

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Jesus Is Praying for You

by  
Samuel J.  
Townsend

Are you lost in the desert, O brother of mine,—  
In the lone, dreary desert of sin?  
Do you long for the homeland, the corn and the wine,  
For the peace of God's Spirit within?  
Are your hopes buried deep 'neath the storm-drifting  
sands  
Swiftly hiding heaven's pathway from view?  
O look to the Guide with the nail-pierced hands,  
For Jesus is praying for you!

Are you lost on the mountains, O brother of mine,—  
On the heights of ambition and fame?  
Do the world's vain applause and its glory outshine  
Heaven's splendor and blessed acclaim?  
When life's sunset at last marks the end of the trail,  
Of what worth then the glory you knew?  
O turn to Him now while His blood can avail,  
For Jesus is praying for you!

Are you lost on the billows, O brother of mine,—  
Where the waves of adversity roll?  
Are you drifting away from God's far-flung life line,  
As afflictions sweep over your soul?  
Do the storms of temptation so fiercely assail  
That the clouds hide the stars in the blue?  
O faint not! He cares, and His love cannot fail,  
For Jesus is praying for you!

There is One who is pleading, O brother of mine,  
In the courts of the Father above;  
He is praying for you with compassion divine,  
From the depths of His infinite love.  
And He pleads for your soul, and He offers His grace,  
And He longs that your heart shall prove true.  
Return, O return to His tender embrace,  
While Jesus is praying for you!



# Let's Talk It Over

A FRAIL, broken little woman lay coughing her life away in a remote sanatorium under the shadow of Mt. Blanc. The lights burned dimly in the summer dusk as she lapsed into coma. When morning dawned she was dead.

Her body was taken back to Paris, where she had spent so many busy, fruitful years. The funeral cortège drove out to a cemetery about twenty miles from the city for a simple service. The only persons present were her two daughters, a son-in-law, and a few intimate friends. At its close they filed, one by one and in silence, past the casket and each laid thereon a single rose. Then it was slipped into place in a crypt beside that holding the remains of her famous husband. There was no pomp, no circumstance. Just the same quietness and humble simplicity which had characterized her life!

But the press, around the wide circle of the world, recorded her passing, and rang with acclaim for the greatest woman scientist in history.

THE year is 1891; the place is Paris. A twenty-four-year-old Polish girl, of unmistakably Slavic features, has just arrived in the great city. Her object? Study. She already has a scientific education, but now she purposes to become a student at the Sorbonne, under great physicists who are doing great things in research and discovery.

Her first and chief concern is to obtain work, for she must earn every cent of her way. She feels fortunate indeed when she gets a job in the Sorbonne itself, cleaning the furnace and washing bottles in the laboratory. Of course her income is very small. She lives in a bare garret, and can afford only the equivalent of ten cents a day for bread and milk.

It is Gabriel Lippmann, head of the physics department and outstanding pioneer in color photography, who discovers in this Polish girl with the sad face and high cheek bones something more than a bottle washer. Through his efforts she comes under the tutelage of Pierre Curie, professor of physics. Four years later, in 1895, she marries him, and they continue their research work in the field of radioactivity together.

THE year is 1898. It is a cold, bleak December day in Paris. A woman with deep blue eyes and pale

face and blond hair, and a dark, bearded man work in taut silence in a desolate place described by one who saw it as a "cross between a horse stable and a potato cellar." It is cold, and they shiver as they work. The walls are of rough planks; the glass roof has been patched in places, but it leaks when it rains. There are three battered deal tables, the top of each covered with laboratory apparatus, a few plain, straight-backed chairs, and a "pot-bellied stove" in which the fire has almost gone out. The cement floor is bare save for a few coarse mats.

For two long, anxious years they have been working here. In that time they have reduced tons of pitchblende—at that time obtainable only from a deposit in Bohemia—in their intensive search for an unknown which they are sure is there.

"Suddenly the woman turns off the gas lights. The darkness is complete except for the faint luminescence of something in a tube which she holds in her hand." It is the greatest moment of life for both of them. A few days later Marie Sklodowska Curie and her husband Pierre announce that they have "discovered a radioactive element which they have called radium."

THE year is 1903. The place is Stockholm. The Swedish Academy of Science is about to award the Nobel prize for that year to "the person who has made the most important discovery or invention in the domain of physics." The potency and usefulness of radium have been tested and tried. Many forms of cancer have yielded to its healing qualities. Bacteria which cause typhus, cholera, anthrax, and similar dread scourges have fallen before its powerful rays. The codiscoverers of this great boon to humanity are about to be accorded the highest honor their world has to offer. But listen! The husband of the world's foremost woman scientist is speaking:

"Not I, but Mme. Curie," he says, "executed these experimental works. . . . She reached her momentous conclusion alone."

THE year is 1908. The President of France, the entire French Cabinet, the president of the University of Paris, and scientists of three continents have gathered in a lecture hall in the Sorbonne. Two years before, Pierre Curie, dreaming

his dreams while crossing a street, had been killed by a truck. His wife has been appointed to the chair of physics which he held, the first woman ever to hold a Sorbonne professorship. This is the occasion of her first lecture. At the appointed hour she appears in a plain, black work dress, bows politely to the august audience assembled, waits for the applause to stop, then turns to her class, sitting in a group alone, and says: "Pierre Curie has prepared the following lesson for you." The lecture which she reads is one which her husband had prepared but never given.

MANY honors were heaped upon this quiet, self-effacing woman. In 1911 she went again to Stockholm, to receive the only second award of the Nobel prize ever made.

In 1921 President Harding presented her with a gram of the almost priceless substance she had discovered, in behalf of her admirers in the United States; and President Hoover presented her with another token of their regard—\$50,000—in 1929. But she was always indifferent to such honors and gifts. Never did she keep money or mere things for herself, but with them built and equipped the Curie Laboratory at the Radium Institute of the University of Paris. There her daughter, Mme. Irene Curie-Joliot, is carrying on her illustrious mother's work.

PICTURE again the world's most famous woman scientist, in her quiet room in a quiet little sanatorium, dying from tuberculosis, pernicious anemia, and the effects of accumulated radiations in her constant research into the nature and properties of radium. Her mind is crystal clear. A reporter is allowed to enter, and asks for reminiscences. "I was born in Poland," she smiles. "I married Pierre Curie, and I have two daughters. I have done my work in France. That is all."

How great indeed is the greatness of humility!

OTHERS!" It is a life motive which makes men and women great; it is a life motive which keeps men and women humble, and quiet, and entirely unselfish as they follow the footsteps of the Man of Galilee.

*Lora E. Clement*



# The CALL for MEN

A  
Commencement  
Address

by  
Taylor G.  
Bunch



ONE of the chiefest of the apostles, in addressing the Christian youth of his and future generations, said: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." Young men and women, my message to you is that you be strong by letting the word of God abide in you, so that you may overcome the wicked one.

While I do not believe in the theory of the survival of the fittest from the Darwinian viewpoint, which is based almost wholly upon physical development, I do believe that you are coming to maturity under conditions such as no other generation of youth ever faced, and that in the coming contest for supremacy only the truly fit and strong can survive.

Men of thought and letters have seemingly exhausted their vocabularies in efforts to describe the unprecedented times to which we have come. Dr. John R. Mott declares that ours "is a bewildered world, a confused world. This means an imperiled world. We see everything disintegrating." David Lloyd George recently said that the "outlook is enough to induce despair in the stoutest hearts." The Prince of Wales said in a recent address: "We have before us today a world sick with fearful doubt, weary with repeated disappointments, a world of troubled nations." And another English observer of the times said: "The heart of the nations is sick with fear. Statesmen with their ears to the ground are terror stricken and perplexed." A noted religious leader of Scotland, in issuing a national call for prayer over the situation, wrote: "The complicated problems and haunting uncertainties which loom ahead cause stout hearts to quake and quail."

Sir Auckland Geddes, while ambassador to the United States, gave an address to the graduating class of an Eastern university, in which he said: "I doubt if the future ever was so closely shrouded in dark clouds, so pregnant with storm for so many nations, so many individuals. As one looks ahead, there is little light save when dazzling flash on flash writes a great interrogation on the murky background. Into a storm-racked world you new graduates have to pass and press forward in a struggle demanding your every effort. To press forward—yes, but whither?" Similar statements by men of affairs, describing the utter hopelessness of the situation from a human standpoint, could be multiplied almost indefinitely, but that would become tiresome.

But these conditions have not come to you as an overwhelming surprise. You are indeed fortunate to have been graduated from one of the descendants of the ancient schools of the prophets, and you are or should be "children of light." You have inherited from your parents and from the religious body of which you are members, a teaching that for almost a century has predicted these very conditions as harbingers of the coming of Christ and the end of the world in the present phase of its existence.

Your teachers have made you familiar with the forecasts of the ancient prophets who described our days in language strikingly similar to that used by modern writers. The prophets of God also told the meaning of these conditions. The prophet Isaiah described the bitter disappointment of those in our day who attempt to bring order out of chaos: "Behold, their valiant ones shall cry without: the ambassadors of peace shall weep bitterly." More than 2,500 years ago

the prophet Zephaniah wrote: "The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord: the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess," which will "bring distress upon men, that they shall walk like blind men."

