

The Youth's **Instructor**

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JOHN KABEL, PHOTO

A Gnarled Old Giant of the Mariposa Grove, in Yosemite National Park, California

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR



"What are you doing for Jesus,

As you journey through life?"

by
Vera Johnson

JANUARY'S cold gray fog hung like a dull curtain over the hospital windows. The man occupying cot No. 10 in Ward B Annex, looked out of the window at the mist. Through its murky depths, he could see a shadowy shape which he knew to be another building of the Western State Tuberculosis Hospital. In that building, whose blurred outline he could just distinguish in the fog, O. R. Jones knew there were other men, who, like himself and his companions of Ward B Annex, were suffering from the dread white plague.

As he thought of these other men, he wondered if among them all there was another who so earnestly desired robust health as did he. Why must he lie here day after day, gradually sinking under the ravages of disease, when he so longed to be up and working for the Master?

Four months before, when he had been carried to this room, he was bitter of heart, and in self-pity his prayer had been the agonized cry:

"God, why hast Thou allowed this thing to come upon me?"

In the days that followed, gradually his heart had softened, and slowly his prayer had changed to the plea:

"Heal me, O Lord, that I may work for Thee!"

For days now this had been the cry of his heart. If only God would raise him up, he would go faithfully from door to door carrying the printed page, telling the glad story of Jesus' soon return to this earth to destroy sin and sinners, and make all things new.

But this afternoon the truth had slowly dawned upon him that this prayer was not to be granted, and now with resignation he cried within his soul:

"Lord, make me willing for Thee to have Thy way. Give me a work here and now to do for Thee."

As if in answer to his silent request, the door swung open and another man was carried into Ward B Annex—"Death Ward" as the occupants cynically called it. The new man was placed upon the only empty bed in the room, the one next to O. R. Jones. Nineteen bodies on as

many cots stirred and shifted. Nineteen pairs of eyes watched another "lunger" being deposited in their midst. Poor fellow, they thought, what new interest would he bring into their little world before he or they passed into "the valley of the shadow"? O. R. Jones observed that this man was young, probably not yet thirty, and handsome, with a refined, intelligent face.

When the attendant had made the newcomer comfortable, and again left the ward, he turned, faced him, smiled in his usual friendly way, and said,

"Good afternoon, neighbor. O. R. Jones is my name."

"Mine is Fred Hamilton," replied the other man, and a faint smile flashed for a moment across his face.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

does not appear this week because of the editor's absence from the office on a short field trip.

That was all that he told of himself, and all that Jones or any of the other members of Ward B were to learn of this stranger.

Fred Hamilton added little to the interest or to the life of the ward. He said little and his requests were few. He received neither mail nor visitors. A few times, when he had felt strong enough to attempt it, O. R. Jones had endeavored to converse with his reticent neighbor, but his monosyllabic replies had discouraged even that able conversationalist. Now as the routine of each day began, he simply smiled and nodded to the younger man.

"This *Signs of the Times* is the best one I've ever read," thought Jones as he finished the last page. Laying the paper down, he observed Fred Hamilton's brown eyes intently watching him. Instantly with his irresistible smile, he handed the paper across to him, with the question:

"Care for something to read?"

His neighbor took the paper, did a little listless reading here and there, and handed it back, saying only the one word, "Thanks." On several occasions after that, a *Signs* or a *Present Truth* went across the space between the two cots. Each time, after a little reading, Hamilton would hand back the paper with no comment save a brief word of thanks.

"He is a queer chap," thought O. R. Jones. "Seems so occupied with his own thoughts." He fell to wondering who the man might be, who his people were, and how he happened to be in this place. His appearance told that he was cultured, educated, accustomed to refinement and perhaps wealth. What turn of circumstances had thrust him, penniless, into the charity ward of a State institution?

As the fogs of January gave way to the rains of February and March, these questions still remained unanswered. The rainy days were difficult for the men of Ward B. One by one the cots emptied, only to be filled again by men from other wards. Jones felt himself growing weaker and weaker, the pain in his lungs was becoming more insistent, the attacks of coughing were more frequent. He began to wonder if he too would soon be carried out. He hoped not, for as yet he had done so little for his Master. He had tried to do what he could to let his light shine, but he felt that it had been a very feeble ray. He prayed that he might do something definite before the end should come.

"Jones."

He turned with surprise as Fred Hamilton repeated his name, and as he looked, he realized that this young man's life was nearly gone. He seemed to realize it too, for there was a look of desperation in his eyes as he asked in a whisper:

"Jones, is there (Turn to page 12)



S. H. VEDDER, ARTIST

SUCH AS I HAVE

by Eldene Childs

TEN-YEAR-OLD Martha Jane sat quietly beside her mother in the high-backed pew. This Sabbath day it seemed to her that the prayers and the sermon were particularly long and tiresome. Moment after moment dragged slowly by; still the sermon went on and on. Its eloquence and force were entirely lost upon Martha Jane. In fact, she heard little of what was being said until suddenly the familiar words recorded in Acts 3:6 arrested her attention. The minister was reading: "Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk."

Quickly her active young mind caught the picture. There at the Gate Beautiful sat the poor cripple. In his careworn face was revealed keen disappointment. Lame from his

youth, he had led a life of pain and infirmity. Long had he desired to see Jesus, the Great Physician, and at his earnest request, friends had brought him to the gate of the temple. But upon arriving there he learned that Jesus had been put to death.

Perplexed and discouraged, he remained at the gate, asking alms of the passers-by. Here the disciples, Peter and John, found him as they went into the temple to pray. Peter, taking pity on him, said, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Again and again the little girl repeated it to herself; again and again she pondered it in her heart.

Many times in the days that followed, a tired mother's burdens were lightened as, without waiting to be told, Martha Jane would wipe the dishes, sweep the floor, and dust the

"Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."



chairs, cheerfully performing the little home duties of which she was capable—always saying softly half to herself, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Often a teacher's heart was gladdened as Martha Jane would extend a bouquet of flowers with the simple explanation, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." Often the neighbors were cheered by sweet, loving smiles, and by kindly deeds, always accompanied by the words, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

This little girl had discovered the secret of giving herself to bless others. Friends, have you found the secret? Are you showing the little kindnesses, the little courtesies, that may mean so much to fellow travelers on life's highway? Are you sharing with others the joy God has given you? The lame man asked for alms. The disciples had not a farthing with which to satisfy his temporal wants, but they gave him that infinitely greater boon for which he had not dared to ask. By the Holy Spirit they had been endowed with power to heal through faith in their Master's name. When Peter saw this man and his great need, he did not hesitate to use the power intrusted to him—"Such as I have give I thee."

Only a few of us are able to give money, but *all* have the privilege of giving of ourselves to bless others. Many are the sad and discouraged hearts that await the glad smile and the cheering word we can bestow as we journey along life's way. Many are the burdens we can lift from the tired shoulders of our struggling comrades, if we are only thoughtful and sympathetic. Only a kindly deed, only an appreciative word, only a cheery smile,—these may seem little things, but think how they can affect another's life. For some one else they can make living worth while.

After all, it is *we ourselves* that others need, not our earthly possessions. Some around us may be rich in this world's goods, yet starving for a sunny smile or the friendship of an understanding heart.

"But," you ask, "*how* can I give myself?"

There is the gift of friendship. Friendship is a sacred privilege and a great responsibility. "A friend is not something to be owned and used, but it is one through whom the Eternal speaks; one whose example is potent in our lives; one in whom the divine image and likeness of God is made manifest. Emerson has said that a friend is one in whose presence we can think aloud. A friend who understands makes no merely per-

sonal demands, because he knows that he has from his friend, trust, confidence, love."

Then be a true friend to a fellow comrade. Help him bear his burdens. Stand by him in his time of joy and in his hour of trial. Give him the sympathetic understanding that will enable him to keep his courage. Be to him one on whom he can absolutely depend. This is a divine ministry. It is giving yourself to bless others.

The gift of cheerfulness is priceless. It is a Christian duty to be cheerful. The admonition of the apostle Paul is to "rejoice evermore." What if you do have trials and perplexities? What if things do at times go wrong? Others have their trials too. Complaining does not make your own troubles easier; it only serves to remind the other fellow of his. Remember, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and though a smile costs little, its value is great. A cheerful spirit is more catching than the measles, and spreads its influence in ever-widening circles. Have you not heard the old saying, "God bless the cheerful, for they bless everybody else"?

Then there is the gift of thoughtfulness. Thoughtfulness means thinking of others—tact, if you please. It avoids saying or doing anything that would direct attention to another's weaknesses or deformities. It respects his sorrow, and refrains from rudely touching his wounded spirit. It ever watches for opportunities to give pleasure and happiness. It sees another's need, and supplies it without waiting to be asked. It gladdens a friend's heart with little tokens of love and appreciation while he is living, instead of piling floral offerings on his coffin when he is dead. It does the right thing at the right time.

The story is told of a humble village carpenter whose life seemed full to the brim and running over with love and thoughtfulness. "There is a man," said his neighbor, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth two thousand dollars, and it's very little he can pledge on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any little service he can render. He is always on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and share his burdens. I have sometimes thought that he and his wife keep house plants in winter just to be able to send flowers to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets; and you'll see the little folks climbing into his one-horse wagon, when he has no other load.

He really seems to have a genius for helping people in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the street." This man had learned the secret of living to bless others.

