or a cheery "Good morning,"—these are but a few of the countless ways in which hearts may be reached and won to the Master. Every Seventh-day Adventist youth is a potential soul winner.

Jesus says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." May we stand there beside Him, and enter with Him into the joy of His service that comes when the heart door is opened.

## High Pressure

MURL VANCE

**I** WAS visiting the boiler house at a small-town machine shop.

"Why doesn't that turbine over there run all the time?" I asked the engineer.

"Because it is a two-hundred-horsepower turbine connected to a one-hundred-horsepower boiler," he replied. "The boiler cannot furnish steam as fast as the turbine uses it. When we turn the steam on, the pressure drops lower and lower; and if we did not turn the valve off once in a while, in order to build up more pressure, the turbine would eventually stop and there would be only a hissing of steam."

The engineer was right. Even a volcano must build up pressure before it can blow up anything. If there is an outlet through which the steam can escape as fast as it is formed, the volcano will never change the

physiography of any country. The same principle holds true with human thought. Those who talk incessantly seldom produce more than a "hissing of steam," while those who stop to think are usually the ones who produce the worth-while things in this world.

Although there may be a little noise, no mental boiler is large enough to furnish continual power for the tongue-turbine. "When the tongue is making about 1,000 revolutions a minute, the brain must be in neutral."

## Man—Is He Little or Great?

DONATO INTERNOSCIA

**I**F you look up, on a star-spangled night, when the noises of day are hushed and your spirit is tuned with the unheard melodies of the Infinite, you will hear this truth played upon the lyre strings of your soul: "How small is man, and yet how great!" Then, as you ponder soberly, you will be able to prove to your inner being that this is indeed a truth, and not a mere illusion of the senses.

Compare man with the universe. How small he is! Think how the Creator of all this made man just a little lower than divinity, and, behold, how great he becomes!

Try to imagine the light years of space that separate man from the throne of the Sustainer of all, and how little he appears! Remember that in reality there is no space of separation, for "the kingdom of God is within you," and, behold, how great man becomes!

Picture man apart from the universe and from God. How insignificant! Think of him as a part of the whole creation, and in fellowship with his Maker, and, lo, how great!

How little man is in size! How great he is in the light of what he has achieved. But all this is very little in comparison with what he may accomplish when he has become ruler over himself—when the perfect image of the Creator can be once more seen in him. Truly, how small is man, and yet how great!

## "Blessed Are the Merciful"

BENJAMIN KEECH

**Y**OU do not need a large sum of money to be happy. But you do need friends—and a home. Look to your old age. If you have faulty characteristics, strive to overcome them, for your own good. If you have virtues or good qualities, be as watchful to make them grow as you would a favorite plant.

Life is not an easy proposition. We are judged by our wrong acts; people do not give us credit for our good acts or good qualities, which may far overbalance the opposite. Many, even as very young people, are abnormally sensitive, self-conscious, and bashful. Shrinking from people, they "follow the line of least resistance," and may enter into the work which eventually proves their undoing.

Learn to be merciful. "Consider the background." Learn not to hate or feel above any one. It is a good rule to hold oneself above sin, but not to hate the sinner. "Many are more to be pitied than censured."

A few have a more or less dual nature, as the fictional case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; the good and bad qualities are about evenly balanced. Why should we seek revenge on these erratic ones, when we ourselves are not entirely immune? Tares grow with the wheat and weeds with the flowers, whether we like it or not.

Many criminals, even the most hardened, might have been mellowed and transformed if the right man or woman had entered into their lives. Good people do not hate wrong doers or wish them ill. Good people, especially religious workers, try to convert even criminals to better, nobler lives.

Give every one a chance to make good. Be a little



blind and deaf to your neighbor's faulty or peculiar ways. If he does not, eventually, make good, you will not be to blame, and will have a clear conscience.

Divine love, tolerance, forbearance, mercy, compassion, and good will help the giver as much as the recipient. That may be one way in which prayer works. "The world is dying for a little bit of love." "Scatter seeds of kindness for your reaping by and by." Be a father or mother "in Israel" to the young, unguided and misguided.

## *Escaped as a Bird From a Snare*

JESSIE F. MOSER

time and bedtime he was compelled to smoke a whole pack of cigarettes!

But one night he stepped into a large auditorium and heard a voice proclaiming "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Isa. 61:1. He learned that he was not his own, that he had been bought with a price, and that his body was the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. 6:19, 20); that Jesus, who cleansed the temple in Jerusalem, was standing at the door of his heart temple, knocking for admittance; that He was willing and able to come in and drive out every evil thing, and then abide in him by His Spirit and live His own beautiful, perfect, unselfish life in him.

A great longing sprang up in his heart to be freed from every evil habit and "to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." Eph. 3:16. He prayed once more, "Thine is the power" (Matt. 6:13), and really believed it. He placed his will fully on God's side, and by faith in the name of the mighty Helper, he cast from him his cigarettes, and all unwholesome articles of dietary, *all at once*. Best of all, he has never knowingly touched any of them since, and he says that he does "not want to."

Since God "is no respecter of persons" (Acts 10:34), why may not you, and why may not I, have the victory over *our* evil habits?

