

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 81

September 12, 1933

No. 37

Little self=denials, little
honesties, little pass=
ing words of sym=
pathy, little nameless acts of
kindness, little silent victo=
ries over favorite temptation,
= = = these are the silent
threads of gold which, when
woven together, gleam out
so brightly in the pattern of
life that God approves.

—Canon Farrar.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

THERE'S a verse in the 106th psalm which is profitable for an hour of quiet meditation. It reads like this: "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul."

✚

YOU recall the incident to which it refers. The children of Israel were journeying through the desert from Sinai to Kadesh, en route to "the Promised Land." Don't forget that they were a nation of slaves just miraculously released from the most exacting and grueling bondage. They should have been glad! glad! glad! every step of that God-led way, but—they weren't.

At this particular moment they were grumbling about their food. "Who shall give us flesh to eat?" they wept. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes." Ungrateful, weren't they? Imagine—grumbling at food sent down from heaven especially for them—yes, and the manna they scorned was really angels' food!

When this wail went up from the camp of Israel, Moses was discouraged—yes, and disgusted. He had good reason to be. But God was more than that. He was right down angry. The record says: "*The anger of the Lord was kindled greatly.*" In answer to their prayer for food He had given them the *very best* there was to be had. But they didn't like it! He hadn't answered their prayer the way they wanted it answered! Hence the wailing and complaining. They didn't want manna to eat! They wanted flesh!

"All right," said the Lord to Moses, "this rebellious, stiff-necked people shall have their desire. It won't be best for them, but we shall see what we shall see. You go tell them to be prepared against tomorrow, for not one day, nor two days, nor five days, nor ten days, nor twenty days, but *for a whole month* they shall have all the flesh they can eat." Moses delivered the message, and there was great rejoicing in the camp of Israel.

Morning dawned and a mighty wind blew in from the sea, bringing a great flock of quails. They alighted by the camp round about as it were

a day's journey on every side. All day and all night and all another day the misguided, greedy Israelites worked without rest, gathering a supply of meat, fearful that they would not have enough. But even as they took the first delicious bites between their teeth, "a very great plague" fell, and thousands lost their lives.

And so it is even today. When we humans refuse to accept God's way for us, we must, without fail, accept the responsibility for our own selfish choice.

✚

MY friend turned from the telephone where she had been called to receive a message. Her face was white. "My brother," she said slowly, "has been killed in an automobile accident." She could not attend the funeral. It was held three thousand miles distant, and there was neither time nor money for the journey. But the day, and particularly the hour of the service, were hard for her to endure, and she spent them at the home of a best-loved teacher. This woman was gifted beyond the ordinary, and one of her greatest gifts was that of sympathy. As she came close to Elnora in her crushing sorrow, the heartsore girl said this:

"When Jack was just a tiny boy, he was very ill with scarlet fever. The doctors gave him up to die, but mother just *would not* have it so. She asked the church to pray, and for a little while he was better; then suddenly he sank into a coma. Our friends prayed, and we at home prayed *and prayed* that God would spare the little fellow, but there was no change. Then mother simply went in and stood over his bed and *commanded* God to let him live. He allowed her to have her way.

"Jack lived—but for twenty years now he's been our family disgrace and sorrow. Recently he has been bootlegging. He was shot when the outlaw truck he was driving, loaded with booze, was overhauled by Federal officers. The last time I was home, mother said that she had shed enough tears over Jack to float a battleship.

"You know it would not have been nearly so hard to have had my brother laid away as an innocent little child, as it is to have him go this way, and now, and know that he is surely lost!"

THE Harvest Ingatherer had been invited to rest on the veranda of a pretty little vine-clad cottage. As she talked with the housekeeper who had answered her ring, the conversation turned to prayer, and the wisdom of God's dealings with us—if we are willing to let Him have His way.

"Yes," said her hostess, "I *know* God answers, and I know, too, that sometimes when we insist, He allows us to have our own way and reap the bitter consequences. Let me show you."

She led her visitor into the spotless living room, and there in a wheel chair reclined a silver-haired woman. She did not move when the stranger came near, her mouth was ajar, and her eyes looked out with a vacant stare.

"You see," explained her daughter, "how helpless mother is. She cannot stir even a finger, her mind is a blank, and her care is my charge. Ten years ago she was stricken, and there seemed no hope for her life. But she was such a *darling* mother, and we were everything to each other and as companionable as sisters. It seemed that I could not possibly let her go. I was not willing to give her up, even though that might be God's will, and felt very rebellious. I wanted her to live, even if she couldn't be well. And I prayed just that way. Sometimes now I'm almost frightened when I think what I said to my heavenly Father.

"He answered my prayer. She has lived and suffered, and now, poor dear, is as you see her. And I—why in these years *I have died a thousand deaths!*"

✚

YES, God gave the children of Israel "their request; but sent leanness into their soul." And even so today He gives us, His headstrong children, our own way sometimes, but He requires that we take the consequences. We must take the responsibility when we demand our choice.

When you pray, do you pray for what *you* want? or do you pray for what *God* wants you to have? Think it over, friend o' mine. And remember that if we could see as God sees, we would not desire one thing different than is His will for us.

Lora E. Clement

THE INN of the SCARLET CORD

By MILDRED C. WOOD

IT was the ninth hour of the day. In an upper room of the Inn of the Scarlet Cord, a young woman sat weaving. It was an ancient hand loom, and she was industriously plying the wooden bar as her deft fingers placed the woof threads in an intricate pattern. Hearing a step in the hallway, she glanced up quickly, throwing back her long black curls.

"It is only thy servant Hazelel," said a girlish voice. "Ahinoam hath sent me to know if thou wouldst have a double portion of bread baked today?"

"Enter, Hazelel," answered the young woman, turning from the loom. "And do thou admire this?" pointing with pride to her handiwork.

The servant was frank in her admiration. "It is beautiful, mistress," she replied. "As beautiful as those in the bazaars. It is a design I saw my mother make once, when I was a very little girl. It is a shawl?"

"It is a blanket, child," answered the mistress. "A blanket for—ah, shall I tell thee, my servant, my secrets? Canst thou keep a secret, Hazelel?"

"Thou knowest," answered the girl simply.

"Then swear to me by Ashtoreth." "I swear."

"Come nearer, now, that I may whisper it to thee. It is a blanket for Izhar. Thou dost remember Izhar?"

"Nay," answered the servant girl slowly.

"But thou must. Dost remember the gay young soldiers of the king we entertained but ten days ago? Dost remember the gayest and handsomest of them all, the one who drank to our health when they were departing? That was Izhar, special messenger of the king and friend of mine. This blanket is for him."

Hazelel did not reply; so her mistress continued, "It is a token, Hazelel, of a secret we have between us, Izhar and I, a secret I had best not tell even thee—yet!" she broke off with a merry laugh. "And now I have told thee too much already, but thou hast sworn to me. Go, and

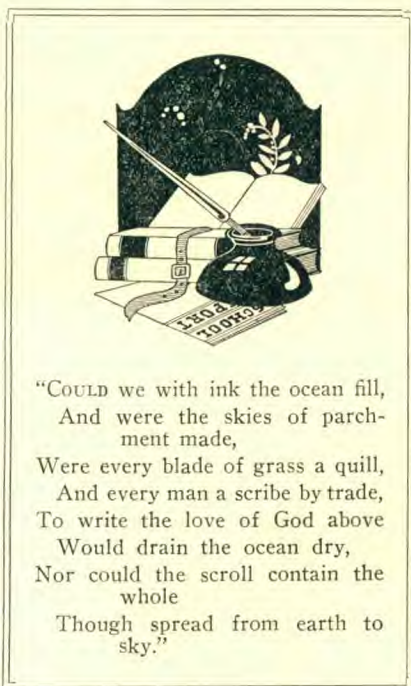
bring Ahinoam word that I will have a double portion of the bread today. Who knows but we may entertain again!"

Hazelel bowed and went quickly away.

The young woman turned again to her loom. Swiftly the wooden bar moved in its place, as swiftly, indeed, as her thoughts ran,—thoughts of the gay and gallant Izhar, special messenger of the king.

The day wore on, and presently the soft gray dusk settled over the city and the Inn of the Scarlet Cord. Its mistress finished her weaving, and went to the roof to arrange the stalks of flax for peeling. The inn was situated on the city wall, and afforded a most delightful panorama of the populous city and the surrounding country of the Jordan valley.

Presently Hazelel appeared upon



the roof. "There are two men below who would have speech with thee," she said.

The young innkeeper followed the servant below. As they entered the

dimly lighted room, two men arose and bowed. The older spoke.

"Is this the Inn of the Scarlet Cord, kept by one Rahab?" he asked.

"Thou speakest truly," answered the mistress of the inn, smiling.

"Thou art that same Rahab?"

"I am."

Again both strangers bowed, while Rahab watched them curiously. That they were not men of the city, she felt certain. The one who had spoken was tall and of princely bearing. Both had a quiet dignity which she found herself at once contrasting with the free and easy manner of the king's soldiers.

The taller man was speaking again. "Canst thou give a night's lodging for two?"

"Certainly," answered Rahab. "Thou art strangers in the city?"

For just a moment the men hesitated, and exchanged glances. Then the spokesman replied, "Aye, we but came this afternoon across the Jordan on business."

"But the Jordan is greatly swollen at this season of the year," Rahab said wonderingly. "Few would attempt to cross it."

"I know," answered the man who had spoken before. "But since our business is urgent, the God whom we serve has enabled us to cross safely."

"Ah, thou art Israelites!" Rahab's voice was reverent. "We have heard of the wonders thy God doth perform, at the Red Sea and elsewhere," she continued, "and our hearts have melted within us. I have heard much of thee from the soldiers of the king. Now I would ask of thee for myself. But come, let me first show thee rooms."