But better than all else, you, a Christian, have the gospel. What greater gift could you make to those with whom you come in contact? What greater service could you render to a lost soul than to point out to him the way of salvation? "But," I hear you say, "I cannot go to a heathen land as a missionary." True, but all the souls groping for the gospel light are not in India or Africa or the islands of the sea. There are many unsaved close at hand, perhaps living in your very neighborhood. The great commission is given to *you* as it is given to every one of Christ's followers.

Live the gospel! Sing the gospel! Sing, did I say? Yes, indeed. "Those to whom God has given the talent of music, and a voice which can sweetly and expressively render the hymns of Zion, have indeed a great gift. There is no more effective agency by which to move hearts than the words of some simple melody, sung from a heart in which the love of God reigns."

The story is told of thirty men, who, red-eyed and disheveled, were lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. "It was the regular morning company of 'drunks and disorderlies.' Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong clear voice from below stairs began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Trials

R. HARE

Do not fear when trial
Meets you by the way;
'Tis the valley in the mountain
Where the sunbeams play.
There's a Hand that kindly
Marks each day's decline,
And a Heart that ever whispers
Thoughts divine.

Do not fear the burden,
Framed in song or sigh;
It is measured for the glory
In the by and by.
Never once too heavy,
Love has pledged to thee,
Will the burden, measured now,
Prove to be.

Do not fear the waiting;
Love can linger yet,
While the visioned glory passes,
Without fear or fret.
Promises eternal
Span your path today;
Fearless walk the valley, while
His sunbeams play.

"Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that there came a sudden shock at the thought it suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there—"

"The judge paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell. During his imprisonment he had surrendered his heart to God, and was happy in this new experience.

"Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; a boy, after desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, 'O mother, mother!' "The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush.

"At length one prisoner protested. 'Judge,' he said, 'have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—' He, too, began to sob. It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after an effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna forevermore!"

"In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence. The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. Not one but had been touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly, but gave a kind word of advice, and dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could possibly have accomplished."

And what will be the result of all this giving of yourself? It will not only bless others, but do much toward perfecting your own character for the kingdom of grace.

Are you well and strong? Then help a feeble brother. Are you comparatively free from crushing cares and burdens? Then help to lift another's weight of woe. Is the sunshine in your heart? Then scatter it abroad with smiles. Do you have the peace of God within? Then help another find it. And when at last your work on earth is finished, you will hear the Master say, "'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' Silver and gold had you none; but *such as you had you gave.*"

A DECISION

by John L.
Roberts



That Took Courage

ABE shoved the bill fold deeper into the pocket of his patched but clean corduroys.

"It's nobody's business," he whispered to himself; "besides, I guess I found it."

Abraham O'Conner's father had moved west the previous year with his family, settling on a small farm near Spokane, Washington. His investment, though entailing no more expense than payment of delinquent taxes, had absorbed all of the meager savings which had been garnered during the years he had been employed in the iron foundry in Detroit, Michigan.

The family arrived at their new home in time to do the spring plowing. They then put in a garden which was to feed them for the coming year, and they hoped bring in a little revenue to help inflate the empty family wallet. They had also hoped that Abe, aged seventeen, would be able to pick up a few odd jobs here and there during the off season on the farm.

It was on one such job-hunting itinerary that Abe came to the city in his search for employment. He had just crossed Riverside Avenue and was approaching the *Evening Leader* building to try to arrange for a paper route when he spied the bill fold lying on the sidewalk. He picked it up quickly and slipped it into his pocket, then swung a rapid glance around to see if any one had witnessed his action. Apparently not.

He buttoned the flap on his pocket and continued his way into the newspaper building. As usual, he was informed that at present there were no vacancies, but "if you will leave your name and address, you will be notified of any opening."

Jamming his hands into his pockets, he slouched out of the office. Then he remembered the bill fold and began to wonder what was in it. He had put it into his pocket so quickly that he had not even given it a glancing appraisal. Seeking a secluded corner, he now examined his newly found possession.

It was a steerhide bill fold of excellent quality. He opened it and

saw in gold-engraved letters the words, "Honesty is more valuable than gold. Trustworthiness is to be more highly considered than silver. Please return to Amos T. Woulds." Abe laughed. "Probably some country hick," he thought. "Who is Amos T. Woulds, anyway, that he should presume his name is known by every one?"

With this he explored further. He found no other identification, but he did find money. There was one ten, two twenties, and a one-hundred-dollar bill. The realization of this wealth frightened the boy. Whoever the owner was, he must be important to be able to carry so much money in his pocket. Abe started to walk rapidly as if to escape from an accusing conscience. After hours, it seemed, he arrived at the edge of town. He was tired, and it was already late in the afternoon. His thoughts turned to finding shelter for the night. He would not use any money from the purse—not yet!

Going into an auto camp, he asked if he could work for his supper and a bed.

"Sure, I need some work done. I'll give you a good supper and a bed to sleep in if you'll do it," George Hamilton, the proprietor, answered Abe's question. "That rick of wood needs splitting, and if you get through before supper, you can rake up the yard."

As they left the table, Mr. Hamilton handed the lad a book, and excused himself with, "I'm sorry I can't stay and visit with you, but I have to attend a meeting of my church council. Make yourself at home."

After he had gone, Abe looked at the book. It was "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell. Having nothing else to do, he decided to read until bedtime. However, he became so interested that he did not retire until he had finished the story of this great American from his Kentucky childhood to Ford's Theater.

That night in his dreams, Abe shared the experiences of this other Abraham. He was with him when he split rails, when he read by the firelight, when he walked the three miles out into the country to give the poor widow the six and one-half cents which he had short-changed her by mistake during the day. At this point he awakened with a start. His mind centered on the long walk Lincoln had taken merely to pay the widow a few pennies. Here he was, with \$150 which did not belong to him, and he had not even made an effort to find the owner! "But I don't know who this man is," he argued with himself. "Anyway, he probably doesn't need the money, and I do. Maybe God meant me to find it." Then came the disturbing thought that perhaps the man was for some reason carrying all the money he had.

Abe's memory went back to the time when his father was out of work, and had spent almost his last cent for a sack of potatoes. Walking along the street, after an unsuccessful job hunt, he found two ten-dollar gold certificates lying on the sidewalk. He brought them home and put them carefully away. The next day he placed notices in all the newspapers, advertising the fact that he had found money. There were many answers, but none presented satisfactory proof of ownership. So after several weeks of waiting and inquiring, he used the money. The boy tried to reconcile his actions with those of his father. But the thought persisted that he had not tried to find the owner of the bill fold in his pocket! And he even knew the loser's name, so there was a good chance he could return it! But would he?

Abe tried to go to sleep again, but in vain. He rolled from one side of his bed to the other, and then back again. He twisted and he squirmed. What should he do? He *wanted* that money. He *needed* the money—but it wasn't his! He began to think of Lincoln again—wondering what he would do under such circumstances, and fell into uneasy, dream-laden slumber. He had gone down

town and spent the money for some new clothes and a second-hand car. But wherever he went, the money followed him, and when he stopped to rest, immediately each bill took in hand a drill and began to bore out his vitals. He awoke, chilled, and wet with sweat.

Again he slept. This time he saw Lincoln, the great man, whom people called "honest," walking toward him. As he came near, Abe could feel the force of his eyes as they rested accusingly upon him. Lincoln said nothing, but the boy thought of the long walk again. After this, sleep left him entirely. And despite all his efforts to the contrary, his mind reverted again and again to the great effort this man had put forth to return only six and a half cents.

What should he do? "I do not know how to find Mr. Woulds," he told himself. "Anyway, it's his own fault he lost his money. He shouldn't have been so careless."

But again came the thought of Lincoln, his accusing look, and his long walk. Even in the dark, with his eyes closed, he could see the words engraved on the bill fold, "Honesty is more valuable than gold. Trustworthiness is to be more highly considered than silver."

At first break of dawn, Abe heard the camp proprietor stirring, so hurriedly arose, dressed, and joined him outside, welcoming a diversion from his troublesome thoughts. Mr. Hamilton, with a cheery greeting, handed him the morning paper. As he was paging through it, he came to the "classified ad." section. This he carefully perused, thinking that he might thus be able to locate a job. On the same page his eye caught the heading, "Lost and Found." He looked down the column, but there was nothing there about the bill fold.

"Now I can keep it," he assured himself. "If Mr. Woulds isn't interested enough to advertise for the money, he doesn't deserve to get it back." Again Lincoln crossed the vision of his mind's eye, walking slowly, and this time he seemed to say, "But the money isn't yours, Abe."

Thanking Mr. Hamilton for his kindness, Abe started for town. When he had walked a few blocks, his courage mounted again. He thought less of the money in his pocket and more of finding a job. He *must* find work today or go home. He could not continue bumming around indefinitely. Thus he walked and thought block after block, until he reached the center of the city and again unexpectedly found himself opposite the *Evening Leader* building. He stopped to consider.

"Why have I come here?" he asked himself. "I applied here for work yesterday and there was none." He looked across the street. There, printed in gold and black on a win-

dow was the inscription: "*Leader Want Ads.*" Abe speedily turned his eyes elsewhere and started back down the street. Then he stopped abruptly, wheeled about, retraced his steps, crossed the street, and entered the building.

Walking up to the counter, he was greeted by an efficient feminine voice, "Do you wish to place a want ad.?"

The boy gulped, and stammered out that he did; then he handed the bill fold to the girl, and informed her that he wished to advertise for the owner.

Opening it, she saw the gold-engraved words ending with, "Please return to Amos T. Woulds." She looked up at him with a smile and queried, "You don't know this town very well, do you?"

