

The Youth's Instructor

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H. A. ROBERTS

Plowing the firebreak was a vitally important part of every prairie farmer's spring duties when the Middle West was young.

FOR several weeks the earth had been restless—as though it had the ague, perhaps, and every now and then broke into a chill and shuddered. Mary's face had lost a little more color with each quake, and every large truck that passed her apartment house (San Francisco, California, lives in apartment houses) with its heavy jar, sent her eyes wildly to the chandelier! No, it wasn't swaying—only a truck again; and rubbing down that little knot of nerves at the base of her neck, to relieve the tight feeling in her head, she resumed her work. She was very firm with herself, and argued that she simply *must* get a tighter grip on her emotions somehow, or she'd turn out to be one of those hysterical middle-aged women some day. Above all things not that! She had set her jaw firmly. Begone, hysteria!

It was a Tuesday evening, and dinner was over. Mother was visiting Mary and Frank, and they were in the living room talking, singing, and listening to the radio when suddenly Mary's hands flew to her ashen face. "O Frank, it's another—" And her voice trailed off weak with fear. When the earth had given a final shudder and settled sullenly back into place as if to say, "Not quite enough power that time, but wait, some day I'm

HIS WIND

*"He causeth His wind to blow."
Ps. 147:18.*

by Lita Rogers

going to finish up this job!" Mary was trembling from head to foot as though she had taken up the vibrations of the earth.

"You'll have to *move* to some *other* place to live, Frank. I just can't stand it here any longer." And her face was bathed in nervous tears.

"It's hard right now, dear," Frank was always calm and sensible. Mary was grateful for that. "But don't you think that if you could just somehow have faith in God and not be afraid—"

"That's right." Mary's mother had a way of always agreeing with Mary's husband.

"He can keep you as well here as in any place," Frank went on. "He kept me through the quake in 1906—all I had left was my family and violin, I'll admit. But after all, what is a house compared with that? As I grew older I wished more than once that somehow I had not managed to save even the violin. It was hard to have to stand practicing long hours with my eyes on the score and my heart with the boys in the street. So if I were you, I'd just leave *everything* if it gets too *rocky* sometime when you're here alone."

Mary was very much in love with this young man she had married, and he could always make her laugh, even when there were tears in her eyes.

"But, seriously, dear," he went on to say, "no matter where you go, it seems as though the elements have somehow figured out to get the best of you. If it isn't earthquakes, it's cyclones or something else."

"Yes, or forest fires," mother added, "or typhoons or floods or—"

"That's enough!" Mary was sure.

"But as Frank says, God can take care of us, no matter where we are. I remember one time—" And mother was wandering back through the years. (*Turn to page 3*)

Let's Talk It Over

HOW do you feel about being a Seventh-day Adventist? Are you proud? or ashamed? Is your life a bright and shining light? Do all who come within the circle of your influence realize that you are—yes, different? For that's what you'll be if this third angel's message really means something to you, and the love of God fills your heart and is reflected in your words and actions.

A HIGH SCHOOL girl rides back and forth between her home and a large city every day on the street car. For several days she noticed a well-dressed, middle-aged woman, who was also a regular passenger, regarding her closely. One morning this woman took the seat next to her, and asked: "You are a Seventh-day Adventist, aren't you?" "Why, yes, I am," answered Edith in surprise. "I thought so," smiled the woman. "You look so different from all the other schoolgirls." "But how do I look different?" Edith turned questioner. "Your dress is becoming and modest, and not extreme in any way. Your hair is well cared for and—natural—if you know what I mean. You don't wear make-up—not even lipstick. Your manner is quiet and ladylike, and yet you seem to be happy and having a good time with your friends."

DOWN in the New Hebrides Islands, one of our missionaries and his wife went aboard a boat bound for Sydney, Australia, and were met at the top of the gangway by a tall, well-built Scotchman. "You do not know me," and he held out his hand, "but I know who you are, and I want to have a talk with you when you are settled in your cabin." A few hours later they met for the talk.

"I want you to understand how I have become acquainted with you," said the man. "Last Sunday I was fishing from the stern of the steamer. All at once I felt a jerk on my line. I cautiously pulled in, and what do you think I had hooked? A paper fish! I landed it on the deck and spread it out. What do you think was the name of it? There staring up into my face was *Signs of the Times*! When it dried out sufficiently, I began reading it. And I want to tell you that it is the best fish I ever caught! I have read it through a number of times already, and will continue to do so; for its teaching has gripped my mind. I

have found out that it is your church that prints this paper. When we steamed in to your mission landing, I was struck by the neat and well-kept appearance of your place. Then I saw you two come aboard, and you looked so different that the feeling came over me that if this is the outworking of the truths printed in this paper, then the religion of Seventh-day Adventists must have a powerful renovating effect upon the lives of those who follow it."

THE rising moon broke through the trees and gilded with silver lights and somber shadows a beautiful gem of an island in the Solomon group. The sea murmured softly as its waves broke upon the beach, and everything seemed peaceful and quiet.

Suddenly there were loud voices raised in the native village. The tribe had gathered, and the faces of the men seemed to denote that something of a serious nature was to be discussed and decided.

The old chief's eyes fairly blazed as he pounded the earth with his club and recounted their customs for generations past before any white man dared to interfere! The idea of any member of his tribe daring to disobey his commands! In the good old days before "the government" had forbidden such practices, they would have killed and eaten such a rebel. And again he emphasized his remarks by beating the earth with his huge club. Others raised their shrill voices to join his in protest.

Why all the excitement? That young man who sits apart from the others wishes to worship the God of heaven. He is the only calm one of the gathering. Peace is written across his brow and in his bearing is a new and quiet dignity. Months ago the missionary came to the other side of the island and built a house and a church and a school and settled down to stay. Several of the tribe have already accepted Jesus as their personal Saviour and left their old ways. Now this young man has definitely stated that he is going to join the mission. He must be dissuaded if possible!

Emphatically his elders tell him: "We shall take your land from you, and where will you grow your food when you find the missionary is all wrong? You will not have any coconuts to sell, and where will you then get money for clothes? Who will pay for a wife for you? Nobody,

and therefore you cannot marry. Who will care for the spirits of your forefathers, and for your spirit when you are dead? What will you eat at the missionary's place? We hear that there all meats are *tabu*, and garden foods also. The missionary eats only grass!" And they laugh scornfully. "You will soon die!" they shriek in chorus.

The young man? Nothing daunted, see him rise, bid them all farewell, shoulder his few earthly belongings, and walk with firm step out of the moonlight and into the darkness of the jungle path. He has counted the cost and on his knees gained the victory. Perhaps these angry men will kill him before he reaches the mission, but—he has started!

Today that heathen village—yes, that whole island—"worships Jehovah God." It is a different place, a clean place, a busy place, a happy place. Yes, when the love of Jesus really comes into the heart, it changes people, brings them into harmony with His commandments. And the world notices and marvels.

IN Transylvania they call Seventh-day Adventists by a name which means "converted," or "changed," church.

A colporteur went out into the interior of a European country, far away from any of our people or churches, and as he was giving a canvass, asked: "Do you know anything about Sabbathkeepers?" "Oh, yes," came the answer instantly. "We know they keep Saturday, they don't eat swine's flesh, they don't smoke or drink, they don't dance."

A woman—a European missionary in China—came to our Shanghai Sanitarium for treatment. She was very much prejudiced at first, but gradually her heart was touched by the sweet Christian influences which surrounded her, until when the time came to leave, she cried. And she said to another patient,—another missionary,—"I like it here. I like these people. I like the way they do things. In fact, if it were not for their religion, I could be a Seventh-day Adventist myself." And her friend answered: "You'll find it is their religion that makes them that way."

IS your light shining, friend o' mine? Is it?

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

Summer, with its drying, blasting heat, was smothering the Nebraska prairies. For more than a month there had scarcely been a cloud to interfere with the downpour of heat. What had been fields of tall green grass and grain stood straw-colored in the withering sun, waiting for the night to come and bring cool relief.

The Peterson place stood exposed to all the world, on a flat stretch of land about a mile to the east of the railroad. This same line passed on straight to the north for fifteen miles and then abruptly turned to the east and continued on its way. At more or less regular intervals throughout the day a train would puff importantly across the plains, leaving behind a trail of smoke and now and then a spark. The smoke did little damage, except perhaps to add a thin sheet of dust to the heavy layer that settled down every day on Anna Peterson's practical furniture. But the sparks were different. With the fields dry from the burning sun, the sparks could do almost anything.

It was late summer and the dry tumbleweeds were piled high along the fences, when one day a train thundered through as usual, but it left behind a wandering spark to settle on a few sprigs of dry grass near by, and soon the tumbleweeds took it up, and with the wind to help them, like Paul Revere they sped throughout the countryside, calling the farmers to fight. And fight they did, with perhaps as much vigor as those worthy patriots of Lexington and Concord—for they, too, were fighting for their homes and families. Their ammunition, however, was wet gunny sacks and plows.

Albert Peterson was the first to notice the heavy cloud of smoke in the north, and his brave heart grew faint at the sight of it. Eleven years on the plains had taught him much of the terrors of a prairie fire. It was still some ten or fifteen miles away, but the wind was blowing as only it can blow on the prairies of the Middle West. Straight from the north it came. And before the dark bank of smoke caught his eye, it had already spread over several miles of front.

Aboard the stoutest wagon went the plow; and the strongest horses were brought in from the corral and hastily hitched up to pull it. The older children knew the meaning of all this, and hurried for gunny sacks. These they soaked at the windmill, and then rolled them in the back of the wagon box.

"Pray for our home, Anna!" Albert called back as the horses plunged down the road and across the fields.

For a moment Anna stood watching the oncoming smoke with terror in her breast. And she breathed a prayer for her family and their home. But she also must *do* her part. Her

eyes traveled out to the firebreak Albert had plowed around the place last spring. Now the grass was almost as high as the grass of the prairie—a little more sparse, perhaps, but it would never stop a fire.

"Miss Krum," she called to the children's faithful teacher, "we'll have to backfire on the other side of the firebreak. The men will never be able to stop that blaze before it gets here!"