## *The Measles*

A. C. GRIFFIN

WHEN about eleven years of age, I became sick with the measles. The food that mother brought me did not taste right. I merely tasted it and pushed it away, complaining that it was not cooked properly. One day, as the other members of the family were eating in an adjoining room, the appetizing odors of vegetable soup filled the air. I said to my mother, "I wish I could have some of that good soup to eat." She promised that I could for the next meal, so I looked forward to having something really appetizing.

When the soup came, I was ready to make short work of the small bowl. The spoon was rather large, and well filled as it came to my mouth, but I almost let it go back again, for, to my great surprise, I discovered that this tasted worse than anything I had yet tried to eat. I was sure that something had been spilled in the soup!

Another day my mind went back to a supper that I had had with a neighboring family, where I stayed all night. The woman had fixed what she called "teakettle tea." Nothing had ever tasted better to me, not even ice cream! I asked her exactly how she made it, so I could tell my mother. As I was thus thinking, in came mother. "Mother, do you remember that teakettle tea I told you about having at Mrs. Perry's?" I questioned. "Yes." "Well, if I just had some of that, I am sure I would get some strength and soon be out of this old bed." Mother agreed that I could

have some for supper, and assured me that she knew how to make it. But when I tasted that teakettle tea, it tasted as flat as the floor. "It has too much water in it," I murmured, "and not enough sugar." She enriched it for me, but it only tasted the worse.

What was the trouble? Was it the food? No! Was it faulty cooking? No! The trouble was with me. I had the measles!

So it is with one who does not relish the word of God (reading the Bible). He is sick, spiritually sick. And is it not sin that makes one spiritually sick? There are many forms of spiritual sickness. But there is a physician, the Great Physician, who can diagnose and cure every case. If we fail to take the cure and thus regain our appetite for spiritual food, we will starve spiritually as surely as one will die physically if he is unable to eat food. At the first symptom of spiritual sickness, then, let us immediately consult the Great Physician.

## *Drifting With the Tide*

EDWARD J. URQUHART

THE other day I took a freight junk at Manposin for a hundred-mile ride down the Yalu River. With very little effort the boat drifted along with the flowing waters and shot gracefully down the rapids. And I sat there on the bags of rice with little else to do but gaze at the beautiful scenery along the way and contemplate first this thing and then that.

I thought how like many lives was the freight junk on which I rode. For thousands of people merely drift with the tide of humanity, creatures of environment and circumstance, with no resistance and no individuality.

It is so easy to drift with the tide—go with the crowd, think others' thoughts, and do as others do. Such people pass their days in effortless ease. They drift without resistance adown the stream of time, little caring whither it flows or what the end may be. And yet that is not life—not life in its deeper, limitless meaning; that is mere existence.

Life is to breast the current, to dip the oars deep into the water and pull with all one's might. It is to sweat and grind and toil. Thus the living blood stream is pumped through the system. Thus are bones and sinews strengthened. Thus the mind is broadened, made alert and active. Thus the soul expands and grows Godward. For the rewards all lie *up* the river, not *down*.

And especially today, in this time of world depression and universal fear, when shadows of doubt and distrust deepen, when even strong men tremble, young men and women are needed who dare strike out and reach forth—who are bold enough to manifest an individuality and strong enough to resist the pull of world currents that threaten to engulf humanity.

As Daniel faced the den of lions and his three companions the fiery furnace rather than follow the perverted ways of the many, so we who live today have abundant opportunity to stand for the right and for God and to prove the worth of true manhood and womanhood.

God today will especially honor that youth who boldly cuts across the currents of worldly ambitions and stems the tide of popular demands. He who boldly sets the prow of his craft upstream and pulls for God and humanity, is going to reap a correspondingly large reward.

That reward will not be in shining yellow gold nor even in worldly gifts and honors. Ah, no! But it will be more enduring; it will be a character bearing the stamp of the divine, a character over which the grave will have no power and death no authority. But, triumphant over all enemies, it will rise at last to fellowship with God in realms of unending happiness and peace.



# JUNIORS

BOUND FOR CAIRO, EGYPT.

MY DEAR BOB AND

MURIEL ANN:

If I were writing a book instead of a letter, I would call this chapter, "Tin Cans and Grasshoppers." "What's the idea of so much noise?" asked Ruby Jim, as we drove along near the city of Beyrouth. "Well, but look at them!" Some have mosquito netting over their heads, and all of them, men, women, and children, are pounding on tin cans, long-handled frying pans, and anything to make a noise. They are walking up and down through the gardens and among the trees. "Do you suppose they are demented?" "Oh, no, just scaring away the grasshoppers!"

The Zionists of Palestine have been able by scientific methods partially to protect their crops from this terrible pest, and if the Syrians, their neighbors to the north, would co-operate, much might be accomplished. But these stubborn, ignorant Syrians like best their old superstitious ideas of scaring the hoppers away, which never will remedy the trouble.

And now back to our story. Leaving Damascus early in the morning, a short drive brought us to the river Abana, now called Barada, and we followed the highway along its course to Baalbek, an ancient city, at one time on the caravan route between Tyre and Palmyra. Do you find it on the map? The history of its famous ruins has not been preserved, but it is supposed they date back to the time of the Canaanites who worshiped Baal, the sun god. From the window of our hotel room we could view part of the ruined area. Vast pillars, like sentinels, stand as a memorial of the grandeur and majesty of other days.