Abe, undecided whether to be angry or ashamed, blurted out, "Why?"

"Follow me and you will see," she answered him.

She came out from behind the counter and led him down the hall.

At the end, he saw a glass door with the words, "Woulds Publishing Company," and below the name, "Amos T. Woulds."

His guide tapped on the door, opened it when so bidden, and introduced Abe to the man behind the inlaid mahogany desk, saying, "Mr. Woulds, this young man has found a bill fold with your name engraved on it," and handed it to him.

Mr. Woulds took the bill fold and laid it down on the desk, unopened; then he keenly surveyed Abe from well-polished shoes to neatly combed hair.

Reaching for a pencil, he wrote a few words on a sheet of paper, and handed it to the lad standing before him with: "Will you take this to the office for me, please? Wait for a reply."

After reading the note which Abe delivered, a clerk walked over to the other side of the room, took a sheet of paper from a file, brought it back and handed it to him with the explanation, "This (Turn to page 13)



He Loves You

by
James A. Ward

THE great love of God! This is one subject that can never be exhausted, one story that never grows wearisome. Though it be repeated again and again, it never ceases to charm the youngest listener. Nor does it fail to thrill the most mature minds as they contemplate that old yet ever new theme.

God's love is written on every springing spire of grass, on every leaf of every tree. The soft zephyrs of summer whisper it in our ears, the birds carol its message in their lovely songs; it is blazoned forth in the vaulted heavens studded with myriads of shining stars, and from the pages of the Book of books it shines forth in bright beams of heavenly light, kindled by the lambent flame of unutterable love. It finds its fullest expression in the life and death of Jesus, the only begotten of God.

Divine foresight foresaw the fall of man, and divine love conceived a

matchless plan to meet the terrible emergency. That plan was for the Word to become flesh and dwell among men—to be equal with them in humanity and equal with God in divinity, thus bridging the awful chasm that sin's separation wrought between God and man.

When the fullness of time was come, the Commander of an unnumbered host of unfallen heavenly intelligences, the Creator of a limitless universe, stepped down from His exalted throne and came to live a lowly life in this death-darkened, sin-cursed earth. He came to minister to the needs of fallen men, captives of uncontrolled evil passions. And finally He was put to death by these same men, though they were the objects of His love. Mercy's unfathomable depths were stirred when Jesus died on Calvary.

All heaven pulsed with inexpressible emotion when there came echoing up through the (Turn to page 12)

SEVEN KEYS to CULTURE

CULTIVATE a love of the beautiful.

Emerson has said, "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not." Many have sacrificed large sums of money in exposing themselves to the grandeur of the Alps, only to return still barren in soul. Why? Because their hearts have never been attuned to beauty in its simpler form, and therefore they have no capacity for appreciating it in its all-inspiring grandeur.

Passing through a tenement section of an Eastern city, I spied a little red geranium growing in a tin can. It was placed on a window sill, where it struggled bravely for the faint sunlight. It told me that a heart hungry for beauty lived there, a heart that had little of beauty on which to feed, but cherished all the more the precious little that came to it. If you would love beauty, you must begin in your own heart. You need not travel a mile to find it. If the poor of the tenement sections can cherish a sprig of it growing in a tin can, surely you who are more favorably situated can find it on every hand, no matter where you are or what you may be doing.

When I was a very little child my mother placed me in a grove one afternoon and, marking off a space a yard square, told me that I should see what I could find in it until she returned. In that small space I found a perfect acorn, a violet with three tiny buds, leaves in abundance no two of which were identical in outline, a forked twig with very smooth bark, a tiny little pebble that glittered in the sun; I found an ant hill, and soon discovered a regiment of faithful soldiers marching into it with supplies. What a lesson! I never forgot it.

I cannot look about me today without seeing beauty in abundance. I see it in the blue sky above, in the green grass beneath, in the blossoms that emit their sweet perfume, in the butterflies that flit about them; I see it in the upturned face of a little child; I see it when a mother kneels to pray. I see it in old ladies, who remind me of lavender and lace and violets,—little old ladies with a store of sweet memories who delight to recall their girlhood; little old ladies

Rochelle
Philmon
Kilgore

Key Number Five

with silver hair, dim eyes, but a clear faith, who know life and God. I see it in fathers who walk with a manly stride, on whose shoulders rest heavy burdens. I see it in stooped old men who putter about their chores, or sit in the sun, or occasionally stoop to lift the bent stem of a rose,—old men who have carried well their burdens in life and shall so soon be relieved of them.

Sara Teasdale, that singer of sweet songs whom the world so recently lost, said:

"Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be."

Some people recognize beauty and appreciate it, while others not only find it everywhere, but leave a trail of joy like a mist of beauty behind them wherever they go. Whether they realize it or not, they are cultured. Their spirits are attuned to

those of the poet, the musician, the painter, the sculptor.

Among the English poets John Keats, known as the apostle of the beautiful, holds a unique position. He has been likened to a pond lily which, with its roots springing from the muddy depths beneath, rises above the scum of the pond and unfolds its pure waxy petals, emitting a fragrance on the evening air. Keats was reared in an unpoetical environment. During his brief lifetime there came to him a threefold sorrow occasioned by the death of his brother, his own suffering from tuberculosis, and the fact that this prevented his asking Fanny Brawn, the beautiful woman of his choice, to marry him. He died before he was thirty, and yet in those brief years he made a contribution of lasting beauty to English literature. It was he who wrote the well-known words,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

If you would develop a love of beauty, and particularly if you ever aspire to write of it, read Keats. You will find in him just as much of beauty as your heart is capable of finding. Have you been educated to see beauty? The pity of our modern system of education is that too many of the teachers have never felt in their own hearts that hungering love of beauty that would make them devotees of the fine arts. Consequently, many hungry boys and girls who look to them for the bread of beauty receive only a stone.

Make beauty a ruling force in your life. You are never too poor to possess it in abundance if your heart cries out for it. You may look to others, hoping that they will teach you to love it, and be disappointed; the measure of your own soul is the only limit to your enjoyment of beauty. Who can prevent your looking at the stars? Who can prevent your saying with the psalmist, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills"? Before you is spread out a vast panorama of beauty. It may be yours, but "it cannot be gotten for gold" and its price is above that of rubies. "Without money and without price" you may freely partake of beauty if you are worthy to receive it.

"Man shall not live by bread alone."



Personality may be defined as the right kind of a character in the right kind of a wrapper.

Put into all that you do as much of beauty as you can. Your work will cease to be commonplace, for you will have idealized it; and I doubt if any one has ever fully realized an ideal except through this process of idealizing the real. Thus you and I and all of us may become artists if we cultivate a love of beauty in our hearts and practice it in our work. This beautiful form of high endeavor is not limited to any class. You may be a cripple, pinched, poor, half starved, but if your heart sings, if you love beauty and practice it, you are blessed with the angels. Those who know you, will recognize in you a fineness, a culture, that fascinates.

A little old lady with whom I boarded while teaching a rural school in Florida, used to say to me when I came home in the evening with a batch of papers to be corrected, and paused to compliment her wide board floors scrubbed by hand until they were as clean as the table from which we ate, "Yes, child, that's your portion and this is mine." And I prayed God to make me as much of an artist in my work as she was in hers.

Let a love of beauty possess your heart. Whether it be music, paint-

ing, architecture, or poetry, choose at least one form of enduring beauty and imbibe as much of it as possible. Cherish each red-letter day of your life when beauty is registered in your heart. These are the bright spots you will look back upon with the advance of the years. Having been incorporated into your heart, they will become a part of your very being and you will never lose them. Store up all the beauty you can. There will be lonely hours enough when you will need it later on. Happy is the man or woman who in the years of advanced age can still feast his soul on beauty securely stored away in the garner of his memory.

Wordsworth, gazing upon a meadow of daffodils beside a lake, was inspired to pen these beautiful lines:

"Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. . .
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

And in conclusion he said:

"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had
brought:

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

The poet recognizes the beauty about him and applies it to life. Notice these lines from Thomas Gray:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

But you, too, may learn to gather honey from the rocks of life if you develop in your soul a true sense of beauty.

There is beauty in sorrow. As you grow older you will learn the meaning of sorrow. Like a gentle rain it settles the dust of our lives; it clears the atmosphere; and those who rise above it are privileged to wear a benign smile and to move with a dignity born of trials and sorrow. The patriarch Job said, "He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He had learned "how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." (Turn to page 13)

BE strong! And the command gives strength,
For He who speaks to thee this day
Controls the universe, whose length,
And breadth, and height, and depth
still stay
Dependent on His word, who, when
He spake existence to the world,
Dominion gave to sons of men,
And over all His love unfurled.

Be strong! And of good courage be.
The world needs men, earnest and true
To duty's call—young men who see
The need of paying God His due,
And, heeding Love's last plea, will give
Their fire and zeal and strength of
youth,
That others may be warned, and live
To shed abroad the light of truth.

Be strong! And be ye not afraid,
Though giants great and tall, and all
The might of Anak be displayed
As in the day of Joshua's call
To Israel to possess the land,
And Caleb, whom they fain would stone.
Of all who left dark Egypt's sand
For Canaan—two went in alone.

Be strong! And be ye not dismayed
Though Satan's host urge every side
And Heaven's help seem long delayed;
Press on! nor wait for time nor tide.
Remember! Gideon's noble band,
Three hundred men, so strangely armed
With pitcher, trumpet blare, and brand,
Rout Midian's host—themselves un-
harméd.