Olive Krum hesitated for a mo-



These Little Birds

by

Caroline Eells-Keeler

I DIDN'T see it—
I only heard
Straight from the lips of a pert little bird
Who got the report from Mrs. Wren,
The tale that I told Mrs. Tellit-again.
Of course I fixed it all up fine;
'Twould never do for a story of mine
To lack in interest; and she, of course,
Added what later caused great remorse.
For it reached the ears of the one concerned,
And the course of our friendship was surely turned.
Two things I have learned: Be careful with words;
Don't listen to these little gossipy birds.

ment. "The wind is very high. Are you sure we can handle a fire?"

"It's our only chance! Look at that smoke coming!"

Tesla, who was just seven, was ordered into the house to look after the smaller children, and the two older ones took their place with the fire fighters.

More gunny sacks were brought out. LeRoy, eager with excitement, soaked the sacks and carried them out to the plowed firebreak.

Zella was a year or two older, and her serious brown eyes showed the fear she felt in her heart as she carried a dripping pail of water from the tank the long quarter of a mile to the firing line.

Anna and Miss Krum worked with almost supernatural strength. Each with a wet gunny sack in hand, they guarded every flame as a crouching cat would dare a mouse to move from its hole. A spark started a spurt of

flame off there; quickly a wet sack put a stop to it. Another straw flame would burst over here, but in a moment another sizzle announced its early death. A half hour or so passed. They could see the flames from the big fire clearly now. The wind was blowing a terrific gale, and as it turned the tips of the leaping flames over, it looked like a great rolling barrel of fire coming across the prairies. The smoke was getting more and more dense. Would they ever get the stretch around the buildings burned off in time to save them from this ruthless monster?

Anna worked desperately. The thought of standing over the charred remains of her home with her arms full of babies made her heart go numb. Six little children, and no shelter or beds! Oh, it couldn't be! But she had seen more than one family so stranded. The very remembrance of it sent fresh energy into her efforts.

The wind of itself was hot, and now with the added heat of the fire, it almost suffocated them. The children made the long trip back to the well for more water. Tesla, unable to endure the confines of the house, with so much excitement in the air, called to them from the top of the woodshed. Vernon, the little tow-headed six-year-old, was doing his best to quiet the baby, and when they reached the windmill, they found Pearl, just four, working her way cautiously up the long ladder to the top of the mill, where she could get an uninterrupted view. Zella called to her to "come down from there this minute;" but climbing the windmill was a feat that had been accomplished with safety twice previously by that exploring four-year-old, so she did not take time to see whether her orders were carried out. They must hurry back with the water! Young as they were, they, too, had caught the spirit of intense earnestness and worked without word or complaint.

When the children returned to the line of battle, Anna suggested that a new stretch be backfired farther to the east.

"The buildings will go if we don't." There was a trace of hopelessness in her voice. "I'll take one of the children and stay with this stretch in front of the house, and you take the other, Miss Krum, and start a new fire up from the corral. If you need us, call."

But it was Anna who needed the help. She never quite knew how it happened. Perhaps it was because she was watching the oncoming blaze too closely and her own not closely enough—but all of a sudden it was spreading in all directions. Frantically the two worked to get it under control. She couldn't call for help from Miss Krum, for she was struggling hard with (Turn to page 13)



George Washington— An Appreciation

by Violet E. Morgan

TO present a national hero as well-known as George Washington, about whose memory many stories cluster, is a delightful and inspiring privilege. With the incidents relating to his childhood and youth we are all familiar; therefore let us pass over this well-known, though interesting period, and endeavor to ascertain some of the principles and characteristics underlying the success and achievements of a career unrivaled in American history.

While Washington is doubtless best known as a military leader, yet he captured only one important city, Boston. On the other hand, he lost Brooklyn, he was driven out of New York and the lower Hudson River district, and failed to take possession of Philadelphia, then the capital of the new nation. He won only one important battle, Yorktown, and that only with the aid of the French navy. In the face of all this apparent de-

feat, what was the secret of his military leadership?

We see the real George Washington during that bitter winter at Valley Forge. While Congress was ignorantly and jealously criticizing his almost superhuman efforts in behalf of the cause of liberty, while the public at large were unconcerned and uninterested in the War of Independence, Washington was struggling heroically to hold together his rapidly dwindling band of ragged, hungry, freezing men. Just a few miles away in Philadelphia, his enemies were being royally entertained by those who should have been most loyal to their commander in chief. It is only under such conditions that we are able to perceive the spirit of leadership that inspired the hero of the American Revolution. Herein lies the secret of his military power, —his unwavering self-confidence, his unflinching courage, his complete

consecration to the cause of freedom. The war for American independence was not won by the sword, but by the indomitable courage of George Washington.

Washington's contribution to American statesmanship is second only to his military genius. Refusing the crown, he was willing to leave his beautiful home at Mount Vernon to become the first Chief Executive of the new nation, giving eight more years of his life to the service of his country. The problems that confronted him in 1789 were even greater than those experienced in the Revolutionary period. During the eight years prior to his inauguration under the Articles of Confederation, the country had been without any effective central government. Congress was authorized to levy taxes, but it had no authority to collect them. No provision was made for a national army or a national navy. Industry and foreign commerce had been ruined by the war. There was no national currency and the country was bankrupt. Foreign governments not only despised the struggling nation, but feared and hated it, for the success of republican government spelled the downfall of kings. Such were the chaotic social, economic, and diplomatic conditions inherited by the first Chief Executive and the new government.

During Washington's administration, supported and encouraged by the brilliant young statesman, Alexander Hamilton, the credit of the Federal Government was established. Industry, protected by tariff, recovered from the effects of the war. Commerce revived as a result of treaties made with foreign countries. The authority of the Federal Army was established. Sufficient revenue was secured through taxation and import duties. And of supreme importance to the future success of the new nation, Washington secured the recognition and gained the respect of foreign powers. The principles worked out and adopted by this new government have given to the American people a place among the nations of the world.

Not only was Washington a military genius and a distinguished statesman, but he was also a seer, a man of vision. His understanding of the future, however, was not based on philosophical generalizations, but on a profound knowledge and a comprehensive grasp of economic, political, and international problems. This is best illustrated in his one and only important address delivered to the American people. Herein he pointed out with unerring accuracy the dangers confronting the new nation. First in importance, he showed the result of partisanship in politics, that form of political control exercised in the interest of a special group. Since the days of An- (Turn to page 12)

by
Carl D.
Anderson



What Price GLORY?

A MAN, in the prime of life, swore a liquor-clotted oath. "Thinkest thou that I am but a babe in swaddling clothes? Bring me here yon cup of Hercules, and I will show thee a thing." Seizing the Herculean cup, which, history says, contains six of our quarts, this man drained its fullness as one would quaff nectar from a thimble.

He reeled menacingly after this feat, and with bleary eye and thickened tongue ordered the cup filled again. Again he drank, but at the end he fell to the ground swooning, seized of a violent fever. Eleven days later he died. That man was the conqueror of the world, the only man history records as marching an army over 5,100 miles in less than eight years. He was the man who conquered the world and then sat down and wept because there were no other worlds to conquer. Yet Alexander the Great, with the world at his feet, died because he could not conquer and overcome the most intimate and the nearest world to him—himself. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" What price will *you* pay for the glory that this world offers?

As one version expresses it: "What could a man offer as an equivalent for his soul?" Remember, "all is not gold that glitters." The tinsel that this world offers in place of the gold of God denotes only the superficiality of dross that is nought but counterfeit. What the world has to offer is as nothing compared to the infinitely more which God offers.

A great ocean liner plowed through sun-reflected waters. On an upper deck promenaded a man who from time to time threw a bright, glistening object high in the air and then caught it again. A fellow passenger approached him.

"What do you have there, my friend?" he queried.

"Why, this is a diamond," explained the man. "It represents all I own in the world."

"How much is it worth?"

"Thousands of dollars."

The questioner looked aghast.

"Why do you throw it around in

such a careless way, if it is worth so much? Aren't you afraid you might lose it or accidentally drop it overboard?"

"Oh, no, I am not afraid," the man replied, "and, besides, I like to toss it up and down and watch the lights which come from the reflection of the sun upon it." And with a smug smile he continued his sport.

Suddenly the ship listed and lurched; the gem, thrown into the air, failed to come back to its owner's hand, and found its way to the watery depths. It was gone—lost—irretrievably lost! What was it worth now? Not even its memory would pay a small interest. It is was gone!

Shining Through

by

Dorita E. Thomann

THE windows in our church
Are made of tinted glass
Of somber hue
And plain design;
But when the sun
Is shining through,
They gleam like burnished gold
And precious stones such as
uphold
The New Jerusalem.

The members of our church
May live an upright life,
Yet only when the love of God
Burns in them
Like consuming fire
Can they as jewels glow,
Fit for the crown of Christ
our King.



What price the glory of earthly riches that are here for a moment and then gone? Yes, what shall it profit a man if he gain fabulous wealth, and then lose his own soul? We repeat: What price this glory?

"How much is a slave worth?" A dark-complexioned, sly-appearing man put the question to a group of angry priests and rabbis.

"About thirty pieces of silver," they craftily replied.

"Give me that," bargained the man, "and I will lead you to Him whom ye seek." But to himself he thought, "He will fool them all, and I shall be thirty pieces of silver the richer. He will easily put them at nought and escape their clutches, and then if they come back at me, I will say to them, 'Did not I say, 'Hold Him fast'?'"

The transaction was over. Soon the very deed was done, and Jesus of Nazareth had not delivered Himself. Judas struggled in vain to free himself from the fingers of fear that clutched at the throat of his mind. He had betrayed the Son of God to His death!

In utter desperation he flung back the silver at the priests and rabbis and went out and hanged himself. Profit? Why, what will it profit if one gains a few paltry dollars and then loses his own soul?

The glory of this world has been bartered off by the devil for many things. Once for the fruit from off a tree, but the price for that was the condemnation of death. Again, for a mess of pottage, but the price for that was a birthright. Once for a boat ride from duty, but the price for that was living quarters in a fish's belly. What price the glory of this world? The price is exorbitant, fabulous, overdear. You pay for what you do not get, and you get what you do not pay for. You buy a gold brick and find only a matchbox filled with worthless stones, and wrapped in gilded tinsel. It costs too much! It is not worth the price!