But who were these people living in the vicinity of Baalbek in those early days when the first foundation stones of the great temple were laid? No man can answer, for both the names and the race of those who could move blocks of stones such as these, are lost.

The guide led us around the outside of the temple ruins, where we saw granite blocks sixty feet long, thirteen feet wide, and thirteen feet deep, raised in the foundation to a height of twenty feet and laid as though they were bricks. No mortar was used, the stones fitting together so perfectly that a knife blade cannot be inserted between them.

In a quarry a half mile out of the city is a stone, 70 x 14 x 13 feet, one end sticking up and more than half of it exposed. Evidently it was intended

for some temple, when perhaps war or something else unusual happened to prevent its removal. We walked upon its great flat side, and tried to imagine the heroism of such noble builders. During the period from 193 to 211 A. D. two great Roman temples were built upon the earlier foundations. One was dedicated to Jupiter and the other to Bacchus.

## Where Jesus Walked

HARRIET IRENE FISHER

I have taken many notes about these old ruins, but they are much too long for a letter. I am inclosing an interesting snapshot of

these ruins of the temple of Jupiter. During an earthquake nearly five hundred years ago, it was thrown down and left as it stands to this very day.

The last place we visited in Baalbek was a flour mill, a queer-looking one-story building half below and half above the ground, so that we had to go down several steps to enter. In the middle of the long room were three vats, one of which was two thirds full of gray-looking flour that was being mixed. Yes, mixed, that's a good word to use, for a Syrian, barefooted and barelegged, holding up his tunic, was walking around in it. He was the mixer!

The bread we had eaten for lunch was fairly good, but we were glad our schedule took us on our journey before another meal. But who knows about the flour in the bread we ate at the next place? For we were still in Syria!

From Baalbek we made our way toward Beyrouth, a drive of about fifty-five miles. Much of the way the road runs along a high ridge, so that great stretches of mountains and valleys can be seen on either side.

Beyrouth is the most important and prosperous city of Syria, with a population of about 140,000. We visited the American University, the Presbyterian Missions, took a hasty view of the drunken-looking streets of the Armenian refugee section of the city, and drove out to see historic Dog River.

On Monday morning our faithful chauffeurs and the cars were ready for the drive to Haifa, about ninety miles. We took along a picnic lunch, and ate it at noon by the roadside.

Many of us were anxious to see the excavations at Megiddo, and so at Haifa we turned east and south for twenty miles on a side road, and then up the hill of Megiddo to the crude buildings which shelter the offices and workshops of the representatives of Chicago University, who are in charge of the operations.

Megiddo, a hill 1,000 feet above sea level, stands at the entrance to the pass between Esdraelon and the plain of Sharon, on the direct route from Egypt to Syria,—a natural place for a city, for it had both a highway and a good water supply.

I have spoken a number of times in my letters about excavations, and it has occurred to me that it might be well to ex-

plain them a little bit. As you know, the word "excavate" means "to dig out," and in that sense any one who digs a hole in the ground is an excavator; but over here in these countries (or any country) where man has lived for thousands of years and where cities and whole civilizations have been buried deep in the earth, the words "excavate," "excavation," and



Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek, Syria





U. & U., N. Y.

"excavator" take on a new meaning. "Archeology," the science of antiquities, and "archeologist," one who studies relics of ancient nations, are also terms that must be understood. The archeologist and the excavator work hand in hand. The archeologist first studies the field and determines by its history and by technical investigations whether there is sufficient reason to believe anything of value may be found by excavating. When enough evidence is discovered to warrant operations, then the excavator begins work.

Perhaps, after this brief word, you will be more interested in what I have to tell you about this wonderful hill of Megiddo, which has held a city so long that seven cities have been built upon it. And now for the story.

In ancient times when a city was destroyed by war, fire, earthquake, or other devastation, it was usually not rebuilt at once, many years sometimes intervening. When it was to be again inhabited, instead of excavating as we do in our country, they leveled off and built on top; hence on this hill, seven cities (as I have said) had been built, each in turn upon the debris of the preceding one.

A few years ago Chicago University obtained permission to excavate this hill, and men from that institution have been working here ever since. The guide, a university man, was most gracious in telling us all about it. He said the top city, and of course the latest, was dated 350 B. C. They have removed three cities, and the one we were to see was the fourth, going down, and none other than the one built by Solomon, 1,000 B. C. 1 Kings 9:15; 10:26.

Think a moment of this question: "If your home was to be totally destroyed by fire, what would you find in the ashes?" You answer, "Foundation stones, silverware, dishes, pottery, coins, jewelry, and all such things as would not burn." Quite right, and that is what is found in excavating old cities. Every shovelful of dirt is put into sieves and carefully sifted for coins, pottery, and whatever of value might be unearthed. An army of natives is employed to do the work, and \$2.50 is paid for each coin or article of value found. This proves a great incentive to careful work.

When an entire city has been uncovered and all foundations laid bare, then it is studied from every viewpoint; photographs are taken from land and air; clay models are made; all data concerning it are preserved; coins, pottery, and relics are classified. Then it is scraped off down the side of the hill.