Be strong! The Lord is with thee still.
Brave Daniel called upon His name,
And in the lions' den did thrill
In every fiber of his frame
To know that God was with him there
To stop the rav'nous, gaping mouth.
For Daniel did his faith declare
In Abram's God, the God of truth.

BE STRONG!

by A. J. DYASON

Be strong! Whitherso'er thou goest
The Lord is with thee. Joseph knew
His God, and in temptation's test
In luxury's hall, to Him was true.
When cast in dungeon deep and dark
His faithfulness displayed to all.
And Egypt's king was fain to hark,
And princes bow at Joseph's call.

Be true! Who is on Jehovah's side?
List Elijah's voice on Carmel's
Rugged height. And the sun god's pride
In grand procession chants his spell
Four hundred strong. In gorgeous dress
The priests of Ashtoreth intone.
Eight hundred fifty priests impress
The crowd. Elijah stands, alone.

Then proud we speak of Stephen bold,
And Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and
John,
Whose love for men and truth still holds
The hearts of those who love the Son
Of God and fain would die for Him.
And Paul, who preached through prison
bars,
And James and Peter bold, whose hymns
Of love rewarded them with scars.

The Lord is with His people true,
Though torn by rack or burnt with
fire.
Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, who
Defied the foreign pontiff's ire
And for the truth of God so died
That we might know His word today,
And do His will whate'er betide—
Shall we their loyalty betray?

And Luther, Wycliffe, and Jerome,
And many a noble son and sire,
And maiden fair from lordly home,
Hunted by Satan's rage and ire,
Have moaned, "How long, O Lord, how
long?"
Millions of martyrs swell the cry,
A great and noble mighty throng
Whose voices soon shall rend the sky.

Our sons have heard Thy call for men,
Our daughters, too, have gone, nor
thought
The sacrifice too great for them.
And some shall slumber where they
wrought,
For Satan's wrath on men has come.
And some will never find the grave,
But in the glorious harvest home
Will bear the ones they went to save.

"I am with you unto the end."
And awful happenings now alarm
The world, but Christ is nigh—the End!
Arouse! For sin's alluring charm
Would lull to sleep, and heroes bold
Who lived for God and history made,
Have died in vain. Can we be cold

When God for mighty men doth call,
And nature rending earth and sky,
And kingdoms tottering to their fall,
In clarion tones proclaim Him nigh?
Shall persecution's ugly leer
Foretold by prophets true, destroy
Thy love, or chill thy heart with fear
Or trait'rously thy tongue employ?

"I am with thee unto the end."
O God! for Jesus' sake supply
Our needs, and let Thy love descend
In melting warmth. Let apathy
Begone, and consecrated Youth
Arise! Not words, but deeds be done,
And Youth and Maid proclaim the truth
To all. Then, Lord, Thy kingdom
come!

Angelica Roscoe

by Viola Roth



THE moon had risen, flooding the night with her pale light. The air was fresh and soft and warm; great shadows crept across the city. Amid the chirruping of the crickets and the whistling of the night birds, and the lonely owl's cry and the softness and splendor of the moonlight, I sat in my patio, enjoying the wonderful beauty of a South American evening. Suddenly I saw the stooped old figure of Angelica Roscoe. She was on her way home from vesper prayers. The bowed head, the bent form, the lagging footsteps, were emblems of utter weariness—weariness of body and mind, weariness of life itself. Behind that face, furrowed with wrinkles, and in the depths of those lusterless eyes, lay a story of untold anguish.

From Angelica you would never hear one word of those three hundred and sixty-five nights when she had tied herself with linen bands, with her face close to her knees, so that even in her unconsciousness she might not lose her bent position. From the day her punishment had started, she had never walked erect, for that one year had so crippled her back that try as she would, she could never again straighten it. But no one ever remembered hearing her utter a complaint as she shuffled along the sun-baked streets. Those who knew her in the happy days of long ago remembered only too well the irrevocable sentence passed by the padre on that never-to-be-forgotten evening.

The marble images and the mammoth stone pillars of the cathedral, with its dimly lighted sanctuary, made the padre's voice seem even harder and more steel-like than the girl had ever heard it. She knelt before the confessional, her face whitening as she heard the last solemn words of the sentence, "This you shall do for one year."

Angelica Roscoe, the daughter of a wealthy man of the city of Rosario, had never known what it was to want. Her father had given her everything her young heart could desire, including a wardrobe any girl might envy. Hers had been every educational advantage and trips to other lands with gay companions—and gay companions they were indeed, with Angelica the gayest of all!

She was the unrivaled leader of the younger set, and many were the happy hours they spent together boating, riding, hiking, and dancing.

It was not only Angelica's happy disposition, humor, and wit that won her so much admiration, but nature too had endowed her with beauty. Her coal-black hair curled in masses around her small, delicately molded face that was always bright with a happy smile. Her eyes resembled dark shaded pools, but shone like stars. She was fresh as a blushing rosebud, when she went to confession that brisk spring morning.

But when she left, she slowly crept through the darker plazas to avoid meeting any one she knew. She *must think!* The inflicted sentence would mean a change in her life—the loss of friends, her happy home, and her social prestige. To think—tomorrow she would have to begin living in an entirely different way from that to which she was accustomed. Questions arose in her mind. *Could she leave her happy home?* Though her father loved her dearly, she knew only too well that he would never forgive her after once he learned of her love for Juan Carlos. Could she ever face her friends after being an outcast for a year? What would they think of her? The question that was uppermost in her mind was this—was her sin in attending a Protestant church really so terrible that she should have to suffer this untold misery for such a long time? Why should she not give up the faith of her fathers?

When sad-hearted Angelica reached home, she found a place of retreat alone on her balcony, and began to review all the happy days of the past two or three years of her young womanhood.

It had been during the summer holidays after her junior year at college that she had first met Juan Carlos. He had come to spend the summer season with one of her friends. He was different from the other young men of her society, a natural born leader and a hero to the boys. Fun was his motto, and he energetically pursued pleasure, yet he had always known when to settle down to work, and never missed an opportunity to help when needed. Is it any wonder then that, as their acquaintance ripened into friendship,

new longings stirred in her heart? Unconsciously, almost imperceptibly, love had been born.

As the summer passed, Juan Carlos and Angelica enjoyed each other more and more. One March evening they drifted on the still, cool waters of the lake in the convent garden where she, in her girlish fancies, had often dreamed of some day being one of the silent, black-robed sisters. As the sun sank in the west, and the vesper bells called to worship, she bowed her head and silently prayed, making the sign of the cross on her bosom. She recalled now how Juan Carlos had looked at her as she thus worshipped.

A few minutes passed, in which neither of the two spoke. They were both too deep in thought. Angelica was enjoying the wonderful quiet and peacefulness about them, while he? It had been Juan Carlos who had broken the silence. "*Amiga mia*, have you ever attended a Protestant meeting?" he questioned.

"No, never," she answered.

"I wish you would come to church with me tomorrow evening," he continued. "I know you would enjoy listening to one of our services."

With a pang she suddenly awakened to the truth—he was not of the same religious belief as herself. But curiosity had made her yield to his urging. She had dared to go!

After the service, they made their way to her home, both again deep in thought. This time it was the girl who had broken the silence. "Juan, are all your worships like the one you had tonight? What do you pray to? I did not see a single saint in your chapel, and how plain a place it is! I cannot see how you enjoy going to a church like that! Please do not ask me to go with you another time—not ever!"

But she *had* gone again! If only she had not yielded to that first urgent invitation! That once she had gone merely to please Juan, but afterward she had gone because she enjoyed going, and found there something her hungry heart craved. The people were different from those who worshipped at her church. They were happy! The songs they sang were wonderful. The blood began to throb in her veins even now as these beautiful words and melody ran through her mind: (Turn to page 13)

NOTHING BEGUN —

by
Ira Schultz



NOTHING FINISHED

THE poor lonely traveler, who walked for his living, was chilled and wet by the falling rain. Far in the distance he could see flickering lights like tiny stars shining through the slanting mist. Each light represented a house, a home, yes, an earthly heaven, but for somebody else. As he wiped the rain from his weather-beaten face with a torn sleeve, his mind wandered back through the years to the time when he left home.

His father and mother had tried to encourage him to take an interest in school and study, but it was too much effort for Lawrence. He did not see the necessity of learning. There were so many things that he would rather do.

One day, just a few weeks before school was to close, the lad was harder than usual to manage, and his teacher sent him home. His father, upon learning of his behavior, gave him a severe whipping. The following morning, instead of going to school, he and a chum ran away. Police were notified, and after three weeks, the lads were located, and returned home. The other boy seemed to take a new interest in life after this, much to the relief of his parents, who were doing everything they could to give him an education and a chance to make good. Lawrence did not, however, profit by his experience, and in a few weeks he again left home, this time alone.

Down at the junction, a freight train noisily switched cars, and in a few minutes it steamed out of the station, carrying him into a cold, unyielding world of which he knew very little. As he lay on top of a hard, rough box car, the wind nearly froze him. Each time the train stopped, Lawrence and a number of men riding the same as he, got off and

huddled around a hastily built bonfire.

About three o'clock that morning, the train stopped, and the boy tried to climb down, but his hands were too cold to grasp the rounds of the iron ladder. With one arm he lifted the other, and tried to rub his hands in an effort to limber his fingers, but did not succeed. He thought of his warm bed at home, and wished he were there, but wishing could not help him now. He thought seriously. What if the train should suddenly start again and force him to lie for several hours longer on that cold, narrow roof? He knew he could not hold on if he got much colder. The fearful thought of being hurled off a fast-moving train nearly made his heart stop beating.

