

The Youth's Instructor

Vol. 83

April 16, 1935

No. 16

OUR ANXIOUS WORLD

by
Robert B. Thurber

AS the new year dawned, the world sat on the edge of the seat—expectant! With Congress meeting, the Supreme Court sitting, the NRA slipping, New Jersey crime baiting, prosperity returning, the Saar voting, Europe pacting, Italy bristling, Japan attacking, Russia defying, armaments racing,—what possibilities! Then the curtain rose on the drama of current history. It promises a thrilling performance. 1935 has been called the “dynamite year.” It may not bring an explosion. Already it has brought plenty of action.

Like a big, red firecracker with its fuse sputtering, the Saar valley between France and Germany had been threatening to ignite all Europe. The unsettling Treaty of Versailles at the close of the World War awarded its 738 square miles—smaller than the State of Rhode Island—to League of Nations rule for fifteen years. France was allowed to exploit its rich coal mines in compensation for German destruction of French mines during the World War. The probation period ended January 13, when the local population was given the privilege of voting whether the territory would return to Germany, become French, or continue under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. Before the plebiscite, however, France had seen the trend of sentiment toward Germany in the territory, and the two nations had made a satisfactory deal over the coal mines.

Scattered Saarlanders from all over the world were given free transportation (at German expense) to return to the Fatherland to vote. Minor clashes with police occurred, but there was comparative quiet. Result: The Saar went 90 per cent German. And it was all over but the arrangements. Thus the big firecracker went fiz-z-z, and proved to be a dud.

Two conclusions are noteworthy: (1) Europe's nations are not yet ready for the next war, and are eager to make even humiliating concessions to stave it off till they are. (2) When the Saar, an observer of Nazi rule right next door, would vote so overwhelmingly for German annexation, it is evident that the “Hitler yoke” is willingly worn by a great majority of Germans. The realm-leader did not *seize* absolute power. It was *given* him by the people.

The World Court decision by Congress caused a passing flurry in January. Mr. Roosevelt echoed Presidents Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover in urging that we join this international tribunal. The World Court (short for Permanent Court of International Justice) is to the League of Nations what our Supreme (Turn to page 3)



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The New Commander in Chief of the Japanese Fleet, Vice-Admiral Sankichi Takahashi, on the Deck of His Flagship

Let's Talk It Over

GRADUATING in June?" "Yes, graduating in June," smiled Don.

"And what then?"

"Oh, I won't have to worry about a job," he answered airily. "Dad'll look out for a place for me."

"But what are you specializing in?" "W - e - l - l," he hesitated, "I might like to teach math.; or I might go out with a tent company and have charge of the music and try preaching; or I might do editorial work."

"Jobs are rather scarce these days."

"Yes, but dad'll take care of me. He'll pull the wires somewhere, and get me in on the ground floor."

The regrettable part of the story is that dad *did*! And his son, though he has a job, isn't much good at it. His father's position and influence may hold him there, but whenever I chance to meet him—I wonder! Is he proud of himself? Does he *really* feel like a *real* man?

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DID you ever read that modern classic entitled, "A Test for Tony"? No? Suppose you listen—and think!

We meet him on a blustery March day just twenty-four hours and thirty-five minutes before noon of his twenty-first birthday. He is entering a towering office building in Times Square, New York City, to keep an eleven-thirty appointment with Uncle Anthony.

In the luxurious private office he sat down near a great mahogany desk, and as Uncle Anthony swung about to face him, Tony felt a happy thrill. This beloved uncle always treated him like a real person, not as a mere nephew. Now he inquired:

"Well, Tony, what do you intend doing after tomorrow?"

"Whatever you suggest."

"I have in mind to test you," came the answer, "to test the real you, plus your college education. The conditions may seem unreasonable and difficult, but a man's education is not completed in school, my boy. Some hard knocks on the battlefield of life are also a necessity to real manhood."

Then Uncle Anthony went on to reminisce how Tony's mother had died at his birth, how his father had been taken away soon after, leaving his upbringing to a willing but inexperienced old bachelor uncle.

"And I love you for bothering with me," Tony's voice was husky.

"I want to test myself along with you, Tony," he went on to say, "or

rather to test my foster fatherhood. Can you make good without any other advantages than your youth and health and education?"

"Others have. Why can't I, Uncle Anthony?"

"I believe you can. It is my wish that on your twenty-first birthday you start out on your own. So I propose that tomorrow, at noon, you begin earning your living at some honorable occupation with a future in it."