But what about that glory that transcends all glory? Ah, it is priceless. We cannot buy it, yet in the great paradox of love it is given to us and costs (Turn to page 12)

FOR HIS SAKE

by Helene
Georg-Hanhardt



HELMA had been born into a fine and respectable Protestant family. With her two brothers, both younger, she spent a happy and carefree childhood in a small city in East Prussia.

At the age of fourteen, the first great event of her life took place—her confirmation. Many relatives were invited to help the family celebrate this occasion. The impressive formalities and the services in the church, the new dresses, and the numerous gifts were very attractive to Helma. Most of all, however, she was happy to see her many aunts, uncles, and cousins from distant cities.

All this took place a number of years before the World War, when Germany had a kaiser and all the pomp and splendor that accompany royal families and imperial courts. Therefore, it was a special treat for Helma to have a visiting aunt and uncle invite her to come with them to stay for a year or longer in Berlin, Germany's capital.

Her parents disliked very much to part with their only daughter—a lively little girl. However, at the same time they thought that it would be good for her to live in the home of another family in a different city, and especially in the national capital. Perhaps she would get a glimpse of the kaiser himself. Certainly she would have the opportunity of visiting his palace and seeing some of the magnificent parades.

The aunt and uncle had no children of their own, and did everything they possibly could to make their niece feel at home.

But all this time, God was watching over Helma and directing her steps toward that narrow path that she should travel to the Holy City, for there in Berlin she made the acquaintance of a Seventh-day Adventist colporteur. At the beginning of each month this young woman rang their doorbell, greeted them with a cheery smile, and sold them tracts and periodicals. Neither Helma nor her relatives paid any attention at all to the magazines they bought, but the colporteur persisted in making regular visits.

Then one day the girl's aunt de-

cided to look over this big stack of printed matter of all kinds that had been piling up from month to month. She read a few lines here and there in these religious papers, and was very much surprised to learn about

"a church that has," as she expressed it at that time, "Sunday on Saturday."

When the family were seated around the table for the next meal, they talked about this queer new church. Finally Helma and her aunt made up their minds to see with their own eyes a meeting of this peculiar sect, and to hear for themselves the preaching of this strange belief that the world is coming to an end very soon, and that Jesus Christ will at that time come again in the clouds of heaven. Just for curiosity's sake, they would go and find out what this was all about. What a sensation they would cause at their next tea party by relating an interesting story of their visit to this strange church!

They were, however, so deeply impressed by the message they heard that they, together with the uncle, became regular in their attendance at the Sunday night lectures being held. And finally all three of them were baptized and became regular members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

From her very first contact with it, Helma was filled with an enthusiastic ardor for this new-found religion, and wrote to her parents about it. The answers she received were anything but encouraging. Both her father and her mother were absolutely opposed to her plan of joining this sect. When they found she had really decided to do so, they ordered her to come home at once. Also they demanded that she promise to have nothing more to do with the Adventists, and never to go back to her aunt and uncle, who, they claimed, were responsible for this family disgrace.

But Helma stood firm. She answered, saying that she was coming home on a certain train, that she would promise never to go back to her aunt and uncle in Berlin again, but that she could not act contrary to her conscience and would, therefore, not give up her new faith.

She went home on the train she had

promised to take, and to her great surprise not one member of her family, and not one of her home town friends, was at the station to meet her. She checked her baggage and started to walk home alone. She felt lonesome and depressed, but these feelings turned to dismay when no one answered the doorbell at home.

She then tried to explain the situation to herself by saying that her parents had not received her letter and happened to be out somewhere just then. But as she used her latch-key and stepped into the hall, there stood a big trunk packed with her belongings. On top of the trunk lay a purse and a letter.

Now she understood it all. But she could hardly believe her eyes as she read that, unless she would give up her Adventist belief, her parental home would no longer be open to her.

For a time she stood there weeping in the hall of the home in which she had spent the happiest years of her life—years that seemed so far away in the dim past now. The locked doors on every side, leading to other parts of the house, appeared to be telling her, "You do not belong here any more."

Two workingmen now came in and told her that they had been ordered to take her trunk to the station for her immediately. Helma knocked on all the closed doors without receiving an answer. Then she slowly followed the men and her trunk to the station. This humiliation seemed more than she could bear, for she felt that fingers of scorn were pointing at her from behind the curtains of every window along the streets.

She did not know what to do next. She had already spent two and one-half years with her relatives in Berlin, and felt that she would be imposing on them to return.

Thrown upon her own resources, Helma prayed to her heavenly Father for divine help and guidance as she faced the world all alone. Putting her confidence in Him, she bought a ticket to a city where no one knew her and where she herself knew not a soul. On her arrival there she took a room in a hospice,—a sort of Y. W. C. A.,—where she remained while looking for work. Helma looking for work? It seemed impossible! She had never done any work in her life, for her (Turn to page 13)

GENEVA

Home Missionary

False Friends and True



by Mrs. R. B. Sheffer

FARTHER and farther back into the Indian Territory moved the new railroad, with no break in the monotony of camp life until the summer after Geneva was thirteen. Then a new family joined the camp, not foreigners this time, but real Americans, with a mother and a daughter slightly older than Geneva.

They lived in a tent pitched near the Wests', instead of in the boxcar camp, and a new world began to open up for the little housekeeper, as her shyness wore away before the friendliness of these new neighbors.

Mrs. Compson was large and blue-eyed and fair, and her interest in the motherless children seemed very genuine. Amanda, or Mandy, as she was generally called, was large and fair, like her mother. To Geneva she seemed a very cultured, stylish young person, with her fair hair dressed in the high pompadour and wide ribbon bows of that time, and her ruffled dimities and lawns in sharp contrast to Geneva's smooth dark braids and plain calicoes.

It was a rather strange friendship which grew up between these two, so different by nature and environment. Geneva would listen spell-bound while Mandy, pleased and flattered, regaled her new friend with stories of school life in her home town, with its parties and fashions. Together they pored over the fashion magazines which Mandy's mother possessed in abundance. Geneva liked to pick out especially pretty frocks and fancy herself dressed in them. Mandy would laugh, and say, "What, you wearing that, with your bare feet and smooth braids? You would be a fright!"

Sometimes she called Geneva "Quaker" and "old-fashioned."

Once she coaxed Geneva to let her dress her hair in imitation of her own, with big broad bows and high pompadour. Then she lent her a pair of her own high-heeled shoes, and a pink ruffled lawn dress, and Geneva fancied herself looking very grand, until she studied her reflection in the mirror. She was not pleased with what she saw there; so she went back to her own smooth braids again. Mandy, disappointed in not being able to transform her friend into an up-to-date young lady, had to content herself with teaching Geneva to coil her braids about her head in a sort of coronet, which was really very becoming.

"Don't you just love continued stories? I do," Mandy confided one day. But Geneva did not know, never having read any. So Mandy brought over an armful of cheap story papers. But the lurid pictures of sentimental heroes and heroines were enough for Geneva. Amanda tried reading aloud to her, but could never get her interested. Geneva's reading of the Sabbath school papers and her mother's books made such stories repulsive, so cheap and trashy they seemed by comparison.

Indolent Mandy loved her ease, and would protest when Geneva suggested a walk by the creek or over the oak-covered hills. But occasionally her urging prevailed. They found many things of mutual interest to talk about on these walks. And though sometimes a bit of slang crept into Mandy's speech, still Geneva looked upon her as a very superior being. Then, one day, on one of those walks, Mandy drifted over the line into conversation on topics where Geneva's mind had never had time nor inclination to roam.

"I'm going straight back to the tent," she declared stoutly, "if you are going to talk that way. I won't listen to you."

Mandy laughed and called her "Puritan" and "ignoramus."

Geneva, eyes flashing, retorted, "I may be an ignoramus, but I can at least be decent."

Turning, she ran swiftly back to the tent, where she was glad to find plenty of work to do to help her forget her disappointment and disgust.

Mandy followed more slowly to her own tent, where she poured into her mother's ears a rather highly colored account of what she called Geneva's rude behavior. Mrs. Compson resented the idea of Geneva, crude and untrained, feeling herself above associating with her own daughter, and decided to have her revenge.

It was no unusual thing for her to run over to the Wests' tent with a loaf of freshly baked bread, or perhaps a pie or a pudding, so Sidney was not surprised on his return from work to have her meet him near the door of her tent with a friendly

smile and a covered plate, with the unmistakable odor of fresh apple pie. She detained him a moment to tell him how heartbroken Mandy was over the sudden break in her friendship with Geneva. She managed, by subtle hints, to convey to Sidney's mind that Geneva was greatly at fault in refusing to be guided and warned by their greater wisdom and experience. "You know," she said, "we have tried so hard to befriend Geneva. There are so many things a poor little motherless girl needs to be taught. And Mandy and I were so anxious to help her. But if she refuses our friendship, then what can we do?" There may have been no real falsehood, but hints and insinuations which amounted to the same thing.

In Sidney's mind a sudden doubt had sprung up, and he frowned as he walked on home, thinking over what he had just heard. Yes, it was true this was no sort of life for a motherless young girl like Geneva, but never before had the slightest doubt of the innocence and simplicity of his clear-eyed sister crossed his mind.

After supper, Sidney was helping with the dishes, a customary chore of his. Geneva, sensing his displeasure and disapproval, was unusually silent. He hoped she would mention the subject of the quarrel herself, but as she did not, he at last questioned, "What's the matter between you and Mandy?"

An added touch of red to her cheeks and an angry light in her eyes were her only answer.

"Look here, Sis," he cautioned, "don't let your pride and independence stand in the way of your taking advice from those who would be your real friends."

Geneva only shrugged her shoulders, while tears blinded her eyes. Sidney was cross with her, and she could not understand why. Sidney, who was always so ready to champion her cause, and whose opinions meant so much to her. So it continued for several days, and a wall of restraint grew up between brother and sister. Geneva secretly shed many bitter tears over the matter, not fully comprehending the cause of it all.

Mrs. Compson was not idle. While she increased her friendly attentions and apparent kindnesses to the family, she continued to drop little hints

of distrust. Sidney never once thought of doubting the sincerity of Mrs. Compson or her daughter until one day a chance remark among the workmen set him to thinking that perhaps the Compsons were not all they pretended to be. He began to see things he had never noticed before,—the loud, boisterous laugh, the slang, the easy familiarity of the mother and daughter, as compared with Geneva's simplicity, her quiet reserve, her clear, frank gray eyes, and unassuming modesty. So it was that one evening he returned to the tent with very different feelings. Geneva sensed his changed attitude, and once more they had a pleasant visit over the task of dishwashing.