Surely Ezekiel had a vision of modern and future conditions when he wrote: (I shall read from James Moffatt's translation) "Here is the day! It has dawned! . . . The trumpet is sounded. . . . Outside, the sword; inside, pestilence and famine! . . . And if any survivors escape, they shall all be hiding in the hills. . . . Their hands shall all be limp, their knees as weak as water; they shall . . . be covered with terror, their faces with shame; they shall fling their silver into the streets and loathe their gold with disgust: for on the day of the Eternal's anger no silver or gold can save them or satisfy their appetite. Money has been their ruin and their sin. . . . When anguish comes, they shall seek peace, and peace there shall be none. Disaster on disaster, rumor upon rumor! The prophet is deprived of vision, the priest is bereft of instruction, and aged counselors have not a word to say; the authorities shall be wrapt in dismay, and the common folk shall be a-tremble." "Evil on evil! says the Lord the Eternal—it is coming, the hour has come, the hour is striking at you, the hour and the end!"

Our Saviour predicted that just before His return there would be "distress of nations, with perplexity;" that men's hearts would be "failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth." But for the encouragement of His people, He added: "When



these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." To the world the outlook is hopelessly dark, with no way of escape. But to the Christian who walks in the light of the sure word of prophecy, the darkest clouds have silver linings produced by the brightness beyond. The uplook is indeed bright with prospects the most glorious.

A failure on my part to give you the needed warning would be akin to criminal negligence. And I have found that most young people appreciate the truth, even when it cuts and wounds. My conscience will not permit me to follow the present-day popular method of gaining the favor of the young by laying all the blame for the prevailing conditions upon their parents. I have no sympathy whatever with any statement that in the least minimizes the responsibility of the modern youth for their conduct and attitude toward life by shifting the blame to a former generation. Any effort on your part to escape responsibility by such methods is an act of cowardice which is far from flattering and is beneath the dignity of brave and upstanding youth. Altogether too many young people are laying down on the job because of these unwise statements of their elders. Another sentiment of modern popularity seekers is that the rising generation is superior in every way to all that have gone before. This is contrary to both Scripture and experience, and is untrue. Do not permit such statements to throw you off your guard.

This dark picture has not been presented to discourage you, but rather to stimulate you to deeds of heroism in a struggle that demands the best. The very situation you face presents a mighty challenge that will make you great or insignificant according to the way you relate yourself to it. These are extraordinary times which call for men and women of extraordinary characters. In the coming test of manhood only the strongest will survive.

The call of the hour is for men who are brave and strong. This is no time for wavering mollicoddles who have neither the power to decide nor the will power to carry out decisions. This is no time for the self-seeking and cowardly who know what is right, but are without the moral strength to do it. This is not the time for reeds shaken by every blowing wind, for ships that drift with every ebbing tide, for seamen who quake and quail before every raging storm.

"God give us men. The time demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie; . . . Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog In public duty and in private thinking; For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom sleeps, Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice weeps."

My message to you is that you be strong, strong physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Unless you know this threefold development, you cannot succeed. The times demand strong bodies, trained minds, and unblemished characters. Let us consider these exhibitions of strength in the order in which they are just named, which is the reverse order of their importance.

The coming test of endurance which will eliminate the unfit will require strong bodies built up through



## Him Only

by LOUISE C. KLEUSER

Him only thou must yield  
Thy gift of life in form of clay;  
Thy struggling will He'll wield,  
He'll guide thy steps His way;  
The hour is late—  
Come, consecrate!

Him only shalt thou serve,  
For thou hast found the better part;  
Thou canst not from Him swerve,  
Nor offer a divided heart;  
The hour is late—  
Don't hesitate!

His only thou must be,  
Just bring to Him thy love most pure;  
He asks to use thy best,  
To blend with love that will endure;  
The hour is late—  
Come, dedicate!

obedience to the divine laws that govern physical growth and produce physical health. No person can excel who does not practice temperance in all things. He must place the desires and cravings of a sinful flesh under the absolute control of an enlightened will. Those who are victorious in physical contests are temperate in all the habits of life. The training athlete does not use tobacco or drink alcoholic liquors. He is regular in his habits of eating, sleeping, and exercise. He totally abstains from everything that is harmful, and uses only moderately those things which

are healthful. The Christian contestant for the eternal prize should do no less. The apostle Paul wrote that "every competitor in an athletic contest practices abstemiousness in all directions. They indeed do this for the sake of securing a perishable wreath, but we for the sake of securing one that will not perish."

In time of war only the most fit physically are called to defend the nation against its foes. The strain is too great for physical weaklings. Thousands of men volunteered to accompany Admiral Byrd on his present antarctic expedition, but only those who were the most fit physically were selected to have a part in the dangerous undertaking. You have the privilege of having a part in the greatest of all modern undertakings, which will produce the greatest heroes of all time. Once again, as during the hero-producing Reformation of the sixteenth century, "the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits." The very needs of the hour demand that you become as perfect as possible physically.

But good health alone is not enough. The animal has physical strength and endurance, but mere brute force will not avail in the struggle in which you cannot escape being either a successful or a defeated contestant. It is also imperative that you receive an intellectual training. An enlightened mind must be in control of a strong body, that the physical strength may be properly employed. The second qualification for membership in the Byrd expedition was that the applicant must be educated. He must be able to endure months of isolation from the world, which could be done only by men who know how to think and who enjoy reading good literature. The Byrd library contains little of the novel type.

The mental imbecility of the modern age is alarming. Even at the present rate of insanity increase, if time should continue another two hundred years, the entire human family would be mentally wrecked and the earth a vast insane asylum. The increasing momentum of mind degeneracy would doubtless reduce the time to a century. We may thank God that time will not be permitted to continue till the race destroys itself.

The modern theater is contributing tremendously to this mental delinquency. This great school of crime and immorality is attended by 75,000,000 Americans, including most of our youth. Here, according to the testimony of the inmates of our jails, penitentiaries, and reformatories, most of the first lessons in criminality are learned. Is it any wonder that the annual national crime bill has reached the unbelievable sum of \$23,000,000,000? (Turn to page 12)



# SOMETHING for NOTHING

by

Coress Goldsberry

I ANSWERED the doorbell one day not long ago, and a smiling salesman thrust a bright-colored cookbook through the open screen, saying, "This is a gift to you; it is absolutely free, and contains many recipes you will like." I thanked him and glanced proudly at the volume, but the salesman went on talking.

"Now, all you need to do is to sign on this dotted line, and you will receive this nationally known magazine for such-and-such a price. We give you the cookbook for nothing only if you take a year's subscription to the magazine."

"Oh!" I said understandingly, and handed the book back. I thought I was getting something for nothing, and I found there was a payment to be made in the end.

And remembering this experience, I am reminded of the sunrise of this world's history, and of how Satan offered to Eve the beautiful forbidden fruit. She thought she was getting something for nothing, but there was a contract to be signed on the dotted line. When she and Adam left their lovely garden home, they began to realize what heavy payments must follow Satan's gift.

Gehazi slipped stealthily from Elisha's presence and hurried after Naaman. The Syrian captain had been cured of leprosy by God through His servant Elisha, and in return had offered to the prophet a wealth of gold and expensive clothing. But he would receive none of this. However, Gehazi, his servant, decided to follow the nobleman and ask for just one talent of silver and two changes of garments! Here was a chance to get something for nothing! But when he went in before Elisha, after having safely hidden these "free" goods, the man of God perceived his deceit, and the leprosy from which Naaman had been cleansed, came to him. Gehazi then realized that he must make lifetime payments on what he had thought to get for nothing. At that instant it became bitter to him as gall and wormwood.

I am thinking of a young man of my acquaintance who had talent and opportunity to make his life successful and useful. But the regulations of the school irked him. Just a few miles away were all manner of amusements. Youth would be dull

without some "shows," some "late hours," some "thrills."

"What a fool I've been!" he said to me not long ago. "I had every chance to get a Christian education and make something of myself, but, you know, I thought I'd see a little of life, and then I sort of got tangled up in it."

Poor boy! He thought he was going to get something for nothing. He could not see then that he was signing a contract on the dotted line. But Satan's contracts *do* tangle people up.

"Take it—it doesn't cost anything," the tempter whispered to Ruth, a schoolmate of mine. Ruth took it—a few thrill-jaded, empty years. There would be time enough to "settle down" later on. She wanted to be a Christian "sometime"—perhaps even a foreign missionary. But sad indeed is her story now.

"I've paid dearly for every wrong step," she despairingly admits. "If only I could live over the past few years of my life!" But most tragic of all is the fact that Ruth has now lost her desire for salvation. She thought she was going to get something for nothing—without signing up for life. But she is still making payments on the principal, with interest.

Lewis lay on a hospital bed, where cigarettes had put him.

"Why, of course, the first cigarette did not seem to hurt my heart," he said. "But now—here I am—on my back. I didn't know it was going to cost me all this!"

I saw an advertisement the other day which read: "Nothing down—pay later." Lewis is still paying.


Youth is the time when Satan makes his most attractive introductory offer. He will offer you something for nothing—apparently. But beware! If you accept it, you must sign his contract. Be sure you read it carefully before you sign. It does not say "a year's subscription"—it says, "a lifetime." What then? "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." And it is almost impossible to break this contract when once your name is written on the dotted line. Listen again to the words of the wise man as he gives this fearful warning: "He shall be holden with the cords of his sin."

A woman who had been working with radium in a watch factory was not feeling well one night, and got up without turning on the light, to take some medicine. She glanced toward a long mirror in passing, and what she saw brought a scream of terror from her lips. There was a shimmering, ghostly light radiating from her entire body. Her hair and skin were shining in the dark. Then she remembered that she and several fellow workers had been "pointing" the tips of their brushes with their lips better to get radium on the hour hands. Without realizing it, these women had been taking radium into their systems. This could mean but one thing—certain death.