The men followed her to a large upper chamber, furnished after the fashion of the day. "When thou hast made ready," she said, "if thou wilt descend again, thou shalt partake of refreshment."

Quickly she went in search of Hazelel. "Set on for the strangers," she demanded excitedly. "Did I not tell thee mayhap we would entertain?"

Lingering over the simple but wholesome repast, the strangers talked with Rahab. And into her heart there came a great longing to know more of these people and the God they worshiped. She had long since tired of Ashtoreth and the meaningless forms and ceremonies to which she had been accustomed since childhood. So she listened with intense interest to the speech of the men of Israel, as they told her of God's promise to deliver her city, Jêricho, into their hands.

At length the meal was ended, and the spokesman, Salmon, son of Naashon, and his friend Shammah had repaired to their upper room. As Rahab went to bar the door for the night, still pondering in her heart the strange things she had heard, the sound of horses' hoofs on the bare road arrested her attention. Throwing open the door, she peered out curiously. Almost at once several horsemen galloped into sight, and dashed up to the inn door. The foremost rider was—Izhar!

"Rahab!" he exclaimed loudly, drawing rein and slipping from his mount. "Thou art up so late? And why?"

As he came nearer, the smell of wine was borne distinctly to Rahab. He had been at another of the king's feasts, no doubt. Suddenly a horrible loathing filled her heart, and her voice was cold as she replied, ignoring the man's question,

"What doest *thou* here at this hour?"

"An errand, sweet mistress, an urgent message from the king. Two men came here tonight, and are lodging with thee. They are spies from beyond Jordan, and the king demands that thou deliver them up to me at once! Make haste; I am waiting!"

Rahab's wide brown eyes grew to narrow slits in the darkness. Her words were honey—the honey that hideth vinegar.

"Aye, there came men unto me this night, but I wist not from whence they were. They have feasted and gone, whither I wot not, but mayhap that way," pointing down the road.

Izhar bowed low, and without reply leaped to his steed and clattered away in the direction in which Rahab had pointed. The others followed. Swiftly she barred the door, and hurrying upstairs, called to her guests.

"Thou art pursued," she told them. "The king has sent word that I should deliver thee up at once. But come, follow me," she commanded. "I will save thee."

She led the way to the roof, and lifting the huge pile of stalks of flax that lay there awaiting peeling, she bade them crawl under. Scarcely had she covered them, when the clatter of hoofs on the road announced the return of the soldiers. Rahab hastened below, and unbarring the door, again admitted Izhar.

"Thou hast lied!" were his words of greeting to her. "The spies are still here."

Rahab regarded him quietly. "Thinkest thou I would lie to *thee*?" she asked.

The man bowed. "Forgive me," he replied humbly. "I will not mistrust thee, after thy promise of a week past." He gazed at her intently. "Thou art true to me?"

"I am true," she replied.

"Then do thou tell me where these spies have gone."

"Why, about the time of the shutting of the gate they went. I cannot say where. Methinks they would re-

turn over the Jordan straightway. Pursue after them quickly; surely thou wilt find them!"

"I would rather tarry with thee, but the king's business requires haste," Izhar said. "I will go. Whether I find the men or no, I will return for thee, O mistress of the Scarlet Inn."

Rahab watched until Izhar and his men were lost in the darkness of the road. As she bolted the door again, she whispered softly to herself, "Thou wilt not find the men, O Izhar. And thou wilt not return for me. My heart is no longer thine."

Quickly she ascended to the roof.

"The messengers of the king are returned," she told the spies. "But I have sent them to the fords of the Jordan to search for thee. I know that the Lord thy God hath given into thy hand this city and this land, and there remains with us no more courage. Now, therefore, I pray thee, swear unto me by thy God, that since I have shown thee kindness, ye will show kindness to me and my father's house when thou shalt encompass this city. Swear this unto me, and I will let thee go."

Then Salmon answered, "Our life for yours, if we deal not truly with thee."

"See," Rahab said, "I am going to send thee away, lest the men return and find thee."

From a corner of the roof she produced a stout scarlet cord, which she bound around Shammah first. Then she and Salmon let him down over the city wall. Withdrawing the cord, she bound it fast about Salmon.

"Thou wilt deal truly with me?" she asked again.

"I will deal truly," Salmon answered, "as the Lord liveth and as my soul liveth. (Turn to page 14)

OUR Father dear, who art in heaven,
We come to Thee this day,
To ask that Thou wilt hear us as
On bended knee we pray.

Our hearts are burdened for the souls
In darkened lands afar,
Who ne'er have heard the name of
Christ,
The Bright and Morning Star.

They're suffering there in want and
need.

Their souls are marred with sin;
But, O dear Lord, we know that
Thou
Canst make them pure within.

We plead for help, for strength, for
zeal,

To do this noble work
That lies before us now to do—
O, help us not to shirk.

A Prayer

(For help during the Harvest In-
gathering campaign)

By MILDRED E. LAWSON

Give us pure hearts, pure thoughts,
and lives

On each recurring day,
So that we'll bear a witness true,
And never from Thee stray.



Impress the hearts of those we meet
To give the most they can;
Then bless the giver and the gift
According to Thy plan.

We know that Thou wilt give success
If we but do our part;
So help us, Lord, in faithful work;
Give each a willing heart.

And then, O Father, when we've done
Our best, and reached our goals,
We pray Thee, bless the money given
To help these sin-sick souls.

We ask all this in Jesus' name,
Our Saviour and our Friend,
The one who loves us and who'll keep
Us faithful to the end.
Amen.

GOD'S PERFECTING

"Knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope."—*St. Paul.*



By

HERBERT

M. KELLEY

YOUNG men and women who know their God, whose faith in the sureties of the advent message is strong, are called of God to do a definite work. The people of the world are discouraged. They have lost hope. The future is dark. They have lost their way. They grope in darkness, waiting for the light. Will you not rise up in the strength of a full Christian experience and take to them the joyful news of a soon-coming Saviour? With faith and courage gone, disintegration and chaos are inevitable, but the very elements of doubt and fear that are gripping the hearts of men and women should force us into action. They will listen to salvation if you will but deliver to them the message of life. Words of faith, assurance, and hope will be to them as refreshing water to a thirsty soul.

In his letter to the Romans, the apostle Paul speaks of certain definite steps of progress in the Christian experience. On the basis of faith in Christ, he argues that we may come into a full realization of the joys of Christian living. Thus we are admitted into the grace of God and stand rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. This hope causes us to glory in tribulations, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope." The blessed experience of being able to rejoice when the trials of life press hard, grows out of the knowledge we have of the gospel of Christ, and this knowledge is the natural fruit of a living faith. The consciousness that Jesus, the Saviour of the world, is soon to return to earth with bright crowns for those who have been faithful to Him, holds the heart steadfast under the most trying circumstances. The world cannot give nor destroy the peace of one who has come into this experience.

The Bible teaches plainly that the wrath of Satan will increase in intensity as the end draws nigh, and that he will do all he can to discourage the people of God. But the trials and tribulations which they will be called upon to bear will develop in them "the patience of the saints." Those who keep the commandments of God and have the testimony of Jesus will possess traits of character

that will prepare them to stand on the sea of glass and sing the song of deliverance. Of them it is said, "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

Men and women who because of their Christian experience are qualified to sing triumphantly before the hosts of heavenly angels, are surely prepared to take to the distressed people around them today the message of hope and cheer that they themselves have received into honest hearts. The world is anxiously waiting for their coming, for the message of love they bring. Will not those youth who walk by faith and not by sight give themselves to this noble work?

The great apostle declares that patience is molded out of the hard experiences of life. The message of God is developing a class of men and women who will be recorded as great in the records in heaven, and He will put them through every test that is necessary to bring out the best and highest qualities of character. The consciousness that this work of grace is being done for us makes the trials of the present fade away into nothingness. With the apostle Paul we may "glory in tribulations."

It must be discomfiting to Satan to realize that the very worst he can do to the people of God only makes them stronger in their Christian experience, and that the trials he forces upon them are but the means used of God to bring out the most beautiful traits of character. No wonder he fears the saint upon his knees!

Those who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on the sea of glass will be a marvel to the whole universe, not because of any material achievements they may have accomplished on earth, but because they have, through Christ, developed patience, enabling them to stand against the wiles of the devil in the most crucial period of earth's history. Because of this they will have an experience different from any other people, and will therefore be able to sing a song that no one else can learn. And just think! They are today qualifying for that joyous occasion. Using the hard experiences of life as object lessons, they are forgetting themselves in their sufferings for the glory of God which shall be revealed at His coming.

If an angel from heaven should come to earth looking for that company of people in whose mouth there is no guile, and who stand "without fault before the throne of God," would you be able to tell him where he could find them? Now, remember these people are said to be "without fault" "before the throne of God." Angels looking into their lives can find no fault, but perhaps they are the objects of severe criticism among their fellows. Men, no doubt, can find fault with them. Are we who are waiting for our Lord's return finding fault with those who are qualifying for places of honor in God's kingdom? Are we so spiritually blind that we cannot recognize the qualities of character that are prized so highly in heaven? Perhaps we are mingling every day with these noble men and women. They may be members of our Sabbath school class or members of our Missionary Volunteer Society; they may ride with us in our cars or walk with us on the streets. Do we recognize them as the blessed of all ages, or are they, like their Lord, among their own who receive them not?

Let us seek a closer connection with the Lord, that we may recognize God's special representatives and join with them in the work of love. Let us give ourselves so completely to the Lord that He will be justified in using us to carry the message of the "blessed hope" to those who are bowed down beneath the dark shadows of doubt and uncertainty.