That ended, Geneva took up the buckets to go to the spring for water. Sidney overtook her, and the girl, glad and relieved at having her brother's comradeship again, chatted easily of many things. At last the talk turned to the Compsons, and she, sure now of his trust and con-

Early fall found the West family settled in a rented cottage in a small town near the State line. Geneva, grown efficient in tentkeeping, found the cottage a problem. Not that it was difficult to keep neat for so skillful a little housekeeper, but after the cramped quarters of the tent, the rooms seemed so big and bare and unhomelike. But she knew it was all for the best; so she never complained, but made the most of her meager facilities.

After beds had been bought and set up, the only possible addition to their stock of furniture for some months was an old sewing machine, to make lighter her work of getting the children ready for school.

Geneva was seated at the machine one afternoon, sewing school frocks for the little girls, when Beth and Agnes announced that the "Grand Lady" was coming to call. The "Grand Lady" lived in the big house overlooking their cottage. She was just as good as she was beautiful.

through the cool reserve of the little homemaker. She glanced at the calico slips in the making, then at the two small girls. Here was where she longed to be of help. To her, the making of garments was an art, learned first through necessity in her earlier years, but now used only to help others. She felt the same delight in the making of a beautiful garment that the artist does in painting a lovely picture, or the musician in producing harmonies. But how was she to break through the barrier that Geneva's shyness had raised between them?

Geneva felt that she must say something, so, in a strained, unnatural voice, she managed the words, "Come again. But you needn't hurry off."

The caller's hand was on the door. Surprised, she turned, an amused, kindly smile on her face. She understood now. Geneva flushed and, embarrassed, smiled too, and the ice was broken. The "Grand Lady" reached



Wisdom's Profit

by Louise C. Kleuser

HAPPY is he who finds my treasure store,
My merchandise exceeds the gain of gold;
More precious, friend, than sparkling ruby gems—
A tree of life I am, though ages old!

Sound knowledge for the righteous I dispose;
I keep the paths of judgment for each saint;
My ways are those of peace and pleasantness,
Life to the soul that otherwise would faint!

I enter in, discretion by my side,
To keep from slipping, froward, careless feet;
Exalt my ways, promotion is thy lot,
I chart thy course past shoal, and sand, defeat!

Get wisdom, friend, and understanding, too,
God's fear is but the starting point each day;
The wise at last shine as the firmament—
The wise are they who know Him and obey!



fidence, told him simply and naturally the cause of her break with Mandy. Sidney was shocked and sobered as he thought how that friendship, fostered and encouraged, might have warped his sister's clean, sane way of thinking, and spoiled her whole life.

A long talk that evening between father and son resulted in Mr. West seeing what Sidney had long tried to show him, that he was making a mistake in keeping his family from school and social advantages for so long. And so what seemed to Geneva a very bitter experience proved to be a blessing. What had threatened to estrange brother and sister ended by strengthening the bond of understanding and sympathy between them.

Suddenly all Geneva's shyness returned in an overwhelming tide of panic. Why should the "Grand Lady," of all persons, come calling?

It was Beth and Agnes who met the caller at the door and placed a chair for her. Geneva, standing by her sewing machine, gave only the briefest of nods. Beth and Agnes and Joey, won by the beauty of the lady's smile and the charm of her manner, were soon chatting with perfect freedom, but never a word said Geneva. The caller was disappointed. She had so longed to be of some help to the little sister-mother whose toil and efforts had roused her sympathies.

At length she rose to go, despairing of ever being able to break

out both her hands in a gesture of humble appeal. "Dear," she said, "if I may, I'd love to come back again soon and help make the little dresses. I have no children to sew for, and it would be such a pleasure to help you." Tears trembled on her lashes. "Please, may I come?"

And so she came often after that. Geneva, naturally clever with her fingers, proved an apt pupil, and soon learned to make dainty little garments for the children as well as her own tasty house dresses which were the despair and envy of the girls of the neighborhood. The "Grand Lady" also taught Geneva how to make good light bread, and to serve vegetables and fruits in many new and interesting ways. (Turn to page 13)

By-products

by Paul Harley Felker

WHETHER you are peeling potatoes or preparing to preach, cultivating carrots or struggling with Spanish, digging ditches or laboring with literature, feeding fast printing presses or slowly grinding out geometry, if you are determined to better your "head-ucation" and *vocation*, rather than your *vacation*, a more profitable position is awaiting you.

Idleness and chocolates do not spell success. To achieve means to use a word of four letters; it begins with "w" and ends with "k."

Concentrate upon the forty-seven wise words spoken by Arthur Brisbane: "Our success depends upon the use of our time and its *by-product*, the odd moment. The man always 'killing time' is really killing his own chances in life; while the man who is destined to succeed is he who makes time live by making it useful."

Lovers, listen! When Luther Burbank was young and in love, his chief desire was to marry his sweetheart. He proposed and was refused! He turned his thoughts and odd moments to plant study and culture in an effort to forget her. The result was that he became a plant wizard, the author of a score of books, and his success in developing new fruits and flowers made him world famous. And he found a wonderful wife after all!

So, discouraged lovers, don't *stay* discouraged. Resolve to use your time to the best advantage. There are great possibilities in spare moments. Because Burbank improved them to the extent of his ability, the world in general and the United States in particular are more beautiful than they would have been without his research and experiments. If his next sweetheart had rejected him, he might have succeeded in growing *watermelons without seeds*, equipped with handles!

Many inventions which have played an important part in the development of industry are time's by-product. Listen to the hum of gigantic steam engines which not only power ships, but make possible countless other activities of our life today. We have them because an ordinary boy happened to be sitting near the stove thinking and listening to the teakettle—even though it was up to its neck in hot water—sing. As he watched the lid rise and fall, he thought of the power in the steam. Then he applied his spare moments

finding out how to centralize and control that power to the best advantage.

An appreciation of the importance of, and attention to, little things has much to do with success. The Armour Meat Packing Company was founded for the fundamental purpose of packing meat, but the fortunes being made in this organization today are from the by-products. The ingredients of many of these were once considered waste material. From the *hair* and *hides* of the animals slaughtered, we get leather, brushes, padding, filling for mattresses, and glue; from the *bones* we get combs, buttons, buckles, hairpins, artificial teeth, and rings for nursing bottles; from the *fats* and *blood* come illuminating oil, lubricating oil, glue, gelatin, isinglass, and tallow; from *other parts* of the animal's body are salvaged tennis racket and violin strings, surgical ligatures, pepsin, thyroid extract, lard, soap, candles, and oleomargarine. It is said that in this highly specialized meat-packing industry, everything about a pig is now used but its squeal!

Just as the revenue of the by-products in the meat industry is more valuable than the main product, so the odd moments we waste may be turned into sources more important than our chief duty. For instance, a young man generally goes to college to study books, but the friendships formed during school days may have a far greater influence upon his life than any learning acquired in the classroom.

The way a person spends his so-called vacations means much. William Cullen Bryant wrote poetry during his vacations, and after his sister died, when he found it would be impossible for him to attend college, he went to work, and wrote as a by-product the great American poem—"Thanatopsis."

Often it is not what we plan to do in the future that counts so much as how we use every today with its unexpected experiences and opportunities. Some persons can sail along on a smooth sea and dream about a tranquil past and a rosy future, but when it comes to meeting the *present* crisis, they frown and go backward away from it like a crab!

This is well illustrated by the familiar story of the two frogs that accidentally fell into an uncovered jar of cream in the cellar. The pessimistic frog looked down to the bottom of the jar, gave a few poutful



Luther Burbank

kicks, and drowned. The optimistic frog looked up and energetically kicked and paddled. When the farmer's wife went to get her cream the next morning, she found the optimistic little frog smiling, sitting on a ball of butter!

Really to live and grow is to keep working and smiling. How easy it is to smile. "It takes sixty-four muscles to frown, but only sixteen to smile"—so rest your face! And remember, "Old King Laughter is a merry old soul," with an intensely interesting family. There is the queen, Happy; there are the triplets, Giggle, Chuckle, and Cheerful; the twins, Grin and Joy; and the older children, Sunny and Smile!

Isn't a little smile worth a thousand frowns? A sunny smile is instantly translatable into any foreign language. It is a real achievement to give a forty-minute lecture, but it may be far greater to have a five-minute chat with a friend, and even greater yet to simply smile and speak a kind word here and there.

The influence of our words is one of the most important by-products of life. It would be well for each of us to practice the art of saying a ton of truth in an ounce of words. Once upon a time—

"A wise old owl lived in an oak,

The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard,
Why can't we be more like that old bird?"

Really, do we realize that the influence of our words never dies? Neither can it be buried with us. You may think that *your* influence does not amount to much, but remember, *influence is immortal*. It shows exactly what a person *is*, and not what he pretends to be. It pierces the showy clothes and veneer. It takes the reality of each soul and broadcasts it to bless or blast the world. How can you best use your spare time—this by-product of life—to make your influence a blessing?

One way is by reading. Do you know that by (Turn to page 13)

How I Made a Speculum

by Wilbur Quittmeyer

AS many know, there are two main types of telescopes: a refractor, which uses a lens to bring light of distant objects to a focus, and a reflector, which uses a concave speculum, or mirror, for the same purpose. Because the mirror is comparatively easy for the amateur to make, and because it is achromatic, and true to color, I chose to make it rather than a lens.

The materials necessary are but few. A round disk of glass six inches in diameter by about three fourths of an inch in thickness is used for the mirror, and a similar but somewhat thinner disk serves for the tool. The abrasives needed are of various degrees of fineness. The following are the sizes used: Nos. 80, 120, 220, 400, and 600 aloxite and 600 emery (one pound of No. 80 and 2 ounces of each of the others). A pound of Wilmington pitch and a 2-ounce box of optical rouge complete the list for grinding and polishing.

Before starting to make the mirror, a bench of some sort must be erected. I found that an inverted barrel filled with heavy stones worked quite successfully, for it enabled me to move completely around it while grinding and polishing.