That is the way with sin. We yield to Satan's "easy payment" plan, hardly recognizing that it harms us, until it is too late to break his contract. Thus the sentence of death is passed upon us.

"Bankrupt—must be sold out by the first of August. We're practically giving these things away," said a radio advertiser.

That reminds me of the words of John the revelator: "For the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." He is bankrupt. That is the reason he is making such attractive offers. There never was  
(Turn to page 13)



IF YOU WANT WORK  
WELL DONE,  
SELECT A BUSY  
MAN. THE OTHER  
KIND HAS NO  
TIME. ELBERT HUBBARD



# SQUIRMING

by  
Russell  
Quinn

THE other evening a small group of us were discussing the apparent lack of the sparkling virtues in the world today,—such virtues as truth, loyalty, frankness, courage, straightforwardness, which we are wont to associate with the pioneer New England fathers. It seemed to us that there is a soft streak running through this civilization of ours which has affected all affairs of life,—politics, social conduct, and even religion.

We were of the mind that all this strike-back to dictatorship in the political world is due primarily to the fact that the individual has lost his self-reliance, and rather than fight his own battles, delegates them to some one else. The principle of a democracy is self-government. And self-government means responsibility. It means working out one's own problems. The early pioneers who fought and died for this principle were not afraid to accept this responsibility. From their efforts came the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, and the Bill of Rights. And not alone these, but from them a new nation and a new way of living. And to forge a new nation meant problems and responsibilities of no inconsequential magnitude. America as a nation today is a tribute to the integrity of our forefathers in accepting these responsibilities.

Other nations, witnessing the success of democracy in the new world, adopted similar forms of government. Most of them wanted "the penny and the cake too," however. The people wanted the privileges of freedom without the responsibilities that they entailed. When the responsibilities became troublesome, they shirked them and were glad to pass them on to any one who would accept them. Thus the trend toward paternalistic government.

There is a good deal of truth in the political axiom that the people get the government they deserve. When the individuals in a democracy refuse to accept the responsibilities of a

democracy, it is inevitable that they will lose the benefits of a democracy.

This shirking of responsibility, this squirming under pressure, it seems to us, is a mean way to live. There is nothing challenging in it. It gives no clarion calls to be answered. In fact, it offers nothing that we can see but a miserable existence. There is perhaps no more pathetic man than one who has compromised his conscience. Of all the minor tragedies centering about the crucifixion of Christ, none are more sorrowful than those of Judas and Peter. We do not realize at first thought perhaps that they both denied Christ. Yet down through the ages Peter's name is second only to Christ's in Christian regard, while that of Judas has become an anathema the world over. Why? Because after he compromised his conscience, Judas preferred to squirm rather than admit his mistake as did Peter. And to relieve his miserable existence he sought the gallows. You know the story of Peter.

It is not necessarily a sin to make a mistake. In fact, as Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Those who never made a mistake never did anything." But to allow a mistake to go uncorrected after one is aware of it, makes it a sin. We can surmise that no one in Biblical history made more mistakes than the impetuous Peter, but his redeeming characteristic was straightforwardness. He was not a squirmer. He admitted his mistakes. That made him a man of power. It is horrible to imagine



*"To play the game square, hit the line hard, and trust in God."*



what would have happened to the world if Christ had been a squirmer. There is no doubt that He wanted to refuse the cup at Golgotha. His whole being cried out against that responsibility.

During the discussion, one of our group told the story, heard in a college classroom, of how in the early days of the third angel's message, a great meeting was being held in the church at headquarters, located then in Battle Creek, Michigan. Some fundamental points of doctrine were being thrashed out. One stanch pioneer expounded at length on a certain interpretation of a scripture in which his brethren could see no light. Then he listened while they talked. Finally, after different members had presented their views, the first speaker arose to his feet and said, "Brethren, I was wrong. Now I am right." The point, as you see, of course, is that when a person admits himself wrong, then he automatically becomes right.

That the foundations of this great second advent movement were laid by such men and under such conditions, explains, to those of us who have not had the privilege of knowing these pioneers personally, just why they stand unmoved in this age of iconoclasm.

And finally, in closing our discussion, we came to the conclusion that if civilization is going soft, with all phases of life knuckling under,—following the line of least resistance,—it is certainly no time for those who have a salvation message for this pathetic old world to go soft too. Frankly, as we look out and try to gauge the future, we are a bit dismayed. There is so much to do, and we feel so helpless. We seem to be merely throwing match sticks to drowning persons all around us, when we should be throwing life buoys. Yet, when we are really honest with ourselves, we know that we have been shirking—squirming! From this moment forward we are resolved to "play the game square, hit the line hard, and trust in God," and do what He would have us do in heralding the news of His soon return to all the world in this generation.



# "He That Ruleth His Spirit"

by Walter Roberts

**H**E that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." The truth of this statement made centuries ago by the wisest man who ever lived, has been verified again and again down through the ages.

Many kings there have been who have vanquished nations, and yet were slaves to their own passions. Alexander conquered the world, but in a fit of intemperate anger, he slew Clitus, the friend whom he loved above all others. And Clitus is not the only one whose life has been sacrificed to the hasty temper of a friend. But how many more have had their hearts wounded and broken by the harsh, bitter words of a loved one.

It is not enough to guard jealously our words and actions, lest they mortify us, for our very thoughts have a marked effect on our disposition, and are reflected in the countenance. Medical science testifies to this. Physicians tell us that "worrying, fretting, unbridled passions, petulance, discontent, every dishonest act, every falsehood, every feeling of envy, jealousy, fear—each has its effect on the system and acts like a poison on the body," and that "the way to be beautiful without, is to be beautiful within." How can we be an influence for good if our faces are lined with passion, and our mouths shaped as if ready to utter angry words upon the slightest provocation?

Nor is it enough merely to admit that we have hasty tempers, for this will never heal the wounds made by our unkind, passionate words. It is true that some persons are naturally more hot tempered than others, but this is no excuse for giving way to one's feelings. Although self is difficult to conquer, the victory can be gained; nothing is impossible with God.

The qualities of refinement and courtesy are sadly lacking even in our own highly civilized country. If we are careful to cultivate these two virtues, our influence for good will be greatly multiplied. It is important that we learn to practice modesty in our speech as well as in our actions. A Christian will not pursue a course of bickering and contention with any one, under any circumstances. The ability to argue and debate is nothing to be proud of, for such a course

drives men away from Christ instead of drawing them to Him. Neither does cutting censure impress our associates or gain their sympathy. Rather, it lowers us in their estimation.

Even uncivilized peoples realize the value of keeping the temper in check. The American Indian, who before the coming of the white man, roamed this country, proud ruler of all he surveyed, considered it beneath his dignity to give vent to his feelings, even by the flicker of an eyelash.

In Mungo Park's account of his travels in Africa, he gives a striking example of the good results of Christian forbearance. After having passed through many difficulties, he arrived, toward evening, at the Village of Song, but the people refused to allow him to enter the gate, believing him to be a member of an enemy Moorish tribe. It was a dangerous position in which the traveler found himself, for the country was infested with wild animals. But as there was nothing else to do, he collected some grass for his horse, lay down, and went to sleep. Being aroused during the night by the roar of a lion, he climbed a tree for safety. Finally, at about midnight, the natives of the village, who had been watching the stranger, were convinced of their error, and opened the gate to him, declaring that he could be no Moor, for he had waited thus long and en-

sadness, we begin to feel the crushing weight of remorse and regret, accompanied by a loss of self-respect. By not controlling the temper, we bring upon ourselves much of the unhappiness of life, its irritation, its daily corroding cares, its heartaches. "The harmony of the domestic circle is often broken by a hasty word and abusive language. How much better were it left unsaid. One smile of pleasure, one peaceful, approving word spoken in the spirit of meekness, would be a power to soothe, to comfort, and to bless."

Without a love for others, shown by thoughtfulness and consideration, our lives will be cold, fretful, and unhappy. How important is it that we have the guiding power of the Holy Spirit to keep our passions in check, for a single lack of courtesy, a moment of petulance, one rough, thoughtless word, may mar the reputation, and close the door to hearts that we can never again reach. But with Christ dwelling within, our lives will be so softened and subdued by love, that fretting, faultfinding, jealousy, and contention will not exist there.

It is said that milkers in Switzerland get better wages if they can sing, for a cow will yield one fifth more milk when soothed by a pleasing melody. We can help make the world run smoother by a happy, cheerful disposition. Gladstone, for many years prime minister of England, early formed the habit of looking on the bright side of things, and was never known to lose a moment's sleep worrying—even about the trying problems of public life which often confronted him.

The causes of a hasty temper have been mentioned—selfishness, a lack of love for God and man. The effects have also been listed—disappointment, unhappiness, and regret, not only to ourselves, but to every one with whom we associate. How, then, may it be overcome? "In this habit," Ellen G. White says, "total abstinence is the only remedy." She also admonishes us to pray for a Christlike temper, along with wisdom, strength, humility, and courage. God will grant this request if we are content, with Paul, to die daily to our un-Christlike selves. Eternal life is worth suffering for, worth sacrificing every idol for.

If we are diligent in the Master's service, are (Turn to page 13)



dured the hardships imposed upon him without cursing all the inhabitants.