LETTERS

to BETTY

By AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

About Rooms and Roommates

BELOVED BETTY:

Let's consider rooms and roommates; for whether college educates you or not may be a debated question, but a girl's room and her roommates constitute a liberal education of a sort at least.

Every room at college is rather much like every other room, except that every building has a few *corner* rooms; far too few, of course! Some day perhaps some one will build a dormitory with all corner rooms—but not yet. There are usually a few odd rooms smaller than the others, or in some way less desirable. Sometimes one may obtain permission to occupy one of these alone, but as a rule the plan is that each room shelter two students.

"Every student is expected to bring his own bedding; three sheets, three pillow slips, a bedspread, a pillow, blankets or comfortables, towels, dresser scarfs, curtains, a drinking glass, a laundry bag, and a cover for the study table." All this according to page 23 of the annual college bulletin!

The heavy furniture, such as beds, tables, and chairs, is provided. All the same, the little bookcase you've always had in your room and the little chest that has stood under your window ever since you used to keep your toys in it, would make you feel more at home, I think.

If you know who your roommate is to be, you two will do well to correspond and plan to have bedspreads and curtains alike. If you feel able to afford two pairs of everything, you might each provide one set, and thus have "one to wear and one to wash." But if you both have to scrimp a bit on expenses, pool your resources and buy or make one set together, so you can look "all of one piece" in your room.

I think you are asked not to tack or pin up cards and small pictures on the poor, long-suffering dormitory walls. They have been through a good deal in the years, and should be treated with consideration surely.

There is a picture molding, and you can use picture hooks to hang the few good pictures you will select.

I wish you could take a rather large rug, or two or three small ones, for your room. Of course the college does not provide such things, and they add a great deal to the homelikeness of your quarters. Some of the girls bring a bowl of goldfish or a cage with a pair of canaries to brighten life for them, but I should not advise this unless you will have time to take care of them without their getting to be a nuisance. Still, they do add a charm.

I hope you will use good judgment about your draperies, Betty. Here, as in the matter of clothes, try to keep to simplicity and take such things as you can look at for nine months without getting tired of them. I have seen rooms with flashy-looking curtains, and bedspreads like Joseph's coat, and gaudy lamp shades; they will not look well long enough to pay for the bother of bringing them with you.

After all, you do not wish a striking "interior" to impress people. You want a restful, homelike corner to which you can come night after night and feel at home and at peace for your evening's study. Remember that when you make your plans.

You know, of course, that students are expected to care for their own rooms, and wise roommates arrange and divide such work right at the start. I think you will do well always to each make your own bed, and of course keep your own dresser drawers in order. The general work may be arranged week and week about. And you will be wise if you keep rather closely to the plan. Exceptions, once begun, have a way of multiplying until one girl finds herself doing most of the work. Then nobody is happy.

One of the dearest roommates I ever had was a girl who had to work very hard to help pay her expenses. Neither of us ever asked favors of the other. Indeed, we saw each other very little, for we were not in the same courses nor had we

the same friends. But we respected each other's privacy and each gave the other absolute freedom as well as a generous loyalty that has kept us friends until today, though we have been separated by a thousand leagues of sea and land.

There are so many kinds of girls, I could not begin to advise you as to your relation to each type. There is the baby-doll type, who admires and tries to flatter you, and then drops her silk stockings into your pile of laundry nonchalantly, expecting you to wash hers along with your own.

There is the equally annoying roommate who does your work whenever she can and then enjoys feeling a martyr for having done it. There is the good-natured chit who gayly leaves her share undone and never thinks of responsibility. And the old-maidish type who cannot let you, in peace, finish your "long theme" while there is a speck of dust in the room or a fold of the draperies out of place.

And among and around and in between those extreme cases there is the great rank and file of thoroughgoing, hearty, comfortable girls who bear their part cheerfully and render school life so pleasant. These are legion, and their presence is the joy of life at school.

So much depends upon giving each other room enough to breathe—mentally, I mean—without being conscious of the other's presence. We have come to know now, through study of psychology, what a tremendous influence every human being has upon the life and development of those with whom he has to do. Because of this it should be your faithful effort to give your roommate as much freedom as possible. Of course I need not tell you that a silly curiosity—a prying into your roommate's affairs and little possessions—is most annoying, besides being wretchedly bad taste.

Then, too, I like to see a decent reluctance to chatter to other girls about one's roommate's peculiarities or foibles. Try (Turn to page 13)

CHICAGO

Looks Back

By

RUTH CONARD

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS!
If as we enter Chicago and are rushed along through its crowded, noisy streets, we for the moment lose sight of the fact that the marvels of science, of construction, of industry, which we see all about us, have so largely been brought to us within the last one hundred years, we certainly are not once allowed to forget it after we push our way through the guardian turnstiles of the exposition grounds. A Century of Progress! It is impressed upon our minds at every turn by a hundred screaming loud-speakers. An Age of Wonders! It is burned into our brains by a score of resplendent signs. And at night, a thousand glittering lights reiterate the message.

Chicago is proud of her advancement, and well she may be, for when one gazes at her serrated sky line, chiseled against the western horizon, it is hard to realize that little more than a hundred years ago only a rough fort and a few frontier dwellings linked this spot on beautiful Lake Michigan with civilization.

And in her grand celebration over her success in overcoming the obstacles of the lone wilderness, Chicago has not forgotten to pay tribute to its first settlement, and the heroic little band of early pioneers who laid the foundation for this mighty metropolis on the Great Lakes. To this memorial she has given the form of old Fort Dearborn, the stronghold built in 1803 on the banks of the Chicago River,—at just about the spot where Michigan Avenue crosses Wacker Drive today,—which for a number of years guarded jealously the rights of the United States on its Northwestern frontier.

Shall we leave for a little time the ceaseless sound of revelry and the dazzle of the bright lights of the exposition, and pausing in the shadow of the old stockade, wander back down the years for a glimpse at the beginnings of a great city? We pass through the heavy gate, and presently

find ourselves within a courtyard, surrounded by rough log buildings, and guarded by a double row of log palisades. Two blockhouses, one occupying the northeast corner and the other the southwest corner, afford opportunity for a vigilant watch on all sides. A flagpole stands in the center of the court, and from it floats a banner, flaunting fifteen stars and as many stripes, indicative of the number of States belonging to the Union back in the early part of the nineteenth century.

We can wander through the buildings and see for ourselves the limited equipment with which these brave frontiersmen had to eke out their scanty existence. There is a crude four-poster bed, depending for its comfort, not on springs, but on ropes interlaced across it. A trundle-bed, that early space-saving device, may also be seen. The kitchen has its display of pewter dishes, andirons, long-handled frying pans, huge kettles, and spits for roasting fowls. The store of the fort has for sale jerked beef, skins and knives, calico cloth, and corn meal. Around the walls of the room which during the active days of the fort was used as headquarters,

are numerous maps, records, and relics. A copy of the original diagram of old Fort Dearborn hangs over the mantel. There is also on exhibition a facsimile of the treaty between the government of the United States and the Sac and Fox tribes, dated 1832, which closed the Black Hawk War, and deeded over to the United States, for the sum of three cents an acre, all the land of northern Illinois.

In the rough stone powder house are powder barrels. Two brass cannons, the very same which were brought to the original fort in 1804, peer menacingly through the openings in the blockhouses. In one corner of the court is an open fireplace, over which hangs a huge iron pot.

As we note the rough Norway pine logs, nailed together with wooden pegs to form this careful reproduction of the old fort, the cumbersome hammered iron hinges which adorn the doors and gate, the glass windows which contain flaws enough surely to be characteristic of frontier equipment, it is not hard to imagine ourselves years away from the days of skyscrapers and airplanes. We can with little effort lapse into a ruminative mood and see enacted before our eyes the drama of life which has emblazoned the name of Fort Dearborn upon the pages of history.

Though work was begun on the fort in the late summer of 1803, it was the next spring before the last log was set in place, and the sturdy little stockade christened in honor of Gen. Henry Dearborn, noted Revolutionary soldier, at that time Secretary of War. Six months had been needed by the small detachment of United States soldiers, under the command of that soldier of fortune, Capt. John Whistler, to complete the job. After the excitement of building was over, the little company settled down to the even routine of community life in this isolated spot. There were a few women in the camp. Captain Whistler's wife and his sixteen-year-old daughter-in-law were among them. Gardening, the gathering of firewood, and hunting composed the main lines of endeavor for the men. The Indians who (Turn to page 12)



Hall of Science, Century of Progress Exposition

WILLIAM PENN

By GWYNNE DALRYMPLE

(Concluded)

THE land of Pennsylvania was no disappointment to the settlers. Pleasantly wooded, rich, and fertile, it was covered in those years with virgin forest. Game of every kind abounded, and the rivers and creeks were full of fish. The colonists were greatly encouraged, and Penn went up the river to explore.

A place was selected for a city. Penn landed here, and was met by some previous settlers and some Indians. The streets and squares of the new town were then laid out. The province was divided into counties, and to all comers land was offered at fourpence an acre.

From the first the colony enjoyed prosperity. It had no scourge of plague, such as harassed the Pilgrims of New England; it suffered from no serious governmental conflicts such as disturbed New York; it escaped the furious struggle between Catholics and Protestants which tarnished the history of Maryland. The Quakers, a peaceable body of men, intended that all should here dwell in quiet and safety. Encouraged by this liberty, people of all sects and of all races speedily flocked to the new colony. There were Dunkers, Labadists, the New Born, the New Mooners, Separatists, the Inspired, Quietists, Zion's Brueder, Gichtelians, Mountain Men, River Brethren, the Society of the Woman in the Wilderness, Mennonites, Lutherans, and Episcopalians. There were Welshmen, Germans, Swedes, Englishmen, and numbers of Scotch-Irish, the latter settling at the frontiers of the province. It is altogether unlikely that such a conglomeration of jarring creeds and nationalities could long have agreed, if they had not been guided by the quiet and placid Quaker government. But the Society of Friends was composed of intelligent and sincere men, who allowed their reason to dominate their emotions; and while occasionally misunderstanding developed, the legislature, with a constant Quaker

majority, managed to keep things well in hand.