Having completed the bench, I fastened the tool to it by nailing four pegs to the top close to the tool, forming clamps which held it very tightly.

The long, fascinating process of grinding is about to begin. Sprinkling about a half teaspoonful of No. 80 grit on the tool and wetting it with about the same amount of water, I began to rub, using a straight-over-the-center stroke about six inches in length. Between the strokes I rotated the mirror blank in order that the grinding might be done in all directions, and for the same reason I moved around the barrel. As the abrasives wore out, I replaced them, lifting the mirror from the tool and adding them as I did the first time.

This rough grinding, as it is called, is intensely interesting. The thinner disk is used, as has been mentioned, for the tool. It is exactly the diameter of the thicker disk. Now how do we form a concave surface for the mirror with such a tool? When the two surfaces of the glass disks exactly cover each other, and pressure is exerted at the center of the mirror disk with the hands, it is readily seen that the pressure exerted is equal on all the surface of both disks. This is only momentarily, however. When the mirror disk is moved over the edge of the tool disk, one can see that

the pressure comes on the edge of the tool and on the mirror. Consequently this changing of the position of pressure (see accompanying diagram) causes a paring from the center to the edge of the tool and a hollowing of the mirror disk. This reaction takes place in a very short time, but the working out of the actual curvature requires hours of painstaking grinding.

I measured the curvature by laying a straightedge across the center of the hollowed-out surface, and slipping a feeler gauge under it. (I made a feeler gauge by filing a nail to the required size, measuring it with a micrometer.)

I now removed the tool and clamps from the bench, and washed them and the mirror thoroughly, so that no trace of coarse abrasive would be left to scratch in the fine grinding which was the next process.

The second grit is applied exactly as the first, but the strokes are different; one-inch stroke each way over the center with a total stroke of two inches is sufficient for a six-inch mirror. Thus I continued to grind, changing to a finer grit every half hour and washing the mirror and bench between the changes.

When the grinding was completed, which required about eight hours, I proceeded to the process of polishing. The first step is the making of the lap from tempered pitch. To do this, I formed a run of thin cardboard

around the tool. I then melted the pitch and poured it in until it was about three sixteenths of an inch deep. When it was hard enough to hold its shape, I removed the cardboard, and after moistening the mirror, molded the lap with the concave surface of the mirror until the two surfaces were in perfect contact. Then I formed grooves in the pitch surface, dividing the lap into squares by pressing the edge of a steel ruler into the soft pitch. This naturally spoiled the contact; I therefore reheated the lap by placing it in hot water, and then reformed the contact.

The abrasive used for polishing is optical rouge. I mixed a tablespoonful with a half glass of water and placed it in a bottle which had a perforated top.

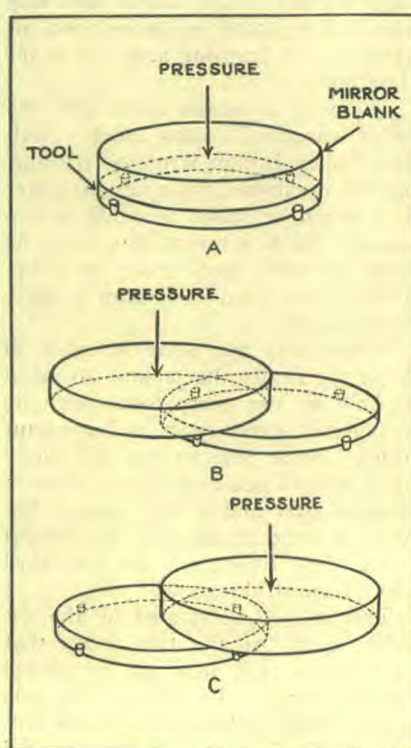
I applied the rouge to the lap and polished, using the short stroke as in fine grinding. In about ten minutes there was enough polish to reflect light. As I continued this work the pits from the fine grinding gradually disappeared. To make sure that the last pit traces had left, I examined the mirror surface with a magnifying glass.

After it is polished the surface of the mirror is nearly spherical in shape. A surface of this kind would serve adequately, but it would not give fine definition. This is because of spherical aberration which causes parallel light, such as light from stars, to appear as having a hazy glare around the edge.

To eliminate this, the spherical curvature must be made parabolic in contour. This means a curve that is equidistant from a fixed point called the focus.

It is very interesting to note that a parabolic curve which focuses light at one point, focuses nonparallel light in two focal points.

In testing, it is necessary to measure the distance between these two focal points. The apparatus consists only of an artificial star and a suitably mounted knife-edge. I made an artificial star by filing a spot on the side of a tin can and piercing a small hole through it. I then dropped a frosted light bulb into the can. I made a knife-edge from an old razor blade. The setup also was very simple. The mirror was placed on edge on a table, and the lamp and knife-edge were set up on another table at a distance equal to the mirror's radius of curvature. I then moved the lamp and my head until I could see the image of the lamp in the mirror, and adjusted the lamp, knife-edge, and the mirror so that the image of the lamp passed close (Turn to page 14)



JUNIOR S

Rose Ann Emerges

by
Edna Atkin Pepper



ROSE ANN!" I called gaily. "O Rose Ann, where are you, dear?"

Presently I saw her tripping lightly down the stairs, and hastened into the hall to meet her.

"Such a lovely invitation for you for next Monday afternoon!" I waved a white square of paper. "Mrs. Wells is going to serve an early supper in her garden, and wants you to come and meet her daughter, Evelyn, and Evelyn's friends."

"Oh, lovely! Lovely!" exclaimed my guest. And then, without warning, she dropped down on the bottom step and burst into heartbroken tears.

There seemed no evidence that the cloudburst would ever stop; so I raised her to her feet and guided her up the stairs to the little rose and green room that was hers for the duration of her visit.

There was a hurt in the sound of that sobbing that brought sympathetic tears to my own eyes, and presently, close to her ear, I whispered:

"See here, Rose Ann, you've got me crying too! Let's do stop and see what's the matter before we have an actual flood!"

At last came an overwrought hysterical sound meant to be laughter. Soon there was only an occasional shudder as Rose Ann mopped at her red and swollen face with a fresh bevy of handkerchiefs. A towel wrung out of cold water helped.

"Now," said I, trying to speak sternly, "out with it, young lady!"

Rose Ann dug into the pillow a bit deeper, and covered even her ears and the top of her head with the heavy towel.

"I—I'll try, Ethyl, the best I can. It's the party! It's clothes, and I don't mean I haven't any. I don't even mean they are out of style. They aren't. *It's me too!* My hair isn't right after it's combed. My skin isn't right—and, of course, you think I'm vain and foolish and selfish—"

The painfully exact young voice trembled perilously and stopped altogether. I sat quite still for a minute, examining what I could see of my young friend. She was fourteen, I

knew. The straight lines of her gingham dress-apron were, now that I thought of it, singularly more becoming than those of the more ambitious frock in which she had arrived. A few wisps of straggly, sandy hair escaped the surveillance of the enveloping towel.

"Rose Ann, you will certainly smother if you don't take that towel off your nose! Run into the bathroom and fill the bowl half full of good hot water—I notice there's plenty of oil in your skin—and wash your face and neck and arms very thoroughly with the plain white soap lather for *twenty minutes*."

"*Twenty minutes!*"

"*Yes, twenty minutes!* Here's the clock. Take off your apron, or you'll be soaked. When you've washed and rinsed for twenty minutes, empty the bowl and rinse your face for several more minutes with clear warm water, finish with a splash of cold, and pat dry with a Turkish towel. Then come down to lunch. I'm sure you'll have an appetite."

Rose Ann's eyes were like saucers.

"*Twenty minutes to wash my face!*" she murmured dazedly, and closed the bathroom door.

Tomato and cucumber salad was on the table and vegetable soup was ready to ladle out when I heard hesitant footsteps coming down the stairs. I sliced brown bread, and set our luncheon upon the gay oilcloth of the kitchen table.

"Why, Rose Ann, how marvelously clean you look!"

Rose Ann laughed helplessly, shyly.

"I ought to—surely I ought to look *clean* at least!"

"You do! Not only your face, but your eyes and your mind, and—even your soul!" I gave her a little squeeze.

"Now sit down. We have a busy afternoon before us. If you think your face is clean now, what will you think before I'm through with you!" I chuckled at the slightly apprehensive expression on her face.

"Now," said I later on, carefully dividing the yolk from the white of an egg, "you needn't be afraid, because I'm going to do just what I want you to do. First we pat this egg white over our faces, leaving out only our eyes, and a place to breathe through."

"Don't let the tight, drawn feeling that will come when it begins to dry, frighten you. That's just punishment for those pores of yours that haven't been kept clean and open with a twenty-minute weekly washing. Being filled with dirt stretched them out, and this egg is pulling them up together again."

"I see. And tell me, Ethyl, what about those ugly blackheads and acne that sometimes come out on my face?"

"Most young people have that trouble at one time or another, some more and some less. This treatment will certainly help. And so will carrots, spinach, lettuce, fruits, and all the fresh things you can get to eat. Turn your back on candy and rich desserts. Also, let your face alone. Don't pick at it. Your nails have germs on them, and, besides, they cut the skin when you squeeze a pimple, and that looks worse than the original blemish. Sometimes there are bad cases that require a doctor's care. But not yours, Rose Ann."

By the time we had finished the dishes, the egg white was thoroughly dried on our faces.

"Now," said I cheerily, "part two!" I picked up one cup and pushed the other toward her. Rose Ann bent double with laughter while I complacently added the yolk of the egg to the white already dried on my face.

"What," said Rose Ann, "shall we do if the doorbell rings? Ethyl, my

lips are full of pins and needles! Does the yolk draw worse than the white?"

"It won't, probably—the doorbell, I mean, not the egg yolk. I don't really know of anything that can draw any more than an egg. And of course, the more layers of egg—the more draw!"

"It tickles," complained Rose Ann.

"Just imagine you're paying a dollar for a facial treatment at some beauty parlor, and come on upstairs now and show me your dresses while we finish drying. I want you to tell me what you think is wrong with them."

From the closet she took down a soft cloud of pale pink.

"I love this dress," she confided wistfully. "And mother worked so hard to make it lovely for me." In a twinkling she had slipped the gown over her jaundiced face and fastened the snaps.

