

# *The Youth's* **Instructor**

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H. A. ROBERTS

A SILHOUETTE



# Let's Talk It Over

HOW uncertain is tomorrow! How fragile is the thread of this earthly life! How easily, how unexpectedly, it is broken! We never know—not any of us—what moment may be our last.



THE modest little Seventh-day Adventist church in Takoma Park has been the scene of many a funeral service, but the one today—did ever another pull so hard on the heartstrings? Every pew in the auditorium holds mourners. Why, oh, why has that cruel monster Death been allowed to snatch away from us this talented, brilliant young man, just at the beginning of a life so unselfishly devoted to others, and so unreservedly consecrated to the service of his God?

The deep, rich tones of the pipe organ softly sweep aside the curtain of oppressive silence that has wrapped itself about us; and there are tears and heart throbs in the clear, liquid notes of the violin as together they reach out in sweet, tender sympathy to the stricken little group coming slowly down the aisle. And they continue to whisper their message of comfort, of hope, until the gray casket has slipped into its place just below the flower-banked pulpit.

"Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more as now shall sing;  
But, O, the joy when I shall wake  
Within the palace of the King!"

A quartet is singing—the group made up of young people who have known as a fellow worker this one so suddenly gone to his last, long rest. They are singing the words that would most surely be his, could he speak to us this moment:

"Some day my earthly house will fall,  
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,  
But this I know—my All in All  
Has now a place in heav'n for me.

"Some day, when fades the golden sun  
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,  
My blessed Lord shalt say 'Well done!'  
And I shall enter into rest.

"Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,  
My lamp all trimmed and burning  
bright"—

And he did! He *was* ready. Who among those knowing him can doubt that he sleeps in Jesus? that when the glad resurrection morning dawns he will indeed and in truth see his loving Saviour "face to face"?

He had not lived so very long—only thirty-two short years—this young man to whom we are paying a last tribute of regard. Listening

to the obituary, we learn that as a mere youngster in church school at Graysville, Tennessee, Lyndon Lindsley Skinner was ambitious to do great things for God. Again we meet him as a lad of fifteen in Adelphean Academy, at Holly, Michigan, an honor student and busy during spare hours and vacation weeks selling literature which preached the third angel's message.

It was at the end of one of these busy vacations, when he was making a hurried trip by bicycle from Michigan to Oswego, New York, for a short visit with the home folks, that he stopped at a store in Fremont, Ohio, for needed supplies. He had very little money to spend, and as he carefully made his selections, the proprietor, Mr. Thomas Childs, was greatly attracted to this clean, upstanding boy, who he learned was selling religious literature as a means of obtaining a Christian education. Not for a moment did the young colporteur hide his light under a bushel. That incident marked the beginning of a wonderful friendship which grew stronger and more precious to both of them through the years.

College brought to this young man greater financial problems, and added responsibilities for those dependent upon his help. These he cheerfully met, working for the most part in the colporteur field, where he made more than one record for energetic endeavor and for high sales.

Like many another graduate, he faced the future in perplexity. There seemed to be no place for him in "the organized work," which he had prepared himself to enter. Finally he found employment in the advertising and soliciting department of a printing firm in South Bend, Indiana. But in accepting this he let it be known that it was his settled purpose to devote his life exclusively to Christian service as soon as opportunity offered.

Courageous, even though disappointed, he went to work with a will, and more than made good. Indeed, his success was so marked that when an invitation came to him to take up a similar line in the Southern Publishing Association, at Nashville, Tennessee, he was obliged to consider along with it several very persuasive offers to continue in secular employ at a salary which would tempt most young men. But he gladly accepted this opportunity to do what he could in directly furthering the work of God in the earth. And few of you

who read these words but have met him personally as he has visited your church, your school, or your camp meeting in the interests of the *Watchman Magazine*.

To this new endeavor he brought a wealth of actual technical experience for so young a man, in both the advertising and the selling of the printed page. And he brought also his boundless enthusiasm, his many talents, and all the strength of his fine young manhood to the Master in joyful, consecrated, unselfish service.

His success is outstanding. He had just completed three days of strenuous work in Colorado, soliciting student magazine colporteurs for the summer months, when the death angel came and touched him during the night, as he slept in his hotel room in Denver. There was not an instant of warning, not a moment for preparation to answer the summons. He had retired early, planning for a busy tomorrow. That tomorrow has not dawned for him—not yet. When it does, it will be a moment of glad meeting with his Maker, a moment of sweet reunion with those dear ones here who "have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Hark! The quartet is singing again. The words somehow comfort our aching hearts, even though the ears of the still form in the casket are deaf to earthly sounds:

"Sweet be thy rest, and peaceful thy sleeping;  
God's way is best, thou art in His keeping."

Yes, and there we leave you, comrade, friend, and fellow worker—clasped close in the Everlasting Arms. Could there be a safer, surer refuge from earth's perplexity and woe?



ONCE more the church doors close behind us. Once more a sad procession makes its way to "the city of the dead." Once more we turn to take up the everyday routine. But the lesson of this hour—may we never forget it.

How about *your* soul, friend o' mine? This very moment may be *your last* of earthly life. Suppose the call should come to *you* as suddenly as it came to Lyndon Lindsley Skinner—*just suppose!*

Are *your* sins forgiven? Have you made *your* peace with God? If not, *how dare you delay?*

Lora E. Clement





# Camp Meeting Opportunities

by  
Alfred W. Peterson

ARE you going to camp meeting this year? Camp meeting!

The words bring to mind a host of memories—memories of delightful friends, of inspiring young people's meetings, of mighty Sabbath sermons that reached deep down into the very soul, of long, long thoughts too intimate and sacred to be talked about because they had to do with secret ambitions and ideals and yearnings to accomplish something worth while in the world.

The difference between going to camp meeting and staying away may mean the difference between a drab, dull existence and noble, adventurous living. Going with open eyes, open mind, and open heart, in quest of fine fellowship with good friends, in quest of larger experience and of mighty principles and ideals, may change the whole direction of life and may lead us from the discouraging, low road along life's valley into the highlands where are to be found happiness, success, and splendid achievement. But it makes all the difference how we go.

Perhaps young people have never had greater need of the things that camp meeting can bring to them than they have this year. Around the world youth are girding themselves for action. In other denominations youth's organizations are being formed for the purpose of reshaping if possible the thinking of mankind. Youth is perhaps the chief sufferer in the collapse of our economic life, because his opportunities for education have been curtailed and his entry upon the life work of his choice has been blocked. Avarice and greed have plunged millions into dire want and have cast over them the shadow of insecurity and fear. Since the repeal of prohibition, youth is being exploited and made the chief

victim of liquor propaganda. Selfishness and hatreds are fomenting new strifes which youth must fight. "Never was any previous generation called to meet issues so momentous; never before were young men and women confronted by perils so great as confront them today." In the face of these conditions, Seventh-day Adventist youth must be steadied by an abiding faith and made strong with great principles. Adventist youth know that as we approach the end we are to be plunged into greater problems. We shall face old controversies in a new setting, and we must have something well settled in our own minds.

In order that this camp meeting season may mean all that it should to us, we need to be reminded of several points that should guide us in our planning:

At the very outset we should resolve in our own hearts that we will not miss any opportunity on the camp ground for a worth-while experience. Let us plan to attend every young people's meeting. The morning meetings especially will be a time of inspiration and help. A great life will face great problems, and it must be undergirded with great principles. There is a very real danger that we shall be disarmed by some subtle temptation or philosophy that would lead us into wrong. Sin will inevitably weaken the structure of character. Sin is just as real as it ever was, and it exacts just as heavy a penalty as it ever did. It is just as effective in destroying fineness of

spirit and in fouling the chambers of the heart as ever if it is given entrance. We need to be aroused to its devastating nature. We can never be victorious in our struggle with temptation unless we know the way of victory. Also, at these meetings God may reveal to us what He desires us to do with our life. It is possible that we may be lifted into the mount of vision. I would resolve to attend every young people's meeting.

In the general meetings held in "the big tent," you will have opportunity to become acquainted with our denominational leaders, whom God has called to bear responsibilities and to give guidance in the closing days of the advent message. Some of these older men are links that tie us of the younger generation to the days when this movement was being pioneered. Speak to these men, shake hands with them, and get the thrill of the personal touch. They may seem preoccupied, but do not let this deter you in your quest of adventure, for you will find them true-hearted men who love and believe in youth. You will cherish the memory of your personal contact with W. A. Spicer, J. L. McElhany, W. H. Branson, A. G. Daniells, O. Montgomery, M. E. Kern, and a score of others who might be named, including your union conference and conference presidents. If camp meeting is to be the stimulating, strengthening experience which it should be, we must enter into the opportunities that may make it such, into the services where one's heart is stirred and the conscience quickened, for no man can be better than his conscience.

What clothes shall we wear? "A person's character is judged by his style of dress. A refined taste, a cultivated mind, (*Turn to page 12*)





E. J. HALL

# FIVE GIRLS

## Seek a Thrill

by

Martha E. Warner

SOMETHING had happened to disturb the equilibrium of the five girls seated around the fireplace, something quite out of the ordinary, something that in some way seemed to have sobered their exuberant spirits, for not a word had been spoken for some minutes.

Then Gertrude started the ball of conversation rolling. "Thank fortune," she exclaimed, "our pictures were not in the paper!"

"But our names were," wailed Ellen.

"Well, they wouldn't have been if dad had been home when I first phoned him! As it was, they were only in *one* insignificant daily," offered Katherine by way of comfort.

"But," protested Dorothy, "that's *one* too many."

"Hear, hear!" cried Mildred, "the infant is trying to sermonize, but it comes too late to be of any benefit to us."