Meanwhile Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, grew up in the wilderness. Ships steadily brought immigrants, until the summer after he had landed, Penn could boast that three hundred farms had been laid out around the city, and eighty houses built in Philadelphia itself. The number of settlers was probably close to three thousand.

At some time or other Penn is reputed to have made a treaty with the Indians. No record of this treaty survives, except tradition; but the tradition is found not only among the white men, but among the Indians, who we cannot suppose had any interest in fabricating testimonials to the honest and fair dealing of a white man. It is rather probable that the treaty was nothing more than a purchase of land, with mutual promises of good will and friendship. But of this we may be sure, that Penn was careful not to cheat those who, after all, had first claim to the soil; and that they in turn, accustomed to European treachery and theft, appreciated the white man who was honest. It is a fact that from the settling of the colony seventy years went by without the war whoop of the savage being heard there; and while different historians assign different causes for this prolonged peace, it seems foolish to deny that Penn's sympathy and kindness did touch the sensitive haughtiness of the Delawares and Mingos.

Two years after his arrival in the

colony Penn returned to England. Lord Baltimore had challenged the boundary of Pennsylvania, and the Quaker felt that he should go to London to appear personally in behalf of his province. But when he went, he left behind him a thriving colony of seven thousand persons, and a city with well-built houses of brick and stone.

Penn would have been happier had he stayed in his colony. Arrived in England, he became embroiled in court intrigues which have not added to his good fame. The reigning king was James II, the former Duke of York, and one of the most odious of persons. James was a Catholic, and wished to repeal the laws persecuting dissenters from the Anglican Church, so that finally the papal supremacy might be restored in England. Penn, a Quaker, wished for the repeal of those same laws in order that his brethren might not be ill-treated. This mutual interest drew these two very diverse men together and made of them close friends.

Presently, when James was expelled from the realm, as he richly deserved to be, Penn found himself the object of much suspicion. Even his Quaker friends had come to distrust him, because of his friendly association with the papist James. It was commonly asserted that he was a disguised Jesuit, who had been granted a dispensation to marry, and who had been accustomed to celebrate the mass in the antechambers of the palace. These charges now sound preposterous, but then they were seriously believed. On the 10th of December, 1688, Penn was arrested as he was walking in Whitehall, and haled before the Privy Council, in practice the highest court of the kingdom. Here he was interrogated as to his allegedly treasonable doings against the new sovereigns, William and Mary. Nevertheless, since he gave straightforward and sincere answers, the council released him for lack of evidence.

(Turn to page 14)



William Penn Making His Treaty With the Indians



Rosemary and Rue

By Ruth Lees Olson



IT might have been the vivid word picture of his work with the boys, or his statements emphasizing the crying need for a similar club among the girls of the slums, that stirred the hearts of his listeners. But at any rate David's urgent plea for help brought results.

"Do you have anything definite in mind, Mr. Graham, that we can do to help you?" There was a kindly interest in Katherine Moore's voice.

The young man responded definitely, enthusiastically. He knew of an empty building where a room might be secured on the ground floor for a clubroom,—without cost, he was quite sure, for the owner was deeply interested in social service work. They could find people interested enough to contribute a small amount of money each month, which would take care of all incidental expenses. He thought furniture would be donated if the project were properly advertised, and he was sure the girls would be glad to supply their own material if they could only have a sewing class.

Jean suggested that the attic of more than one home where she was acquainted could furnish ample equipment for their needs. Their enthusiasm grew with the discussion of the project, and before the little impromptu committee meeting broke up it was decided that a social center for girls should be started in the Alley, and that Katherine Moore and Jean Douglas should have supervision of the work.

David Graham went home with a happy heart. But Katherine Moore had a long, wakeful night thinking things over. At last she slipped from her bed, and kneeling in the moonlight poured out her heart to the One who understands all things. She asked for the courage and the faith to go forward in this service, and even as she prayed the answer came, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, . . . ye have done it unto Me."

The next morning she took her pencil and paper and outlined her program for aggressive work. She felt certain that the lives of the Alley girls flowed through selfish channels, narrow and deep. The first necessary thing was to change and broaden the current of their daily interests. This could best be done in teaching them to serve others. But how? Here Marjory Campbell entered the program, and Katherine Moore deter-

mined to enlist her professional talents.

Other lines of work were given due consideration, in which Jean and Maybelle Armitage would take a part—that is, if Maybelle could be persuaded to help them. Katherine Moore laid down her pencil at last with a smile of satisfaction. She had planned her work. The next thing was to work her plans.

Two weeks later Katherine Moore and Jean Douglas stood in the middle



"Be friendly and you
will never want
friends."

of a large room at 332 Mulberry Street. There was a reason for the satisfied look on their faces, for a startling change had taken place in that room during the last few days. Dirty, brown walls were white and spotless; the fly-specked windowpanes shone; the rough floor was hidden under inexpensive but attractive linoleum. White voile curtains with pink drapes lent to the whole an air of daintiness. A few chintz-covered rocking-chairs mingled graciously with their stiff-backed sisters, and near the wall a couch, covered with wild rose cretonne, invited one to rest. The table in the center of the room wore a washable pink-and-white table runner. A vase of fragrant apple blooms in its exact center added a finishing touch. At the far end of the room stood a white enameled table and a gas stove.

Everything was ready! But where were the guests? Not one appeared.

How could the girls of the Alley be persuaded to attend "open house" at the Social Center? Finally Ivan Trotsky's advice was sought. He had hailed the idea of a girls' club with joy. It would mean much in his own home, for Ivan had a very pretty sister. All the beauty of the Hebrew race was revealed in her black hair, sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and red lips. Her brother all but worshiped her, for they were real pals, save that at times she teased him unmercifully.

But the last few weeks had revealed a disturbing change in Anita, and Ivan was frankly worried. At times she was moody and irritable, defying home discipline and demanding the right to go and come as she pleased. The boy was surprised that his father let her have her own way so much of the time, for Father Trotsky was usually very firm in commanding his household, disciplining them severely whenever he thought necessary.

One night Anita—she had discarded the old-fashioned name of Mary, and chosen a new one much more to her liking—was late in returning from the factory where she worked, and Ivan was sent to find her. He met her walking with a young Greek who had lately taken up residence in the Alley. No one knew from whence he came, or the length of time he intended to remain. But he was there! And furthermore, he had taken an evident and deep interest in Ivan's pretty sister.

A year ago the disgusted brother would have settled the question of Sapiro's keeping company with Anita with his fists. But things were different now. Very courteously he told his sister of their father's anxiety about her, and asked that she return home with him. She complied with his request, but Ivan felt the undercurrent of resentment, and decided not to discuss the Greek with her until some future time.

When Katherine Moore talked with him about her problem of interesting the girls in the new social service project, she found him anxious to help. "You make out your invitations," he suggested, "and Johnny Antonio and I will see that every girl in the Alley gets one." And then he added sagely, "But if you have something to eat, they'll come a lot quicker."

"That's a fine idea, Ivan. How will this do?" And Miss Moore handed him an invitation that read as follows:

"The Social Service Club will hold an open house at Dew Drop Inn next Tuesday evening, from seven to nine o'clock. We will have a program of stories and songs, and refreshments will be served. A very special treat from Babyland is in store for all who come. May we expect you at seven o'clock Tuesday evening?"

"Sounds good to me," commented Ivan. "I think the girls'll like it. I am glad you didn't say anything about lectures or work. You can talk about that after a while, when you are acquainted."

Katherine Moore smiled sociably, "Yes, I think you're right, Ivan. I want to meet the girls, get acquainted with them, and find out their interests and their likes and dislikes first of all."

Ivan was satisfied, and as he took the invitations from her hands he said, "All right, Miss Moore, we club boys'll see that you have—well, at least all our sisters'll be there!"

On their way home, Jean Douglas took occasion to ask, "What in the world do you mean by a special treat from Babyland?"

"That's a surprise, dear, that I've been anxious to keep a secret until our opening. Perhaps you remember our visit to the Lennox Orphans' Home last Christmas?"

"Yes," Jean assented.

"Well, I went out there again last month to see Mrs. Comfey, the matron, who is a very dear friend of mine. As I was ready to leave, one of the nurses brought in a little golden-haired baby girl eighteen months old. She is a darling, with soft yellow curls, big blue eyes, and a rose-leaf skin, and a dimple in her chin. I fell in love with her at first sight, and begged Mrs. Comfey to let me borrow her for a few days. She gladly consented, and has promised that I may take her whenever I wish. So Baby Arlene is to be our surprise next Tuesday evening. Somehow I'm hoping and praying that she will win the hearts of the Alley girls."

And then it was Tuesday evening—and seven o'clock. The receiving line at Dew Drop Inn consisted of Katherine Moore, with Baby Arlene in her arms, Jean Douglas, standing on one side of them, and Marjory Campbell on the other side.

It had not taken a great deal of persuasion to induce Marjory to agree to help with the girls' work in the Alley. She took hold enthusiastically and whole-heartedly.

And the Alley girls came! True, they arrived in small groups, and were shy and unresponsive at first. But the charm of Baby Arlene and the cordial greeting they received

soon made them feel at home. Before long they were saying to Katherine Moore, "Isn't she a darling? What beautiful curls! May I hold her?"

This request proved Marjory's opportunity. "Yes, you may hold her after a while. We want all of you who wish to have that privilege. But first, please give me your name. In return I will give you this little card with a number on it. Then when Arlene's turn on the program comes, we will call the numbers in turn, and five minutes will be given every girl to hold the baby in her own arms."