"A hasty temper grieves your friends and the holy angels, and wounds your own soul." Not only does the temper have a definite bearing upon the happiness of others, but it is a vital factor in one's own experience. After causing our friends





*The Administration Building of the College Is Beautifully Situated on a Wooded Hillside*

TELEPHONE, dear. And I hope you will accept the invitation," called mother, as Jean entered the front door after a strenuous day at high school.

"You are leaving tomorrow morning at five? . . . I'll be ready. . . . Thank you for including Marie and me."

That Wednesday evening mother and Jean were busy washing, ironing, and packing the suitcase for the unexpected trip to Pacific Union College. "Unexpected"?—not entirely; for mother had been praying several months that her daughter's interest might be turned to a Christian school, which she rather slightly compared with the well-equipped junior colleges and the two universities in her home city.

Jean and her chum Marie had often accompanied Pastor Hilliard and his wife on short trips. To be asked to go with them for a weekend to Howell Mountain, however, offered a real thrill. With a quiet pleasure, mother noted that Jean's enthusiasm ran high.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening that the car rounded curve after curve on the paved road leading up the mountain from St. Helena to the college. "Our teams wading through the dust or the mud made slower time in 1916 on this eight-mile climb than our Buick does today," remarked Pastor Hilliard.

In a few moments Jean and Marie stepped out of the car in front of Graf Hall, the home of the young women. Immediately Jean found herself captured by her cousin, Mary Elizabeth, who demanded the how and wherefore of this surprise visit. "Well, next week is our spring vacation at the high school. Pastor and Mrs. Hilliard offered to bring us. So here we are," was the terse explanation.

"You and Marie must come with us up to the observatory for an hour. We are just starting. Prof. M. W. Newton is here for us now. You see, I'm earning a semester hour's credit in astronomy lab." Mary Elizabeth's words fairly tumbled over each other in her excitement. Jean and Marie were both struck by the friendly spirit of P. U. C.'s pioneer professor, who in 1910, the year the college was moved from Healdsburg to its present location, joined the faculty. When Professor Newton told the young women that he had been teaching almost half a century, they admired his erect figure and buoyant step all the more.

"Yes, we have a six-inch telescope in this observatory, and a fourteen-inch telescope in the one farther on," he explained. "One of our students, Donald Perry, has shown particular skill in grinding the lenses. By September, 1934, we shall have the fourteen-inch telescope adjusted on a metal mounting, so that it will revolve readily."



*Graf Hall, Young Women's Home*

Upon their return from the observatory, Elizabeth introduced Jean and Marie to Miss Minnie Dauphinee, dean of women, who took them to a guest room on the second floor, and did everything possible to make them feel at home. After bidding them good night, she added the invitation: "We shall be happy to have you attend our morning worship at 6:15."

Marie scrutinized the room. "Not so antiquated," she remarked. "Twin beds, hot and cold water, steam heat, hardwood floors, and did you see the parlor? Elizabeth showed it to me."

"Yes," answered Jean, "and she told me that the girls can go down there during the day and enjoy the piano or the radio. On Wednesday night, they have a Girls' Hour program there. Each girl brings a pillow and sits on the floor."

Morning and the worship hour brought a new revelation to the visitors.

"Miss Dauphinee, do the girls often take part in worship?" questioned Jean after they had listened to one of the young women present the morning lesson.



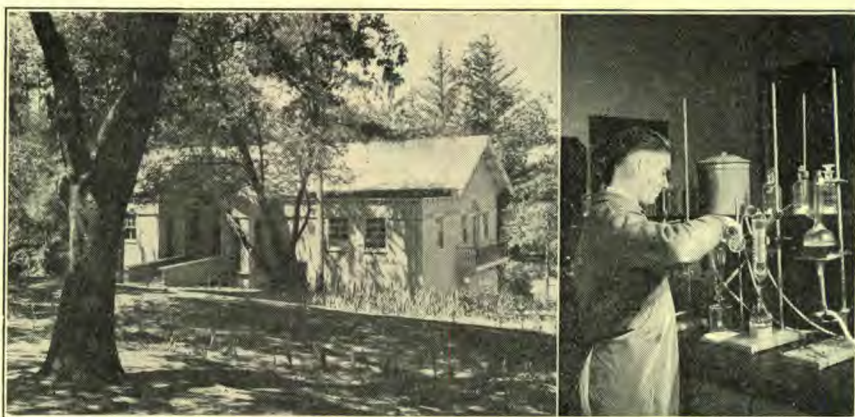
*A Missionary Volunteer Meeting Is Being Called to Order in the Chapel*



# ge Point

## cific Union College

Noah E. Paulin Hall,  
Music Conservatory,  
and a Student at Work  
in the Chemistry Lab-  
oratory



Grainger Hall, Young Men's Home

"Yes, this is not an unusual worship. This year almost sixty girls have given over a hundred talks and forty have assisted with the special music here in our home. Pacific Union College aims to train leaders."

Vespers! A peaceful atmosphere after the bustle of the week seemed to unfold each attendant. Prof. N. E. Paulin's violin solo, two numbers by the A Cappella Choir, appropriate Scripture reading by the president, testimonies by the students, and then music by the special orchestra made this Friday evening service a real treat, and the girls were deeply impressed.

Following vespers, came the invitation, "Don't you wish to attend the Foreign Mission Band?" from Elizabeth.

"Of course we do. We mustn't miss anything."

When the leader asked various band members to repeat Matthew 28: 19 in their own language, thirty different nations were represented. The girls decided that the association with so cosmopolitan a group would be an education in itself. Then five speak-

ers from foreign countries told, from the native's point of view, what they considered the necessary qualifications of a missionary.

Sabbath morning, Jean and Marie awoke as the birds tossed their happy songs into the mountain air and squirrels scampered among the tree tops. The Sabbath school and church service impressed them with the same solemnity as did vespers. "The pipe organ adds reverence and the lesson of the sermon from the story of Naaman was right to the point," commented Marie.

Dinner over, they joined a group of girls who were walking to Linden Falls, via Woodland Pool. Each step brought new discoveries to the city guests, especially when one of the group picked forty different kinds of flowers.

"Prof. H. W. Clark, teacher of biological science, tells us that there are five hundred varieties of wild flowers on Howell Mountain," explained the botanical enthusiast. "This is where coast meets interior and mountain meets valley. These four regions vie with one another in supplying Pacific Union College with its choicest flora."

"I suppose you go to Linden Falls each Sabbath," ventured Jean.

"No, indeed," chorused the girls. "This is only one of our beauty spots. Wait till you see Inspiration Point, Overhanging Rock, Natural Bridge, Bell's Cañon, and perhaps Three Peaks."

Jean was especially enthusiastic over the violin concert given by an outstanding artist as part of the lecture course that evening. "Every one tells us we came here for one

of the big treats of the year," she remarked to Marie when they finally found themselves alone in their room.

Morning came once more.

"Today is Sunday. What do you do?" queried Jean of her cousin.

"This is my big day to work," explained Elizabeth, "for I must earn a part of my way. Come along and see how it goes."

In the kitchen, Miss Spear, for thirteen years matron at Pacific Union College, quietly assigned to each assistant her task. Marie and Jean soon felt so much at home that they helped too. "We like our work here, for this is a fine place in which to get acquainted. Also it's a good cure for homesickness," remarked one of the busy group.

Elizabeth decided that after dinner would be a good time for the visitors to see the laundry. They found fifteen girls ironing shirts, and several young men running the electric washing machines. Through the ample window space, Marie caught a glimpse of the farm. A faint cloud of dust followed a tractor across the landscape, while scores of baby kids frolicked in a near-by pasture. Naturally investigative, the girls questioned, and soon Elizabeth was guiding them in the direction of the farm.

Mr. O. C. Baldwin, the farm manager, wiped his brow, welcomed the strangers, and pointed in the direction of the valley, explaining, "We farm one hundred thirty acres, keeping forty boys busy most of the year. Then we have thirty-five cows to be milked, a job that stimulates early rising for some." (Turn to page 14)



The New Observatory, and a Glimpse of the Parlor in Graf Hall



# Let's Get Acquainted

by Walter Wheeler

IN the month of May I had a litter of three fuzzy kittens. They were as cunning as any domestic kittens you ever saw. But each had a stockiness of build, a large head, and enormous padded paws which are not common to the tame species. The tail was a mere stump, the jowl whiskers were well developed, and the ears were tufted by fine pencils of black hair.

Perhaps you would be interested to know where I, a mother bobcat, had my den for these small kittens. Near a water hole, I discovered a rocky gorge not easily trespassed by man or large animals. In this gorge I chose to give the kittens their start in life. The den was about four feet square, having an entrance approximately a foot square, which was surrounded by manzanita and other scrub brush. The brush did not bother me, however, for that is the habitat that we bobcats like best.

The kittens were weaned only a few weeks after birth. This weaning was not an instantaneous matter. Gradually I gave them more meat and less milk. The meat given them consisted largely of small animals and birds. Before feeding them the meat, I tore it into small pieces, giving each his portion. With the generous amount of food my mate and I gave them, they grew by leaps and bounds. Only a few weeks passed before they were able to hunt for themselves.

But while they were still quite small, a tragedy came to our home. While down at the water hole one day I spied a man watching my every move. After standing still for several minutes, I glided off through the bushes to a place where I could see him, but from which he could not see me. He did not go near the den, but he must have had a hunting partner who did, because after waiting for a time after he disappeared, I hastened home, and was dismayed to find boot tracks at the entrance. All was startlingly quiet. I hurried inside, and there huddled in a far corner were two of the kittens, who acted as if they were scared to death.