As we made our way up to where they were working, the first thing we came to was the foundation of the outer gate, and a pavement a few yards wide and long, which led to a strong inner gate in the real wall of the city. The city wall has been uncovered for eight

Plain of Esdraelon,  
Showing Mt. Megiddo  
in the Distance

hundred yards; at  
some places it was  
found to be four yards  
thick and more in oth-

ers. We saw where the great doors of the gate had swung in sockets of stone. The gate was an exact copy of a Hittite gate, for Solomon employed Hittite labor. Just inside the gate were the remains of a large house, the masonry of which was similar to that of the city wall.

Then we climbed up on the wall and viewed the city ruin as a whole, with its well-laid-out streets. We were especially interested in the stables, for the Bible says Solomon built cities for his chariots. The floors of the stalls were of rough stones. The pillars, which seemed to fill the area, were for three purposes,—to support the roof, to separate the horses, and to serve as hitching posts. The arrangement was very much as in our modern horse barns, with a main aisle running between two rows of stalls, the horses facing the aisle. Between every other two pillars of these main aisles

were troughs hewn out of stone where feed was placed practically as nowadays. In a comparatively small space we counted 320 stalls and they were expecting to find more.

The Bible speaks of Pharaoh-Shishak coming up against Jerusalem. Critics have said that because Egyptian history gives no account of this expedition, therefore the Bible is wrong. A few months ago, right here in the ruins of this city of Solomon, a stone was unearthed on which was inscribed the insignia of Pharaoh-Shishak of Megiddo, for it was the custom of those days for a conqueror to take his title from the land of his conquest. Lord Allenby, going up to Jerusalem in 1918 by way of Megiddo, after taking over Palestine for England, signed his papers, "Lord Allenby of Megiddo."

We are staying in a hospice on Mt. Carmel, with beautiful gardens, a lovely, quiet place. From our west window we have a view of the Mediterranean and a delightful sea breeze fans our faces. Night is coming on, and down the mountain slopes the lights of the city gleam through the foliage of the gardens. The twinkling stars above us make us think of home. It is about time for you to be getting up to begin your day's tasks, but for us it is time to go to bed.

Lovingly,

AUNT HATTIE.

## I Remember

(Continued from page 7)

mental attitude upon any question under consideration. In his simple way of stating it, he said: "You-all knows we kin think a thing is bad, and it sho is bad; or we kin think a thing is good, and by'n by hit gets good. You-all 'members dat de Good Book sez a man is jist what he thinks he is. So I specks even onions and codfish is good if we thinks they is." This young man was wise in practical things, but deficient in what we call book learning. He was poor, and had been unable to go to school until he was about my age, and then only by working hard every spare moment.

Being accustomed to helping colored people whenever and wherever they needed assistance, I helped this boy for one hour each evening with his lessons for the following day, since I was in advanced classes. I gave him money for books and clothes, and took a general interest in him. And he had enough real African blood in his veins to appreciate keenly all favors and reciprocate whenever opportunity offered.

One morning as I came to the door of the college building, I was met by a gang of bright, well-attired city young men, to whom I was apparently a queer



specimen of humanity. My clothes were in frontier style, and my Missouri drawl and general appearance were really amusing to these city chaps. They accosted me that morning as had been their custom for some time in the past, and were having really an amusing time among themselves at my expense, when this young colored student appeared around the corner of the building. He listened to these young men for only a short time, and then laying aside the books I had bought for him and removing his gloves, stepped up to the leader of the gang, who afterward became a prominent man in our general work and a good friend of mine, and told him a few polite yet emphatic things in the hearing of all his pals. And from that day until the time Battle Creek College closed its doors as an educational institution, there was no more hazing of that or any other sort. A colored boy had effectively put an end to a thing the faculty had not been able to overcome.

This is an actual experience of a young Southern man with a young colored man ten years after the close of the Civil War, and answers your question relative to the normal relations of the white and colored races after the war. Of course, there were extremists in both races, but among the best elements there never was any marked inconsiderateness upon the part of either for the other.

(To be continued)

## "I Knew John Barleycorn"

(Concluded from page 4)

While in a small southern Illinois town a year ago, where I was giving a series of lectures, I dropped into the village drug store and found a group of young men discussing my lecture on prohibition, which had been given the night before. Following me in came Dr. Jones. Dr. Jones, an enthusiastic Wet, was known throughout the community as one who practiced his sentiments. He stood listening for a while, as I had joined in the discussion to answer a question. Presently he turned to me and said: "Mr. —, if you had practiced medicine for twenty years, you would know more about the evils of prohibition than you do now."

I replied: "Dr. Jones, I have done something superior to that."

"What!" he exclaimed, "you couldn't have!"

"Oh, yes," I assured him; "I have spent several years at home before prohibition, and my early home life was ruined by just one thing—liquor. I have seen my kind father transformed into a fiend by liquor. The greatest happiness we have ever known has been since prohibition banished liquor. No amount of medical practice can disprove that." But the door was shutting behind him.

"Prob'ly in a hurry," said one of the boys.

How well I remember the night that prohibition went into effect! My father was out drinking all that he could hold until the midnight hour when the Eighteenth Amendment should be declared a national law. Thousands of drunken men caroused through the streets that night. At an early hour I remember seeing scores of inebriates sitting on curbs and steps in front of the saloons; the air was filled with coarse language, vulgar jests, oaths, and ribald laughter. Women and girls who had the misfortune to be out that night were constantly insulted as they passed the drunken groups. Yet this was as nothing compared to what it shall be the night that John Barleycorn returns!