"You needn't think," said Katherine with some spirit, "that because you were staying at *my* house, the responsibility of the affair rests upon *my* shoulders. The rest of you were just as much to blame as I was, and you know it."

"Ellen protested," Gertrude reminded their hostess.

"I know she did, just at the first, and so to her I am giving the honor of reading that newspaper article to us. Don't skip a word, Ellen. We want to know just how disgraceful it does sound."

Catching the paper that was tossed to her, Ellen began reading:

### "COLLEGE GIRLS ESCAPE TERMS FOR BURGLARY.

"Five After Cocktail Party, Rob Westport Cottage for Thrill.

"Chester, April 5 (AP). Five girls who in — embarked on an escapade which caused considerable concern to police of Westport and Weston, presented tentative appearances before Judge A. C. Baldwin in the criminal superior court today, when they were arraigned on a charge of theft.

"The girls are Katherine Walsh, 25, Ellen Burns, 19, Gertrude Kardis, 21, Dorothy Chamberlin, 20, Mildred Palmer, 20.

"They entered pleas of *nolo contendere* and were found guilty by Judge Baldwin. Each received six months suspended jail sentence.

"The girls were spending spring vacation week at the home of Miss Walsh. According to Assistant State Attorney Lorin W. Willis, they imbibed cocktails freely, and became possessed by an urge to commit some prank.

"What they considered a prank was driving to Weston and forcing an entry into a summer home, from which they carted numerous articles of furniture. Mr. Willis, in presenting the case, told the court that he felt the girls were no more to blame than parents who allowed their participation in cocktail parties.

"He declared that the girls readily admitted their guilt when apprehended, and returned all of the stolen articles."

Laying down the paper, Ellen gazed soberly at her four friends.

"Doesn't it make you furious," sniffed Katherine, "to think a reporter should be allowed to make so much of an innocent affair like that?"

"Innocent?" questioned Gertrude. "If my memory doesn't fail, we went out for a thrill. And we got it all right! I'll never forget the trouble we had boosting and pushing Mil in through that window. Even now I can hear her as she whimpered, 'Girls, I'm—I'm scared!'"

"And if," said Ellen, "we had only stopped right there! I *never* want another thrill so long as I live!"

"Oh, no one will lay this little thing up against us," remarked Dorothy carelessly. "Returning the goods proves that it was all done in fun."

"But wasn't it dreadful when the judge talked to us?" Ellen reminded them. "Why, I felt as if I had been stripped of every shred of respectability I ever had. Then he blamed our parents. That was the worst of all, for I know very well my mother and father were not to blame for *my* share of the affair. They would never consent silently or otherwise to any such stunts. You remember, Mildred, the time I wanted to throw a party, something after the style of Kath's parties, with cards, dancing, and smokes? Well, mother put her foot *down*, and put it down solidly. She said I could have the party, but minus the things that go to make up the life of all parties these days. I argued and argued with her, but it did no good. Dad backed her up. And so—"

"Yes," inter- (Turn to page 13)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



# TRAVELING BY AIR

by S. A. Ruskjer



**B**ECAUSE of circumstances beyond control, it was recently necessary to do some traveling by air. Having had little previous experience in flying, I naturally appreciated this added opportunity to view a part of the United States from the clouds. Thinking that the readers of the INSTRUCTOR would appreciate making this air trip also, I shall endeavor to describe it in such a detailed way that all can imagine they are flying with me.

Before starting the journey from Nashville, Tennessee, to Los Angeles and Oakland, California, it will be of interest to have an up-to-date view of air traffic. During 1933, the air lines in the United States carried 568,940 passengers. This was an increase of 28,000 over the previous year. Of these air travelers, 493,141 made their trips wholly within the United States, while 75,799 crossed the international boundary, flying to and from Canada and Latin America, and a few, of course, flew to Europe and other countries. During this same time, air lines in the United States carried 2,452,812 pounds of express and 7,816,532 pounds of mail. Of this mail, 7,362,180 pounds originated and ended its journey within the United States, while 454,352 pounds was carried either out into some foreign country or in from some foreign country. The total number of miles flown by all scheduled operators in 1933 was 54,642,545. This exceeds by about 4,000,000 the distance covered during the previous year. Passenger miles flown in 1933 equaled 198,800,079, marking a gain of 50,000,000 for that calendar year. The passenger mile, you will understand, is the equivalent for one passenger flown one mile.

During 1933 there were 504 airplanes in operation on the scheduled lines in the United States. These consumed 26,326,796 gallons of gas and 924,411 gallons of oil. The air lines during that time supplied work for 6,273 persons. The personnel of this air service was made up of 543 pilots, 206 copilots, 2,320 mechanics and ground crew men, 1,834 hangar and field workers, and an operation and office force of 1,370.

Air passengers during 1933 paid an average for transportation of 6.01 cents a mile on the domestic air lines. The average distance flown by each air passenger was 367 miles.

The twenty-five regular air lines had 102,544 flights scheduled during the year, and completed 97,978, thus carrying out 95 per cent of their schedules. During the month of January alone, these lines flew 3,439,451 miles,—a total of 10,783,454 passenger miles,—carrying 28,170 passengers and 155,226 pounds of express.

The trip which we are about to take from Nashville to Oakland, by way of Dallas, Texas, and Los Angeles, is made in three different planes. The first "sailing," from Nashville to Fort Worth, is made in one of the new Condor ships operated by the American Airways.

We are now in the modern airport known as the Skyharbor, a few miles out of Nashville. It is Sunday afternoon, and the clock indicates two-thirty. The plane we are expecting has been delayed at Columbus, Ohio, waiting for express connections. Naturally, we are anxious to be assured that we shall not miss our own connection at Fort Worth, at eight o'clock this evening. Learning that we will make up considerable if not all of the lost time, we cease worrying. Quite a strong wind is blowing from the southwest. Fleecy clouds obscure the sun most of the time. The "ceiling" is about 6,000 feet high. This means that visibility is good. Our friends, L. L. Skinner and G. A. Huse and his wife, of the Southern

Publishing Association, who have driven us to the Skyharbor, are standing gazing northward to see who can catch the first glimpse of the mighty Condor as it is due to arrive from Louisville, Kentucky, at any moment. A tiny speck is seen in the distance. It grows larger and larger, and soon we hear the sound of powerful motors. The ship sails right over the field, then banks to the left, and comes to a perfect landing within a few feet of where we stand. The ground crew surround the giant bird of the air, replenishing its supply of gasoline and oil, and the mechanics make certain that its two motors are working perfectly. The pilot and copilot step to the ground to change their position a bit, and the stewardess is busy getting ready to receive the new passengers.

Soon the signal is given, and we enter the cabin. The total weight of this Condor plane fully loaded is 17,500 pounds. It cruises at 160 miles an hour, with a top speed of more than 180 miles, and lands at the low speed of 60 miles. The distance necessary for it to run before "taking off" varies considerably with wind and load conditions, but 250 yards can be considered as an average figure. Its mighty motors consume 80 gallons of gasoline an hour. The wing spread is 82 feet. The over-all height is 16 feet and the over-all length is 48 feet. The cabin dimensions are 6 by 6 by 21 feet. This plane is designed to carry a crew of three, with fifteen passengers, and 650 pounds of mail and express.

The starter gives the signal for all aboard. We are comfortably seated, and the seat belt is carefully fastened for the take-off. We are now

*"The mighty Condor plane in which we 'sailed' safely from Nashville, Tennessee, to Fort Worth, Texas."*





taxiing to a point about 100 yards north of the loading platform, and our pilot is testing the motors. Being satisfied that all is in order, he turns the nose of the giant Condor into the wind, both motors are "given the gun," and we speed over the smooth landing field. The tail of the plane has left the ground, and the landing gear is also lifted, while up and up we climb against the stiff wind. The landing gear now disappears, being mechanically folded into the wing, so that it offers no resistance as we speed toward our first stop, Memphis, Tennessee, on the bank of the Mississippi River.

The readers of the INSTRUCTOR will remember that several years ago a world record endurance flight was made by the Hunter brothers. We are very much interested in the fact that our pilot on this first "leg" of our journey is none other than Mr. Walter Hunter, one of the famous brothers. He is a very genial and courteous pilot. Mr. Pat Barron is our copilot. He is keeping in constant touch with the various landing fields by radio. Miss Babeck is the stewardess. She is ready to serve a drink of ice-cold water or a bowl of soup and crackers; in fact, anything that will add to the comfort of the passengers. The pilot, copilot, and stewardess are all very courteous and do everything within their power to make our trip pleasant.

Beneath us the country is very hilly. Since it is Sunday afternoon, the highways reveal considerable auto traffic. We are flying at an altitude of only about 2,000 feet. The visibility is fine. As we fly in a bee line toward Memphis, we leave cities, villages, hamlets, farmhouses, winding streams, forest-covered hilltops, and fertile valleys behind us in quick succession. Our pilot is anxious to make up as much time as he can, and almost before we think it possible, we have covered 206 air line miles and are banking to the left, gradually dropping to a perfect landing at the Memphis airport. Our plane is turned about, and we taxi to the landing platform.

Here our crew has reached the end of its division, and a new group takes possession of our wonderful plane. Mr. R. S. Riggs, our new pilot, is a clean-cut, very friendly man. He is assisted by E. X. Coates as copilot. Miss Christian is our new stewardess. And true to the type of service extended to the travelers by the American Airways, our new crew is anxious to do everything within its power to make our "sailing" from Memphis to Fort Worth pleasant.