"Do you see why I don't like it?" She was standing uneasily, shyly, before me. "I *know* it isn't right! It's too tight or not right for my build, or—something."

The courage and the wisdom of that child! My heart ached for her while my head approved of her. She was right. Of course she was right!

"I see what you mean, Rose Ann," I assured her, "and the difficulty can be easily remedied. All it needs is a sort of jacket effect. I think some creamy lace would go very nicely with that pale pink, and it will soften the lines you do not like."

There was a beautiful light in her eyes despite the terrible effect of drying egg yolk. She hung the pink cloud back in the closet with a new dignity.

"This is my second best. It's lovely too. But, you see, when I have it on—"

"It's the skirt this time, isn't it? Makes you look pudgy, which you aren't. You're just a healthy, fast-developing girl. The skirt looks too tight, but it is really plenty large. It just isn't the right style for your figure. We'll match the material if we can, and if we can't, we'll get something flowered with a matching background. Then we'll rip the skirt off the waist and cut it flared, with a piece of new material set in at each side. It won't make it any less pretty, and the flared skirt will give you a nice straight back line."

Rose Ann was eager—or as eager as she could be with her facial muscles set in dried egg.

"O Ethyl, do you think we could make some such changes in my school dresses too? I don't want to impose on you—"

"Of course we can. I *love* to fix up clothes! But now let's wash off this dried egg mess."

"Well," I inquired a few minutes later, "was it worth while?"

Rose Ann sat in the rocker near

the window. A hand glass lay idly in her lap. The usually small, pale, sallow face was tinged with pink.

"Tell me, Ethyl. I'm all in a muddle. I thought—and I thought that every one else thought—that it was wrong to try to look—nice."

"I never saw a flower, Rose Ann, that looked as though it thought it wrong to look—nice. I never knew a good housekeeper who thought it wrong to take time to keep her pans and kettles beautifully clean. I've never read anywhere in the sacred pages of the Bible that there is any wrong in fastidious cleanliness, in neat, becoming clothing. True, my dear, I would not advise spending your time and money in beauty parlors, in buying countless jars of this and that to cover up what our simple treatment would probably remedy. Neither do I think it wise to follow the mad flights of fashion. I think we should be dressed so that we are comfortable and in such inconspicuous good taste that the casual observer could not even remember what we wear. How can our heavenly Father be pleased when His children are ugly and grumpy and careless? Natural loveliness is the sort He has given to the flowers of the field and the birds of the air. And 'order is heaven's first law.'"

"Come, now, we must wash this hair of yours. Brush it while I bring some soft water from downstairs."

"Why should I brush it when I'm just going to wash it?"

"Exercise—"

"Of course," lathering her wet head, "if we didn't have soft water, we'd put a little softener in the wash water and lemon juice or vinegar in the last rinse water," I explained.

While we rubbed and fanned the dark wet strands, I was debating how this hair should be dressed. Rose Ann had come with her hair combed straight back and fastened tightly at the nape of her neck. As I fanned back and forth, little tendrils of shining hair tried their best to roll up like a shaving.

"Why, Rose Ann, your hair is curling!"

"Is it! I always combed it until it was dry. The snarls come out easier."

"And the soft natural wave too," I smiled. "Never—never—if you think anything of your hair—comb it while it's wet. Always dry it first and run your fingers through it gently before you use brush or comb."

A half hour later Rose Ann looked in the mirror—a Rose Ann with an immaculate skin and shining, happy eyes, and glinting, warm-lighted hair drawn back softly over her ears, little kinky tendrils escaping here and there.

"About that invitation now, Rose Ann, shall I—"

"Oh, please do accept it for me, Ethyl! I'll just *love* to go! And the

whole time I'll be thinking of you, thanking you, loving you!" She looked up at me, winking back the tears.

"Ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," I murmured as I moved over to the writing desk.

What Price Glory?

(Continued from page 5)

everything. Today we are buffeted and bruised; but tomorrow we may underline the passage, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Yes, the price of that glory is beyond cost; but when it is yours, you have not only saved your own soul, but gained the whole world besides.

Six people were traveling to a prayer meeting in an automobile. The car turned over and was badly damaged, but not one of the occupants was injured. Accidentally, it seems, each one of them had clung to his Bible and hymnal in the catastrophe. What a marvelous demonstration of faith! If we could only hold on to God that way through the big accidents of life, would not we come through unscathed?

Oh, what price glory? What price the exceeding and eternal weight of glory when compared with the trivial trials we shall go through here below? "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

What price glory? Why, everything. Sell out, my friend—sell out on sin—and "come, buy . . . without money and without price."

George Washington

(Continued from page 4)

drew Jackson, failure to heed this warning has been one of the most unfortunate aspects of our political history. Next in importance are the dangers arising from sectionalism. Sectionalism conflicts have repeatedly threatened our national integrity.

Although the Civil War furnishes the most striking example of Washington's foresight in this respect, sectionalism continues to be, as it always has been, one of our most dangerous national problems. Finally, he warned his people against permanent alliances with other nations whose interests are different from our own. Since the birth of our first colonies, America has been brought into every great struggle which has threatened the destruction of human society. Washington, the seer, foresaw the utter futility of our attempting to solve foreign problems which we neither understand nor appreciate. The result of failure to heed this wise admonition is best illustrated in our

participation in the recent World War. We were led to believe that we were fighting to "make the world safe for democracy." Yet today from Poland to Italy, from Russia to Spain, Europe is in the control of dictators or dictatorial groups. We were also convinced that we were "fighting a war to end war." Yet today there is more money being spent on armies and navies, there are more danger spots on the diplomatic horizon, and international crises follow each other with greater rapidity, than at any other time in human history.

Thus Washington stands, a military genius, a distinguished statesman, a man of vision. He did a great work, he laid the foundation of a great nation. The abuse, the slander, the criticism, and the reproach heaped upon him by his enemies, and repeated by contemporary self-styled historians, only accentuate the indomitable courage of that man of genius whose loyalty, whose courage, and whose devotion have never been surpassed in the annals of human history. "Today, his statue stands in the heart of London, the very center of the British Empire, a gift graciously accepted by the British people from their oldest colony, Virginia."

For His Sake

(Continued from page 6)

mother, as well as her aunt, had maids to do all the duties about the house.

Finally she found employment in a restaurant. It was hard. A girl who always had been waited on now had to wait upon others. Also, her assigned tasks were heavy, and she received only a few pennies a day. But she remained true to her heavenly Parent, even though her earthly parents had forsaken her. This first struggle strengthened her for many more tests of her Christian loyalty that were to follow during and after the World War. But she has always stood stanch and true.

This story of her early Christian life has been an inspiration to her own children and also to many outside her immediate family who have heard her testify to the goodness of her heavenly Father.

Geneva—Home Missionary

(Continued from page 8)

There was no school for her that year. Joey, past four now, was just beginning to walk. But she studied evenings with the other children, helping them with their lessons, so that she really gained much from their study.

All too soon the short midwinter term was ended. With the spring there came into the town a man having oil or other business interests in that section of the country. With

him came his wife and daughter, to spend the summer. The daughter, a beautiful character, saw that many of the children in the neighborhood were growing up neglected, knowing little except how to chop and pick cotton.

She fitted up a room and opened a summer school. Beth and Agnes were enrolled as pupils, and Geneva was encouraged to attend, taking Baby Joe with her. Miss Annie, as the children affectionately called their teacher, was a woman of rare education, high ideals, and innate refinement. She was a capable teacher of the "three R's," and in addition, she brought into her schoolroom the very best from music, literature, and art. Fortunate indeed were the children who came under her sweet, uplifting influence. At last there came to Geneva real, genuine friendships which were to prove helpful through all her afterlife.

(To be continued)

His Wind

(Continued from page 3)

her own fire. Faster she flew up and down the blazing line, the seriousness of the situation gripping at her heart. Once it seemed as though she would faint with the intense heat of the sun overhead and the smothering heat of the dry grass so eager to burn beneath her feet. She fought wildly, heroically, but it was too much; the wind was carrying the flames straight for the house, and there was not a thing she could do, but hurry for the children and—give up.

Miss Krum, seeing her predicament, smothered the last of her flames and came racing across the field. Bravely they struggled for a few minutes together, but each could see hopelessness written in the face of the other. The fire demon was rapidly swooping toward them from both the east and the west.

"There's only *one thing* more we can do!" Miss Krum was desperate.

"We can pray!" Anna took courage even as she spoke the words.

And so together with the two children they knelt there on the prairie, sick at heart, and pleaded with God to save their home. The prayer was short. But somehow, as they prayed, a quietness came over them, and they arose feeling He was near and that everything would be all right.

Scarcely a moment passed before they noticed the fire was dying down a little to the west, but they noticed, too, that it was spreading even more rapidly toward the east. The air seemed a little fresher and cooler, though, and all of a sudden, with a pang of joy, Anna cried almost wildly,

"The wind has changed to the east—oh, it has! See!" she pointed,

"the smoke is going toward the tracks—the wind has changed!"

And, with the tracks to check it, before the night had passed, there was nothing left of the prairie fire but the smell of smoke in the air.

Mary's mother sighed and continued, "So, while there are dangers everywhere, we should remember that God is everywhere too. 'If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'" The color had come back into Mary's cheeks and her eyes were filled with tears.

"I'm so glad I know God," she said. "I'm ashamed to think I have been afraid!"

By-products

(Continued from page 9)

spending fifteen minutes a day thus you can read the Bible through in a year? The "Testimonies to the Church" (nine volumes of special interest to every Seventh-day Adventist, young and old) can be read through in one and a half years at ten pages a day; "The Desire of Ages" in six months at fifteen minutes a day; the book "Education" in one month at ten pages each day.

It was the way Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, spent his spare time that enabled him to accomplish so much. Although his paramount purpose was to preach Christ to the Gentile world, yet he found bits of hours and days here and there in which to write helpful letters to his friends and loved ones. There is no classic on faith equal to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. And if you wish to know what love really is, read the Revised Version of 1 Corinthians 13.