I shudder to think of it! No wonder the prophet Isaiah was inspired to write that just before the second advent of Christ every house would be "shut up, that no man may come in. There is a crying for wine

"Doing everything is doing nothing."

## LET'S TRADE



What? Why STAMPS — of course!

Arne Pearson, 5414 W. Rice St., Chicago, Illinois, has a wide variety of stamps from the United States, Europe, South America, and Asia, which he will be glad to exchange for stamps of the Confederate States, Abyssinia, Palestine, Hawaii, the Bahamas, Mexico, and Fiume; he is also anxious to get any triangular stamps.

Frank Carlson, 5418 Iowa St., Chicago, Illinois, sends word that he needs stamps from Australia, Brazil, Bolivia, Cape of Good Hope, Greece, India, Papua, and Turkey. He will trade for any of these stamps, issues from Germany, Italy, France, Sweden, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Canada, and the United States.

George Vrahnos, 55 Jefferson St., Albany, New York, has stamps for trade from Greece, France, Germany, Norway, and Switzerland, and would like to get in touch with some one who has stamps from almost any other country.

## Stamp News

Belgium pays sincere tribute to Cardinal Mercier, one of its World War heroes, in a series of nine special stamps. The cardinal won world-wide fame by his brave and devoted efforts to protect and help his people during those grim war days when the country was overrun by hostile armies.

When the Iceland government recently celebrated her 1,000th anniversary, she printed a stamp in honor of the occasion. The flag of Denmark is pictured on the stamp. This is because the Icelandic people recognize Denmark's king as their own, although their government has always operated without Danish influence.

in the streets." Very few know that this quotation has been a Bible prophecy for 2,600 years. You will find it in Isaiah 24:10, 11.

When that time comes,—if it should happen that legalized liquor is restored,—I for one will "junk" my car, move to the country, and take to the fields and through the woods for my highways, away from millions of drunken drivers!—*Signs of the Times.*

## Let's Tune In

(Continued from page 5)

I hardly need to mention the recent advertising war between the cigarette makers and the candy makers, in which the cigarette makers stated that their product would help keep one thin. Their statement was not an out-and-out falsehood, but a terrible half-truth. Cigarettes *will* make you thin, but at what a cost!

And then there is the advertisement, not yet on the radio, which says something like this: "Science says, 'Don't eat too much; don't drink too much coffee; don't smoke too much'—but if you do, just take some of our tablets, and you'll be all right." "Doctrines of devils!" Beware of any device or medicine that allows you to sin all you want to, and then saves you from the results of your misdeeds.

And then, in the more harmless fields, let us have a tolerantly critical humor for the particular brand of toothpaste, mouth wash, or cosmetic that is so highly recommended as the way to health, beauty, and happiness.

Shall we listen to the radio? Of course! But let us do it intelligently, rejecting the programs that are definitely bad, and accepting with reservations the advertising of the others, ever remembering that



the full light of gospel truth has been shining on our pathway for more than a generation, and that we are blessed above all people by the knowledge of what is good in this life, and what will be in the life to come. With the great apostle Paul let us look on and listen to only "whatsoever things are of good report."

## Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column each week under the supervision of the Missionary Volunteer Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather are good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of the Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

*Please explain 1 Corinthians 13:8. Was the gift of tongues to "cease" with the apostolic age, or was it to continue as an important gift of the Holy Spirit throughout the Christian dispensation? Is it necessary where the people understand a common language? What about the "gift of tongues" claimed by certain religious movements today?*

The gift of tongues was bestowed upon the early church to meet a situation which, in a large measure, no longer exists. The Scriptures then were issued only in the Hebrew and Greek tongues. They are now issued in whole or in part in 924 languages and dialects, which serve practically every nation, tongue, and people. The facilities for acquiring other tongues are now developed to a high degree. Our missionaries in foreign lands are proclaiming the gospel in every major language. One of our young missionaries was preaching in a foreign language six months after reaching his field, and within two years was teaching the truth in three tongues. There is no question but that the Spirit of God is giving our missionaries special help in this particular. In the prophecies of the last days, where the gifts to be manifested then are mentioned, no reference is made to the gift of tongues. The outstanding gift of this age is the Spirit of prophecy. (See Joel 2:28-32; Rev. 12:17; 19:10; 1 Cor. 1:6, 7.) The gifts of God are given that the church may profit and sinners be reached. They are not given to appeal to the love of novelty or to excite mere curiosity.

Much interest has been awakened among Christian people in recent years by the development of peculiar religious manifestations in the form of the "gift of tongues." Many have been profoundly impressed by these manifestations, looking upon them as the great power of God. Others who have observed them closely have been inclined to be rather cautious in giving them their unqualified approval. Others are in deep perplexity over the question, feeling that there is a power at work in connection with these manifestations that is not healthful nor strengthening to the Christian life.

In these closing days of the world's history we need to be especially on our guard against spurious manifestations. We are admonished by the Saviour to be watchful, "for there shall arise false christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; inasmuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."