We noticed as we flew over the Tennessee River on the first lap of our journey, that it was overflowing its banks, and now, leaving Memphis, we note as we sail over the Mississippi River, that it too is at the high-water mark. The sun is sinking

lower and lower in the west. With the approach of evening, the air condition becomes much more favorable for flying. So-called "air pockets" disappear, and instead of rough sailing, we are now enjoying a very smooth ride, cruising westward at an altitude of only about 1,000 feet. The country is very flat here and quite heavily wooded. Looking down below us now, we see the air field of Little Rock, Arkansas. Off to our right, the State capitol is visible, also the far-famed new high school building, while in the distance is the penitentiary, and beyond, the foothills of the Ozark Mountains.

We have now come to a very beautiful landing at Little Rock. Our stewardess is busy receiving the package lunches which have been prepared for us to enjoy as an evening meal while sailing on to Dallas. We are given ten minutes at Little Rock, and we walk about the airport grounds to change our position and enjoy the cool of the evening. The signal is now given, and soon we are back in our comfortable seats once more. I should explain that the seat belts are fastened about us while we take off, but as soon as we are in the air, they are unfastened until the signal is given that we are about to land. Then we fasten the belts again. This is to protect the passengers in the event that the take-off or the landing should prove to be rough.

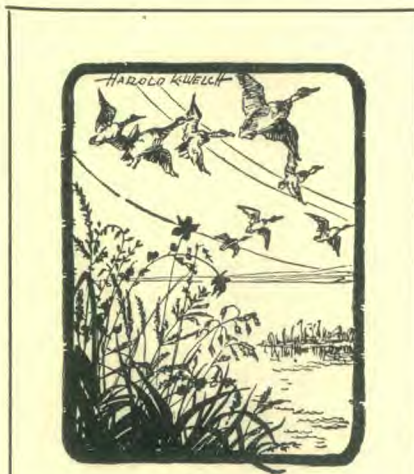
Now we are gliding through the quiet evening air over the foothills of the Ozarks. Down below us we see several leaf fires. They look very pretty from this altitude as the line of fire is drawn in all sorts of figures and shapes over the hilltops and down through the valleys. Flying directly over Hot Springs, Arkansas, we cross the Ouachita River as its bosom reflects the colors of the sunset skies. Off to the west a most inspiring view meets our eye. Old Sol is just sinking out of sight behind the low-hanging clouds, radiating brilliant hues in every direction. No wonder we have often heard it said that a sunset in Texas challenges the admiration of nature lovers. Twilight is now giving way to darkness, and we can see the lights of cities in every direction. We are still flying at a low altitude, and the headlights of automobiles are plainly visible as they speed along on the highways.

Our next stop naturally would be Texarkana, at the dividing line between Arkansas and Texas. But having received information by radio that there are no passengers to pick up there, we are cutting straight through to Dallas, and thus do not follow the guiding light line, but now and then we can see the reflection of its beacons, many, many miles to the south of us. Our pilot knows this country just as most people know their own lawns, and hence he can give us just as safe "sailing" without the aid of the beacon lights as he could if we followed the marked-out "trail."

Our supper is being served in the form of a very neatly arranged tray lunch. The food surely does taste good, and we very much appreciate the courtesy of the American Airways.

Now we are in sight of the bright lights of Dallas. They make an inspiring scene indeed as we look down at them from the dark sky overhead. We can clearly see the border beacons of the landing field. The ground crew is notified by radio of our approach, and the flood lights are switched on, producing a blaze of white brilliance into which we drop. As we rapidly descend, our landing gear is released, ready to carry the weight of this great plane the moment we touch the ground. Our stop at Dallas is a very brief one of only about half a minute, and we are now taxiing out into the field, heading into the wind for our take-off. As usual, the motors are tested separately, and now our pilot lifts us swiftly and smoothly into the air.

We have hardly lost sight of the Dallas lights when we see those of Fort Worth, where we are to change "ships" as well as crews. From here we are to fly to Los Angeles in a tri-motored Ford plane. Having come to a perfect landing, we are now saying good-by to the efficient crew that has (Turn to page 12)



## FORWARD

BY

MARJORIE LEWIS LLOYD

Forward—this is the challenge  
That spurs us on today,  
For the time is growing shorter  
That we have in this world to stay.  
Millions must have the warning  
Before 'tis forever too late;  
Still ignorant of the Saviour,  
In heathen darkness they wait.

And we must carry the message,  
Spreading it far and near,  
Till every tongue and people  
The blessed news shall hear.  
So let us wake from our slumber,  
And sound the last great call;  
For to us the word is given:  
Forward! one and all!



# COLLEGE "MAID" BROOMS

ALTHOUGH there are several important industries connected with Southwestern Junior College, among which are the press, the planing mill, the pecan shelly, the farm, and the mat factory, the subject of this article is, by request, the broom factory.

Born in the basement of the administration building of old Keene Industrial Academy, approximately forty years ago,—so long ago that the exact date is forgotten,—the broom factory has been a successful contemporary of the instructional department of Southwestern Junior College, into which Keene Academy has grown since its founding in 1894.

Perhaps a trip through the broom factory will, better than anything else, acquaint the reader with shop routine, the advantages which it offers, and the attainments of its operators.

Starting in our tour at the beginning process, we take a look into the spacious warehouse, and are informed by the superintendent that approximately fourteen railroad cars of broom corn, weighing on an average of twelve tons each, pass through that warehouse into the factory each year. And with these tons of corn go at least four carloads of broom handles.

We make mental note of these facts, and pass into the factory proper—a spacious, well-lighted building, with its machinery advantageously placed for the most economical procedure of passing the raw material through the various processing operations to turn out a creditably finished broom.

But what can be going on here just now? Twenty-five or thirty boys are



*Sorting Hurl in the Broom Shop*

## *An Industry of Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas*

gathered in a group, some perched on the cutting bench, others on staple kegs, or wherever else they can find places to sit. Inquiry reveals that this is the early morning "powwow."

The center of interest is the superintendent. He is doing some plain talking on this particular morning, and the statements we hear are indicative of the fact that there is much religion in the making of a good broom, and that the success of Southwestern Junior College as a whole depends on the conscience of the individual workers, whether they be in the sorting department, or busily winding, stitching, or bunching. It is further emphasized that efficient broom making is efficient character building.

### *A Winder at Work*

*Broom Corn in the Bale as Stored  
in the Warehouse*

*Stitching College "Maid" Brooms*

Various principles of broom manufacture are discussed by the group. Frank suggestions are made by the young broom makers themselves, as to how increased efficiency may be obtained in production, with the consequent elimination of waste through poor workmanship, or carelessness in conservation of material.

We pass on from the morning powwow, with a feeling that if this is the way young men are trained to appreciate the joy and efficiency of service in the broom factory, we should be glad to have our own boys obtain the industrial phase of their school experience and character building where such principles are taught, emphasized, and actually worked out in everyday life.

But now let us watch the real process of manufacture. From the warehouse, the "bleach" boys take the broom corn in a three-hundred-pound bale to the bleach house. There it is broken up into small bundles, dipped in a green aniline dye, and set up in long rows, where sulphur fumes bleach it an even shade of desired green. It is then ready for the sorters. At the sorting benches the corn is separated as to handle corn, and inside and outside hurl, with a definite respect to its use in brooms of different grades, which vary in value from \$2.75 to \$9 a dozen, wholesale price.

We inquire about the basis of wage rate paid students working here, and are told by the supervisor of the sorting department that now these boys all receive so much a pound. The change from hour rates to pound rates of payment was made recently, and since that time, the employees have increased their earnings more







Finished College "Maid" Brooms Ready for Shipment

than 25 per cent, and the shop has decreased its cost of sorting by a like amount. There is something stimulating about this pound plan, the boys tell us. They are happy to know that they get what they earn, and really earn what they are paid. This, they say, makes for character and efficiency.

The next major operation to be observed in our trip this morning, having passed over the "hurl-busting" and stemming processes, is that of winding.

Here a power-operated machine, under the supervision of a skilled worker, fastens the corn on the handle with steel wire. First the handle corn is put on, and over this is placed the turnover that makes the shoulder of the broom. Lastly the inside and the outside hurl are put in place. Brooms, when completed, should not vary in weight more than a few ounces to the dozen. An overweight broom is costly to the shop; an underweight broom is dishonest, so the student at the winder explains to us.

Since we cannot learn the broom winder's trade by a few minutes' observation (for it takes approximately three months to make a good beginning), we pass on to the next process in the shop.

Since not all of the seeds are removed from the corn fiber by the threshing machine, the brooms must next be submitted to a seeding process. This is done by a large spiked drum which, revolving at a high rate of speed, whips the seeds from the broom held tightly against it.

Following the seeding comes the process of stitching. A stalwart young man is operating the power machine which firmly sews the corn together with four or five strands of heavy linen cord, giving the broom its shape and stability. Since this operation also yields pay to the student on a piece or production basis, every move counts. And while one broom is still in the air, passing from the machine to the floor, or rack, another one is actually on its way into the stitcher. Care and skill are required in this operation, and no small amount of patience and watchfulness

is necessary for the mastery of efficient, remunerative production. It is, in other words, a real case of almost perfect coordination between the hand and the eye.

From the stitcher the broom goes to the trimmer and buncher. Here the uneven ends of the corn are evenly clipped, and then the finished product is ready to be tied in dozen lots with stiff linen cord.

From the buncher, the brooms pass to the hands of the man who labels them as to trade name, weight, and manufacturer. By this process, the Southwestern Junior College broom factory is designated as the maker of College "Maid" brooms.

This very brief visit has been interesting, but the end is not yet. The superintendent gives us a little unique information on the side. He tells us that there are ten winders in the shop, and three power stitchers; that every year these winders and stitchers use broom handles and broom wire and linen stitching twine to the extent that, if the handles were fence posts, placed a rod apart, and the wire and twine were fencing, they would stretch out between six and seven hundred miles in length. Such a fence would reach from Wash-

ington Missionary College, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., to Southern Junior College, near Chattanooga, Tennessee, or from the islands to the north of Scotland down through the length of Scotland and England, past London, to the old battlefield of Hastings, in south England.