*"Our two remaining kittens developed rapidly, and were soon able to battle for their own existence."*

They let out an excited "Fuh! fuh!" which is a characteristic of all members of the cat family the world over when they are frightened.

They had been playing out in front of the den, when a man had suddenly emerged from the brush and seized one of the three. I scolded the two remaining children very sternly for not having obeyed my orders to stay quietly out of sight when left alone. If I had been at home, the tragedy would in all probability not have taken place, for man seldom cares to meet one of us mother bobcats when our anger is aroused.

Our two remaining kittens developed rapidly, and as I have said, it was only a matter of a few weeks until we told them to battle for their own existence. My mate and I were surely glad to be care free once more. Now we could go out by the hour hunting game together, as we had done prior to the time when we found ourselves the parents of young ones which must needs be properly reared.

We bobcats, because of our sly nature, are sometimes known as sneak cats. That is not a very dignified name; nevertheless, it is very descriptive. Our very existence depends upon our silent, sinuous glide and the technique of being able to creep up on our prey and then give a lightning leap to secure it.

You may ride five hundred miles through a country where we abound, and yet never see a sight of one of

us. But how many of us do you suppose see you? We may be peeping through a thicket near the trail, or inspecting you as you recline calmly by the camp fire. We size you up and decide to have no further dealings with you. You are an object to be evaded and avoided, and we are clever at doing so. Turn one of us loose on the smoothest prairie you ever saw, and we will disappear before you can count twenty. Although the grass may be only three inches tall and the bobcat twenty-three inches in height, somehow we are able to melt into it and wholly escape the eye of the keenest observer.

We are both timid and inquisitive. Running from a small dog is an everyday occurrence with us. Seldom do we think of facing a man. Although we follow him many times, it is only out of curiosity.

There are many different members, aside from bobcats, in the cat family. The tiger and the lion, for instance, are my own blood relatives. Probably my nearest relative is the lynx.

The lynx lives in the Northern part of North America, whereas I inhabit the Southern and Western portions. If you should see an animal about twice the size of a bobcat, having long tufts of hair on its face and ears, you may be quite certain you have seen a lynx. Give a lynx forests and rocks, with a poultry and sheep farm near by, and he is satisfied. Because of the value of his furs and also because of his depredations in the sheep pasture and poultry yard, he is being gradually exterminated.

Perhaps you have felt antagonistic toward us bobcats. If you have, I wish you would listen to this. Just a short time ago an examination was made of a large number of bobcat stomachs. It was found that 63 per cent of all animal and bird life we had devoured was not valuable to man, 10 per cent was of neither great value nor great harm, while only 27 per cent was valuable to man. (Turn to p. 13)



COURTESY, NATURE MAGAZINE

PHOTO BY W. L. & IRENE FINLEY



# JUNIO RS

## The Little Hunchback

by  
Ralph Pearson

MANY years before, the home of the Chungs had been a comfortable, cozy, three-roomed cottage, straw thatched and neat. It stood in the midst of beautiful fields which glowed with emerald in the springtime, and yielded a golden harvest in autumn, supplying the family with plenty. Like many other simple, happy farmer folk, they worked hard, but there was always a bountiful supply of the necessities of life and of many things which were luxuries to their less fortunate neighbors. Then came the all too oft repeated tragedy—drinking, gambling, idleness, with home in a poor little hut where the family lived in poverty and squalor.

Thus as our story begins, we meet a little girl with a poor, misshapen, crooked back, living with her mother, father, and five brothers and sisters in a tiny, one-roomed mud house with half tumbled-down walls, the straw roof sagging and rotten.

When Sunae, for that was her name, was born, and until she was two years old, she was as fine a baby as you have ever seen. Her perfect body, with its straight little back and splendid head, was a constant delight to her fond mother. The other girls and boys seemed to feel the tragedy of life; young as they were they had seen much of suffering, and their faces reflected the nature of their circumstances. But with Baby Sunae, it was as though a bright-hued flower were found blooming in a most unexpected dark corner.

Wherever Mrs. Chung went to work, she always took Sunae. And whether she went to the riverside to pound out the family washing on a big rock, or to the rice field, or to the threshing floor, her baby daughter was never far away.

One day the father came reeling and staggering from the *sul* shop. The ever-watchful mother dropped the work she was doing as she heard his maudlin song, and ran out just in time to snatch up Sunae, who was playing beside the door.

"What now?" he cried, as he gave her a kick. "You always act as if you thought I was going to hurt the

child. You insult your master by such actions!" And the drunken wretch snatched the frightened child from her mother's arms. In an agony of terror, the little one raised her voice in still louder protest to his roughness, and held out pleading arms to the helpless woman. Seeing this, the angry man grew furious, and yelling at the top of his voice, "Well, go, then! I don't want you!" he threw her with all his savage strength toward the trembling woman, turned his back on them and stumbled into the house, mumbling threats and curses. The baby lay very still and helpless, crumpled on the cold stones of the courtyard, a hopeless cripple!

Many weeks she hovered between life and death, then out of the dark valley she slowly came back, a pale shadow of her former happy, laughing self. She came back to a living death of such daily, hourly pain that to those who loved and watched, it seemed it would be a mercy if the suffering, tired body were but released from further misery. The father should have been brought to his

senses by this tragedy; but no, not so!

"Oh, why was I ever born?" cried Sunae in her heart, unheard by mortal ears. She had suffered long in silence, and her love for her mother gave her wonderful understanding. She knew that her mother's burden was as great as her own, and that protests and complaints would only give her greater pain. Therefore her questions remained long unanswered.

The coming of the gospel to Shadow Valley was with no pomp or parade. The messenger of the Lord Jesus looked like any other dusty traveler as he appeared one day from beyond the great Rock Face Mountain. At the river, a group of village women were busy with the never-ending washing. The missionary stopped and watched them for a moment. There he saw one of the saddest, sweetest faces he had ever beheld, a girl of twelve years, but no larger than a child of eight, sitting by a large boulder. In her hand she held a bowl of millet for her mother's noonday meal.

The walk in the hot sun had been too severe for her frail body; trembling and faint, she leaned against the rock to rest her aching back. He came a little nearer, though not near enough to startle her, and then in a voice clear and distinct, but soft and meant for her alone, he said: "Your heavenly Father says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

At his first words the white lids fluttered, and the beautiful eyes opened in wonder and surprise. She said not a word, but her eyes were eloquent with dawning hope as she looked into the kind face.

"Poor little one!" continued her new friend. "Life has been hard for you. Have you not longed for rest and peace? Your Father loves you, and He wants to give you these blessings."

"Loves me!" cried the disappointed Sunae. "No, no, my father hates me! I am so useless and ugly, and he never gives me anything!"

"Child, I speak of the heavenly Father, the God of all love and





mercy." Then with simple words and loving faith he told the wonderful story of Jesus.

When watchful Mrs. Chung saw the man stop and speak to her little girl, she arose from her cramped position on the flat stone, and hastened to make indignant protest; but the first word died half uttered and she stood in amazement and listened.

"Now, little girl, I am going to pray to your heavenly Father. He is my Father, too, and the Great Spirit who is always present everywhere, the Supreme One who made all this fair world about us. You do not see Him, but He sees and hears us, and He will answer our prayers."

The women gave nervous starts and glanced behind them, but Sunae leaned forward to hear every word of that sweet prayer. They could not comprehend much of the petition, but they did understand when he prayed for the little girl with the crooked back. They understood that he desired that she should come to know her heavenly Father, and to have His peace and love in her heart.

When his prayer was finished, the missionary arose. Turning again to the eager girl, he held out a New Testament and said: "This Book is God's word; it tells you about all the things I have tried to say. I am going to give it to you, and you must learn to read it, so that you can know for yourself. I must leave now, but I'll ask Pastor Kim to come next month as he passes on his circuit, and see how you are getting along."

In this manner first came the gospel to the valley of Shadow River. The faithful messenger passed on around the foot of Rock Face Mountain, and out of sight with the bend of the river; but he had sown seed which had fallen into good ground in the heart of a child. And in after years it brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

That precious Book had an interesting history for the next few months. Day and night it was not far from the owner. She slept with it under her head, and in the day it was tied in a little ragged scarf about her waist. Her one consuming desire now was to learn to read.

Now in this same village of Shadow River lived Scholar Ye, far famed among the mountain folk as a great student and wise, a disciple of Confucius. One day, as he dozed by his door, supposed to be meditating on the deep problems of life, he was astonished by the timid entrance of the child of the drunkard Chung. Sunae told him the story of her wonderful Book and how she came to have it. He had heard just enough distorted reports concerning it to be thoroughly prejudiced against it, but the child's story interested and puzzled him; so his curiosity got the better of his caution, and he said

that he would look at the foolish thing if she would leave it. But no, indeed! She had no idea of leaving the treasure thus; and so the proud student of the ancient sages read aloud to the ragged little girl in order to get to see for himself what manner of doctrine this might be. And the more he read the more intense became his interest, until he forgot to scoff.

"Wonderful words of wisdom, wonderful words, but very strange!" he murmured over and over again. Thus it came about that every evening Sunae and her mother came to the house of the proud scholar, and sat as still as mice while the teacher read from the little black Book.