Below, on the ground, he heard some one walking, and wondered if it was the brakeman. It mattered little who it was if he would only help him down off that car. He called, and a gruff voice answered, "What do you want?" Lawrence told him the plight he was in and the man helped him down and to a fire under a small bridge around which were gathered a few homeless men, who were accustomed to the hardships of the open road, and had not noticed the cold as much as he. It took nearly a half hour for the engine to take on water and other supplies. The little crowd of open-air riders were thankful for this much time.

Just before daybreak, Lawrence was again so cold that he could not open and shut his hands, and the train was speeding along seemingly faster and faster. The first rays of the rising sun were the most beautiful that he had ever seen, for they meant warmth and life.

At a stop during the day, additional cars were taken on, and Law-

rence found one that was not sealed. He was so tired and sleepy that he crawled in and lay down on the hard floor, although he knew that there was a possibility of the door being closed and locked while he slept. Fortunately this was not done. When he awoke, after three or four hours, he looked out. The air was hot and dry, and sagebrush and sand stretched as far as he could see. The glistening heat waves made him realize that he was thirsty, yes, and hungry. He thought of home and friends. Even though he did not like school, he would have gladly turned around and started back, but now he had to go on.

The train stopped toward evening at a small town in Arizona, and Lawrence asked rather timidly at a restaurant for something to eat. The waiter looked at him and frowned, then, without a word, gave him a bowl of soup and two cold sandwiches.

At home his heartbroken parents did everything possible to find where he had gone, but all their efforts were in vain. An uncle, only a few years older than the boy who had disappeared, seconded their efforts, and made a personal search, but could get no trace of the wanderer. Four years later, after Mr. Dolan, the uncle, had married, he renewed his efforts to find the boy, who he knew must now be grown to young manhood. He felt that perhaps Lawrence's parents had not understood him, and hoped that he, being so near his age, could persuade him to go back to school. But again he failed.

About eleven months later, when all hope of finding him had been abandoned, a man of the tracks met Lawrence and told him that his uncle was looking for him. Partly from curiosity, but mostly because he wanted to know whether his father and mother were still living, he went to the town where this relative lived and called at his home.

The family stared at him in amazement when he made himself known. Could it be possible that this was the same boy that had met the train at the crossroads five years before? Only by looking (Turn to page 14)

JUNIO RS

Days of Courage

by
Opal W. Dick



TOM closed his book with a bang and pushed it to one side. "You know, Frank," he said, as he stretched lazily and looked up at the branches of the big elm under which he was lying, "I wish I'd been born a hundred years ago. They had some real old times then, fighting Indians and—"

"Oh, you wouldn't fight Indians if you had a chance. You might muss up your hair," Frank teased.

"I would, too!"

"Well, suppose you would; who'd want to fight Indians on a day like this? I'm thirsty. Come on. Let's go to the spring and get a good cold drink."

The boys scrambled to their feet and started down the path. It was a perfect summer afternoon. Golden sunshine wrapped the earth in its intimate warmth. A soft breeze fanned their cheeks as they slowly walked across the meadow. Grasshoppers jumped out of their way; a bumblebee zoomed by; butterflies dipped and fluttered in the air, hovering near the choice wild flowers.

"Hullo! Some one's beat us to it," Frank nudged Tom as they followed the path to the shady brookside. Seated on a crude bench which Frank and Tom had constructed at the expenditure of much effort, sat a stranger—an old man, bent forward and leaning on his cane, the head of which he had clasped with both hands, and upon which he rested his chin. His hair and beard were snowy white, and his faded blue eyes, as they stared ahead, were seeing not the fertile fields nor the cloudless summer sky, but instead were carrying him back in memory to the days of long ago.

The boys were embarrassed. Tom coughed. Quickly the old man glanced up.

"Oh, howdy, howdy, boys. Right pleasant day this. I hope I'm not trespassin'. I just come to live with my daughter cross the road here, an' thought I'd be walkin' 'round a bit an' seein' the country. Right purty place you got here."

"Yes, sir, we like it here. Make yourself at home. I guess we're your neighbors. We're Frank and Tom Hill, and we live right up there," Frank explained.

"Well, now, I do declare, it's nice to get acquainted so quick. I just been a-settin' here a-thinkin' about when I was a boy like you young fellers. Don't seem so long ago, but here it is—let me see—nigh on to seventy-five years. Here I am a-gettin' up toward ninety, but pshaw! don't seem like it. Why, it don't seem no time since the pony express was a-goin' right past this place."

"Oh, were you a pony express rider?" the boys eagerly asked. "Won't you tell us about it, Mr.—"

"Logan's my name, but if it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon you'd call me plain Uncle George. Kinda doesn't seem so lonesome like," the old man smiled.

"All right, Uncle George. But won't you please tell us about the pony express?" And both boys flung themselves on the grass near the old man in anticipation of his story.

"Well, well, you want to hear about the pony express, do you? I tell you, them was stirrin' days. I was born in Illinoy, and Jim (that's my brother) and me used to think they wa'n't no place in the whole country that could beat it. An' if I do say it, they wa'n't no better swimmin' hole nowheres. We kinda hated to leave when father an' mother decided to go out West. But when we found

we was goin' in a prairie schooner right along the trail where the pony express riders went, we was so tickled we forgot all about the ole swimmin' hole an' Illinoy.

"It was in the spring of '60 that we started. We come right by on this fine paved highway that runs down here apiece, but it wasn't much of a highway then,—just a few wagon ruts an' some hoof tracks across the prairie, an' there warn't even any trees 'cept a few along the cricks.

"You don't go very fast in an ole prairie schooner, an' it was a-gettin' purty late in the season by the time we made it to the mountains of Wyoming. I guess I fergot to tell you we were a-headin' toward Salt Lake City. The leaves were a-turnin' all red, an' yellow, an' gold, an' mixed in among 'em was the green pines an' spruces. I tell you it was a purty sight.

"One evenin' just at dusk as we was a-settin' round the camp fire eatin' our supper, we was talkin' about the rider that had just gone by. Whenever the riders dashed past us on their horses, they waved an' shouted to us, an' we boys were purty much taken up with 'em. Well, we sat there a-listenin' till we couldn't hear the hoof beats no more. All of a sudden Jim said, 'Listen! He must be a-comin' back. Why, there's more'n one horse. Listen!'

"Father grabbed his rifle an' cried, 'Indians! Git to the wagon quick.' Mother knocked over the kettle of soup on our little fire so as to put it out, an' then she made fer the wagon, but Jim an' me, we was too scared to run; so we jest slunk down into the bushes at the side of the road.

"A shot rang out—then two more. An' 'bout half a dozen Indians jumped off their horses an' swarmed into the wagon, a-whoopin' an' a-jabberin'. They took everything that pleased them an' destroyed 'most everything else. One feller pulled mother's feather bed outa the wagon and cut it open. Then he jumped on

his horse, a-yellin' an' a-hollerin', an' put off down the trail, a-scatterin' feathers all over the country.

"Finally they left, an' all was still, but Jim an' me was too scared to move for a long time. At last we slipped over to the wagon. We hadn't realized till then that we was orphans. We didn't know what to do; so we crawled back into the bushes an' waited. I tell you it's purty hard to give up your folks like that. I was only twelve, an' Jim had jest turned fifteen.

"Away long in the night, Jim suggested that we try to make it to the next station house where the pony express riders stopped. We was scared to stay where we was when daylight come, 'cause we thought maybe the Indians'd come back to see if they'd missed anything. We didn't know how fer it was to the next station, but we thought it couldn't be very fer 'cause we'd come a long ways since we passed the last one, an' the stations were only fifteen miles apart; so we started.

"Jim an' me both was a-cryin', but we tried to be as still as we could, an' we hung on to each other so's't we wouldn't get lost in the dark. I s'pose we'd gone 'bout four miles when it began to get light in the east, and then we was scared fer shore! We slipped along in the bushes at the side of the trail, an' purty soon when it got a little lighter, right in ahead of us we seen the station, an' we was glad to see it, I tell you. We lost no time gettin' to the door, an' Jim knocked.

"Who's there?" a voice called.

"James Logan, sir, an' my brother, George Logan," Jim said.

"Quick. When I open the door, don't lose any time," the station keeper called. He unbolted the door, an' we slipped inside an' told him what had happened. The Indians had been prowlin' around the station all night, an' he knew they'd been up to mischief.

"It was the fust time Jim an' me'd ever been inside a pony express station, an' I don't 'low that you boys know anything 'bout 'em either. Well, this was a one-room stone building 'bout twenty feet square. It didn't have no winders an' jest one door, but on each side of the room was a kinda porthole, an' a big musket was stickin' outa each one.

"We'd jest got there, an' was still lookin' around in wonder when the keeper said, 'Now, which one of you boys is Jim? All right. You take that gun over there, Jim, an' George, you take the one over here. Don't shoot unless you have to. I've got to help the rider.' He slipped outa the door, we bolted it after 'im, an' again we was alone. There was plenty to eat in the station, an' we didn't have no trouble that day, but when night come an' the keeper didn't come back, we felt scared.

"Jim was older'n me, so he said, 'Now, George, you lay down an' sleep an' I'll watch, an' then I'll wake you up an' you can watch while I sleep.' It don't take boys long to go to sleep, an' it didn't seem no time till Jim was a-callin' me to get up an' watch. That was a long ole night. We both got purty lonesome. The wind was a-sighin' through the tops of the pine trees, an' the coyotes were a-howlin' in the distance, an' ever' once in a while we'd hear somebody outside the station creepin' around.