We say it again, six hundred miles of training, six hundred miles of student finance, six hundred miles of character building.

And as to distribution, these brooms with a "college education" are shipped into a territory bounded by the Gulf of Mexico on the south, Oklahoma on the north, the Rio Grande and New Mexico on the west, and the Mississippi on the east.

The amount earned annually in the broom shop during the past few years has averaged approximately \$7,500, which figure shows that the twenty-five to thirty student workers have in this way paid the greater portion of their expenses.

And, of course, the financial advantage that accrues to the student is by no means the major gain. There are other factors of immeasurable value. The registrar's office indicates that the student who works for his education stands (Turn to page 13)

## Where East Seems to Be West

By Alfred Robert Ogden

IF I should ask the question: Which is farthest east, the Atlantic or the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal, nine persons out of ten would immediately answer, "Why, of course, the Atlantic entrance is east of the Pacific entrance, for does not the Atlantic Ocean wash the shores of the eastern part of the United States, and the Pacific the western?" And until just a few years ago I would have made the same answer.

But things are not always as they seem. The fact is that the Atlantic entrance is a little more than twenty-seven miles to the west of the Pacific entrance. How can that be? If you will get out a map of the Canal Zone, and study it carefully, you will note a peculiar bend or elbow in the Isthmus of Panama, and just at the point where this strip of land doubles back, the canal has been built.

For the past five years I have once a year had the privilege of visiting the Panama Canal on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Inter-American Division Committee, at the division headquarters at Balboa, on the Pacific side. I always enter the Zone at Cristobal, on the Atlantic side, and cross to Balboa, and have

never been able to shake off the impression that I am going from east to west, when as a matter of fact I am traveling in the opposite direction. On my last trip, in November, 1932, I took an evening train across the Zone, arriving at Balboa just about sunset, and though I really *knew* that we were traveling east, I was just as surprised as ever to see the sun sinking down toward the horizon on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. There is one place on the Isthmus where a person can stand and see the sun rise out of the Pacific Ocean and set into the Atlantic.

The Isthmus of Panama, which connects North and South America, is as interesting from a historical point of view as it is unique geographically. In 1502, Christopher Columbus, on his fourth voyage to the shores of America, skirted the coast of Inter-America from Honduras to Venezuela, seeking an opening through which he might pass on his way to India. It was during this trip he turned into the harbor which is now the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. In 1513, the Spanish explorer, Vasco Nuñez Balboa, crossed the Isthmus about one hundred miles to (Turn to page 14)



# SEVEN KEYS to CULTURE

Rochelle  
Philmon  
Kilgore

## Key Number One

"O young Mariner,  
Down to the haven,  
Call your companions,  
Launch your vessel  
And crowd your canvas,  
And, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam."

The saddest and most miserable man or woman in all the world is the one to whom voices and visions come no more. All that we accomplish of consequence, all that we dream of doing and never accomplish, comes as a result of these voices and visions—is the manifestation of our ideals. We hear a voice calling from afar; we feel an urge which if we are true to ourselves, we cannot resist. We cannot command this voice at will, we may not hear it often, but when its call comes we should "after it, follow it, follow the gleam." It will lead us to a mountain-top experience, and from the bold heights to which we ascend we shall glimpse the world and its needs and our relation to them. It is not intended that we shall live on the mountain tops of inspiration, but that from these clear heights we shall catch a vision to take down again with us into the valley of everyday life. Men and women seeing us then will know that voices and visions have come to us and will listen to our words, and in them in turn will be born a desire to "follow the gleam."

It is well to study the lives of great men and women to ascertain their ruling motives, to catch if possible a glimpse of the vision that inspired them. Cherish your ideals; follow them; fear not; live them day by day. Your work may tie you down, it may be as heavy as a millstone about your neck; but you can still dream, you can still pray, and voices and visions will come to you saying, in the words of William Blake,

"I give you the end of a golden string;  
Only wind it into a ball,  
It will lead you in at heaven's gate  
Built in Jerusalem's wall."

You will no longer be tied down to things earthly, but with Shelley's skylark that "singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth," you will find a new joy in the most menial task and a new task in the sweetest joy.

But you must be willing to pay for your ideals. He who reaches for the stars is likely to encounter some chilly atmosphere along the way. But God, who is the Author of your high and holy ideals, will bless you as you reach toward them. When He had given King David rest from his enemies round about and that mighty monarch sat on his porch in the quiet of the day, there was born in his soul a great, noble, beautiful thought—I think the most splendid air castle ever created by a mortal. Realizing that he dwelt in a lordly house while God dwelt in a tabernacle of curtains, King David reasoned, "I know what I shall do; I shall build Him a house, a beautiful tabernacle, a worthy place for Him to abide—a suitable place for Him to meet with His people." Although God could not accept from the hand of David this great gift because the king had shed "much blood," He was pleased with His servant's thought for Him, and his ideal was so acceptable that He communed with David, promising, I will "build thee a house." And God decreed then and there that when His Son should come to the earth and be born of the seed of woman, it should be through the lineage of David.

There are two kinds of ideals. The first I may liken to candles which we carry in our hands as we creep up the stairs to bed at night. These are the ideals that come within our grasp. These are the standards to which we attain. The most of us have not yet reached enough of them. Many of us who are older need to add to this list such an ideal as the spirit of play. This sweet antidote would relieve our overstrained, nervous, inharmonious lives, conserve our vigor, and fit us for the heavenly kingdom. The second kind of ideals I may liken to lighthouses that shine on us from afar and guide us over life's voyage. We sail steadily toward them. But lighthouses are not

**B**E willing to live and to die for your ideals!

The ideal, like a "pillar of cloud" by day and a "pillar of fire" by night, has ever guided the onward march of nations as well as of individuals. Like a "mighty rock in a weary land," a man's ideals are his refuge. So long as he maintains his ideals he can never be defeated. But when a man loses his ideals, he sinks beneath the high plane of living to that of mere existing. The same is true with a nation. Despite her wealth and influence, Rome was doomed when she lost her ideals. Not ideas but ideals. We have ideas without much effort, for they represent our thoughts; but we must strive for our ideals.

Barren indeed is the life of the individual who does not respect and admire nobility of character—that youth who was never a hero worshiper, that Bible student whose soul does not burn within him as he reads that grand old chapter, the eleventh of Hebrews. The man who looks beyond the material things of life to find the workings of God in human hearts and in the beauty of earth and sea and sky, whose soul is stirred by the silent hosts of heaven on a starlit night, who finds enjoyment in the works of art, and whose life indeed is a poem,—that man can never live a commonplace life. He is a member of the brotherhood of the great, the true, and the noble of all ages. It is through our ideals that we become worthy to join this "choir invisible."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich says,

"In youth, beside the lonely sea,  
Voices and visions came to me."

This is the lawful heritage of all youth; and happy are they who recognize these voices and visions and follow where they lead. Tennyson was an old man when he wrote the poem, "Merlin and the Gleam," in which he recounts briefly the periods of his life as a poet and refers to the inspiration or "gleam" which had guided him all the way. He says it found him as a youth sleeping, awoke him, and bade him to follow. After telling how he had followed it through the changing vicissitudes of life and how it was leading him ever on even to the end, he recommends it to all youth:



built primarily to be lived in. These are the ideals that point us ever higher and higher. Let them be of the very highest type. These are the goals for which we strive; these are the bright and shining lights beckoning us ever onward and upward; these are the ideals that shine upon us with a pure, steady ray. We may spend our days digging with a pick and shovel, but a song may be in our hearts while we dig. It may even be heard by our neighbors if we sing with our lips, but true singing comes first from the heart.

It is these lofty ideals that prevent our becoming calloused by the commonplace grind of daily toil. Without them there can be no true culture. Scotland's beloved Robert Burns, while steadily following the plow in its furrow round and round the field, happened to upturn with his plowshare a mountain daisy, and because his heart was singing and he was a maker of songs, he wrote his well-known poem with its universal appeal. On another day, turning up with his plow the nest of a mouse, he wrote the poem containing the lines, "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men, Gang aft a-gley."

It is a wonderful thing to be able to think lofty thoughts while performing the lowliest of tasks; only thus do these tasks become glorified and do we experience genuine happiness in the doing of them.

The man is supremely blessed who struggles to reach his ideals; whose aspirations point ever higher and higher. It is not so much the reaching of them that matters, but the earnestness of the striving. What if they are never attained! Life will be sweeter, purer, better, nobler, for the striving; and without it how pitifully barren is man's condition. Robert Browning has said,

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a heaven for?"

Therefore dream on, reach higher and ever higher. Every man who thus earnestly strives, who is constantly reaching for something higher and nobler, can truly say with Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra,

"What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me."

Our efforts may be cut off in the midst of our striving, but what of that? Let us strive unto the very end. Greater lives than ours have been cut short; but there is inspiration in the poems of Sidney Lanier, written while he suffered from a burning fever, a grandeur and majesty about the spirit of Socrates drinking the hemlock, and there is a divine pathos that stirs our souls and makes us long to follow the Master of heaven, who so loved us that He came down to earth and in the prime of manhood gave Himself for us on the cruel cross.

"True joys do not hang on material pegs." The man is truly rich whose spirit is actuated by high ideals, whose eyes are steadily fixed upon a far-away goal, and whose life day by day is a testimony of his striving toward it. Give no thought to the fact that the goal may never be reached; rather think how utterly miserable a man would be if he should ever reach all his goals, should ever catch up with all his ideals, should ever come to that place in the accomplishment of his work where he is entirely satisfied with his efforts. That man would be of all men miserable indeed.