The program of songs and stories captured their interest, and then Marjory, in her crisp white uniform, gave a simple talk on child hygiene, and told of the plan to teach home nursing at the Social Center. Had it not been for the promise to have a real baby to practice on sometimes, it is doubtful if the girls would have been quite so enthusiastic. Pepita Antonio timidly asked this question, "Can we wear a white dress and cap like yours? and will we be really truly nurses?"

Marjory assured them that the class could wear white uniforms, and furthermore that Miss Douglas would help them make their own dresses. Could they furnish the cloth? Fine! But if not, then it would be provided for them. This bit of news was quite satisfactory, and Pepita, smoothing down her dress, said, "I'm going to be a baby tender, and wear a white dress and cap. And maybe I'll start a home for lost children some day."

Not all the girls joined this class, but the others promised to return the next week, when Katherine Moore assured them that there would be other things to do that might be more to their liking.

Before any of them were allowed to touch the baby, Marjory Campbell conducted the candidate over to the white enameled table and explained what a disinfecting bath meant. Baby Arlene was healthy and happy now, but to handle her, without having first washed all the germs off their hands, might mean sickness and suffering for the little one. The hour that followed was the most delightful part of the program to some of the girls as they held Arlene in their arms and kissed her dimpled hands and feet.

"Was it a success?" asked Jean as the door closed behind the last visitor.

"A grand success, and a good work well begun," answered Katherine Moore.

Marjory clasped Baby Arlene close. "I say, as did Isaiah of old, 'A little child shall lead them,' and under her influence I predict that your Alley girls will blossom into a purer, higher type of womanhood."

"May your words come true a thousandfold! Oh, I'm so happy!" and Jean danced gayly around the room.

(To be continued)

Character

By J. B. GALLION

TO those who are making all other matters secondary to the formation of a good character the question before us becomes one of deep interest, for all who enter that life beyond will do so with perfect characters.

Possibly to explain best what character is, it should be compared with reputation, a term with which it is so often confounded. The comparison is so aptly expressed by Edmund Burke that I will quote his words: "There is a difference between character and reputation. Character is what a man is; reputation is what he is thought to be. A man of good character is usually a man of good reputation, but this is not always the case, as the motives and actions of the best of men are sometimes misunderstood and misrepresented. But it is important above everything else that we be right and do right, whether our motives and actions are properly appreciated or not."

Character is in the mind of the possessor; his reputation is in the minds of others. The things which affect and even destroy the one may not affect the other at all. For character is injured only by yielding to

temptation and wrong doing. Reputation is injured by slander and libels. Character endures in spite of defamation in every form; but perishes when there is a voluntary transgression. Reputation may last through numerous transgressions, and yet be destroyed by a single false accusation.

It might aid in cultivating growth of character to know more about how it is formed. The things we see, the things we hear, the experiences, the circumstances, the relationships, we meet from day to day, arouse thoughts, and these thoughts, whether good or bad, are manifest in words and actions, and these repeated form habits, and habits form characters.

The kind of character you form depends on two things at least. First, you must have a pattern. Be sure to choose a worthy one. Remember that Jesus, and Jesus only, has lived a perfect life upon this earth. Second, having chosen the pattern, you must study it, follow it—follow it even though it calls for hardship and self-denial.

A good character is the most valuable possession you can acquire. Remember this as you build, not only for time, but for eternity.

JUNIORS

A BIG LITTLE MAN

By MATTIE B. EDGERTON

ONE morning I was walking down a dirty street in Boston, a street narrow and unattractive, inhabited by poor, unfortunate people. Out of one of the dark, dingy stores came a boy of ten or twelve years, a boy so crippled in body that it was hard for him to walk upright on his two ill-shaped feet, which were clad in coarse, worn shoes. I did notice, however, that the shoes were clean and shined after a fashion. Lovely brown curls peeked from under a ragged gray cap, and clear, honest blue eyes looked straight at you; otherwise the face was plain, and at the first glance almost ugly.

As the door swung to, the child fell, and his bundles went in several directions. Quickly as possible he got to his feet, and a dull red suffused his pale cheeks as he endeavored to recapture his packages. An old lady passing at the time stopped to help him, saying, "You poor little boy; let me help you. Why! You tell your mother she ought not to send a cripple like you to the store. You poor little boy."

The child began striking at her, all the sweetness gone from the blue eyes as he cried, "I'm not a little boy; I'm not a cripple. Let me alone!"

The woman began to pick up the bundles, but he kept striking and yelling until she had to back away from him. She said to me as I passed, "My, what a terrible child!"

I felt sorry for him, but I walked on and said nothing. At the corner I turned; the child had picked up his purchases and was hobbling away. I slowly followed him. After a short distance he turned in at a miserable dwelling and sat down on the steps, tired and out of breath.

I went up to him and said, "I'm tired. I have walked a long way. May I sit down?"

He looked up at me for a long moment, brushed back the damp curls, and moved over. I seated myself beside him.

I could see that he resented pity

and sympathy; therefore, I was uncertain just what to say. Soon he said in a clear and musical voice, "I'm the boss in our house." Seeing my look of surprise, he added, "Yes, I'm the boss since dad went away." After another long look into my face, the little boy seemed anxious to tell me something of the sorrow that shadowed his unfortunate young life, and he continued with trembling lips, "Daddy was so good to us, but one day he went to work an' didn't come back. He got hurted, an' they took him to the hospital, but soon he—" The tears were quickly brushed away on the rough coat sleeve, and the shoulders straightened and adjusted

A BEGGAR

HE was, I'm sure, the strangest man that I have ever met. He didn't have a nickel in his ragged clothes, and yet When I asked him how it happened that he chanced so poor to be, He said: "I've made a mess of things, as you can plainly see.

"I started as a youngster, on a sad and sorry day. I hated being sent to school, and so I ran away. I didn't care to study, and since nothing much I knew, I had to take the sort of job an ignorant boy could do.

"I thought if I just drifted, to a port I'd surely come. But nothing ever happened, so I took to drinking rum. And now I'm down to begging, lost to fortune and to fame, But I'm honest with you, mister, I have just myself to blame."

He was, I'm sure, the strangest man that I have ever met. His life was one of poverty and bitterness, and yet He merely shrugged his shoulders and had only this to say: "Life gave me several chances, but I tossed them all away."

—Edgar A. Guest.

themselves to the burden he must bear as "The Boss."

After a short time he spoke again, "I must go in; ma's sick, and the kid'll be cryin' fer somethin' t' eat."

"Do you have a baby?" I asked.

"I just love babies. May I see it?"

"Sure. Come on in." And he held the door wide for me.

We went into a cheerless room—cheerless but for the sad sweet smile of the loving mother, and the cooing of the happy, healthy baby. There, where the little cripple had placed her before the stove in a big chair, wrapped in a blanket, with pillows at her back, sat the mother.

In a voice kind, but showing that he was boss, the boy said, "Here's a woman what wants to see our baby."

The mother turned tired brown eyes to mine, and said, "Our little Ruth brings us a lot of happiness."

A chubby little tot about fifteen months old rolled out of her box, which served as a bed, and came toward me, smiling.

The little man soon said, "Ma, you must have something to eat."

"Not just now, dear; I'll wait a little."

"I'm the man around here." So saying he stepped to the stove and tried to move a large teakettle. I rose to help him, but the mother shook her head at me as she said, "My big man does everything for me." As I watched that little fellow doing his labor of love, I caught a new vision of love, of service, and of sacrifice. From the look in the mother's eyes I saw what a truly big man the poor little cripple boy was.

As I turned to go, he looked earnestly into my face and said, "Won't you stay and have breakfast with us? It's just oatmeal, milk, and bread, but mother says I cook 'licious oatmeal." And he smiled lovingly at the little woman before the fire.

"Thank you, but I have had my breakfast; let me give Ruth hers while you eat." I noticed that no one bowed to thank Jesus for the bread, the oatmeal, and the milk.

I longed to tell this family of the Saviour's love, and in some way to bring more sunshine and happiness into that lonely home. What could

I do? How could I help this sick mother and her cripple boy and that beautiful, happy baby girl? I offered a prayer to God, and quick as a flash came the thought of the social hour next Thursday night.

"Don," and the sweet blue eyes looked into mine expectantly, "Don, would you like to go to a party next Thursday night?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," then the light faded from his eyes, and he said as he looked at his pale, sick mother, "But I better not go; mother an' Ruth would be lonely."

"By then, son, I shall be feeling better, and Ruth will be asleep. Yes, you better plan to go."

"Miss Mills, I'm so happy. I've never been to a really truly party in my life," said the little man as he followed me to the door.

Thursday night was bright and clear, and Don's cheeks glowed from contact with the fresh May air. I introduced him to all the boys and girls, and his face just glowed with wonder and happiness. Soon I noticed Charles Ray, a sincere Christian boy, talking earnestly to him. I drew near.

"Miss Mills," said Charles, "*don't* we want Don to come to our Sabbath school?"

"Yes, indeed, we do. Could you, Don?"

"Mother used to go to church on Sunday," said Don in a puzzled tone. "Why should we go on Saturday?"

Quickly Charles hastened to say, "Jesus came to this world and died for us all, and He wants us to keep the Sabbath according to the commandment."

"What commandment do you mean?" asked Don.

The boys left the games and drew me into a small room that served as a library in the little home. From the table Charles took a Bible and read: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

"Why, that means Saturday, doesn't it?" and Don's face showed his bewilderment.

"It surely does, and we have the nicest Sabbath school. One of the older boys is superintendent, and a girl is secretary. We sing songs, and have stories of missionaries from all over the world; then we have our lesson from the Bible."