As we view the works of Jesus, we find that the little things which He did along the way—the by-products—were often the most fruitful of His efforts and resulted in the greatest good. When He and His disciples were journeying from Jerusalem to Galilee, He stepped aside for a few moments and chatted with the woman at Jacob's well near Sychar, a town of Samaria. We would hardly exchange His charming and helpful conversation there at the well for any of His miracles or long sermons. On another occasion, He was hurrying through a crowded street, when a sick woman merely touched His clothing, and she received healing and a blessing. One of the most beautiful pictures we have of the Master is of Him tenderly holding little children in His arms.

And today He wants and needs the service of young men and women who not only will do and dare great things for Him, but will recognize

the importance of life's by-products and the abundant opportunities these seeming trifles offer to cheer our fellows along the way and to witness for Him.

How I Made a Speculum

(Continued from page 10)

by the knife-edge and also flooded the entire mirror when my eye was held close to the knife-edge.

Then by sliding the knife-edge into the cone of rays, the mirror darkened. Shadows appear, however, which must be interpreted. If the mirror darkens evenly, it is spherical. If otherwise, then the surface is not spherical, and must be more precisely tested.

To change the spherical curvature to parabolic contour, the polishing stroke is changed to two thirds the diameter of the mirror. The mirror is tested frequently until the shadow appears hollow in the center.

This type of testing is not sufficient. The mirror must be tested at the center and at the edges. To do this, two screens are made. One, to test the central zone, is made of cardboard cut large enough to cover the surface of the mirror. In it are centered two slots $\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. These slots are cut $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart. The other screen, to test the outer zones, is made in the same manner, only the slots are 3 inches apart.

By placing the first screen over the mirror and cutting the cone of rays with the knife-edge, the position of the knife-edge is noticed and marked. The same is done with the second screen, and the position is marked. The distance between the two marks should be 0.700 of an inch. Parabolization must be continued until this number is reached. If the distance is more than this, it's just too bad, for the curvature is hyperbolic, and the mirror might just as well be thrown away.

With the completion of the parabolizing, the mirror is ready to be silvered on the concave surface. It must first be cleaned chemically. Using rubber gloves to protect my hands, I rubbed the concave surface hard with concentrated nitric acid, which I had poured on a pad of cotton. I then rinsed the mirror and cleaned it with strong ammonia. I rinsed the mirror again and placed it under water, making sure that I did not touch the surface to be silvered, for the least trace of organic material will cause spots to result in the silver.

I then placed the mirror in a special silvering solution. When dark grains formed, I poured off the solution, rinsed the mirror and stood it on edge to dry.

The next day I burnished the silvered surface. I then had a beautiful luminous six-inch concave mirror ready for mounting.



A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

NEWS

The first United States postal card was issued in 1873.

The popularity of the National Parks series has resulted in many heretofore uninterested persons taking up the collecting of stamps.

France, instead of using special parcel-post stamps, overprints her regular issues "Colis Postaux," and so gives the collector added varieties.

One optometrist claims that since a certain U. S. stamp sold for \$1,800, he has had calls from philatelists who have ruined their eyes looking for other copies of the stamp in United States mixtures.

All literature for the blind printed in Braille, the special system used for those who cannot see, is carried by the Post Office Department free of charge. Our own Seventh-day Adventist paper for the blind, the *Christian Record*, is thus distributed free by the government.

STAMP EXCHANGE

Melvin E. Taves, Route 2, Box 214, Chowchilla, California, who signs himself "A Stamp Collector," would like to trade stamps from Denmark, China, England, Hungary, and Germany for stamps from any other country except the United States and Canada. Here is a new friend for some of you stamp enthusiasts. Won't you write to him?

Counsel Corner

If we have ten cows, should we sell one for tithe, as they used to do in Bible times?

If the cows have been purchased with money that has been tithed—no.

On the other hand, when one comes to a knowledge of his duty to God in paying tithe, he may be in possession of a farm, equipped with stock and machinery that have been acquired with labor and money that have not been tithed. Some who are conscientious and anxious to do the right thing are perplexed as to how they can ever pay tithe on their possessions under such circumstances. Perhaps the farm has been purchased at a much higher price than its present market value. Equipment likewise has depreciated in value. It seems clear that if one desires to pay tithe on his present holdings when he comes to a knowledge of the tithing system, he should pay tithe on its present market value rather than on its original cost. The same would be true of a home in the city. But paying back tithe under these circumstances must be left with the individual conscience. It would be utterly impossible with many to do it. God is not unreasonable in His requirements. He makes provision for the sins of the past, and gives grace to avoid them in the future.

It is surely clear that when we sell farms, houses, stock, timber, or equipment that has not been previously tithed, a tenth of the money received should go to the Lord. W. W. EASTMAN.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

IX—At Jacob's Well

(March 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4:1-42.

MEMORY VERSE: John 4:14.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 183-195.

Questions

Jesus Talks With a Woman of Samaria

1. What caused Jesus to leave Judea? Where did He go? John 4:1-3.
2. Where did Jesus stop to rest? Verses 4-6.
3. Who came to the well while Jesus was there? What request did Jesus make of her? What was her reply? Verses 7-9.
4. What statement did Jesus then make? What further question showed the woman's perplexity? Verses 10-12.
5. With what precious promise did Jesus answer her? Verses 13, 14. Note 1.
6. What request did the woman then make of Him? Verse 15.
7. How did Jesus tactfully lead her to acknowledge her past life? Verses 16-18.
8. To what conclusion did the woman come? What point of controversy did she then introduce? Verses 19, 20.
9. How did Jesus reveal to her the real meaning of true worship? Verses 21-24. Note 2.
10. In whom did the woman express her belief? What did Jesus then reveal to her? Verses 25, 26.

The Disciples Marvel

11. When the disciples returned, what caused them to marvel? Verse 27.
12. What did the woman then do? What was the result of her words? Verses 28-30.
13. How did the disciples show solicitude for their Master? In answering them and explaining His meaning to them, what great mission of His life did Jesus state? Verses 31-34.
14. What did Jesus say regarding the harvest, the sower, and the reaper? Verses 35-38. Note 3.
15. What was the outcome of the conversation of Jesus with this one woman? Verses 39-42. Note 4.

Notes

1. "Jesus did not convey the idea that merely one draft of the water of life would suffice the receiver. He who tastes of the love of Christ will continually long for more; but he seeks for nothing else. The riches, honors, and pleasures of the world do not attract him. The constant cry of his heart is, 'More of Thee.' And he who reveals to the soul its necessity, is waiting to satisfy its hunger and thirst. Every human resource and dependence will fail. The cisterns will be emptied, the pools become dry; but our Redeemer is an inexhaustible fountain. We may drink, and drink again, and ever find a fresh supply. He in whom Christ dwells, has within himself the fountain of blessing, —'a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' From this source he may draw strength and grace sufficient for all his needs."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 187.

2. "Patiently Jesus permitted her [the woman of Samaria] to lead the conversation whither she would. Meanwhile He watched for the opportunity of again bringing the truth home to her heart. 'Our fathers worshipped in this mountain,'

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

she said, 'and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.' Just in sight was Mt. Gerizim. Its temple was demolished, and only the altar remained. The place of worship had been a subject of contention between the Jews and the Samaritans. Some of the ancestors of the latter people had once belonged to Israel; but because of their sins, the Lord suffered them to be overcome by an idolatrous nation. For many generations they were intermingled with idolaters, whose religion gradually contaminated their own. . . . When the temple at Jerusalem was rebuilt in the days of Ezra, the Samaritans wished to join the Jews in its erection. This privilege was refused them, and a bitter animosity sprang up between the two peoples. The Samaritans built a rival temple on Mt. Gerizim. . . . They would not acknowledge the temple at Jerusalem as the house of God, nor admit that the religion of the Jews was superior to their own."—*Id.*, p. 183.

3. One lesson to be learned from the narrative of this woman from the city of Sychar is that she began her work near her home. That is where we ought to begin. To the man whom the Saviour healed in the country of the Gadarenes, He said, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Mark 5:19. The world now is "white already to harvest," and faithful missionary work is the need of the hour.

4. "From a single conversation, in circumstances, in a place, and with an individual little likely to be attended with such results, many sinners were converted; many believed on the testimony of the woman; many more came to hear, and believed because they heard Him [Jesus] themselves. We should never despair of doing good in the most unpromising circumstances."—*Barnes*.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

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

JUNIOR

IX—The Woman of Samaria

(March 2)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 4:1-42.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." John 4:14.

STUDY HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 183-195.

PLACES: Judea; Samaria; Galilee; Sychar, thought to be the ancient Shechem, between Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; John the Baptist; Pharisees; the woman of Samaria; the Samaritans.

Setting of the Lesson

The land of Palestine was divided into three parts. Judea was the southern portion, Samaria the middle, and Galilee the northern. To go from Judea to Galilee, Jesus must pass through Samaria. The Samaritans were a mixed race, having descended from the remnant of Israel and the heathen who settled in Palestine after the Jews were carried to Babylon. The Samaritans offered to help to rebuild the temple, but the Jews refused their help. The Samaritans then tried to hinder the work. Afterward they built a rival temple on Mt. Gerizim, where they offered sacrifices as Moses had commanded, though they did not entirely give up idolatry.

"The Jews and the Samaritans were bitter enemies, and as far as possible avoided all dealing with each other. To trade with the Samaritans in case of ne-

cessity was indeed counted lawful by the rabbis; but all social intercourse with them was condemned. . . . The disciples, in buying food, were acting in harmony with the custom of their nation. But beyond this they did not go."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 183.

Questions

1. Why did Jesus leave Judea? Through what province of Palestine did He pass on His way to Galilee? John 4:1-4. Note 1.

2. To what city in Samaria did Jesus come? What historical interest was attached to that spot? Where did Jesus sit to rest at noon? Verses 5, 6.

3. Who came to the well to draw water? What request did Jesus make of the woman? Where had the disciples gone? Verses 7, 8. Note 2.

4. What question did the woman ask which showed her surprise at the request of Jesus? How did the Jews and Samaritans regard one another? Verse 9.

5. What strange reply did Jesus make? Verse 10.

6. How did the woman's answer show that she did not understand the meaning of what Jesus had said? What questions did she ask? Verses 11, 12.

7. What did Jesus say was the difference between the water in the well and "living water"? What did Jesus really mean? Verses 13, 14. Note 3.

8. For what did the woman then ask? Whom did Jesus tell her to call? What conversation then took place? Verses 15-18. Note 4.