Tony nodded his agreement, and his uncle continued: "My name, the terms of our agreement, friends of mine and your own, must not be capitalized in any way. Keep your name, but deal with strangers. You are to depend absolutely upon your own physical and mental ability, and make good. And you will turn over to me by noon tomorrow all your possessions, even your clothing."

Tony whistled softly and glanced at his new brown suit that had just cost two hundred dollars.

"You have twenty-four hours in which to earn new ones, or obtain them honorably. Furthermore, you will earn your living for two years, and must be promoted at least four times by the same employer. That puts hit-and-miss, blind-alley jobs out of the picture. If you make good at the end of two years, you become a junior member of this firm. What do you say to my proposition?"

"That you have a right to test me out," Tony looked his uncle straight in the eye. "I agree to the terms, letter and spirit!" He sprang to his feet and extended his hand.

As he started to draw on his gloves, he laughed. "If I'm to turn over to you by tomorrow noon everything I have on, I'll begin now," he said, and laid them on his uncle's desk.

And in spite of Uncle Anthony's demurring and his suggestion that "this is not tomorrow noon," he emptied his pockets of checkbook, cash, trinkets, everything, and turned them inside out. He even removed his wrist watch. "I'll claim all these two years from today," he smiled.

"Your room will be kept in readiness for you whenever you can visit me," said Uncle Anthony, "and remember, my boy, that most important changes have their solemn features."

"I'm beginning to realize that. Good-by, Uncle Anthony."

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A JOB, and clothes, in twenty-four hours," the young man reflected as he walked out of the building.

For what sort of work should he look, and where? He was educated, but not *especially* educated. And what in the world could he do that would earn four promotions in two years? This first realization of his handicap gave him his first panic of what proved to be a day of varied experiences.

He walked for miles, and applied for work in countless places, and went through all the throes of one who *must* have a job and can't find one!

Finally he found a chance to work for his supper—and a quarter,—his first earnings. The next morning he bought a paper and renewed the endless, fruitless search. Finally, a sign reminded him of the Greaves Manufacturing Company. His uncle's factory! It was twelve miles away, but he reasoned he had a right to apply there. Those in charge didn't even know he existed.

Twelve miles is a long way to walk—but Tony walked it. At the gate of the factory he was confronted by the sign, "No Help Wanted." But in spite of everything he got the job of a yardman who had just been called out of town. As a stranger he negotiated for a workman's outfit to be charged against his first week's wages. Also, his brown suit and all that went with it were delivered at Uncle Anthony's office promptly on the stroke of twelve!

And Tony is at work now, learning the business "from the ground up." He has had two promotions already, and one year of his apprenticeship is not yet passed. His identity is still unknown at the factory, and though he goes to visit Uncle Anthony frequently, he is strictly "on his own." Some day he will be a partner in the firm—and he knows he will *deserve* the place.

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A PARASITE never amounts to anything—never *has* amounted to anything. There's no substitute for the lessons that life must teach us. It is independent experience in real living which gives postgraduate degrees in worth-while manhood and womanhood. "Dad" may be able to "pull the wires" in your behalf, but if you are satisfied to let him do so, something is radically wrong with your backbone! And you'll never amount to anything—much. No parasite ever does!

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

Court is to the legislative and executive branches of our government. The League would promote world peace by political maneuvering, the Court by settling international disputes voluntarily submitted to it.

But Congress, especially the Senate, believes adherence to the World Court a step toward joining the League. And it goes back to Father-of-his-country George Washington for something else besides hatchet stories and birthday memorials. No "entangling alliances," said he. "Our sentiments," reverberates Congress. So World Court joining was voted down.

However, considering the President's wish for it and an Administration-controlled Congress, there is no question but that we would now be a member of the Court had not a violent hurricane of propaganda struck the capital at the last moment. Many Senators who were otherwise Court-minded, bent before that blast. But it was not a sober-minded constituency which swung the vote with 80,000 telegrams and innumerable letters.

We are not champions of United States adherence to the World Court as a guaranty of judicial procedure in vital international quarrels. The Court is a bent reed; but whatever it does for amity is that much good. However, we have come to fear unrestrained and unreasoning propaganda, whether in a good or bad cause.