"I like stories, and I wish I could sing. But I wonder what mother

would think. She says that God has forgot us 'cause He took daddy away, an' she's sick, an' the oatmeal box is sometimes empty. Miss Mills, do you think God *ever* does forget?" And Don's lips trembled. Here was a starved little heart that was longing for a hope, a comfort.

"No, indeed, Don, He *never* forgets. Remember He says, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' And again, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end.' It is true that sometimes He permits us to endure trouble for Him that we may be better boys and girls. You know He suffered a great deal for us while He was here on earth. He even hung on the cross for us. And, Don, do you know He never forgot His mother? Even when He was on the cross He asked John, the beloved disciple, to always care for her."

Don's face glowed. "I'm going to always take care of *my* mother," he said. And he added, lest we might think that he would not do his full duty, "And Ruth."

"And, Don, some day Jesus is coming back to this world, and if we have been good boys and girls, kind and thoughtful of others, He will take us to a beautiful place that He is now preparing for us, called heaven. There will be no sorrow, nor sickness, nor parting with our loved ones there." I laid my hand tenderly on his head. "Little bodies will all be made straight in that wonderful city." A look of dumb happiness came into his eyes, and this "big man" looked into my face as he brushed away two big tears.

When "the party" was over, the boy walked home, let himself into the dark hall, and went quietly to his hard bed. He did not want to talk with mother tonight; he wanted to think. "Could there be a loving Saviour as Miss Mills had said? and did He never forget?" Soon he was sleeping, and all through his dreams, ran and sang happy, healthy children—he was one of them, and not a cripple.

After breakfast the next morning, Don stood quietly by his mother. "Can't we have prayer like we did when daddy was here. God might make you well if we asked Him."

"Son, it's no use; God has *forgot* us!" And the mother's voice was very tired.

There was pleading in the boy's lovely blue eyes. "Then may I pray, mother?"

"Don't know's I mind."

So he knelt by her knee. "Dear Jesus," he murmured, "help me to be a good boy; make mother well, please; help little sister to grow fast, and don't ever forget us. Amen."

Baby Ruth was attracted by Don's attitude, and soon there were two little heads bowed at the lonely mother's knee. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and a warm feeling that she

had not felt for months came into her heart.

One of the happiest moments in Don's useful, happy life was when several months later he took little Ruth and his mother, now well and courageous, to the Sabbath school he had learned to love.

Chicago Looks Back

(Continued from page 7)

lived in the vicinity were friendly, and withal, there came little to enliven the humdrum of everyday existence. Now and then a trader, news carrier of the early frontier, passed through the settlement, bringing tidings from the East, or disquieting rumors of Indian uprisings in the West. Those passing through that part of the country described Fort Dearborn, under the able direction of Captain Whistler, as the "neatest and best-wooded garrison in the United States."

In 1810 the direction of the fort was taken over by Capt. Nathan Heald, a man far inferior to Captain Whistler in the daring and resourcefulness so necessary to a pioneer of the early nineteenth century. More frequently, also, came rumblings of massacres by the Indians, and more often and definite came reports of the imminence of a conflict which threatened to involve all America. Then came the summer of 1812, and—

Who is this bronzed figure who trudges along in the direction of Fort Dearborn? Ah, it is Pierre LeClaire, a swarthy half-breed, and as he gains the stockade entrance, and the settlers gather around him for the news they know he must bring, he gives them the message which he has walked from St. Joseph, a distance of ninety miles, to deliver—America and England are at war. Well might the cheek of the isolated settler pale at the news, for it had been a common belief, and one not without very definite foundation, that should the United States go to war, the savage redskins would without doubt take sides against them. What should this little, detached company do? Orders were not long in coming. From Fort Wayne, at Detroit, came the command to evacuate Fort Dearborn, and dispose of the goods of the post which could not be transported, to friendly Indians.

Was this course wise? Some of the older settlers thought not, for the post was well fortified, and capable of holding against attack until re-enforcement could be secured. But Captain Heald was first and foremost a soldier, and could not be dissuaded from obeying implicitly the orders of his superior officer.

The next few days were sad ones and busy ones. A little cheer came with the arrival of Capt. William Wells, picturesque figure of early

frontier days. He had been kidnaped when only a child, and brought up by the chief of the Miami Indians, finally becoming the chief's son-in-law, and had learned from his red-skinned associates the intricacies of savage warfare. In fact, for years he had fought against the whites, and then, reverting to his blood relations, had returned to his own people, and waged battle against his former comrades. But until the very end, he was highly respected by both whites and Indians, and to Fort Dearborn he brought thirty picked Miami warriors, and proposed to act as escort to those leaving over the rough and treacherous trail to Fort Wayne.

The evening of August 14, 1812, found everything in readiness for departure the following morning. The limited baggage was packed in the few wagons available. All the ammunition and liquor which could not be carried was destroyed—too well these early settlers knew the temperament of an Indian who came into possession of these. Everything else was left, as had been announced, to the Indians, who were even now waiting outside for their plunder. That night Captain Heald received a visitor, Black Partridge, a Potawatomi chief, who had journeyed weary miles in haste to whisper mysteriously that "Linden Birds" had been singing in his ears, and the white chief should beware of the march set for the morrow. But the warning came too late to be heeded.

The morning of August 15 was cloudless and hot, carrying with it not a suggestion of the horrors which would stain its hours ere the low western sun marked the day's close. The massive gate of the fort was thrown open, and through it marched the little company of refugees. Captain Wells took the lead, with his colorful array of warriors. Next marched the dark-suited troops from the garrison. Then the little company of women and children who were able to walk, guarded by the civilians of Chicago, formed into a militia for defense. The wagons, containing those who were unable to walk, and the scant baggage, brought up the rear. As the cavalcade turned south, a company of Indians who had been waiting without the fort swung into step with them a little to the west.

Cautiously Captain Wells led the way, down what is now Michigan Avenue, his eagle eyes scanning the horizon on either side. On the left was the lake, safe barrier against attack, on their right the little band of Indians, and just beyond them, the soft rise and fall of sand hills.

For about three quarters of an hour all went well. They had reached almost the exact spot where the present replica of Fort Dearborn now stands, when the Indians to the right vanished behind the dunes. The maneuver had been so stealthily carried

out that even Captain Wells was slow to catch it at first. Then suddenly he sensed danger, and wheeling his horse, he raced back to his company, wildly waving his hat, and shouting orders. But the attack was already upon them. Noiselessly rose the treacherous Indians from among the dunes, "their heads popping up like turtles." And suddenly the erstwhile silent wilderness became a seething maelstrom from which echoed horrible shrieks of fighting savages and groans of dying whites. The Miami braves who had started out to form an escort for the little group joined their red brothers, and fell mercilessly upon the common enemy—the whites.

With the untamed savagery which impels the red man on the warpath, the Indians had also fallen upon the women and children in the rear. The women, armed for the most part with butcher knives and other improvised implements, fought desperately for their own lives and the lives of their children. But it was little they could do. One vicious savage, in his zeal for slaughter, clambered into a wagon where twelve little children had been hid, and tomahawked every one of them. Captain Wells, sensing the danger which the unprotected women and children faced, fought his way back toward them, only to receive again and again shots from those who had formerly claimed him as one of their own clan, until finally he fell, too badly wounded to move farther. But even as he lay on the ground, he fired on as the Indians closed around him, until a final shot stayed his arm forever, and wrote finish to his brave life.

The conflict was a short one, for the whites were outnumbered ten to one. When the smoke of battle cleared, twenty-six soldiers, twelve civilians, two women, and twelve children were numbered among the slain, and the rest of the company, many of whom were sorely wounded, were taken prisoners.

The next day the exultant savages returned to Fort Dearborn, looted it, and burned it to the ground, leaving on the spot which had so recently throbbed with activity, nothing but a heap of gray ashes.

It was not until four years later that any other attempt was made to settle here. Then the government, again feeling the need of protection at this strategic point, rebuilt the fort. In 1823 the fort was evacuated, only to be reoccupied in 1828 for three years. But the once haughty lords of the wilderness were fast retreating down the path marked out by the golden rays of the setting sun, and as the settlement around the fort grew, less and less need was felt for the protection of a garrison of soldiers. So in 1831, just slightly over one hundred years ago, the fort was abandoned for the last time.

The old order quickly changes. The narrow limits of the fort and tiny settlement soon proved inadequate for the rapid inflow of settlers. The thriving frontier town developed by leaps and bounds into a city, with boundaries flung far up and down the shore of Lake Michigan. Even the flames of a tragically devastating fire could not stop its rapid advance, and the city grew upward as well as outward. Suddenly we find that our dream of the past has vanished. We pass out of the gates of Old Fort Dearborn to gaze with a wonder much amplified by our glimpse into the yesteryear, at the towering sky line of one of America's greatest cities—Chicago.

—

Letters to Betty

(Continued from page 6)

to have the same loyalty for her you have for the folks at home. If you have differences, do not air them. That just isn't done. And, Betty, if you have not been able to select your roommate yourself, try to accept the one assigned to you just as generously as you want her to accept you. It is a tremendous task to locate a hundred girls in a house so that every one will be where she should be, as well as where she wants to be. The dean needs your co-operation—just as much as you can give her. So if you don't like the looks of your roommate, just decide to be a sport and let the matter ride for a time. You may come to like each other ever so much.

After all, you know she may not like your looks any more than you do hers. And it is not always by any means that "best friends" room together happily and successfully. I've seen many strange things among girls at school.

There is a phrase in a little German story I have just been reading, that keeps saying itself over and over to me. The author is telling how he came to know an old teacher in a boys' school. He describes the circumstances that led them together, and then concludes with infinite understanding of what we mortals do for each other: "And so I came to know him, and was richer by another human soul!"