To enable the reader to judge the "gift of tongues" movement, we are submitting herewith some quotations from the *Overcomer* of January, 1910, which we pass on for careful consideration:

"It still remains a burning question as to whether the speaking in tongues that we know today is Scriptural or not. In my opinion we have sinned in that we have neglected the simple command of the Lord, to 'try the spirits whether they are of God.' . . . The Lord led me, in Baak and other places, into contact with the 'spirits' which were manifested in the so-called 'tongue movement.' . . . And now that I have come into contact with the spirits, I must say a word of warning against this demoniacal power which has gained an influence over so many of the children of God. To this end I will give a short account of my experience among them:

"In the early part of September I came into personal contact with one of the spirits. . . . A sister who had received the gift of tongues by the laying on of hands at the conference at Muelheim, when it had been proved that the spirit by which she spoke was a demon, wished to be set free. For several hours we prayed with and for her. The spirit, which had previously spoken of Golgotha and the blood, of glory and of revival, now began to abuse us in

tongues in the most fearful manner. When we commanded him to depart in the name of Jesus, he told us simply we need take no further trouble, he did not intend to go, we had better depart. Then the spirit began threatening the sister in tongues.

"He was furious with her that she had betrayed him, and he threatened to destroy her. The more we prayed, the more he raged, and cursed, and swore, and threatened us. I am not at all an emotional man, but I had the impression that the room was full of demons. The spirit flung the sister about the room, tore and bit her body in a fearful way. . . . We ourselves heard the spirit cursing and swearing in tongues. The words were so awful that I cannot write them down. I understood a good deal without the sister's interpretation, for at times the spirit spoke in Latin, Italian, and sometimes in French. Unfortunately I could understand only fragments without interpretation, as the spirit spoke very rapidly. It is awful to think that these demons, raging, swearing, and threatening to murder us, up to this time had spoken to the children of God of Golgotha and revivals and other spiritual matters, and had been believed. What is to become of the people of God if they believe such demons?"

About a year ago the writer was visiting mission stations in south Egypt. While there he came in contact with the "gift of tongues" movement. It had split into two divisions because one of the missionaries had developed the practice of parting his hair, which was looked upon by his fellow workers as a piece of worldliness too serious to be tolerated. One of their missionaries had been in Egypt for seven years, and was still compelled to resort to an interpreter when addressing an audience. In spite of his gift of tongues, he found the Arabic language too much for him. The Seventh-day Adventist missionary whom the writer was visiting had been there two years, and had acquired the use of the Arabic in that time so that he was able to converse fluently and speak in public in that tongue. The "gift of tongues" people specialize in "unknown tongues," consequently it is somewhat difficult to test the validity of their claims. It should be remembered that God's gifts are all given for a special purpose. The gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost enabled the apostles to speak so that people of eighteen different nationalities understood the gospel message. Today the gift of tongues will be given for similar purposes, and a gift of tongues' representative going to a foreign field should expect—if his gift is valid—to be able to instruct the people after a reasonable time has been spent in studying the language.

The writer visited a company of people some years ago who were meeting daily and praying for the gift of tongues. Inquiry was made of the people as to what use they would make of the gift if it were given. One and another were asked if they would be able to go to a foreign field to use that gift if it were given. Not one was in a position to do so. They were asked what use they would make of it, and not one of them knew; they simply wanted to speak with tongues. Many of the followers of this "gift of tongues" movement today are people who like to create wonder and appeal to the sense of the mysterious which exists in the minds of many. The trouble with most of us is that we are too free with our tongues already. The use of this small but mighty organ needs to be consecrated to the service of God and His cause. When the Lord finds we are able to use the tongue we now possess to glorify Him, He may trust us with another, providing we are able to use it to His glory.

M. N. CAMPBELL.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### X—Walking in Truth

(March 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 John.  
MEMORY VERSE: 2 John 9.

#### Questions

1. How does the apostle speak of himself in beginning this letter? How does he address the person to whom he is writing? How does he express his regard for the "elect lady and her children"? 2 John 1. Note 1.
2. How is the permanency of the truth set forth? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. What three blessings are desired for those to whom this letter is addressed? From whom must these blessings come? Verse 3.



4. What caused the apostle great rejoicing? Verse 4.
5. What commandment did John repeat? How long had the church had this commandment? Verse 5. Note 3.
6. How do we show our love to God? What is the effect among the members of keeping the commandments of God? Verse 6.
7. What do certain deceivers not admit? What is said of such? Verse 7.
8. Because there are so many deceivers, what care should we exercise? Verse 8. Note 4.
9. In what should believers abide? Failing to do this, what is lost? Verse 9. Note 5.
10. What should be our attitude toward those who teach false doctrines? What is said of those who encourage false teachers? Verses 10, 11. Note 6.
11. What desire does the apostle express? How does the epistle close? Verses 12, 13.