One day a tall stranger walked into the village and asked the first man he met if Chung Sunae, a little hunchback girl, lived here. This was Pastor Kim, who was taken immediately to the house of Teacher Ye and treated as a guest of honor, while almost the entire village turned out to hear his words. Before he left, the pastor had quite a group of new believers, and he promised to include them in his circuit, and visit them each month. How different life seemed to Sunae. Before long she, too, could read the beloved Book, and a little hymn book with a shiny red cover was securely tied up with it.

This peace and new-found happiness could not be marred, even by the bitter persecution at home. Things had been going from bad to worse with her father. Cho, the wine-shop keeper, had got all there was to get from the house of Chung. Since there seemed nothing more worth taking, he refused his patron more credit, nor would he allow him to come to his shop.

"Now Chung," he said, "I have your note for six thousand *yang* [about fourteen dollars], and you have not the cash to pay me. If you do not give me that girl of yours, I shall call my friend, the magistrate, and have him beat some sense into you and put you in prison, where you will be out of the way. The girl is not worth much. She is no good to look at, and crippled so she is of no account as a slave. Certainly she could not be made into a dancing girl. But although she is not much good, she is worth more than nothing, and I have decided to take her and call the debt paid."

Sunae was to live a slave's life of hardship and shame to pay her father's debts at a wine shop! Mother and child were broken-hearted.

Then above the darkness, like a sun at midnight, arose the faith of the child. "Let us pray, mother," she sobbed. "Doesn't it say, 'Ask, and it shall be given you'? and doesn't that mean this, too? It says, 'Whatever ye shall ask,' and I know that means me, too." All the little group of Christians in Shadow

Valley joined them in the prayer. The Lord heard the wail of those broken hearts.

The missionary heard from Pastor Kim the story of Sunae. His heart was touched with pity, and his anger kindled against the unnatural father. He hurried to the rescue. And when he left the mountain pass behind and turned his face toward the distant city, a strange little figure sat perched up on his pack pony. The 6,000 *yang* had been paid to Cho, and Sunae was free! Free! And school, and love, and comfort for the starved little body were ahead. This was what she had heard the missionary tell her mother! Then beyond that, she was to give years of beautiful service for her Lord! And the life already rich in love and faith has gladdened many other saddened hearts as the years have come and gone.

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## The Call for Men

(Continued from page 4)

Is it any wonder that immorality, divorce, and suicide have reached such alarming proportions? Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture in the Cabinet of President Harding, said that the average moving picture is an insult to intelligence, and that the theater industry has built up its patronage from "people who go to the theater solely to be amused," and consequently pictures "that call for a mentality in the audience above that of a ten-year-old child" run the risk of almost certain financial failure. He declared that "most of the intelligent and self-respecting" have ceased to attend the theater.

Graduates of a Christian school who have reached the milepost you have in attaining an education, should blush with shame to be found in this school that is feeding kindergarten minds with lessons in nearly all the evils that are dragging modern society into the gutter. It is said that only 5 per cent of the people think; 15 per cent think they think; and the other 80 per cent would rather die than think. The school system that is giving you your training should produce young men and women who think and who are thus set apart from the great host of mental weaklings. It is your privilege to join the exclusive society of the 5 per cent who develop their brains and use them.

But mental ability alone will not suffice. If intellectual training is not under the control of spiritual power, it may even prove dangerous. A writer recently said that "educating people is the most dangerous thing in the world, if they are not at the same time Christianized. It is sharpening a sword that may, perchance, slip into the hands of the devil." Another declared that "the education of today is developing men and



women who are all brains and no heart; making them intellectual and even brilliant, but not good. Today we are worshiping personality, and this will be a menace unless it is controlled by a holy character. The strong, intellectual, highly trained man who is all head and no heart, is more dangerous to society than a fool."

Former Secretary of Labor James J. Davis truthfully said that "the soul of this nation will die if we do not instill in the minds and hearts of our children some proper form of moral and religious sense. Education will never be education until it supplies every being with the moral training and the religious quickening that he needs." Mr. Babson, the noted statistician, recently declared that "with the forces of evil backed by men and money, systematically organized to destroy, we must back with men and money all campaigns for Christian education. We are willing to give our property and even our lives when our country calls in time of war. Yet the call of Christian education is today of even greater importance than was ever the call of the Army or the Navy."

Spiritual growth is the most important in the threefold development. It is the capstone of life's fruitage, the headstone of the educational structure. Physical training will give you strength and grace and beauty; intellectual training will qualify you to use these physical powers in effectual service. But you must have the spiritual development to give you the needed poise and equilibrium; to regulate your physical actions and your mental processes. It is the word of God abiding in you that produces spiritual growth and gives you strength to overcome the wicked one who would destroy your souls. The armor of righteousness makes you "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might," "so that you may be able to stand your ground in the day of battle, and, having fought to the end, to remain victors on the field."

A complete education will be essential to success in the gathering storm that will try your souls to the utmost. When this storm breaks, you must not be dismayed and lose courage, for "a thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand." You must learn "to stand in defense of truth and righteousness when the majority forsake" you, "to fight the battles of the Lord when champions are few;" to "gather warmth from the coldness of others, courage from their cowardice, and loyalty from their treason."

The call of the hour is for young men and women who "have moral backbone and an integrity which cannot be flattered, bribed, or terrified." "The greatest want of the world is the want of men,—men who will not be bought or sold; men who in their

inmost souls are true and honest; men who do not fear to call sin by its right name; men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall." Such was the character of Joseph in wicked Egypt. His virtue and honesty were tested to the limit, but he stood like a rock for principle, and his integrity was richly rewarded by both God and man. Daniel and his three companions in Babylon refused to violate the natural and moral laws of their God, even in the face of death, and they too were richly rewarded for their loyalty. They excelled all others in their physical, mental, and spiritual development, and they were favored by Heaven and honored by men.

May God richly bless each of you, that you may have that stability of purpose that will make you pillars of strength; that you will not drift with every tide that flows and be helplessly carried before every wind that blows on the great ocean of life. There is no grander spectacle than that of a brave and noble youth sailing forth upon the sea of life, with his sharp eyes fixed upon the compass that directs him in a straight course toward the harbor in the distance, with his heart on fire with enthusiasm for victory, and with all barriers giving way before his ship as it speeds on through waves and storms till it safely anchors at last in the placid waters of the haven of eternal life. May this be your destiny and reward.



### *Something for Nothing*

*(Continued from page 5)*

a time when you could find such "bargains" in soul destruction as you can today. It is cheaper now to buy the spirit of worldly pleasure than ever before.

But your soul cannot be exchanged for both life and death. You must choose. When? "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Listen for His voice. It is calling, "My son, my daughter, give Me thine heart." Life's cares and sorrows and perplexities will be lifted if you heed His loving, urgent appeal, "Come unto Me, . . . and I will give you rest."

Satan is in stark reality walking about "as a roaring lion, . . . seeking whom he may devour." He will offer you "something for nothing." But remember, it is a snare, a delusion. Jesus stands at the door of your heart. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," He says; "if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Why not accept His gracious invitation now—this very moment?

### *Let's Get Acquainted*

*(Continued from page 10)*

Left unmolested, we prey upon rabbits, injurious rodents, and other forms of wild life, such as deer, wild turkeys, and quail. When man encroaches upon our range, we find the domestic flocks and herds most satisfactory substitutes. But if the new provender is more easily obtained than is food in the wild, then man considers us a menace. We wish you would be more kindly considerate of us—if you can.



### *"He That Ruleth His Spirit"*

*(Continued from page 7)*

faithful in all the small duties of life, we will not have time to criticize our associates. In one of the battles of the Crimea, a cannon ball crashed through a beautiful garden. But from the ugly hole it made, there burst forth a spring of water which is still flowing. Likewise, our disappointments and sorrows may become a blessing if we learn through them to live more fully for others. Thankfulness for God's unfailing care and for the temporal blessings of life will fill our hearts with song. We will see the roses where others see only thorns. We will learn the lesson of being thankful for our blessings—no matter how lowly—which was taught to the Persian king of ancient times. Sick and dissatisfied with life, he was finally told that if he would wear the shirt of a truly happy man, he would himself find contentment. Throughout his entire kingdom, went his messenger, in search of this fortunate individual. The searcher finally found a man who had never a care in the world, but in response to the request for his shirt, for the monarch's use, the happy man replied, "I have no shirt!"

After a bitter outburst, we frequently resolve within ourselves to be more calm and patient. But in so doing, we really consent to retain the cause of our trouble, and determine to watch it. At some unguarded moment, it will surely burst forth with renewed fury and catch us unawares. The mind, the source of all our actions, will have to be disciplined by a higher Power, it must be taught to dwell upon eternal things—heaven, its treasures, its glories; the truths of the Bible, their promises, the hope that they inspire—if we ever hope to gain complete victory over this besetting sin.

We dishonor Christ when we become jealous of every slight, and are ready to resent every injury, supposed or real. It is far better to suffer wrongfully than to wound our own souls and those of our associates by retaliating, or by giving vent to wrath. God will help us to control



our tempers, if we will but ask Him. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." One of the greatest needs of the world today is that of young people who have self-control, combined with integrity and faithfulness. Such cannot be kept down; they are bound to succeed, for God will be with them.

## Jean Climbs to a Vantage Point

(Continued from page 9)

Then he pointed toward the east. "Over in those hills we have one thousand acres of timber; there are forty boys over there cutting wood." Pointing southward, over the top of the trees, he indicated the twenty-three acres of orchards belonging to Pacific Union College.