And it is true. Every person you learn to know and get on with makes you just that much finer yourself. Some people think it is superior to be difficult; they pride themselves on liking a very few people. Well, they are just mistaken, that is all. One of the evidences of a disciplined, well-trained mind and spirit is the ability to get on well with many kinds of people. And every time you conquer a dislike for a person and learn to get on with her and overlook her weaknesses and appreciate her excellencies,

you have gone up a step in the school of life.

There is a motto I have had framed a great many years that is supposed to belong to married people, but I'm going to give it to you for room-mates. You just think about it and see how often it fits. Here it is:

"In essentials, Unity
In nonessentials, Liberty
In all things—Charity!"

There you are, Betty; and I wish you the best of fortune. Write me some other questions. I rather like the task you've set me.

Yours lovingly,
AUNTIE.

The Inn of the Scarlet Cord

(Continued from page 4)

And this shall be the sign: bind thou a piece of this scarlet cord in thy window, and bring thy father's household under this roof. Whosoever is with thee in the inn shall be saved. But if thou betray this our business, then we shall be quit of the oath which we have sworn to thee."

And Rahab, looking fearlessly into the eyes of this stranger, replied, "According to thy words, so be it."

Salmon smiled. "May the Lord God of my fathers bless thee," he said. "And thou shalt be rewarded, O mistress of the scarlet cord. Scarlet—the color of the heart, the color of the lifeblood. It shall be the sign 'twixt thee and me."

(Concluded next week)

William Penn

(Concluded from page 8)

But in 1690 the British authorities intercepted a letter from James to Penn. The letter requested Penn to come to James' aid in France. This was most damaging evidence. The Quaker was summoned once more before the Privy Council, where he frankly admitted that he had been a great friend of James, but denied that he had ever had "the vanity to think of endeavoring to restore him that crown which was fallen from his head." He also pointed out that it was beyond his power to prevent James' sending letters to him. He was again discharged for lack of evidence.

There can be no doubt that Penn had much affection for James, who certainly was a most unworthy object of that affection; but Penn did not actually plot against the British government. He simply allowed a personal friendship to drag him into supporting a cruel and intolerant monarch. The government contented itself with demoting him from the control of Pennsylvania.

Two years later the council relented, and his authority being restored, Penn sailed for the New World. It was fifteen years since

he had visited his colony. His political difficulties were not held against him there and the people welcomed him with enthusiasm. He traveled about the country from village to village. He negotiated treaties with the Indians. He worked to better the condition of the Negroes. He preached to Quaker congregations. His work again became useful and important.

But it became necessary, or he supposed that it became necessary, for him to return to England. He went back in the hope that he should soon visit his colony again, but this opportunity he never had. Affairs in England absorbed him. Unfortunately he adopted an expensive style of living, which, with the added difficulty of an unjust steward who enriched himself at Penn's expense, brought him into serious financial difficulties. His income grew smaller, and his debts larger. He offered to sell the colony to Queen Anne for £20,000; but the crown refused to buy because of Penn's conscientious stipulation that civil and religious liberty should be forever preserved.

Hard times came upon him. The widow and son of his dishonest steward sued him, won their suit, and when Penn was unable to pay the £2,000 demanded, shut him up in a debtor's prison. Here he languished nine months. When he was finally released, his health was broken. In a kindly letter which he wrote to the colonists, he declared that "I cannot but think it a hard measure, that, while that [Pennsylvania] has proved a land of freedom and flourishing, it should become to me, by whose means it was principally made a country, the cause of grief, trouble, and poverty." We are happy to state that soon there was a reversion of feeling among the colonists, so that they treated the interests of Penn with more favor.

In 1712 came a stroke of paralysis. For the next six years he gradually declined, and the clearness of his intellect left him; he could no longer recall the past, nor remember the names of absent persons. Yet he was not unhappy. He was able to attend the Quaker meetings, from which he derived so much enjoyment; and he appreciated the company of his wife and her children. On the thirtieth of July, 1718, the end came. He was laid to rest in Buckinghamshire, though the exact spot of the grave is not now known.

No one can deny that he was a great man. There were undoubtedly times when worldly associations seduced him from that perfect loyalty which a Christian should have; yet we cannot doubt his devotion and his sincerity. In his understanding of civil and religious liberty, he was far ahead of his generation. He attempted great things for his people, and what he attempted, he accomplished.

LET'S TRADE

WHAT? Why STAMPS--of course.

STAMP NEWS

Bulgaria has a new series of postage stamps.

Several months ago George Vrahnos 55 Jefferson St., Albany, New York, entered his name in this Stamp Corner to trade stamps. He received a letter from a boy in Alabama, with some stamps inclosed. Unfortunately, this letter was lost. George is anxious to get in touch with this boy again, if possible, so that he may pay for or replace the stamps which were lost. Will his Alabama friend please write?

An additional 15,000,000 Ogleshorpe commemorative stamps are being printed. The original edition of 50,000,000 has been entirely exhausted.

COUNSEL CORNER

I have been getting cordwood out of the mountains and trading it for dental work. Should I pay tithe on the value of this wood?

The person who earns a salary, which usually constitutes his entire living, tithes it as a whole without reservations. He must meet out of the nine tenths remaining after the payment of his tithe, all expenses—housekeeping, rent, clothing, doctor's and dental bills, and emergency demands. But he has tithed all. The only deductions he would be justified in making would be for expenses incurred to earn his salary. Such deductions are of rare occurrence, however. We believe that the questioner should pay tithe in this case, just as the ordinary salaried person does. How otherwise could one settle the question of returning to God His own out of the bounties given? All that we receive from Him for food, for clothing, for care, for saving or laying away, all above legitimate expense incurred in gathering together that which He permits us to earn, should be tithed. Christ commended the tithing of the mint, anise, and cummin at the same time that He condemned the omission of the weightier matters of the law. Matt. 23:23. If one is unable to pay tithe in cash, he may, according to the Scriptures, pay tithe in kind, as is done in so many out-of-the-way places in the world. But whenever possible, for the convenience of the work, it is better to sell and pay in cash, however small the amount may be.

S. A. WELLMAN.

The Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XIII—Angels in the World Harvest

(September 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He

sit upon the throne of His glory." Matt. 25:31.

LESSON HELP: "Early Writings," pp. 285-288.

Questions

1. What is the work of the angels in the final harvest of the world? Matt. 13:37-39.
2. What is their work in connection with the judgments of God upon the wicked? Verses 40-42.
3. When Jesus returns to earth, who will attend Him? Matt. 16:27; 25:31.
4. How early was this truth made known to man? Jude 14.
5. As Christ comes attended by clouds of angels, what does He send them to do? Matt. 24:30, 31. Note 1.
6. Where are the saved taken? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17. Note 2.
7. How is the coming of the heavenly reapers described? Rev. 14:14, 15.
8. Who gathers the world harvest? Verse 16.
9. What does an angel also have? Verse 17.
10. What announcement is made by an angel having power over fire? Verse 18.
11. What then comes to pass? Verses 19, 20.
12. When Peter was imprisoned by Herod, how did an angel prove a messenger of mercy? Acts 12:7-10.
13. To whom did this same angel soon after come as a messenger of wrath? Verses 20-23. Note 3.
14. What terrible visitation will be meted out to impenitent sinners by angels? Rev. 15:1; 16:1. Note 4.
15. After the ascension to heaven with the saints, how will the angels participate in the "welcome home" service? Note 5.

Notes

1. "The living righteous are changed 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' At the voice of God they were glorified; now they are made immortal, and with the risen saints are caught up to meet their Lord in the air. Angels 'gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.' Little children are borne by holy angels to their mothers' arms. Friends long separated by death are united, nevertheless to part, and with songs of gladness ascend together to the city of God."—*"The Great Controversy,"* p. 645.
2. "On each side of the cloudy chariot are wings, and beneath it are living wheels; and as the chariot rolls upward, the wheels cry, 'Holy,' and the wings as they move, cry, 'Holy,' and the retinue of angels cry, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' And the redeemed shout 'Alleluia!' as the chariot moves onward toward the New Jerusalem."—*Ibid.*
3. "But suddenly a terrible change came over him. His face became pallid as death, and distorted with agony. Great drops of sweat started from his pores. He stood for a moment as if transfixed with pain and terror; then turning his blanched and livid face to his horror-stricken friends, he cried in hollow, despairing tones, 'He whom you have exalted as a god is stricken with death. . . .'"
- "The same angel who had come from the royal courts to rescue Peter, had been the messenger of wrath and judgment to Herod. The angel smote Peter to arouse him from slumber; it was with a different stroke that he smote the wicked king, laying low his pride, and bringing upon him the punishment of the Almighty. Herod died in great agony of mind and body, under the retributive judgment of God."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* pp. 151, 152.
4. Heavenly angels are both ministers of mercy and messengers of wrath. In the final harvest of earth they will both

reap the saved of the ages for the garner of God and gather the tares to be burned. Blessed is the man who may be smitten by an angel as was Peter (Acts 12:7) rather than be smitten as was Herod (Acts 12:23).

5. "Then I saw a very great number of angels bring from the city glorious crowns,—a crown for every saint, with his name written thereon. As Jesus called for the crowns, angels presented them to Him, and with His own right hand the lovely Jesus placed the crowns on the heads of the saints. In the same manner the angels brought the harps, and Jesus presented them also to the saints. The commanding angels first struck the note, and then every voice was raised in grateful, happy praise, and every hand skillfully swept over the strings of the harp, sending forth melodious music in rich and perfect strains."—*"Early Writings,"* p. 288.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

Make a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

JUNIOR

XIII—Water From the Rock; The Battle With the Amalekites; Jethro

(September 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 17; 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. 10:4.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 297-302.