"The keeper didn't come back the next day, ner the next, an' three days went by. The Indians was prowlin' around night an' day. They banged at the door an' tried to break in, an' then they'd yell an' fire off a gun. We felt purty sure they couldn't get in, but we fired our guns once in a while to scare 'em off when they got too bad.

"It was the morning of the fourth day that we heard a gallopin' horse an' knew it must be the next rider. The Indians had left in the night, but we knew they'd come back.

"Hello! Who's here?" the rider called.

"Jim unfastened the door an' quickly told him our story. He told us to stay till he sent relief, an' he was gone, fer the riders never lost no time.

"Well, the next day help come from the little station fifteen miles fu'ther on. But they was short of men, so they told Jim an' me that we'd done a purty good job of it, an' if we wanted to, they'd put us in charge of the station. We was two happy boys, now I tell you, fer we didn't have no home, ner no folks, an' we needed somethin' to do. So we stayed right there all the rest of the time the pony express run, an' then we got jobs on the overland stage—but that's another story. I'll tell you about that some other time."

"Father, father!" came a woman's voice from across the road, "where are you?"

"Comin', daughter, comin'," the old man called as he slowly rose to his feet.

"I'm right proud to 'a' met you boys, an' I hope we'll keep on gettin' acquainted. I'll see you again," he assured them as he hobbled away. "Good-by, good-by."

"Good-by, Uncle George, and thanks for the story," the boys called after him.

Slowly Frank and Tom made their way back to the house.

"Boy! Those pioneers were brave," said Frank.

"Well, a man had to be a man in those days," Tom mused as they sauntered along, still lost in the old man's story.

Frank was silent for several minutes before he said thoughtfully, "Yes, and a man has to be a man

now. I think that's what Uncle Alf meant in his letter about that missionary from his station who was killed by bandits. He said it took a lot of courage to win the West a hundred years ago, but it takes just as much courage to do the worthwhile things of life now."

He Loves You

(Continued from page 6)

courts of glory those agonized cries of the suffering Christ in Gethsemane. Those cries were borne on the wings of the night breezes out over the hushed valleys of old Palestine, and have come ringing down through the ages with a clarion call to you and me. Will we say as did Jesus, "Nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done"?

The angels sobbed in amazed sorrow when there was wrung from the pale lips of the dying Christ that heartbroken cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Yes, heaven suffered a heartbreak when Jesus died on Calvary.

O, if we could but sense even a little of the significance of the death of Jesus! If we could but realize the pain that throbbed throughout the universe when Jesus bowed His head upon His breast and died, our hard hearts would be softened, our passions subdued, and our minds brought into captivity to His sovereign will. There would then be no service too rigorous, no sacrifice too great, no effort spent in His work too taxing; but we would give our all to Him in profoundest admiration.

Dear reader, will you do it?



At the Eleventh Hour

(Continued from page 2)

any hope for us poor fellows who are dying here—any hereafter, I mean?"

"Yes, there is. I know there is for me."

"But is there for me?"

There was an eagerness in his face, a rigidity in his body, as he, a dying man, sought the way of salvation.

"Yes, there is hope for every one who meets the conditions."

"What are the conditions?"

"Have you ever read the Bible?"

"Not a word in my life."

"Did you ever pray to God?"

"I never took that Name on my lips except as an oath. Jones," he pleaded, "tell me what to do—I'm afraid to die!"

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. With a silent prayer for help, O. R. Jones began at the very beginning, and between attacks of coughing he told Fred Hamilton the whole gospel story: the origin of sin, the creation of the world, and the plan of salvation. It was an old, old story

to the teller, but to the entranced listener a new one, for he had never heard it before. His eager eyes watched the face of the speaker, and his only interruption was now and then the comment:

"That's wonderful! I believe it! Tell me more!"

The hour for supper came, but the food lay untouched on the trays as Jones talked and Hamilton listened. At last the silence signal sounded, the lights were dimmed, and the night nurse came on duty. Still Jones talked, but now in a whisper.

Midnight came and passed as he told of the life of the Sinless One, who died for "you and for me and the rest of the world." It was nearly four in the morning when he completed the description of the home of the redeemed. Utterly exhausted, he fell back on his pillow. There was a new light in the young man's face; he closed his eyes and remained silent for a few moments, then he spoke.

"It's all right," he said, and there was a ring of triumph in his voice. "I'll meet you over there."

Worn and spent with the night's exertion, Jones fell asleep. He awakened at six. Attendants were in the act of carrying Fred Hamilton's body from the ward. Although his end had come suddenly, there was a look of peace on his wan face.

Some time later in the day, the house physician paused beside Jones's bed and jokingly inquired:

"You still here? You're a regular old-timer. You must like us especially well to stay so long!"

With an unusually serious smile, the sick man answered, "I'm staying because the Lord still has a work for me to do here."

Instantly the doctor's face sobered. His hand gripped the wasted shoulder as he replied:

"You're right, man."

There was a suspicious moisture about his eyes and an unusual huskiness in his voice as he turned to the next patient.



Seven Keys to Culture

(Continued from page 8)

Out of our own sorrow we learn the secret of the song of the brook. The brook moves quietly, smoothly along when its channel is deep, but it ripples and gurgles and murmurs when its channel is shallow and it must surmount obstacles along its way. It is the meeting, the struggling, the overcoming of obstacles that we hear. We call it the song of the brook, but that song is born of sorrow. If we, too, could sing in the face of trials, if we could turn our obstacles into stepping-stones, what a blessing to others our lives would be; how many would pause to listen to their rich cadences!

When Jenny Lind toured America

and charmed vast audiences with her nightingale voice, it is said that as she sang "Home, Sweet Home," strong men's frames shook with emotion and tears coursed down their rugged cheeks. But Jenny Lind did not sing with that depth of feeling and understanding until her own heart was well-nigh broken. Not until then was she able to sing so effectively,

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Sorrow sanctifies the soul; and he who learns to express beautifully his sorrow is doubly sanctified. The last words that the poet Eugene Field ever penned are, "I am weary and will rest a little while; lie there, my pen, for a dream—a pleasant dream—callethe me away," and a few weeks later as he slept death stole upon him. Coleridge has been called "the man of sorrow who made the world glad." Sorrow never hardens the soul that has been dedicated to a love of the beautiful. Instead, it softens and tenders it. Feed your soul on beauty. Cease merely to exist; learn to live. Adopt the Persian proverb:

"Had I two loaves of bread, aye, aye,
One would I sell and hyacinths buy
To feed my soul, or let me die."



Angelica Roscoe

(Continued from page 9)

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
At the heart's portal He's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me."

"Come home, come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!"

Angelica had very nearly yielded the night that Juan Carlos and several other young people went forward and gave their lives to Jesus Christ. But her fear of what her father would say and do kept her from taking the step. If only she could have received the wonderful peace she had seen in Juan's face that night of the "reconsecration service," as he had called it!

The days that followed had been days of torment and anguish to the girl. Should she accept Juan's Saviour as her Saviour too? Should she tell her padre how she felt? She knew only too well that the result of a confession would mean the loss of home, friends, and the infliction of some cruel punishment as penance for her sin.

Several weeks from the time of the "reconsecration service" passed. The Sunday morning of a special mass Angelica decided that she must break all relations with Juan Carlos and be true to her own religion. She was afraid of the curse the padre had said would come upon any Catholic who did not live up to his faith.

Although her father had given her the needed money for transportation to and from the forbidden church, without asking any questions, she wondered what his attitude would have been had he known how she used it. Fear again gripped her heart as she knew she must explain to him the cause of her terrible punishment.

As she sat on the balcony, looking down into the street, she gasped, for there, hurrying down the walk, was the padre himself, his sturdy stride and resolute bearing telling her all too plainly his mission in visiting her home. She trembled to think of the outcome. Silently she sent up a prayer to the holy virgin Mary for help. The half hour of waiting seemed ages to the girl in her Gethsemane. What would her father say to her now? Would she be obliged to leave home tonight?

The closing of the front door brought the blood surging to her temples. The padre had left! What had he said? She heard her father's footsteps as he came up the stairs; he knocked at the door and came in. "Daughter," he said, "you have disgraced our family, ruined our home, and brought shame upon yourself. Tomorrow you may leave and do your penance. Never again cross the threshold of this house."

In my reverie I had forgotten how swiftly time was flying. The moon was already sinking, and the birds had long gone to rest. Everything about me was still, except for the drowsy chirp of a sleepy cricket, reminding me that the night was far spent. But before I could retire, I fell upon my knees, and thanked God for the knowledge of Jesus Christ, who died on the cross to save me from sin, and asked Him so to lead in my life plans that I might help bring the blessed gospel story to the thousands who, like Angelica Roscoe, have never heard that salvation is free and that "whosoever will, may come" to the Saviour and find real peace and joy.



A Decision

(Continued from page 6)

was intended to go into the evening paper."

In surprise he read on it: "Lost: one steerhide bill fold, engraved with the name Amos T. Woulds. Contains \$150 in currency. Liberal reward offered to finder."

Abe took the intended want ad. back to Mr. Woulds, who handed him a twenty-dollar bill with the words, "In fulfillment of my promise," and then queried: "Did you apply for a job in the circulation department yesterday?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"I chanced to be in that office at

the time. Have you found a job yet?"