Later the young women knocked at the door of the woodwork shop. Prof. W. B. Taylor invited them to come in and inspect the students' work. "Do you ever let girls take woodwork?" they questioned.

"Yes, often. That cedar chest was made by Erna Von Hofgaarden, and I could show many other articles the young women have made. Church school teachers often need to teach woodwork, and we are glad to train them here."

Professor Taylor unrolled a huge blue print, saying, "You may be interested in this. It is the plan for our new kitchen and bakery, which is soon to be a reality. The boys are excavating for it now."

"Do you mean that the boys do the building?" questioned Jean, surprised.

"Oh, yes. They built the new stucco science hall, the young men's home—Grainger Hall—the music hall—well, practically every building on the campus was erected with student help. Did you notice the addition to Graf Hall? the Home Economics Building? This college pays over \$60,000 a year to the students for their labor."

The hum of presses attracted the girls to the College Press. Here they found Mr. G. H. Jeys, the giant of the college faculty, ready to explain the intricacies of the presses and the linotype. "We print five regular periodicals, including our weekly school paper, the *Campus Chronicle*, and the *Pacific Union Recorder*," he told them. "We have classes in printing, and do commercial work to the value of \$16,000 a year."

Monday morning Jean and Marie decided to visit classes. One statement made in a history class impressed Jean: "Time lost in prayer is gained in added blessing." The history teacher she studied under in junior college did not talk about prayer.

The evangelism class was also

unique to them. These young people had met to plan their trip for their field work in Napa the next Sabbath. "Recently the students have been holding an effort in Fairfield," Elizabeth told her guests. "I went along one Sabbath morning to play for the meetings, and stayed all day. I can't tell you the inspiration one gets in trying to explain points of our faith to those who have never heard the truths of the third angel's message."

In the afternoon they went with friends to several laboratory periods. "Weldon would like to take his pre-medical work here," remarked Marie, speaking of her younger brother. "With five teachers in the department of science, and full majors in mathematics, biological science, physics, and chemistry, I think he would get a first-class preparation for Loma Linda."

"You may be impressed by the buildings, the equipment, the students, the well-trained faculty, or anything you wish," remarked Elizabeth, "but to me the outstanding thing about Pacific Union College is that I have found Jesus as a personal Saviour and Friend on this mountain."

Surprised, neither girl made reply, but this frank statement set them both to thinking in a new and serious way about the real advantages of a Christian education.

Wednesday morning found the travelers home again once more. "Did you have a good time, daughter?" questioned Jean's mother.

"Wonderful! And I was so surprised to find a standard, four-year college, giving excellent instruction in every line, up there on the mountain. But more impressive than the equipment is a certain elusive atmosphere, the feeling that God is in the place. Elizabeth spoke of it, and Marie and I felt it even the few days we were there."

A short silence followed, then Jean added, "Mother, I paid my room reservation for the coming year. I know you will be pleased, and I know I need the training I'll get at Pacific Union College."

## Stamps! Stamps!

Nazi Germany is exhibiting the swastika in every conceivable manner and place, and has just recently begun watermarking its new stamps with this, its emblem of luck.

Two commemorative stamps from Poland have, respectively, a religious and a historical setting. The former shows a section of the sculptured figures above the altar in the famous Cathedral of Saint Mary, in Cracow. The latter is a reproduction of a famous painting depicting the victory of King John III over the Turkish armies at Vienna. Though this battle took place 250 years ago, it is still celebrated by the patriotic Poles as one of the most memorable events in their history.

## Counsel Corner

Please give me some information concerning the colporteur work and how to give Bible studies.

We are told in the Spirit of prophecy that if there is one work more important than another, it is that of placing our publications in the homes of the people. The colporteur work cannot be too highly esteemed. It affords one of the finest opportunities for young people to do successful missionary work and at the same time make a living for themselves. In the colporteur work one gains an invaluable experience in learning how to meet people, even though he may later choose to follow some other line of endeavor. In the majority of instances, if one is as zealous in his work and as careful of his time as when he is engaged in other lines of endeavor, he will meet with a good measure of success. It would be well for you to get in touch with the field missionary secretary of your conference. He will be pleased to give you further information and to arrange for suitable territory for your work.

It would not be possible in the limited space allowed, to give you the details of how to give Bible studies successfully. In connection with our Missionary Volunteer Society work we are conducting a course along this line in the Study and Service League. The objectives of this course and the books to be studied are:

### Objectives

1. A study in Bible doctrines.
2. The study of denominational history.
3. The study of personal soul winning.
4. The giving of five Bible readings, either before the class or to others.

### Books

(Obtainable through your Book and Bible House)

- "M. V. Studies in Bible Doctrines" .\$.15  
 "S. D. A. Denominational History"  
 "Fishers of Men" ..... .50  
 "How to Give Bible Readings" .... .50

We believe that you will find the study of these little books very helpful to you, and that by applying the instruction in a practical way, you will soon be able to enter the homes of your neighbors and friends to conduct Bible studies or cottage meetings. If you desire a wider range of Bible studies, see "Bible Readings for the Home Circle." Price, \$4.

C. LESTER BOND.

## Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

### VIII—Reforms by Means of the Advent Movement

(August 25)

MEMORY VERSE: "Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12.

### Questions

1. What is especially characteristic of the remnant of the church? Rev. 12:17.
2. What definition is given of the

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



meaning of the expression "the testimony of Jesus"? Rev. 19:10, last part.

3. What reason is given why God delivered Israel from the power of Egypt? Ps. 105:43-45.

4. What description is given of the people who come out of Babylon in response to the call? Rev. 14:12. Note 1.

5. When God's salvation is near to come, how is the Sabbath made prominent? Isa. 56:1, 2, 6, 7. Note 2.

6. What definite message of Sabbath reform is set forth? Isa. 58:13, 14. Note 3.

7. What things were regarded as hindrances to holiness by the Lord's ancient people? Gen. 35:1-4.

8. What counsel, similar in intent, is given to the advent people? 1 Tim. 2:9; 1 Peter 3:3-5.

9. In the days of the exodus, what special care was given to preserving the health of the Israelites? Neh. 9:19-21.

10. What desire concerning health is expressed through the apostle John? 3 John 2.

11. What is said concerning the body? 1 Cor. 6:19, 20. Note 4.

12. What is the penalty for defilement of the body? 1 Cor. 3:16, 17.

13. What golden rule is to be observed in our habits of life? 1 Cor. 10:31.

#### Notes

1. "God has placed in our hands a banner upon which is inscribed, 'Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus.' Rev. 14:12. This is a distinct, separating message, —a message that is to give no uncertain sound. It is to lead the people away from the broken cisterns that contain no water, to the unfailing Fountain of the water of life."—"Testimonies," Vol. VII, p. 150.

2. When the time draws near for the Saviour's second advent, there will be a call for those who really love the Lord to separate themselves from all evil influences, and to observe the Lord's true Sabbath.

3. "The sign, or seal, of God is revealed in the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath, the Lord's memorial of creation. . . . The mark of the beast is the opposite of this,—the observance of the first day of the week. This mark distinguishes those who acknowledge the supremacy of the papal authority from those who acknowledge the authority of God."—*Id.*, Vol. VIII, p. 117.

4. "He whose body is the temple of the Holy Spirit will not be enslaved by a pernicious habit. His powers belong to Christ, who has bought him with the price of blood. His property is the Lord's. How could he be guiltless in squandering this intrusted capital? Professed Christians yearly expend an immense sum upon useless and pernicious indulgences, while souls are perishing for the word of life."—"The Great Controversy," p. 475.

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

### VIII—The Captive Maid

(August 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 5.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt be His witness unto all men of what thou hast seen and heard." Acts 22:15.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 244-253.

#### Questions

1. Who was king of Syria at the

time of the events of this lesson? What is said of the size of his army? How did the Israelites appear in comparison? 1 Kings 20:1, 27.

2. Who was captain over this great Assyrian host? How was Naaman regarded by his king? What great affliction did he have? 2 Kings 5:1. Note 1.

3. Whom had the Syrians captured in one of their raids upon the Israelites? Where was this little maid now living? Verse 2. Note 2.

4. While in the midst of heathen people, how did this little girl show her faith in the true God? To whom were her words reported? Verses 3, 4.

5. Although it was but the saying of a child, what did the king of Syria advise Naaman to do? To whom did the king offer to write? In harmony with the custom of the country, what did Naaman take with him? Verse 5. Note 3.

6. When Naaman reached Samaria, to whom did he deliver the letter? What did the letter say? What shows that Naaman had gone to the wrong person for help? Verses 6, 7.

7. When Elisha heard what had taken place, what word did he send to the king? Where did Naaman then go? What message did Elisha send out to him? Verses 8-10.

8. How did Naaman receive this message? What had he thought that Elisha would surely do? How did he compare the rivers of Damascus with those of the land of Canaan? Verses 11, 12. Note 4.

9. What did the servants of Naaman say to him? When Naaman was willing to obey, what wonderful experience did he have? Verses 13, 14. Note 5.

10. To whom did Naaman and all his company return? What did Naaman say he now knew? What did he urge Elisha to receive? Verses 15, 16.

11. What memento from the land of Israel did Naaman desire for his altar? What would he henceforth do? What did he think he would still have to do in company with the king? What were the parting words of Elisha? Verses 17-19.

12. How did the spirit of covetousness in Gehazi's heart now show itself? How did Naaman greet the servant of Elisha? Verses 20, 21.