Perhaps that is why God in heaven has so kindly given us the two types of ideals, in order that we may never stand still in life's experience. Our aspirations represent our real natures. In the eyes of Him who is the Author of our ideals, he who aspires toward higher things achieves higher things. The thing that matters is the keeping of the eye upon the goal. "By beholding we become changed."

God has placed in our hearts these longings, this

"Desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar."

Orison Swett Marden has said: "The bird does not have an instinct to fly south in winter without a real south to match it; nor has the Creator given to us these heart yearnings, soul longing for a larger, completer life, for an opportunity for a full expression of our possibilities, without a reality to match them. There is a Divinity behind our legitimate desires."

God supplies the energy for the perseverance that leads us ever toward the bright and shining light of our ideals, but man, by his will, controls the switch. "When a man sets himself to live a truly noble life, man cannot stop him and God will not." We may labor in obscurity, we may toil in the dark. How patiently through the long dark years has Helen Keller struggled toward a great goal before her, and not only has she accomplished in her own career marvelous things,—things that have made all the world wonder,—but the greatest thing she has given to the world is the example of her life itself—a living ideal.

We may meet obstacles of every form; we must expect to encounter doubters and ridiculers. The men of Columbus mutinied on board that little ship, but the great explorer could not be swerved from his course, and to their every query he replied, "Sail on, sail on." Although his accomplishment in his discovery was great, his example was greater, for—

"He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"

Let us not be swerved from our purpose. Let us not deviate from our course. Let us keep our eyes fixed upon our ideals, (Turn to page 14)

## Sure as the Tide!

by Arthur Warren

**D**ID you ever, standing at the seaside, puzzle as to whether the tide was going out or coming in?

The waves came racing up like ranks of soldiers storming at a citadel; rank after rank, as if sure to win. But they broke in a smother of spray and foam as they reached the land, and next moment the water was streaming back, with a confused noise of rattling pebbles, down the beach again.

After watching this repeated about a dozen times you came to the conclusion that the tide was going out. See the boats in the harbor! All stuck in the mud! To move them seemed a hopeless task.

But four hours later, behold! you found you had been all wrong. The tide was coming in!

Yes, although the waves had come and receded hundreds of times since you last looked, they never remained defeated. They charged forward again and again—and ever again! *The hour of the incoming tide had*

*arrived* and nothing could stay that divinely ordained advance.

Now the harbor was full of water and all the craft were afloat—alive—ready to sail—many were already moving out to sea.

Yes, the tide was in!

"Sure as the incoming tide!" Yes, the progress of God's work is just as certain as the daily rising of the sea. How optimistically we should charge forward again despite that rattling of the pebbles in our ears.

But now we must all organize ourselves for victory. Even the sea does not come forward in a disorderly, chance fashion. We must all plan definitely and systematically for daily Bible study, fervent prayer, regular hours at work, daily effort at improvement, neatness in dress, promptness in payment of accounts, daily effort to help interest others.

These are all elements of success. Successful ourselves, we shall attract more to the work of God until there is a great tide of workers telling the people that Jesus is coming again.



# JUNIO RS

## Felipa

by  
Vera Ackerman

PEDRO and María Vaca gathered their children around the family shrine. This was a solemn meeting, an unusual occurrence for the gay, care-free Vaca family. The shrine was a low table placed before a crucifix. Draped over it was María's wedding shawl, and on it were all the treasures belonging to the family. There was a clay statuette of the virgin Mary. There were also shells, beads, brooches, and stones of various shapes and hues; but the thing that tiny, six-year-old Felipa's glance returned to most frequently was a shiny new penny that was in one of the shells. How she wished she might have it! But to take it from the table would be unthought of.

Pedro's solemn voice caught his little daughter's attention. He said that he had taken a small gift of money to the priest and had told him about Pepito, but the priest had said that they had been neglectful in the chanting of prayers and the burning of candles to the virgin Mary. Because of their sin God had allowed Pepito to be carried away. Now they should do these things and take gifts to the priests, and Pepito would return.

When he had mentioned Pepito, a tiny old woman, barely discernible in the dark corner where she lay, huddled on a heap of rags, began to sob. Felipa did not know what it was all about; but she did know that her beloved brother had been taken away by two gruff Americans in blue suits, and now her sick grandmother was crying. She, too, began to cry, and went to her grandmother. "*Abuela, abuela*, no cry," she pleaded as she patted the old woman's matted hair and thin, wrinkled cheeks. "Pepito, he come *mañana!* No cry." Pedro lighted two candles, placed them on the table, and ended the ceremony by saying that candles must be kept burning there until Pepito's return.

Felipa trudged down the street. She was trying to comprehend all that had been said. Habit turned her steps toward the governor's palace. She paused at the curio store on the corner. By standing on tiptoe, she could see the articles on display. In the back was a row of baskets Pepito had made. How pretty they were! She could not understand why they had not sold rapidly. María had said that if people had bought the baskets

or let the papa trim their lawns, they would have had money to buy medicine for the *abuela*, and Pepito would never have stolen it.

Felipa entered a large old adobe house. It was not a dwelling now, but was kept for people to look at. It was a favorite refuge for Felipa, and Tony, the old Mexican gardener, would sometimes tell her stories of the time when some one did live here—the Spanish governor. The house was lovely, with its smooth stone floors, antique furniture, and rich, ancient hangings; but it was somewhat dark, with a mysterious gloominess, and Felipa liked better the sunny courtyard, with its high walls, clinging vines, and arched gateways. Here there were many flowers and winding paths in the garden, and an old well gave an added touch of the antique.

Tony was sitting by this well, resting and wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a big bandanna handkerchief. This was just as Felipa wished, for it was now that he would be most likely to tell her a story. She ran up to him. "Tony! Tony! Tell Felipa story," she begged as she climbed to the seat beside him.

Tony looked at the ground, frowning thoughtfully. Felipa looked into the well. "Tony! There are many, many pennies down there!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"*Si, muchacha, si,*" replied the old man, stroking his coarse yellowing beard. Then he began a legend of the wishing well. He told of many, many wishes granted to people who wished at this well and threw coins into it. Felipa was engrossed in the tale that had been told to her, and walked slowly home.

There she found her mother, María, with many candles which she

had bought with a part of the money that Pepito had given her. Pedro took the rest as an offering to the priest. Now all their money was gone, but they thought it would make Pepito return sooner. They would keep the candles burning until he came.

A week passed by, and still Pepito was absent from the home. There was no food in the house and no money with which to buy it. Worse still, the candles were all gone. Whenever Pedro had sought the priest, it was to receive the admonition, "You should bring an offering, burn candles, attend mass, and chant prayers to the Virgin." He had stopped going to see the priest now. The grandmother was worse, and there was no more medicine. The children were crying for food, and Pedro and María were in despair. Every day Pedro trudged from house to house, asking for work; failing in that, he would ask for food. When he received food, he would carefully place it in a paper bag and take it home.

Felipa had been sitting by her sick grandmother, trying to comfort her; but now that she was asleep, the girl arose. Her eyes turned toward the table, and fell on the shiny penny. Had not Tony told her that one might get a wish by dropping a penny in the well? She would wish for Pepito's return. She slipped the coin from its place and ran to the governor's palace.

She stopped at the entrance. There were two Americans in the courtyard—a lady and a little girl. The woman, seated before a half-painted picture, was so interested in her work that she was not aware of Felipa's presence. Felipa silently made her way to the well. She closed her eyes and wished that Pepito would come back, then threw the penny in and opened her eyes at the gentle splash. She could see it shining far below, and smiled. At a movement close beside her, she turned. There stood the little American girl. "Did you put money in the well?" she queried, and after the nodded assent, said, "Mother gave me money to put in the well, too." She threw in a coin.

Felipa looked wonderingly at the golden-haired girl. What could she possibly want? "What you want that you put money in well?" she asked.

"What do I want?" repeated the



little girl smiling. "I want the governor's palace to be here always, pretty as it is now. Sometime a man will come and take the money out of the well, and it will be used to keep it like this. I dropped in my money to help pay Tony and the others who work here. Why did you put money in the well?"

"It is the wishing well," replied Felipa. "I put penny in so I have wish."

"What is your wish?" asked the girl curiously.

"I wish Pepito come home," began Felipa; then the tears started, and Felipa told this new friend the whole story from the time the *abuela* first got sick and there was no medicine or money. She told about the baskets that had not sold, and how Pepito had got the money. "Pepito no steal," she stated firmly. "He take money from man who had more than he need." She told about burning the candles and saying prayers to the virgin Mary; then she told of the legend Tony had told her, also the lack of food and candles at home. She ended by telling of the shiny penny on the table, and how she had taken it so she might have a wish. "But if a man come and take money out, how I get my wish?" she sobbed.

The American girl put her arm around the Mexican girl in sympathy. Her mother had stopped painting and drawn nearer the children. She heard what Felipa said and then withdrew lest the timid child see her and be frightened.

"When I want something," said Felipa's new friend, "I ask Jesus. He's the only one who can make our wishes come true. He can do *anything*. Why don't you ask Him?"

"The Jesus Man on the crucifix?" asked Felipa, astonished.

"Oh, Jesus isn't on a cross any more," replied the girl, and then she told simply the story of the Saviour of sinners. Felipa was deeply impressed.

"Would Jesus Man hear me pray?" she asked.

"Yes, He wants you to pray to Him."

"But I not know how."