"No, sir, I have not," Abe answered and started for the door.

"Wait a minute, young man. Your search for work is ended right now. My office boy is leaving. The Woulds Publishing Company is honored to add to its ranks of employees a young man who really knows that 'Honesty is more valuable than gold,' and that 'Trustworthiness is to be more highly considered than silver.' Please fill out this card."

Abe carefully filled in the blanks on the card and handed it back to Mr. Woulds. The latter looked at his name, printed in full, then stepping around the desk and turning the boy to face the portrait of the Great Emancipator hanging on the wall, he said smilingly, "You have lived up to the reputation of your namesake, Abraham Lincoln O'Conner."



Nothing Begun, Nothing Finished

(Continued from page 10)

closely could they see that it really was. Apparently he had made an attempt to improve his appearance for this occasion, but still he was the walking picture of despair. His shoulders were rounded and his rather too long neck slanted forward. On his left cheek was an ugly, irregular scar, and his clothes showed plainly that he was not their original owner. Tears came to Mrs. Dolan's eyes as she contrasted him with the alert, neat boy of sixteen in the picture she had seen in his mother's room at home.

Even though his appearance did not warrant it, he was treated with the utmost hospitality, and after a warm supper, was shown to the guest room. Mr. and Mrs. Dolan sat up late that evening, with mingled joy and sorrow in their hearts, planning how they could best interest him in honest work and help him to become a real man. The next day a hair cut, a shave, and some new clothes improved his appearance. After a long talk with Lawrence, his uncle took him to the mountains to help extract honey.

A month passed. During this time, the young man visited his parents, who were overjoyed to see him. But their hearts ached to think of the hardships he must have endured. They begged him to stay with his uncle and work.

Another month passed, and every one concerned decided that the ranks of the walking profession had lost one of its members. But a morning came when a chair at the breakfast table was vacant. Upon going to Lawrence's room, they found it empty. He had gone again without saying thank you or good-by.

Years passed, and no word came from him. His aged mother often expressed the opinion that he must be dead. Never a day passed during those long years that followed but his parents spoke of him and prayed that he might find shelter and have enough to eat, if he must needs live as he had seemingly chosen.

In January, 1933, Lawrence's mother and father fell asleep in Jesus, only three weeks apart. The one who should have brought them cheer and comfort was wasting his life down by some railroad track around a smoky camp fire. The close of each day found him with nothing begun, nothing finished.

Last winter, Lawrence contracted pneumonia, but he kept on going until, finding he was too weak to walk farther, he managed to drag his weary, disheveled self under a railroad bridge. There was nothing but the cold wind and rain to break the silence, as he lay on the hard, rough ground. During those last hours, he doubtless recalled the many unhappy, wasted years, and thought of his broken-hearted parents. Lonesome and friendless, he spent his last moments.

A small, worn memorandum book in his pocket, when the body was found, enabled authorities to notify his relatives. On the soiled fourth page of that book, following the names of several places where he had received food, were the following words:

"I should have stayed home and gone to school."

Counsel Corner

How should a sister act toward her brother's special girl friend when the sister does not like or approve of her? And what should be the attitude of a sister toward a girl who cultivates her only because she has brothers, and not for herself at all?

They seem to be rather a sorry lot, my dear, these maidens of your village. I wonder if they are really as bad as you think they are. You know it is possible to be just a little supercilious, snobbish, without knowing it; and it is a sorry thing to go all through life a snob, even a little one. The cure for snobbery is so much love that it spills over into your neighbors' lives. If you look for it, you will find some good trait in each of these girls. Begin thinking of that and cultivating that, and you may find that it grows so fast it crowds out both her disagreeable traits and your dislike.

If the brother's special girl friend stands a chance of becoming your sister-in-law, even the law of self-preservation would dictate that you learn to like her, or enough of her to cover with a robe of charity her remaining self; for a sister-in-law with a smile that you have induced is a pleasant thing to have, but a sister-in-law whose door knob you have hung with crepe is just too bad. As for the other girl, don't be so sure

she does not like you for yourself. Of course, if every time you meet her you turn up your nose and say, "My brothers aren't at home today," very possibly her friendship for you will be tinged with a little duplicity. You have to show her something in yourself that she will like. "There is so much good in the worst of us,

And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any one of us
To find any fault with the rest of us."

And what we think we shall very likely talk. A lady always smiles, away down deep in her heart, and so produces qualities that make friends and transform them into what she would like them to be.

ARTHUR W. SPALDING.

Stamps! Stamps!

NEWS

Speaking of scenic stamps, the United States has used the Niagara Falls, the Golden Gate, the Statue of Liberty, the White House, and the Capitol as parts of stamp designs.

Basutoland, in South Africa, has just issued its first stamps. There are ten denominations, and all carry the same design—a portrait of King George, with a background of African scenery.

The first loads of mail carried by Army fliers after they took over the air mail service was many pounds heavier because of the thousands of letters which philatelists had posted in order to have covers canceled on the day of the air mail innovation.

The very first sheet of Byrd Antarctic stamps sold was purchased by Mayor La Guardia of New York City, from Postmaster-General James A. Farley, at the opening of the National Stamp Show in the Rockefeller Center, New York City.

To any one interested in ethnology, a series of twenty-one stamps put out by the U. S. S. R. during the latter part of 1933 will have special appeal. Each stamp shows specimens of a special racial group found within the boundaries of Russia, and the whole series gives evidence of much careful research into the origins, habits, customs, and modes of living of the peoples of this, the world's third most populous country.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

II—The Exodus Foretold

(July 14)

MEMORY VERSE: "There failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass." Joshua 21:45.

Questions

Experience of Abraham

1. To what place did Terah, father of Abraham, remove when he left Ur in Chaldea? Gen. 11:31.
2. What instruction did God give to Abraham? Gen. 12:1.
3. What kind of worshipers were Abraham's people? Joshua 24:2. Note 1.
4. What shows that the call to Abraham was an individual one? Isa. 51:2. Note 2.

5. What three things were required of Abraham? What promise did God make concerning the land? Gen. 12:1, 2. Note 3.

6. After Abraham was separated from Lot, how was the promise fulfilled? Gen. 13:14, 15.

Exact Fulfillment of Prophecy

7. What did the Lord reveal to Abraham concerning his descendants? For how long a time would they remain in a strange land? What promise was made of their deliverance? Gen. 15:13, 14.

8. How precisely were these prophetic words fulfilled? Ex. 12:40, 41.

9. What testimony is given concerning the Lord's dealings with ancient Israel? Joshua 21:45.

10. How did Jesus illustrate the fact that the Scriptures must be fulfilled? Luke 19:37-40. Note 4.

11. What did Jesus say to Peter on the night of His betrayal? Mark 14:29-31.

12. How literally were the words of Jesus fulfilled? What was the effect upon Peter? Matt. 26:73-75.

Notes

1. Abraham living with his father at Ur, and later at Haran, had grown up in the midst of heathenism. Abraham, however, remained faithful to God. But the influence of kindred and friends would interfere with the work which the Lord had set apart Abraham to do; so he was called to separate himself from the associations of early life to go to a land—he knew not where.

2. The Lord leads His people individually. In following Him we shall often find ourselves standing *alone*. Daniel stood alone before the royal court in Babylon, and was marvelously used of God in revealing things that were to come to pass. The apostle Paul stood alone before Nero. 2 Tim. 4:16, 17. As the Lord "stood with" Paul and "strengthened" him, so will He be with each one of us in our hour of need.

3. "God leads His children by a way that they know not; but He does not forget or cast off those who put their trust in Him. . . . The very trials that task our faith most severely, and make it seem that God has forsaken us, are to lead us closer to Christ, that we may lay all our burdens at His feet, and experience the peace which He will give us in exchange."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 129.

4. We have also a statement concerning the fulfillment of prophecy in connection with the description of the cleansing of the temple: "Now with glad voices the children sounded His praise. They repeated the hosannas of the day before, and waved palm branches triumphantly before the Saviour. The temple echoed and reechoed with their acclamations, 'Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord!' 'Behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is just, and having salvation!' 'Hosanna to the Son of David!'"

"The sound of these happy, unrestrained voices was an offense to the rulers of the temple. They set about putting a stop to such demonstrations. They represented to the people that the house of God was desecrated by the feet of the children and the shouts of rejoicing. Finding that their words made no impression on the people, the rulers appealed to Christ: 'Hearest Thou what these say? and Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?' Prophecy had foretold that Christ should be proclaimed as King, and that word must be fulfilled. The priests and rulers of Israel refused to herald His glory, and God moved upon the children to be His witnesses. Had the voices of the children been

silent, the very pillars of the temple would have sounded the Saviour's praise."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 592.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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Make a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

JUNIOR

II—The Kingdom Divided; The Disobedient Prophet

(July 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Kings 12; 13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Every way of a man is right in his own eyes; but the Lord pondereth the hearts." Prov. 21:2.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 87-108.

Questions

1. At Solomon's death, which of his sons reigned in his stead? Where did all Israel go to crown Rehoboam? 1 Kings 11:43; 12:1.

2. For whom did the people send? What request did Jeroboam and the people make of King Rehoboam? 1 Kings 12:2-4. Note 1.

3. How much time did the king desire to consider the matter? Of whom did he ask advice? What counsel did the old men give? Verses 5-7.

4. What did the king's young companions advise him to say in reply? Verses 8-11. Note 2.

5. When Jeroboam and the people came before the king, how did Rehoboam answer them? Verses 12-14.

6. What was the result of the unwise course taken by Rehoboam? Who was made king over the ten tribes rebelling against Rehoboam? Verses 16, 17, 19, 20. Note 3.