13. What other sin did Gehazi add to his covetousness? How did Naaman respond to his request? Verses 22, 23. Note 6.

14. Where did Gehazi hide his treasures? When he came before his master, how was he obliged to add to his wrong doing? Verses 24, 25.

15. What had the Lord revealed to Elisha? What stern words of reproof did the prophet speak? What outward sign of the leprosy of his soul did Gehazi bear with him the rest of his life? Verses 26, 27. Note 7.

#### Things to Think About

Whose faithfulness really led Naaman, the idolater, to the true God, and opened the doors of a foreign land to the gospel?

How does this lesson illustrate the fact that sins flourish in clusters, one leads to another?

Does close association with godly persons always make one true and good?

Can circumstances make us good? or prevent us from being good?

What light does this lesson throw upon the failure of Gehazi noted in last week's lesson?

#### Notes

1. "There are different kinds and degrees or stages of leprosy. Indeed, some inmates of the lepers' home in Jerusalem are hardly noticeable, either because the kind of their leprosy is different from

that of others, or it has not yet reached the more terrible stage usually noticed and described; and doubtless it was the same with Naaman; his may have been white leprosy, or else not sufficiently advanced to preclude the possibility of his occupying great positions and doing great deeds, and his brain power must have been such as to make his master and people overlook his physical infirmity."—*Peloubet*.

2. "We know not in what line our children may be called to serve. They may spend their lives within the circle of the home; they may engage in life's common vocations, or go as teachers of the gospel to heathen lands; but all are alike called to be missionaries for God, ministers of mercy to the world. They are to obtain an education that will help them to stand by the side of Christ in unselfish service."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 245.

3. The king of Syria, knowing nothing of Elisha, naturally thought that the quickest way to find him would be through the king of Israel. He would no doubt expect that such a prophet would be at the king's court.

The very rich present was in keeping with Naaman's position, and the high favor he wished to ask.

Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, was about one hundred ten miles from Damascus.

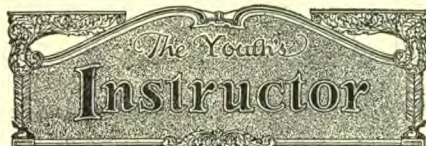
4. The Abana "flowed pure as crystal from the snowy Lebanon, through the very streets of the city, amidst wide gardens whose fame was spread through all lands."—*Geikie*. And of the Pharpar, an Oriental traveler says: It has "the clearest water possible, and singularly bright in color; in the morning a full, deep emerald green, in the evening a sapphire blue."

5. "From the Jordan to Samaria was a distance of not less than thirty-two miles."—*Cook*.

"Not only in the journey to the river, but also in the repeated dippings was the faith of Naaman put to the test."

6. "Gehazi, Elisha's servant, had had opportunity, during the years, to develop the spirit of self-denial characterizing his master's life work. It had been his privilege to become a noble standard bearer in the army of the Lord. The best gifts of Heaven had long been within his reach; yet, turning from these, he had coveted instead the base alloy of worldly wealth. And now the hidden longings of his avaricious spirit led him to yield to an overmastering temptation."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 250.

7. Goldfish swimming in a glass bowl, or bees in a glass beehive, may as easily screen themselves from observation by onlookers, as our inward thoughts and sins may be hidden from the eyes of our heavenly Father.



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# The Listening Post

► THERE are now 1,268,441 Boy Scouts and Scout leaders in America.

► At last! Ink has been produced which cannot be erased from paper, yet can be washed from clothing.

► It is estimated that about 3,000,000 children in the United States attend one-teacher schools, or 11.4 per cent of the country's school-attending population.

► THE "Balilla," Italy's official organization for boys between the ages of seven and eighteen, now has enrolled approximately 1,500,000. The instructors in this organization have been ordered to instill the "fighting spirit" into their charges, and concentrate on developing in them a "love for risks and combat."

► THE city of Chicago will this autumn make an effort to check tuberculosis within its boundaries. A strenuous campaign is to be inaugurated to have every one of its citizens vaccinated by the B. C. G. tuberculosis vaccine, recently developed by the Pasteur Institute in France, and believed to hold the key to the control of the dread white plague.

► ON a lonely hill on the Riviera, just behind Monte Carlo, stands an impressive monument. Constructed of stone and marble, this colonnade structure, 160 feet high and 110 feet broad at the base, now presents the same appearance it did when it was first erected in 5 B. C., in commemoration of the conquest of Gaul and Germany by Augustus Caesar. During the centuries that passed, it was mutilated by the enemies of the great southern empire, and finally fell into ruins. Recently, however, Edward Tuck, wealthy American who owns a winter residence close by, has had the memorial restored to its former glory.

► RUSSIA holds the record of having the largest number of women employed in its different industries of any country. Feminine workers comprise 35.5 per cent of the employees in the Soviet factories and mills, 17.8 per cent of the miners, and 13.3 per cent of the workers in transportation. In the United States, gainfully employed women make up 13.4 per cent of the workers in the manufacturing industry, only 0.1 per cent of the miners, and 7.3 per cent of the transportation and communication employees. In England, they are employed to the number of 27.5 per cent in factories, 0.6 per cent in mines, and 3.9 per cent in transportation.

► EVEN the domestic cow contributes to the air-mindedness of the twentieth century. Here are some of the bovine products which are used in the construction of airplanes: The casein of milk produces the strongest kind of glue. The blood of the animal is used for glue, chiefly in connection with plywoods. The bones and hoofs are ingredients of what is known as hot glue. The hair is made into felt for padding and sound deadening. The hides are used for seat coverings, straps, lacings, and the like. Cæcum, from the intestine of the animal, makes a very fine skin, commonly known as goldbeater's skin, used extensively in gas bag construction.

► THE Department of Agriculture is having ample opportunity to test its newest discovery—a grasshopper exterminator—on the millions of pests which are invading the Middle Western States this year. This new poison, which is composed of arsenic and bran, is moistened with oil instead of the usual water and molasses. It is found that this combination does not dry nearly so quickly as that formerly used, and therefore is much more economical.

► LEGAL liquor has complicated the work of rescue missions, it was declared at the International Union of Gospel Missions, during their recent meeting in Cleveland, Ohio. Peter MacFarlane, of St. Paul, Minnesota, the president of the organization, asserted that while formerly there were one or two "drunks" in his audiences, now no less than one fourth show signs of intoxication.

► A FLUID which will stop bleeding almost instantly has been developed by Dr. Luigi Pancaro, of Sudbury, Ontario. This hemostatic is a clear, colorless, liquid, and may be used either externally or internally. Only about a tablespoonful is required to halt a severe hemorrhage, and the cost of its manufacture, it is asserted, is not great.

► A BUST of the United States President, James Monroe, executed by the French sculptor Houdon, recently found in the possession of a famous European noble house, has been brought to the United States and put on exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, D. C.

► CAROLINAS, INCORPORATED, is the name of a recently established organization founded by the citizens of the Carolinas. The purpose of this concern is to advertise the advantages of these two States, and thereby lure both tourists and new citizens within their boundaries.

► THE total cost of the World War to the nations involved has been estimated as \$400,000,000,000 and 20,000,000 men.

► CHINA is the one country in the world which does not have a national anthem.

► It is estimated that 1,600,000,000 bushels of rice were grown in China last year.

► CHINA's financial budget for the fiscal year 1934-35 allots 50 per cent of her expenditures for military expenses.

► THE permanent home of the League of Nations, comprising several impressive buildings, is now nearing completion. It is set in the midst of a tree-shaded park in Geneva, Switzerland, and covers an area of nearly four acres.

► SPAIN has found out that the rapid-fire changes in government are an expensive proposition—especially when each ex-minister receives a pension of approximately 10,000 pesetas (\$2,000) a year. There have been forty-three republican ministers in office within the last year, and this represents an annual draft on the state treasury of 430,000 pesetas. It has been proposed recently, in order to cut expenses, that pensions to ex-ministers be limited to those who have held their portfolios for at least six months.

► ENGLAND, in recent years, has put on a large reforestation program within its boundaries. During the World War, many of its grand old trees were cut down to supply timber necessities, leaving the country facing the danger of a lumber famine. Under guidance of the Forestry Commission, new trees have been set out on 250,000 acres. These are largely the fast-growing conifers, such as spruces, pines, larches, and firs, instead of the broad-leaved, hardwood oaks, and beeches, and ashes which have for so long been almost exclusively found on the rolling English landscape.

► PASSENGERS traveling during the spring months on the giant steamers which plow the North Atlantic between Europe and the United States, little realize the precautions that are taken to save them from disastrous collision with treacherous icebergs which at that time of year break away from the coast of Greenland and move southward. Ever since the tragic wrecking of the great "Titanic" by a berg, in 1912, with a loss of more than 1,500 lives, two cutters have been patrolling this northern water highway, keeping careful watch, and warning ships of any possible danger. And since the inauguration of this Ice Patrol service, not a single ship has been sent to the bottom by this treacherous foe of shipping.

► THE Seventy-third Congress, which during the early summer closed up its work, is a record breaker in a number of respects. It is the shortest-lived Congress in history, due to the Lane Duck Amendment passed last year—running only from March 4, 1933, to January 3, 1935. It spent 265 days in actual session—the shortest time Congress has sat at work for thirty years. Though President Roosevelt vetoed seventeen bills, the largest number of vetoed bills in any one session in the last decade, only one was passed over his veto. Also, these lawmakers enacted more legislation which made sweeping changes in the economic structure of the country than any other Congress in history.

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