The American girl said that she would pray with her. They knelt there by the well, and she asked Jesus to bring Pepito back to his mother and father and sister. Felipa then unburdened her little heart. "Dear Jesus Man, send Pepito home, please, and let the *abuela* be well, and send us food. I will try be good girl. Amen." After this she planted a quick kiss on the other's hand and disappeared. She did not know that her new friends followed at a distance as she hurried home, and took note of which house she entered.

In the morning, when María opened the door, there, just outside, was a large basket of food. The family gathered around it, and were soon

eating. When their appetites were satisfied, they set the basket on a shelf. Just then Pepito entered the door, and was greeted with wild ejaculations of joy.

A kind American woman, he said, had come and paid his bail. Her husband owned some houses in the city, and had not been able to get a reliable gardener to keep the lawns in order. She had asked him if he would send his father to see about the job. Pedro's face shone with happiness as he took his hat and the paper Pepito held out to him, on which was written the address of the place where he was to call.

That afternoon Felipa sat close by her brother's side, contentedly watching his nimble fingers deftly forming the baskets. "You know, Pepito," she said after a long silence, "Jesus Man answer my prayer."

Pepito looked at her questioningly, and she told to him the story of Jesus just as the golden-haired girl had told it to her. Then she related how she had prayed for him to come home, for food, and for the *abuela* to get well. He had come home, the food had been sent in a basket, and the *abuela* was feeling much better now. "Isn't Jesus Man good?" she asked. Pepito smiled at his little sister and nodded, resolving in his heart to find out just who this wonderful Friend might be.

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### Camp Meeting Opportunities

(Continued from page 3)

will be revealed in the choice of simple and appropriate attire." This holds true for boys as well as for girls.

One of the outstanding opportunities of camp meeting is the meeting of new friends. There is something dynamic in a worth-while friendship. On the camp ground we need to remember that if we would have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. We must remember, too, that cheap, careless friends will make us cheap and careless, and that silly sentimentalism will spoil any wholesome comradeship. Friendship is a spiritual thing. "There are mysterious links that bind souls together, so that the heart of one answers to the heart of another. One catches the ideas, the sentiments, the spirit, of another." If poorly chosen friends may hinder the onward march of the soul, a worth-while friendship may lift it into an experience that is fine and wholesome and inspiring. These friends will help you to push back the horizons of life. Also, make friends with the representatives from your academy and college. They will be glad to study your problems with you.

But the greatest opportunity camp meeting offers you is the opportunity

for a closer acquaintance and fellowship with the Lord Jesus. Christ has said, "Where Satan has set his throne, there shall stand My cross." In His fellowship we shall be able to find our way through many a dark experience, to bear many a burden, and to live a life which shall be crowned with success. Without Him, we shall be cheated out of the best and finest experiences of life and miss our eternal destiny.

This camp meeting season will be full of meaning for thousands of earnest, forward-looking Adventist youth.

What will you make it mean in your own personal experience?



### Traveling by Air

(Continued from page 6)

taken us so safely through the darkness of the evening to the end of its run. The Condor will soon start on its trip back to the east. It is certainly a mighty "ship" of the air, as you can see by the accompanying picture.

We are naturally very much interested in making the acquaintance of the crew that is to take us on the next lap of our journey, namely, from Fort Worth to El Paso, Texas. We are therefore pleased to meet Mr. McConaughy, who is to be our pilot, and Mr. Miller, our copilot, and Miss Hampton, our stewardess. Mr. McConaughy at one time was a stunt flyer, and so, of course, has taken his share of chances as a bird of the air, but now he is a very cautious, careful, and dependable pilot.

We next give our attention to inspecting the "ship" that is to carry us through the darkness of the night, high above the winding streams and city lights. This mighty tri-motored plane has a total weight fully loaded of 13,500 pounds. It cruises at 118 miles an hour, which means, of course, it can be stepped up to about 150 miles if necessary. It lands at a sixty-five mile an hour speed. In taking off, it leaves the runway at the end of a 250-yard dash and glides smoothly into the air. Its wing spread is 98 feet, its over-all height 18 feet, and its over-all length 50 feet. The dimensions of the cabin are: 4½ by 6 by 19 feet. Like the Condor, it carries a crew of three. It has a capacity of eleven passengers and 400 pounds of mail or baggage. But we learn that in a few days this ship is to be replaced with one of the most modern Pullmans of the air, a dual-motored Condor with berths fully as comfortable as are those in a railway sleeping car.

Now we are all aboard and the starting signal is given. Our next stop will be at Abilene, Texas, nearly two hundred miles away. Our pilot, being satisfied everything is ready for the take-off, pulls the throttles open, and we are off, climbing into the



darkness above us, leaving the bright lights of Fort Worth a thousand feet below.

We continue to climb, and now we have reached an altitude of 6,000 feet. Our motors are all humming in perfect rhythm, and with a good deal more noise than did the motors of the Condor which we have left behind. Our seats are adjusted to a reclining position, that we may rest, but still we keep our eyes earthward, noting the lights of the cities and the faithfully revolving beacons far below as we push on up and westward. The stewardess has just offered to change our seats into improvised beds with plenty of blankets and pillows to make us still more comfortable. Some of the passengers, feeling weary, have accepted the offer and are going to sleep. We feel, however, that we must see all there is to be seen. Among the things we have discovered is something that one does not notice on a daylight flying trip—the fact that the exhaust conveyors belch out a constant flame of fire as a result of the rapidly rotating explosions in the many cylinders in each of our three motors.

Every forty minutes our copilot talks through the dark air to the nearest landing field. The transformers are just over our heads, and we can easily discern when a conversation is being carried on with the airport either just in front of us or just behind us.

Now the lights of Abilene are in sight, signals flash, and we drop down to a smooth landing. As usual, those of the passengers who desire refreshment are served hot coffee and sandwiches. Our stop here is very brief, but we have time to step out of the plane to stretch a bit and breathe the fresh night air for a moment before the take-off for El Paso.

*(To be concluded)*



## College "Maid" Brooms

*(Continued from page 8)*

high in scholastic attainment. The factory worker learns the value of time; he learns to appreciate the value of money. Labor in his mind becomes dignified and glorified with the resultant joy in and appreciation of its advantages.

And still the work goes on. Brawny arms roll the bales to the bleach; the corn swishes over the sorting table, vibrates on the "hurl-buster," and under the skilled fingers of the winder finds its formation into the broom, is stitched into shape under the careful guidance of the stitcher, is trimmed, bunched, and labeled by the perspiring buncher, and distributed by faithful salesmen. *But a greater work has been accomplished in the lives of the young men who thus serve.*

As the year draws to its close, and commencement time scatters the

workers to the four winds, many of these boys pass from door to door with the printed page, assist in evangelistic efforts by acting as song leaders, publicity agents, or Bible workers, or preach the gospel of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour from the platform.

The educational products of this pioneer of school industries have been distributed in practical missionary endeavor throughout continent and island fields that belt the globe. These men are better workers, more efficient in the cause of God and in private life, because of lessons learned in a balanced program of education.

There is much religion in even a broom at Southwestern Junior College, "Where Students Learn to Live."



## Five Girls Seek a Thrill

*(Continued from page 4)*

rupted Mildred, "I well remember.

"And so I put it up to my mother. At first she refused me. But I told her if I could not entertain my friends in my own home and in the manner to which they were accustomed, I'd go where I could. Then I dragged out the old suitcase and began packing my clothes, and she gave in. But she wasn't to blame! I scared her into it.

"My conscience hurt me just at first, but when I accidentally-on-purpose heard her talking to a friend about it, and she said, 'I feel it is much better for the children to have their parties right here in our own home, where I can keep an eye on them,' I threw restrictions to the wind, and the things we youngsters did under her eye would fill a book."

"Doesn't it make you feel small, when you stop to think of the many times we've deceived our parents, the parents who trusted us?" asked Dorothy.

"Yes, it does," agreed Ellen. "And I for one want to know how we are going to settle this affair."

"Settle it?" questioned Katherine. "Why it is settled. Everything is hushed up. There isn't a chance in a thousand that it will get back to college; neither will your folks hear the sad story."

"But as it happens, my mother already knows about it," remarked Ellen.

"She does?" exclaimed the girls. "Who told her?"

"I did," came the answer.

In amazement four pairs of eyes were focused upon Ellen. Then Katherine remarked, "Well, I must say, of all the dumb things you ever did, this is the dumbest. What on earth possessed you?"

"I did it for the good of my soul," explained Ellen. "And if I had been home, I would have crawled into

mother's arms and hid my face on her shoulder while I told her."

"Well, baby," said Katherine, with a suspicion of a sneer in her voice, "what did mamma say? I'm sure she didn't pat you on the shoulder and tell you you are 'a good little girl.'"

"Figuratively speaking, she did just that. Wait a minute, her letter is here in my sweater pocket. I'll read you part of it. She says: 'While words cannot express my grief over your last escapade, (is that the correct word to use? and should a girl of your age be indulging in escapades?) I cannot express the joy it gave me to know that you trusted mother enough to tell her about it, and the truth about it. At times of late it has seemed as if I had lost my girl. Perhaps this humiliating experience will give her back to me. I feel sure it will never be repeated. You see mother read between the lines of your letter.

"But, Ellen, there is another view of the matter which I hope you will consider seriously. It is this: if time should last and the day comes when *your daughter* finds out that her mother was arrested and given a jail sentence, even though it was suspended, what is she going to say about it? And what are you going to tell her? Have you thought of that, my dear?"

"YOUR WHAT?" chorused the girls.

"My daughter," replied Ellen. "And mother goes on to say that my actions here and now and every day will have a bearing upon the character of my children. And so because I know that is true, I'm going to begin right now to lay for them a solid foundation. Never again will I ever do anything that will cast the least reflection on them, God helping me."