Notes

1. In "The Acts of the Apostles" it is stated that this epistle was written "to a helper in the gospel work, a woman of good repute and wide influence."
2. The truth we love does not change. It is not ours for a day, or a week, or for a few years, but it exists forever.
3. Jesus explains the depth of the love that should be in the hearts of those who are His followers. He said, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." This was certainly "new" in the sense that it had not been understood nor kept. A practical comment upon this text shows our individual duty: "One of Christ's last commands to His disciples was, 'Love one another as I have loved you.' Do we obey this command, or are we indulging sharp, un-Christlike traits of character? If we have in any way grieved or wounded others, it is our duty to confess our fault, and seek for reconciliation."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 144.
4. "It is possible for even genuine Christians, by suffering themselves to be led into error, or by failure in duty, to lose a part of the reward which they might have obtained. The crown which they will wear in heaven will be less bright than that which they might have worn."—Barnes.
5. The idea that it makes no difference what one believes just so he is sincere, is a dangerous idea. "The position that it is of no consequence what men believe, is one of Satan's most successful deceptions. He knows that the truth, received in the love of it, sanctifies the soul of the receiver; therefore he is constantly seeking to substitute false theories, fables, another gospel. From the beginning, the servants of God have contended against false teachers, not merely as vicious men, but as inculcators of falsehoods that were fatal to the soul."—"The Great Controversy," p. 520.
6. "When any one arises, either among us or outside of us, who is burdened with a message which declares that the people of God are numbered with Babylon, and claims that the loud cry is a call to come out of her, you may know that he is not bearing the message of truth. Receive him not, nor bid him Godspeed; for God has not spoken by him, neither has He given a message to him."—"Testimonies to Ministers," p. 41.

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

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

Junior Lesson

X—Abraham's Visitors

(March 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 17:1-8; 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Ps. 85:8.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 138-140.

Questions

1. Who appeared to Abram when he was ninety-nine years old? What promise was again renewed? Gen. 17:1-4.
2. What change was made in Abram's name? Verse 5.
3. How were the promises of the covenant with Abraham then emphasized? Verses 6-8.
4. Who appeared to Abraham while he dwelt at Mamre? How did he greet his visitors? Gen. 18:1, 2.
5. What hospitality did he offer? Verses 3-5.

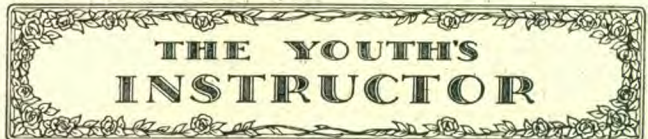
6. What preparations were quickly made? Verses 6-8.
7. After eating their meal, toward what place did the men go? Who went with them? Verse 16.
8. Why did the Lord not hide His purpose from Abraham? Verses 17-19. Note 1.
9. As two of the angel strangers went on to Sodom, what did the Lord Himself do? Verses 20-22.
10. How did Abraham venture to plead with the Lord? Verses 23-25. Note 2.
11. What reply did the Lord make? Verse 26.
12. How did Abraham show his humility while continuing to plead for the city? Yet what did he ask? Verses 27, 28. Note 3.
13. What further requests did Abraham make? How was each of these received? Verses 29-31.
14. What was the lowest number Abraham dared name in asking that Sodom be spared? How was this request received? How did the Lord and Abraham then separate? Verses 32, 33. Note 4.

Something to Think About

How does this lesson teach the value of prayer? What connection, if any, is there between Matthew 5:13 and this lesson? Read Ezekiel 18:20-32.

Notes

1. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." Abraham had honored God, and the Lord honored him, taking him into His counsels, and revealing to him His purposes. . . . God knew well the measure of Sodom's guilt; but He expressed Himself after the manner of men, that the justice of His dealings might be understood. Before bringing judgment upon the transgressors, He would go Himself, to institute an examination of their course; if they had not passed the limits of divine mercy, He would still grant them space for repentance."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 139.
2. One of our great privileges is that of praying for others. We can reach by prayer those whom we can reach in no other way.
- "Love for perishing souls inspired Abraham's prayer. While he loathed the sins of that corrupt city, he desired that the sinners might be saved. His deep interest for Sodom shows the anxiety that we should feel for the impenitent. We should cherish hatred of sin, but pity and love for the sinner. All around us are souls going down to ruin as hopeless, as terrible, as that which befell Sodom. Every day the probation of some is closing. Every hour some are passing beyond the reach of mercy. And where are the voices of warning and entreaty to bid the sinner flee from this fearful doom? Where are the hands stretched out to draw him back from death? Where are those who with humility and persevering faith are pleading with God for him?"—Id., p. 140.
3. "With deep reverence and humility he [Abraham] urged his plea: 'I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes.' There was no self-confidence, no boasting of his own righteousness. He did not claim favor on the ground of his obedience, or of the sacrifices he had made in doing God's will. Himself a sinner, he pleaded in the sinner's behalf. Such a spirit all who approach God should possess. Yet Abraham manifested the confidence of a child pleading with a loved father. He came close to the heavenly messenger, and fervently urged his petition."—Id., p. 139.
4. "Though Lot had become a dweller in Sodom, he did not partake in the iniquity of its inhabitants. Abraham thought that in that populous city there must be other worshippers of the true God. . . . Abraham asked not once merely, but many times. Waxing bolder as his requests were granted, he continued until he gained the assurance that if even ten righteous persons could be found in it, the city would be spared."—Id., pp. 139, 140.



Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COUNCIL

C. A. RUSSELL H. T. ELLIOTT S. A. WELLMAN F. D. NICHOL

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

"Constant complaint never gets pity."

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# THE LISTENING POST

AND Reno (Nevada) felt the depression with a drop from 4,248 divorce cases in 1931 to 3,105 during 1932.

DR. WILLIAM FEINBLOOM, an optometrist of New York City, has recently perfected a special telescopic lens for glasses which he claims will restore vision to people who are nearly blind.

ALBERT H. WIGGIN, who has since 1911 been head of the Chase National Bank, the world's largest financial institution, located in New York City, has just retired from public life. He is succeeded by W. W. Aldrich.