Questions

1. As the Israelites journeyed from the Wilderness of Sin, at what place did they first camp? What did this place lack? Ex. 17:1.
2. Not seeming to remember what God did for them at Marah, what did the people now do? With whom were they really finding fault? Verses 2, 3.
3. Upon whom did Moses call for help? What did the Lord tell him to do? What would then come to pass? Verses 4-6. Note 1.
4. Why did Moses call this place "Meribah"? Verse 7, margin.
5. Who came to fight with Israel in Rephidim? Verse 8. Note 2.
6. Whom did Moses send out against this foe? Verse 9.
7. Where did Moses, Aaron, and Hur go? What did Moses take in his hand? Verses 9, 10. Note 3.
8. What came to pass when Moses held up his hand? When could the men of Amalek prevail? Verse 11.
9. What was done when Moses became weary? How did Aaron and Hur help? Verse 12.
10. Which side gained the victory? What did God wish the people of Israel to remember? Verses 13-16.
11. Who came to Moses in the desert? Ex. 18:1-6. Note 4.
12. How did Moses greet his father-in-law? What did Moses tell him? What caused Jethro to rejoice? Verses 7-9.
13. What did Moses do the next day? What question did Jethro ask? What explanation did Moses make? Verses 13-16.
14. Why did Jethro object to this?

What did he suggest as a better arrangement? Verses 17-23.

15. What did Moses then do? Where did Jethro go? Verses 24-27.

Note These Things

Instances where evil came when Moses held out his rod.

Instances where great good came from the same act.

A great lesson in helpfulness.

Read what Moses said about the Amalekites, a little while before his death. Deut. 25:17-19.

What benefit did Jethro receive from his visit with Moses?

What help did Moses receive from Jethro?

Notes

1. "Moses smote the rock, but it was the Son of God who, veiled in the cloudy pillar, stood beside Moses, and caused the life-giving water to flow. Not only Moses and the elders, but all the congregation who stood at a distance, beheld the glory of the Lord; but had the cloud been removed they would have been slain by the terrible brightness of Him who abode therein."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 298.

2. "The Amalekites were at that time the most powerful race in the Peninsula, which from the earliest ages was peopled by fierce and warlike tribes with whom the Pharaohs were engaged in constant struggles. The approach of the Israelites would attract their notice. Several things would lead the Amalekites to attack the Israelites.

"They would be attracted by the booty, and the defenseless condition of Israel with their flocks and herds, and women and children, defended by untrained men, while Amalek could muster a concentrated band of armed and trained fighting men. There was no more common cause of warfare than a dispute for the right of pasturage, and the Israelites were encamped on one of their natural feeding grounds."—*Peloubet.*

3. Moses' holding up the rod was an act of prayer to God, an appeal that He should add another deliverance to those of the past.

4. "Not far distant from where the Israelites were now encamped was the home of Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses. Jethro had heard of the deliverance of the Hebrews, and he now set out to visit them, and restore to Moses his wife and two sons. The great leader was informed by messengers of their approach, and he went out with joy to meet them, and the first greetings over, conducted them to his tent. He had sent back his family when on his way to the perils of leading Israel from Egypt, but now he could again enjoy the relief and comfort of their society. To Jethro he recounted the wonderful dealings of God with Israel, and the patriarch rejoiced and blessed the Lord, and with Moses and the elders he united in offering sacrifice, and holding a solemn feast in commemoration of God's mercy."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 300.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Issued by

Review and Herald Publishing Assn.
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - EDITOR

ADVISORY COUNCIL

C. A. RUSSELL H. T. ELLIOTT B. 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.

THE LISTENING POST

CURRENCY hoarding in France now has reached the huge total of approximately 35,000,000,000 francs, according to the *Bulletin Quotidien*.

FIVE newspapers—four Sunday and one daily—have circulations in excess of 1,000,000. There are also 30 weekly and monthly periodicals in the U. S. A., with a circulation running into seven figures.

THE "N. R. A. Eagle" emblem, which was selected out of a large number of designs submitted, was made by Charles T. Coiner, a Philadelphia commercial artist, who dashed it off while en route to Washington by airplane.

COST of the World Economic Conference is put very conservatively at \$5,000,000. A dinner for 850 guests cost the British Government \$10,000 alone, to say nothing of \$38,000 spent to prepare the Geological Museum in London for the world meeting.

PHILLIPS LORD, who is Seth Parker of radio fame, has chartered a four-masted schooner, and plans to cruise around the world, leaving the home shores in October. The trip will, it is expected, require 18 months. During this time he hopes to make five broadcasts to American audiences from far-away corners of the earth.

ARCHITECTS, perfumers, dentists, electrical manufacturers, and industrial designers have a new basic material with which to work. It is called "vinylite," and is colorless, odorless, tasteless, and noninflammable as well as plastic. It is made from vinyl resins, well known to chemists, and has been perfected by the Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corporation. The main office of that company is an apartment, created to show the possibilities of vinylite. The walls, doors, flooring, windows, molding around the ceiling and baseboards, and bathroom fixtures, including towel racks, toothbrushes, the powder jars, and caps on tubes of shaving cream and tooth paste, are all made of vinylite. In the kitchen are cups and saucers, plates, tumblers, and trays—even the finish on the steel work table is vinylite.

BACK in 1895, when a portion of the Brooklyn (New York) water front was being graded and filled in, "the Old Stone House" which was the stronghold of the American Revolutionists during the Battle of Long Island in 1776, was covered over. Patriotic societies several months ago started agitation for its excavation. The city delayed digging, but finally patriotic expeditions marked off an area where the house was believed to be, and unemployed workers with picks and shovels began work. On May 4, last, one of the shovels struck a stone cornice. Since then half the earth around the house has been cleared away. It is estimated that the rest of the summer will be required to finish the job. When completely uncovered the structure will be restored to its appearance of 1699, when built by the Dutch landowner, Klaes Arebts Vecgt, and kept as an official landmark and museum for early American relics.

"PENNY PANTRIES" are bringing gray hairs to regular, long-established restaurant men in Detroit and a number of other cities in different parts of the country. Started as a philanthropic enterprise, the pantries got their rent practically free, charged a penny for each item of food, and had as their purpose the feeding of the jobless. Actually, they attracted other customers whose incomes have been sharply curtailed, and now they are filled at all hours of the day and night. Owners have discovered they are making money because of the huge volume of business; competitors have appeared, in some cases taking over large restaurant space formerly occupied by established restaurant chain operators, who cannot survive further price cuts.

THE American Newspaper Publishers' Association has issued a call to member publishers to oppose ratification of the national child labor amendment to the Constitution because "this amendment, if adopted, would seriously affect the newspapers' present system of using boys as a part of their distribution and sales methods." "If the child labor amendment is made a part of the Constitution," continues this bulletin, "there can be no doubt that newspaper boys, instead of benefiting from such legislation, will be affected adversely." The proposed amendment, as passed by Congress and submitted to the States, provides that "Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age."

REPUBLICAN Spain has decided to recognize the government of Soviet Russia. Establishment of regular diplomatic intercourse will mean the sending by Russia to Madrid of a consul general with a complete staff, as well as an ambassador.

DR. G. E. WYNEKEN, president of a foot clinic in Chicago, reports finding increasing cases of "accelerator foot" on motorists. This is due, he claims, to prolonged strain on the sciatic nerve.

THE dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington—that is, the foreign representative who has had the longest foreign service in the United States capital—is now the ambassador from Turkey, Ahmet Muhtar.

AMONG the extraordinary movements of these days is one designed to remodel church hymnology and prepare a hymn book for the Protestant churches from which all reference to the shed blood of Jesus shall be eliminated.

REVERSING the policy of his Republican predecessors, Secretary of Interior Ickes has ordered private fences removed from a vast area of public lands in the West, so that they may be open to every stockman for grazing purposes.

CALIFORNIA, traditional land of gold, has at last become copper-minded because of its new 2½-per-cent sales tax. Two shipments of 1,000,000 pennies in a week were dispatched from the mint in San Francisco to Los Angeles.

MORE than 33,400,000 telephones are scattered over the globe. Of these, 30,728,000 can be interconnected by the mere lifting of a receiver from a hook, or the turning of a little crank handle where the latest American system has not yet been introduced.

HAZELNUT butter 2,700 years old and still in good condition was a recent archeological find by Professor-Doctor Johannes Gruss, of Berlin. As described, the butter consisted of two lumps about the size of plums, and was found in a grave near the town of Butlingen. It was identified as hazelnut fat by particles of carbonized nutshell embedded in it.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE WALLACE recently made a trip through the cotton belt, and when he arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, a unique style show was put on by way of entertainment. Seventy-five women and girls, attired in *chic* clothing fashioned from sugar bags, chicken feed sacks, cotton sheeting, guano sacks, and varied cotton materials too numerous to mention, demonstrated the practical possibilities of cotton. A fetching brown and yellow ensemble was displayed which was made from chicken feed sacks at a total cost of 63 cents. The most expensive outfit consisted of a white piqué skirt, coat, hat, and bag, and a white Swiss organdie blouse. This cost \$4.49. An amusing feature of the show was the exhibit by "The Cotton Bag Family," which gave a demonstration of careful planning, designing and making clothes from cotton bags. Dresses for mothers and daughters, suits for big brother and dad, sun suits and beach pajamas, as well as sleeping garments, were shown on different members of this large family. They also displayed kitchen towels, curtains, and bedspreads made of cotton bags.

ARE YOU READING

"Letters to Betty"? If you aren't, you are missing something that is a real treat. It doesn't make any difference if you can't go away to school this year, there's something in them *just for you!* You can't afford to skip—not one!

BE WATCHING

next week for a word picture of Valley Forge as it is today, drawn by Mary Livingston Smith. Reading her description is the next thing to seeing this lovely place for yourself.