"If my mother should talk like that to me, I'd think the heavens were about to fall," remarked Dorothy. "What about *your* mother, Mildred? Has she ever mentioned the possibility of your ever having a daughter of your very own?"

"Never," replied Mildred. "But I like the way Ellen's mother puts it up to her. It sort of makes one feel—well, I don't know just how to express it, but it is as if a girl has a great responsibility resting upon her to live a worthy life."

The silence that followed Mildred's remarks was broken by Katherine's rich contralto voice, singing softly:

"Are you building for God alone?  
Are you building in faith and love,  
A temple the Father will own,  
In the city of light above?"

Then the four girls joined her in the chorus:

"We are building, every day,  
A temple the world may not see;  
Building, building every day,  
Building for eternity!"



"Poor dad!" sighed Katherine as the song ended. "How I've hurt him. Someway I feel as if I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with him this minute. He's in the library. If you girls will excuse me—" and she was gone.

"I move," suggested Gertrude, "that we all go to our rooms and do a little heart searching."

"I second the motion," said Dorothy, springing to her feet.

So they went.

And the fireplace was deserted.



## Where East Seems to Be West

(Continued from page 8)

the southeast of the present site of the Canal and discovered the Pacific Ocean. The search for a gateway through which ships could pass to the East continued until finally, in 1520, Magellan discovered the straits which now bear his name, at the very lower tip of South America. But this was a long way around, and even in those early day the possibility of a canal across the narrow neck of land was being considered. A companion of Balboa at the time of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean saw the feasibility of the project, and later one of Cortés's lieutenants prepared plans for a canal. Though it was many years before anything definite was initiated, ever since those early days the joining of the two oceans by this means has been a matter of great international interest. Spain, France, Britain, and the United States have, at various times, all made surveys to this end.

The first actual digging, however, was done by the French in 1882. The work progressed rapidly for a while; then, for a number of reasons, France found herself unable to carry the mammoth project through to completion, and it was dropped. Finally, on June 28, 1902, the United States purchased the rights and property from the French, and made plans to continue the work. Americans landed on the Isthmus on May 4, 1904, and for more than ten years the work was pushed steadily forward, until on August 3, 1914, the first ocean steamer made passage through the completed locks. On the fifteenth day of the same month, the Canal was opened to general traffic.

Some eight hours are required for a vessel to make the journey of fifty miles from ocean to ocean, as it is slowly lifted or lowered from one lock to another. The average commercial ship pays approximately \$4,500 in tolls for transit. This sounds like quite a sum, but when the many days and large amount of money necessary to route the boat around South America are taken into account, it is seen that the price is

not exorbitant. Some 6,000 vessels pass through the Canal each year. Up to the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, 69,466 vessels had passed through. These paid tolls amounting to \$292,864,830.

Though the Panama Canal has now been in operation for almost twenty years, this marvel of mechanical engineering still stands out as one of the greatest feats of man in bringing the forces of nature into his service.



## Seven Keys to Culture

(Continued from page 10)

and as fast as we catch up with one, let us instantly establish another farther out in the great beyond, and begin our struggle toward it. Never surrender your ideals; be willing to live and to die for them. God is your helper. "Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children."

## Counsel Corner

*Is it right for a girl to play basketball if she does not play on Friday night or Sabbath?*

Basketball may be played in a way that would be proper recreation for Seventh-day Adventist youth. There is danger, however, in any purely recreational game when we play with regularly organized teams on a competitive basis. Often such playing leads to contention and strife. The Christian will always bear in mind that he must give an account of the time that he devotes to such recreational pursuits, and not permit his interests along this line to interfere in any way with his duties.

C. LESTER BOND.

## Stamps! Stamps!

### STAMP REQUESTS

Bess Disber, 1429 Eleventh St., Modesto, California, has stamps from Denmark, Austria, Russia, Netherlands, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Switzerland, France, and Sweden to exchange for air mail stamps of any country.

Marcelo G. Jomok, 12th Signal Company, Fort Wm. McKinley, Philippine Islands, needs for his collection stamps from Italy, Germany, Greece, Turkey, Arabia, Russia, Japan, and some of the South American countries. He will be glad to send in exchange for these almost any recent Philippine Island stamps, including the 1934 Far Eastern Olympic Series.

Ina Riffel, Route 1, Enid, Oklahoma, has stamps from Germany, Hungary, Austria, Canada, Netherlands, Poland, and Czechoslovakia which she will be glad to give in exchange for stamps from Central and South America, Vatican City, Newfoundland, Bulgaria, the Philippine Islands, and the Belgian Congo.

## Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

## XI—The Danger of Controversy; The Work of a Servant of God

(June 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Timothy 2:15-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

### Questions

1. What instruction is given concerning the study of the word of God? What kind of workmen does God desire? 2 Tim. 2:15. Note 1.

2. What should all shun? Unto what will such things increase? Verse 16.

3. How is the effect of these evil things described? Verse 17. Note 2.

4. What error were certain ones teaching at Ephesus? What was the effect of this upon some? Verse 18.

5. Amid false teaching how does the foundation of God still stand? Whom does the Lord know? What should every one of His people do? Verse 19.

6. Upon what is the "foundation" built? Who is the chief corner stone? Eph. 2:20.

7. Continuing the illustration of God's church as a building, what is said of the vessels in the house? 2 Tim. 2:20. Note 3.

8. What experience must each one have in order to become a vessel of honor prepared for service? Verse 21. Note 4.

9. What instruction is applicable to all youth? What four virtues should be constantly sought? Verse 22.

10. What questions should be avoided? Verse 23.

11. What spirit should all workers maintain? Verse 24. Note 5.

12. How should those who oppose the truth be dealt with? What is the end to be supremely desired? From whose power should they be delivered? Verses 25, 26.

### Notes

1. "In order that the work may go forward in all its branches, God calls for youthful vigor, zeal, and courage. He has chosen the youth to aid in the advancement of His cause. To plan with clear mind and execute with courageous hand demands fresh, uncrippled energies. Young men and women are invited to give God the strength of their youth, that through the exercise of their powers, through keen thought and vigorous action, they may bring glory to Him and salvation to their fellow men. . . .

"The burden bearers among us are falling in death. Many of those who have been foremost in carrying out the reforms instituted by us as a people, are now past the meridian of life, and are declining in physical and mental strength. With the deepest concern the question may be asked, Who will fill their places? To whom are to be committed the vital interests of the church when the present standard bearers fall? We cannot but look anxiously upon the youth of today as those who must take these burdens, and upon whom responsibilities must fall. These must take up the work where others leave it, and



their course will determine whether morality, religion, and vital godliness shall prevail, or whether immorality and infidelity shall corrupt and blight all that is valuable."—*Gospel Workers*, pp. 67, 68.

2. "Will eat as doth a canker." The marginal reading is "gangrene." "Will eat," that is, "it will not merely destroy the parts immediately affected, but will extend into the surrounding healthy parts and destroy them also. Thus it is with erroneous doctrines. They will not merely eat out the truth in the particular matter to which they refer, but they will also spread over and corrupt other truths. The doctrines of religion are closely connected, and are dependent on each other—like the different parts of the human body. One cannot be corrupted without affecting those adjacent to it, and, unless checked, the corruption will soon spread over the whole."—*Barnes*.

3. A variety of vessels and a difference in material indicate that in the church there is a great variety of gifts and we need not expect that all will be alike any more than we would expect all household vessels to be alike.

4. "Those to be honored and which are most often in the Master's hands are not necessarily the gold vessels, but the clean ones, of whatever material. Cleanliness counts more with God than cleverness. Do not be anxious about your service; be ready for the Master to use you."—*F. B. Meyer*.

5. "The meaning is that the servant of Christ should be a man of peace. He should not indulge in the feelings which commonly give rise to contention, and which usually characterize it. He should not struggle for mere victory, even when endeavoring to maintain the truth; but he should defend the truth, in all cases, with a kind spirit and a mild temper; with entire candor; with nothing designed to provoke and irritate an adversary; and so that, whatever may be the result of the discussion, 'the bond of peace' may, if possible, be preserved."—*Barnes*.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

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

## JUNIOR

### XI—The Story of Absalom; Death of David

(June 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Samuel 15; 18; 1 Chronicles 29:26-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ex. 20:12.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 727-745, old edition; pp. 763-779, new edition.

#### Questions

1. Describe the appearance of Absalom, one of David's sons. 2 Sam. 14:25, 26. Note 1.

2. What display of royalty did Absalom make to attract attention to himself? 2 Sam. 15:1.

3. Where did he go to meet the people? How did he flatter those who thought they had been wronged? What did he do that still further turned the hearts of the people toward him? Verses 2-6. Note 2.

4. How did Absalom plan to rally the people to himself at Hebron? What successful start did the rebellion against David seem to have? Verses 10, 12.

5. What message came to David? What did he say to his servants? What did they hurriedly do? Verses 13-16. Note 3.

6. What did Zadok the priest and the Levites bring from Jerusalem to David? What did he say they should do with the ark? By what words did David show his faith in the Lord? Verses 24-29.

7. By what did David and those who were with him show their grief as they went from Jerusalem? Verse 20. Note 4.

8. What preparations for battle did David make? What did he plan to do himself? To what words of the people did he finally yield? 2 Sam. 18:1-4.

9. What special charge did David give to the three commanders of his army? Verse 5. Note 5.

10. Describe the battle. Verses 6-8. Note 6.

11. What experience came to Absalom? To whom was this reported? What did Joab say? How did the soldier reply? Verses 9-13.

12. What did Joab then do? How did he restrain the people from further pursuit of Absalom's men? What manner of burial was given Absalom? Verses 14-17.