7. What did Rehoboam decide to do? How was he hindered in his plans? Verses 21-24.

8. Where did Jeroboam have his capital? How did he lead Israel into sin? Verses 25-31.

9. How did the Lord send a message of warning to Jeroboam? How did Jeroboam receive the messenger? How was he punished for stretching out his hand against the prophet? 1 Kings 13:1-5.

10. What great mercy did the Lord show to the king in answer to the prophet's prayer? What did Jeroboam then invite the prophet to do? How did the prophet respond to this invitation from a king? Verses 6-10.

11. Although the prophet successfully withstood the first invitation to disobey the Lord, how was he entrapped by the second one? Verses 11-19.

12. What message came from the Lord while he was eating the forbidden dinner? Verses 20-22.

13. In what manner was this prophecy speedily fulfilled? Verses 23, 24. Note 4.

14. How was the word of what had taken place brought to the false prophet who led the man of God astray? What did the false prophet say? Verses 25, 26.

15. Where did the false prophet go? How did he seek to show honor to the dead man? Verses 27-30.

16. What request did he make of his sons? How did he bear witness to the truth of the message the man of God had spoken? Verses 31, 32.

17. What shows that the king did not profit by the warning nor by his experience? Verses 33, 34. Note 5.

Something to Do

Study the map in your Bibles showing the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Redraw the map in outline, locating the capital city of each.

Notes

1. Jeroboam during Solomon's reign had been known as "a mighty man of valor." A prophet of the Lord had given him this message: "Behold, I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon, and will give ten tribes to thee." 1 Kings 11:31. Solomon, hearing this, had sought to kill Jeroboam, and for safety Jeroboam had fled into Egypt.

"The tribes had long suffered grievous wrongs under the oppressive measures of their former ruler. The extravagance of Solomon's reign during his apostasy had led him to tax the people heavily, and to require of them much menial service. Before going forward with the coronation of a new ruler, the leading men from among the tribes determined to ascertain whether or not it was the purpose of Solomon's son to lessen these burdens."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 88, 89.

2. Rehoboam made a fatal omission in seeking advice. There is no mention of his praying to God, as Solomon did at the beginning of his reign. He did not ask God for wisdom, nor go to the temple for guidance, nor seek the help of God's prophets. What wonder that he made grievous mistakes!

3. "The breach created by the rash speech of Rehoboam proved irreparable. Thenceforth the twelve tribes of Israel were divided, the tribes of Judah and Benjamin composing the lower or southern kingdom of Judah, under the rulership of Rehoboam; while the ten northern tribes formed and maintained a separate government, known as the kingdom of Israel, with Jeroboam as their ruler. Thus was fulfilled the prediction of the prophet concerning the rending of the kingdom."—*Id.*, p. 91.

4. "The penalty that overtook the unfaithful messenger was a still further evidence of the truth of the prophecy uttered over the altar. If, after disobeying the word of the Lord, the prophet had been permitted to go on in safety, the king would have used this fact in an attempt to vindicate his own disobedience. In the rent altar, in the palsied arm, and in the terrible fate of the one who dared disobey an express command of Jehovah, Jeroboam should have discerned the swift displeasure of an offended God, and these judgments should have warned him not to persist in wrong doing."—*Id.*, p. 107.

5. "When God has given you your place, do not devise things out of your own heart, in order to retain it. 1 Kings 12:33. The plans that Jeroboam laid to secure the stability of his throne led to its undoing, and covered his name with undying infamy. . . . Let those who feel compelled to do wrong in order to keep their business or position, dare to stand with God against the temptation. He will honor those who honor Him."—*F. B. Meyer*.



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The Listening Post

THE Civil Works Administration program, during its existence, cost taxpayers in the United States a billion dollars.



SINCE the Reconstruction Finance Corporation came into existence in February, 1932, it has made cash loans amounting to more than \$4,990,500,200, and received repayments of more than \$1,290,700,900.



WITH the enlargement of Presidential powers, there is need for more extensive quarters in which to carry on the work that passes through the hands of the Chief Executive and his corps of workers. Therefore, plans are being drawn up for an annex to the White House offices.



OF the many thousands of members which the Daughters of the American Revolution boast, there are only five, it was revealed at their recent annual gathering in Washington, D. C., whose fathers actually fought in America's War of Independence. These women are called "real Daughters of the American Revolution," and each is given a comfortable pension by the organization.



ON June 15 of this year, France and the United States observed the 70th anniversary of the establishment of the first direct and regular postal route between Havre and New York. The paddle-wheel boat, "Washington," had the honor of inaugurating this service when, in making its first trip in 1864, it plowed its way through the Atlantic to the Western port, bearing in its mail sacks a message of greeting from John Bigelow, American minister in Paris, to William H. Seward, then Secretary of State. This little ship in calm weather could make the then remarkable speed of ten knots an hour, and because of this and the fact that it was propelled partly by sail and partly by steam, earned the sobriquet, "Child of the Winds and Fire."



JUST a mile off the busy State highway, and only five miles from the bustling city of Carthage, North Carolina, lies a ghost town with a history mysterious enough to pique the curiosity of any one. Forty years ago this little village, under the name of Parkwood, was a thriving community, most of the people of which were connected with the manufacture of millstones, dug from a quarry near by. But now it looks as if some plague or catastrophe had swooped suddenly down on the inhabitants and wiped them out of existence. In the pigeonhole containers of the little post office lie letters undelivered; the Grand Hotel register, dusty from long disuse, is still open on the desk, its last entry bearing the date 1891; machinery rusts under the mill roofs; a dilapidated steam engine stands on brush-hidden tracks; and trees and underbrush have sprung up around the deserted residences. Why the inhabitants left, apparently in great haste, is a mystery still unsolved.

THE portrait of Whistler's "Mother," appearing on the Mother's Day stamp, was named by the artist, "An Arrangement in Gray and Black." He offered the picture for sale here in his native country in the early seventies, and it could have been purchased for \$1,000. But no buyer appeared. France, with real appreciation for real art, bought it for 4,000 francs, and after Whistler's death it was placed in the Louvre. In November, 1932, it was brought to the United States for exhibition purposes, and since then has been shown in various places. Its safety is insured for approximately \$3,000,000.



THE stodgy, hard-working burro has again come into favor in the silver-mining districts of Nevada, and is greatly in demand by prospectors. His price has gone up to as high as \$25 per animal. The reason for this popularity is not hard to find, for, unlike the motor car, which has in late years apparently usurped his place, the burro can thrive on a diet of cactus, and is not particular whether he gets a drink or not.



REGULAR air Pullman service is soon to be inaugurated on the American Airways lines between Dallas and Los Angeles. Each plane on this run will be equipped with fourteen berths, for the accommodation of night passengers.

BE SURE NOT TO MISS

"Zachary's Angel,"
by RUTH LEES OLSON;

"A Tiny Bible,"
by DON DURNFORD;

"It's Up to You,"
by GRACE E. NICOLA;

"A Dream Come True,"
by TERESA GOFF;

"Foaming With Poyson,"
by LUCILLE HARMER;

and

"Carbon Copy,"
by DOROTHY VIRGINIA EVANS

IN NEXT WEEK'S INSTRUCTOR

APPROXIMATELY twenty-five people each year apply for patents on perpetual motion machines—which won't work.



DESPITE the depression, the Federal Government is still able to operate two of its units with a profit—namely, the Patent Office and the Navigation Bureau.



THE NRA Lumber Code is double-barreled in its effect. Besides regulating the work of the lumbermen, it also lays down stringent rules for the perpetuating of the forests. The code limits the trees which may be cut, and provides for protection of the younger trees. Also, the lumberman is required to dispose of the brush resulting from his operations, and he must very carefully observe all the fire regulations, and hold himself in readiness to fight forest fires at any time.



EVEN travel is becoming highly specialized of late. The International Mercantile Marine Company alone has booked for this summer more than 500 groups going to Europe to study the particular subjects in which they are interested. These include students who are preparing to teach art, and will visit the art galleries of the Old World; persons interested in gardens, who will revel in the grandeur of the spacious formal landscaping of Versailles as well as the dainty artistry of the flowered nooks and corners in humbler places; a party going out to study English inns, who will take a tour through rural England, stopping each night at a different hostelry. Still other groups will specialize in such subjects as municipal housing, international relations, cathedrals, and sociology.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA paused recently to do honor to the memory of the unassuming little woman who gave to the Golden State the industry which has since proved one of its greatest sources of wealth, the raising of navel oranges. Mrs. Eliza Tibbets planted, sixty-one years ago, at her home in Riverside, two navel orange trees, which had been sent to the United States by a missionary in Bahia, Brazil, and which she had secured through a friend in the Federal Department of Agriculture. Carefully Mrs. Tibbets nursed these little saplings, using dishwater to keep the ground around them moist when a dry season made water scarce. After three years of growing, these trees started to bear, and the luscious seedless fruit which they yielded far surpassed the product of other orange trees which had previously been planted in California. Nurserymen eagerly sought buds from Mrs. Tibbets's trees, and now, from that small beginning, groves of navel orange trees cover some 100,000 acres, under California's sunshine, and last year the total yield amounted to more 14,500,000 boxes of fruit. One of the parent trees is still producing a normal crop. In 1902 it was removed from the spot where it had originally been planted, and put in a small park, where a bronze tablet close beside it, tells its interesting history.