9. Whom did the woman recognize Jesus to be? What question did she raise about the place of worship? Verses 19, 20. Note 5.

10. How did Jesus show that the place of worship was not important? How must God be worshipped? Verses 21-24.

11. For whom was the woman looking? Who did Jesus say that He was? Verses 25, 26. Note 6.

12. When the disciples returned, what caused them to wonder? What questions could they not ask? Where did the woman go? What did she say to her friends? What did the people do? Verses 27-30.

13. What did the disciples urge Jesus to do? What did He say? What did the disciples say to one another? What did Jesus say was as food to Him? Verses 31-34.

14. To what harvest did Jesus call their attention? What grain was already ripe for the harvest? What reward will the reapers of this harvest have? Verses 35, 36.

15. What saying about the harvest is true? How would this be true in the work of the disciples? Verses 37, 38.

16. Whose words brought many Samaritans to believe on Jesus? What invitation was given to Him? What did many more say? What did they know? Verses 39-42. Note 7.

Notes

1. "The priests and rabbis had been jealous of John's influence as they saw the people leaving the synagogues and flocking to the wilderness; but here was One who had still greater power to attract the multitudes. . . . Jesus knew that they would spare no effort to create a division between His own disciples and those of John. He knew that the storm was gathering which would sweep away one of the greatest prophets ever given to the world. Wishing to avoid all occasion for misunderstanding or discussion, He quietly ceased His labors, and withdrew to Galilee."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 181.

2. "To offer a drink to the thirsty traveler was held to be a duty so sacred that the Arabs of the desert would go

out of their way in order to perform it. The hatred between Jews and Samaritans prevented the woman from offering a kindness to Jesus; but the Saviour was seeking to find the key to this heart, and with the tact born of divine love, He asked, not offered, a favor."—*Id.*, pp. 183, 184.

3. As water is necessary to life, so the "living water," which Jesus alone can supply, is necessary to everlasting life. "He who seeks to quench his thirst at the fountains of this world, will drink only to thirst again. Everywhere men are unsatisfied. They long for something to supply the need of the soul. Only One can meet that want. The need of the world, 'the desire of all nations,' is Christ. The divine grace which He alone can impart, is as living water, purifying, refreshing, and invigorating the soul."—*Id.*, p. 187.

4. "The listener trembled. A mysterious hand was turning the pages of her life history, bringing to view that which she had hoped to keep forever hidden. Who was He that could read the secrets of her life? There came to her thoughts of eternity, of the future judgment, when all that is now hidden shall be revealed. In its light, conscience was awakened."—*Id.*, pp. 187, 188.

5. The temple which the Samaritans had built on Mt. Gerizim had been destroyed by their enemies. But they would not acknowledge the temple at Jerusalem to be the house of God.

6. "The Samaritans believed that the Messiah was to come as the Redeemer, not only of the Jews, but of the world. The Holy Spirit through Moses had foretold Him as a prophet sent from God."—*Id.*, pp. 192, 193.

7. "As soon as she had found the Saviour, the Samaritan woman brought others to Him. She proved herself a more effective missionary than His own disciples. The disciples saw nothing in Samaria to indicate that it was an encouraging field. Their thoughts were fixed upon a great work to be done in the future. They did not see that right around them was a harvest to be gathered. But through the woman whom they despised, a whole cityful were brought to hear the Saviour."—*Id.*, pp. 194, 195.

"Jesus had begun to break down the partition wall between Jew and Gentile, and to preach salvation to the world. Though He was a Jew, He mingled freely with the Samaritans, setting at nought the Pharisaic customs of His nation. In face of their prejudices He accepted the hospitality of this despised people. He slept under their roofs, ate with them at their tables,—partaking of the food prepared and served by their hands,—taught in their streets, and treated them with the utmost kindness and courtesy."—*Id.*, p. 193.



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► **ANTHRACITE** coal was used experimentally at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1808.

► **TAXES** from legalized liquor now contribute more than \$1,000,000 a day to the income of the Federal Government.

► **QUEEN ELIZABETH** of England was the first English person to use a modern fork. At the time she adopted this innovation, eating with a knife was considered good table form.

► **ALTHOUGH** the harmonica band of Borrah Minevitch plays such complicated orchestrations as "Liebestraum" and "Deep River," the Musicians' Union refuses to admit them to membership or to recognize the band, claiming that the harmonica is merely a toy.

► **A MINOR** planet of the twelfth magnitude, observed for the first time in July, 1933, has been named Vassar in honor of Vassar College. The Berlin Recheninstitut, which catalogues these minor planets, has notified the discoverer of the asteroid, Dr. George Van Biesbroeck, of Yerkes Observatory, of its permanent name.

► **THERE** will be seven solar eclipses in 1935—the greatest solar demonstration since 1805. Only two, however, will be visible in the United States. One of these—a partial eclipse—occurred February 5. On that date the sun rose eclipsed for the Pacific Coast region. A total eclipse of the moon will be visible over the entire country on July 16.

► **THE** largest diamond ever found is not the famous Cullinan gem discovered in South Africa in 1905, but one three times its size discovered in Bahia, Brazil, in 1895. Because it was a carbonado or black diamond and lacked the brilliance of much smaller gems like the Cullinan and the Great Mogul, it never became famous enough to earn a name of its own, even though it weighed 3,078 carats. It was finally broken into small sizes and used in the diamond drills that explored the rich iron deposits of northern Minnesota.

► **THERE** is great excitement in Colonia, Uruguay. Excavators are digging a huge hole in the sand at near-by Honda Beach, seeking the legendary golden riches of the Inca Indians of Peru, including the crown of Atahualpa, the last Inca king, who was executed by the great conquistador, Francisco Pizarro. This treasure is supposed to have been buried here in the sand on a dark, stormy night in 1806 by pirates who stole the crown and gold—60 kegs of ingots—while it was being transferred by boat for delivery to the king of Spain. Immediately thereafter these pirates sailed on another raid, but their craft met disaster at the hand of an armed British barkentine, and only one member of the crew escaped. He was captured, and told the story just before being hanged for his misdeeds in England. A British expedition following his directions, dug unsuccessfully for the treasure in 1883, and there have been numerous other searchers through the years. The recent finding of a curiously carved stone, which was supposed to figure as a key in the British excavation, and which they were unable to locate, lends hopefulness and enthusiasm to the present search.

► **SWEDEN** is perplexed by having "too much money." Business in this thrifty little Northern country, with only 6,000,000 inhabitants, has not only improved, but in many respects been restored to the high point of predepression days. There are only 80,000 unemployed, many export industries have more orders than they can handle, and talk of a depression has dwindled to a mere whisper. But the world economic situation and the difficulty of finding good foreign investments has kept Sweden's money at home. Savings accounts are no longer welcomed by private banks, except in large amounts and for long periods of time. And interest paid on such accounts is only 2 per cent. A recent government loan of 70,000,000 kroner at 3½ per cent was oversubscribed five times in twenty minutes.

► **RUINS** of an ancient moated Maya Indian city, together with the forest-covered remains of six other large Maya towns, in northern Guatemala, were recently announced by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. The moated city, the first yet found in the New World, has been named Beccan, meaning in the Maya language, "ditch full of water." Apparently it was an important center of tribal life, with palaces and temples guarded from the encroaching swamps by the moat system. In the seven cities 53 stone monuments were discovered, 39 of them still standing. The monuments, many of which are sculptured, gave the expedition 27 new dates in Maya chronology.

► **As** a "traveling President" of the United States, Franklin D. Roosevelt ranks second to William H. Taft, who averaged 28,639 miles a year during his four years in the White House. For the approximate two years of his term Mr. Roosevelt has a total mileage of 22,968 per year. He has made nine trips, aggregating 130 days' absence from Washington.

► **ANTONY VON LEEUWENHOEK**, the famous Dutch naturalist, was the first person to see living germs under a microscope. It was his own invention, and he made the discovery in 1683.

Compete
with your
POSSIBILITIES
not with
your
NEIGHBORS

► **THE** United States has a sweet tooth. It required more than \$21,000,000 worth of candy to satisfy it last year.

► **INSECTS** have six legs, while spiders have eight. Therefore spiders are not insects, but belong to the family *Arachnida*.

► **AMERICAN** bishops presented to Pope Pius more than \$1,000,000 in gifts from their dioceses during 1934, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Vatican City.

► **BRAZIL** is anxious to strengthen her navy at this time when military preparedness is receiving new emphasis. But cash is scarce; therefore she offers to barter lard, cotton, sugar, and other products, with the exception of coffee, for battleships, submarines, submarine chasers, destroyers, auxiliary vessels, and tank ships.

► **NATURE** knew what she was about when she devised a tail for the Eskimo dog. It is not feathered like that of a collie or setter, but evenly furred all around, so that when this dog of the frozen north curls up to sleep, the warm and sizable tail can be used as a covering for the nose and feet—the only parts of the body not thickly furred.

► **UNDAUNTED** by the catastrophe of last summer's stratosphere balloon ascent, the National Geographic Society is making plans for another during the coming summer season. Capt. Albert W. Stevens will be in command, with Capt. Orvil A. Anderson as pilot. Maj. William E. Kepner, who commanded the 1934 flight, will be unable to take part in the new expedition with his former companions because of important duties in the Army Air Corps.

► **PUZZLE** contest fans are a veritable nuisance in public libraries, and therefore the New York Public Library has recently found it necessary to take drastic steps to protect its reference books. A new ruling reads: "Dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other works of reference are not provided for use in connection with puzzles or contests of any kind. On account of increasing pressure on its facilities and also on account of damage to its books, the library is obliged to refuse the use of reference books for such purposes."

► **ALTHOUGH** it is too new a political experiment to rate as either a success or a failure, the whole United States will watch with interest the working out of the unicameral system in Nebraska's State government. Will a one-house legislature be better, more effective than two? At least it will be more economical, for whereas a two-house legislature cost the taxpayers of the State \$110,000 in 1933, the Norris constitutional amendment which was recently adopted, provides a flat sum of \$37,500 for all salaries, regardless of the number of members between the prescribed limits of 30 and 50. If the minimum number is elected, each legislator will receive \$1,250 a year for his services. But if the maximum of 50 members is set, each will receive only \$750 a year. Already there is talk of a compromise that will set the number of members arbitrarily at thirty-five.