13. What request did Ahimaaz make? How did Joab reply? What was Cushitold to do? How did Ahimaaz urge his request? What permission was finally given? How did he manage to overtake Cushit? Verses 19-23.

14. Where was David waiting for tidings of the battle? What did the watchman report? What did the king conclude? Verses 24, 25.

15. What did the watchman again report? What did he say of the approaching man? What did the king reply? Verses 26, 27.

16. When Ahimaaz drew near, what did he call out? What report of the battle did he make? What question did the king ask? What was the reply? Verses 28-30.

17. How did Cushit give his message? What question did the king repeat? What well-worded reply did Cushit make? What effect did the tidings of the death of Absalom have upon the king? In what words did he express his great grief? Verses 31-33.

18. Into what was the day of victory turned? How did Joab reprove the king? 2 Sam. 19:1-8. Note 7.

19. How long did David reign as king? What is said of his death? Who reigned in his stead? 1 Chron. 29:26-28.

#### Lessons for the Youth of Today

The success of the wicked is short. Sin is attractive at first, but bitter in the end.

True success comes through obedience to parents.

"No failure is so terrible as the failure of a life; no ruin like the ruin of a soul."

They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

#### Notes

1. Absalom was born soon after David became king of all Israel. He was handsome, ambitious, strong of will, and altogether worldly.

2. Absalom flattered each man who came to him, favored his scheme whether right or wrong, and slyly accused his father of neglect. His pretended humility and apparent personal interest in each person, caused the people to trust him.

3. "Absalom was mustering his forces at Hebron, only twenty miles away. The rebels would soon be at the gates of Jerusalem. From his palace, David

looked out upon his capital—'beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, . . . the city of the great King.' He shuddered at the thought of exposing it to carnage and devastation. Should he call to his help the subjects still loyal to his throne, and make a stand to hold his capital? Should he permit Jerusalem to be deluged with blood? His decision was taken. The horrors of war should not fall upon the chosen city. He would leave Jerusalem, and then test the fidelity of his people, giving them an opportunity to rally to his support."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 731.*

4. "In humility and sorrow, David passed out of the gate of Jerusalem,—driven from his throne, from his palace, from the ark of God, by the insurrection of his cherished son. The people followed in long, sad procession, like a funeral train."—*Ibid.*

It is generally understood that David composed the third psalm in commemoration of the experiences of the day he left Jerusalem. "It is easy to say in ordinary times, 'I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me' (Ps. 3:5), but the circumstances of David at this time give a new meaning and power to the words, like sunlight shining through a stained-glass window."—*Peloubet*.

5. "As Joab, leading the first column, passed his king, the conqueror of a hundred battlefields stooped his proud head to hear the monarch's last message, as with trembling voice he said, 'Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom.' And Abishai and Ittai received the same charge,— 'Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom.' But the king's solicitude, seeming to declare that Absalom was dearer to him than his kingdom, dearer even than the subjects faithful to his throne, only increased the indignation of the soldiers against the unnatural son."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 743.*

6. "The place of battle was a wood near the Jordan, in which the great numbers of Absalom's army were only a disadvantage to him. Among the thickets and marshes of the forest, these undisciplined troops became confused and unmanageable."—*Ibid.*

7. "Joab was filled with indignation. God had given them reason for triumph and gladness; the greatest rebellion that had ever been known in Israel had been crushed; and yet this great victory was turned to mourning for him whose crime had cost the blood of thousands of brave men. . . . Harsh and even cruel as was the reproof to the heartstricken king, David did not resent it. Seeing that his general was right, he went down to the gate, and with words of courage and commendation greeted his brave soldiers as they marched past him."—*Id.*, p. 745.



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# The Listening Post

YOUNG Germany is not singing jazz. Hitler has "strenuously discountenanced" it.

It is said that 50,000 deaths occur each year in the United States from asphyxia, and of these, 35 per cent are caused by carbon monoxide poisoning.

SMALL field or opera glasses which can be attached to regular spectacles are now in use in England. These glasses are very highly magnifying, and can be easily adjusted to fit the eyes and readily focused as to distance.

IN the city of Washington, D. C., there are sixteen embassies and thirty-seven legations, the embassies being maintained by nations important in the foreign affairs of the United States, and the legations by lesser countries.

A CERTAIN tiny lizard indigenous to the Arabian Desert, is certainly well equipped for the life it must live. It is the exact color of the sand, and when stretched out in the sun, is almost impossible of detection. On either side of its mouth is a fold of skin of pale crimson hue. These the lizard puffs out until they look almost exactly like a small red flower common in the desert. Insects in search of honey light on this flowerlike object, only to find themselves within the lizard's mouth, to be instantly destroyed.

TWENTY tons of molten glass, to form the world's largest telescope "eye," were recently poured into a form at the Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York, before a distinguished audience of scientists and laymen visitors which taxed the hospitality of this famous little city of glassmakers. Ten hours were required to transfer the liquid glass from the furnace, where it had been heating for thirty-nine days. If, as scientists anticipate, the 200-inch mirror comes from the annealing tank flawless, it will enable man to gaze into hitherto unfathomed depths of the sky, and increase astronomical vision fourfold.

ENGINEERS agreed that something had to be done about the Smithfield Street Bridge, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It was fifty years old, and had not been made to stand the strain of modern traffic. Would it be necessary to construct a new bridge at the cost of approximately \$1,250,000? Then some one thought of aluminum, and as a matter of experiment, the heavy flooring was taken up and aluminum was put in its place, thus lightening the weight of the structure by approximately 700 tons. This was covered with asphalt, and traffic resumed. The results have been very satisfactory, and engineers, after a careful check-up, now estimate that the bridge will stand for another twenty-five years. The repair job cost less than \$300,000.

GRASS was literally growing in world-famous Wall Street, when in 1784 the Bank of New York and Trust Company was founded. Recently this venerable institution celebrated its sesquicentennial. Each employee received a half month's salary as a bonus. This first bank of New York City has resources today of \$151,000,000. It is not "big" as Manhattan banks go, but it commands an enormous respect for its conservative sagacity, a policy to which it has strictly adhered during its long life. It is dominated by no family or group except a self-perpetuating board of twenty-six trustees. Its sole branch is a colonial mansion uptown in the exclusive residential section. There the tellers receive their customers of high social standing behind desks instead of wickets.

FORT PULASKI, in Georgia, is one of the national monuments which are being restored by PWA funds. This old stronghold was named for Brig. Gen. Count Casimir Pulaski, Polish nobleman and military genius who fought and fell in defense of Savannah during the American Revolution. For many years it was considered absolutely impregnable to any type of cannon ball, but Civil War ammunition proved too strong for even its thick walls, and since then it has been allowed to fall into disrepair.

DR. WILSON A. ALLEN, of Rochester, Minnesota, recently enjoyed his 100th birthday, and ministered thereon as usual to the health of his patients. Seventy years ago he was rejected for active service in the Civil War on the ground of poor health. He has lived a comparatively quiet life, practicing habits which would prolong his years of usefulness. He still practices calisthenics, but spends most of his time in bed, and there imparts counsel to his patients.

THE tourist trade, which for years has been one of France's most thriving industries, has suffered tremendously from the political commotion which has darkened the country's horizon. The Hotel Plaza-Athenee, one of the gayest and most popular tourist hotels in Paris, has been forced to close its doors because of lack of business.

HYDROGEN enters into more chemical combinations than any other element, with the exception of carbon. More than 300,000 known organic compounds, scientists tell us, contain some form of this element.

AMERICAN citizens who have permanent residence in foreign countries now number 420,400, says the United States Department of State.

ABOUT 400 periodicals are now being published by or for Negroes, states the Negro Yearbook.

THERE are, within the boundaries of the United States, more than 6,000,000 farm homes.

WITH President Roosevelt's approval of the design, the Philadelphia mint has struck off a goodly supply of the official Presidential Medal. Five hundred of these will go free to government officials; the others will be sold to the public at \$1 each.

"INEXCUSABLE negligence" is the term the Italian government uses to describe certain citizens who have neglected to collect the money that the government owes them. These persons are holders of treasury bonds on which premiums have been awarded. In spite of repeated and wide advertisement, thousands of people have failed to claim their prizes. Three are entitled to \$84,000 each, and forty-five others have to their credit sums ranging from \$420 to \$8,335.

MAKING an intensive study of bees, their life and habits, a German scientist claims that he has found the method by which these tiny winged insects spread the news of new feeding grounds among their fellows. It is by means of a peculiar dance, in which they indulge at no other time. He marked several bees with colors in making this experiment, and after removing them from the hive, fed them with sugar, then allowed them to fly where they would. He followed. They immediately returned to the hive, did their dance, and then spread their wings and flew back to the sugar, followed by a swarm.

WHEN a young Virginia lieutenant colonel many years ago commanded his first skirmish in the forests of southwestern Pennsylvania, he little thought that some day the spot would be nationwide famous because he fought there. But so it is. For the young colonel was none other than George Washington, and four and a half acres of the ground on which he fought at the opening of the French and Indian War have been procured by a Pennsylvania patriotic organization for preservation as a national monument. The young French ensign who led the counterattack, Coulon de Jumonville, was killed in the engagement, and is buried on the battleground.

RECENT announcement was made of the plans for an air service between Shanghai, China, and Lhasa, Tibet's "forbidden city." But the real triumph of modernism in this last citadel of the Dalai Lama comes with the still more recent announcement that the General Electric Company has in its hands a contract for installing electric lights in Lhasa. The contract is written on a great scroll of rice paper dated "the twenty-first day of the fourth month of the Water Bird Year," but in a few months the revered Dalai Lama will be puzzling over the mysterious figures on his electric light bill, in common with the most modern citizen of the most modern country in the world.