THE London newspaper, *Daily Mail*, has an advertising inducement which is, to say the least, unique. It promises to give £1,000 to the heirs of any person killed in a railroad wreck, if the victim has a copy of the *Mail* in his possession at the time of the accident.

THE authorities of Vienna, Austria, cope with the winter icy pavement menace by helping those who have to walk on the slippery sidewalks and street crossing to help themselves. The street cleaning department stores paper bags filled with sand in kiosks at street car stops and at cross walks. The pedestrian's duty is to pick up a bag, tear off a corner, and strew sand in his pathway.

ONE dollar seventy-five cents for the first pound and \$1 for each additional pound, is the price the new Air Express Corporation is charging for delivery of express from New York to Los Angeles, or vice versa, in the speedy running time of eighteen hours. The long, low-winged silver monoplanes which carry the baggage, take off daily, and stop only for refueling and changing pilots en route.

THE spade of the archeologist, under the direction of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, has unearthed a mass of ruins in Persia which are said to be none other than the remains of Persepolis, the Versailles of the ancient Persians, which, history tells us, was burned by Alexander the Great. These ruins are yielding rich treasures of bygone days which, it is expected, will add greatly to the lore of the historian.

THAT it is possible to control shifting sand dunes by planting trees on them has been proved to the satisfaction of all dwellers close to Saugatuck, Michigan. For years Old Bald Head Mountain, a dune some 300 feet high, and extending over an area of four acres, has, by its constant shifting, been encroaching on the channel of the Kalamazoo River and threatening the near-by homes. Two years ago the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture planted trees in the sand, and now, strange but true, the mountain seems to be remaining stationary.

THE rather laborious workings of United States lawmaking machinery finally effected a twentieth change in the Constitution when Missouri, as the thirty-sixth State, recently ratified the "lame duck" amendment. This statute specifies that the terms of office of the President and Vice-President shall expire at noon on January 20 every fourth year instead of March 4. Thus only a little over two months, will elapse between the time a President is elected in November and the time he takes the reigns of government—ample time, in these days of almost instantaneous communication for him to receive a formal notification and prepare himself for his responsible position. This new law also provides that the term of office of Senators and Representatives shall end at noon on January 3 of the proper year; that a session of Congress shall meet every year, thus eliminating the troublesome "short session," which has heretofore sent a defeated Congressman back to the capitol for another year's lawmaking before his chosen successor can take office.

FACED with the alternatives of seeing many automobiles left in garages for the remaining winter months—where, of course, they eat up no gas, and therefore contribute nothing to the State or Federal gas tax—or refraining from requiring new license tags at present, a number of the States have set ahead the date when 1933 tags must appear on automobiles in their territory. Kentucky and Texas, with true Southern courtesy, are not requiring new license plates until March 1. Missouri and Oklahoma have put off the payment date until March 15. Virginia is giving her residents three months leeway, and April 1 is the date she has set for settlement. And generous Alabama has moved the date of expiration of 1932 licenses to October 1, 1933, after the planters have cashed their crop checks. Arizona is working out the problem on a novel installment plan. Each month the car owner buys a sticker which he pastes over his old license plate, and as soon as he has bought enough of these monthly stickers to pay his fee, he is given a 1933 license.

FAIR "Killarney's lakes and fells," of poetic fame—some 10,000 acres of them—have recently become the property of the Irish Free State. 'Twas back in the days of good Queen Bess that the family of Lord Kenmare first came into possession of this picturesque section of land in the west of Ireland. When a few years ago, because of the excessive taxes, Lord Kenmare could no longer finance the estate, he sold it at auction, and William Bourn, of San Mateo, California, became its owner. Mr. Bourn is now giving it back to Ireland.

INSTEAD of the usual series of long and short blasts to announce its position, a certain fog horn will soon boom out over the fog-veiled Bay of Fundy its location thus: "Partridge Island, Partridge Island!" If this warning proves effective, very likely other fog alarms will be changed from the customary whistles which now declare their identity by a series of blasts, to robots which will shout their names at regular intervals. This new device operates on the same principle as a talking machine.

THE tiny island of Capri, just off the west Italian coast, has long been a convenient stopping place for birds winging their way from Europe to Africa. But many of the feathered migrants have gone no farther, for the natives of the island have made a practice of spreading nets in which to catch the birds, and sending their prey back to France and England in jellies. Recently, however, Premier Mussolini put a stop to this slaughter of innocents by making this island a bird sanctuary.

IT is now possible for every airport in the United States to have an accurate, up-to-the-minute map of weather conditions by merely putting a blank map of the country in their telegraphic typewriters. Every four hours, the proper weather symbols, which are sent out by the United States Weather Bureau, are automatically transferred to these maps.

THE mid-West is the most literate part of the United States, and Iowa leads all States, with less than 1 per cent illiteracy. This fact is announced by the National Advisory Committee on Illiteracy in its final report made at the close of 1932, after three years' study.

BRITISH Malaya has now found a way to turn its rubber-making resources, with which it is well supplied, into motor fuel, of which there has long been a shortage within its boundaries.

AND now Mexico is to be ranked among the naval powers. She has ordered from Spanish shipyards fifteen fleet boats to guard her extended coastline.

SINCE the cost of sending an air mail letter soared to eight cents, the amount of air mail sent has tobogganed 30 per cent.