Far exceeding in importance the World Court decision by Congress was the gold decision by the Supreme Court. When our government went off the gold standard, it was decreed that all debts could be paid in paper at the rate of the devalued dollar. Any bonds or contracts that called for payment in gold were declared void as far as the gold clauses were concerned. To many creditors this amounted to repudiation of debts by the government,—a serious blow to confidence in any government. Many holders of gold-clause bonds, however, were ready to bow to the mandate of payment in paper, but insisted that they be paid at old-dollar values, which would be \$1.69 in the "cheap dollars" we now have.

The Supreme Court had to decide

whether the government and other debtors were justified or not, on the pleas of an emergency and unforeseen conditions, in refusing to pay in dollar values which were in existence when the contracts were made and the bonds were issued. It finally decided by a very close vote, five to four, that Congress has the right to change the gold content of the dollar, and to declare void the gold clauses of *nongovernmental* bonds. At the same time it declared that "Congress was without power to reduce debt by repudiation of a contract," and that cancellation of gold clauses in *government* bonds is illegal. But it protected the government from damage suits by pointing out that it is practically impossible to prove that damage was suffered by deflation; and the government cannot be sued except by its own consent. The decision amounts to a strong sanction of the whole New Deal finance plan.

Two alarms are evident. One is that we are seeing altogether too many vital decisions being made by the Court on a five-to-four vote. The other is that an administration strong in votes can do almost anything to meet a real or imaginary emergency and be upheld by popular sentiment.

Now let us leave all these ground events for a few minutes, and take to the air. Not, however, as the dirigible "Macon" did. By the way, this mammoth lighter-than-air ship was housed in a huge hangar located at Sunnysvale, almost next door to our Pacific Press at Mountain View, California. But in air maneuvers off the California coast it fell to the water a total wreck. And down with it, we suppose, went real estate values in Mountain View; for it looks as if Uncle Sam had better stop fooling (that's the word) with \$8,000,000 dirigibles.

Rather let us note that Amelia Earhart flew the Pacific alone from Hawaii to Oakland, 2,400 miles; and that Leland S. Andrews flew at 240 miles an hour across the United States from Los Angeles to New York, breaking Major James Doolittle's record by a phenomenally short flight of 11 hours 34 minutes 16 seconds. And Wiley Post, of round-the-world-flight fame, made his first try at climbing five miles up where the air is thin, before leveling off for a transcontinental hop. A leaky oil pipe forced him down; but no doubt he will yet make

his stratosphere trip from coast to coast in the anticipated time of less than eight hours.

Writing of flights, the flight of the Blue Eagle has not been so spectacular of late. Gen. Hugh Johnson, dismissed as caretaker of the bird, is now "cracking down" on it through magazine articles. A "secret 100" bloc of the President's own party in Congress is fighting Administration policies. Federal judges are ruling against the NRA and the TVA. Mr. Roosevelt himself, harboring doubts, asks that his pet bird be hospitalized, rejuvenated, and sent on another flight of two years' duration.

One of the first messages the President sent to the new Congress requested a free executive hand to borrow and spend \$4,800,000,000 on unemployment relief. He plans to turn over all *unemployables* to State aid, and to use this huge sum to give public works jobs to all the *unemployed*. Plainly it is a gigantic undertaking. The program contained one provision at which a majority in Congress balked, and continues to balk as we write. This item stipulated that a maximum of \$50 a month would be the wage of those employed. Labor forces insist on "the prevailing wage" for each kind of labor in the section of the country where it is performed. On the average this wage would be much higher than \$50 a month; and would call for two and one-third billion dollars more. The Administration believes it would defeat its aim to spread employment over a large number without suicidal expense. It is evident, however, that some sort of blanket relief will go through.

What is the significance of the Italy-Abyssinia flare-up? Italy announced some time ago that its outlook toward Europe was not inviting for territorial expansion, and thereafter it would look to Africa and the Near East for empire. Forthwith Premier Mussolini smoked the peace pipe with Foreign Minister Laval of France, smiled on Sir John Simon of Great Britain, and proceeded to expand in Northeast Africa. A strip of desert to square out Italy's Tunis was kindly ceded by France; and the latter and Britain agreed to keep hands off as the Fascist leader sought to gain prestige in other parts of Africa. But Il Duce had his eye out for more than sand.

Italian Somaliland on Africa's east coast borders on Abyssinia, a coastless, hermit nation, proud and self-centered. Abyssinia has valuable deposits of precious metals practically unworked. It is the only strong, independent nation of blacks left in the world. However, its rulers are not Ethiopians; that is, not sons of Ham. They are traditionally Semitic in origin. They trace their royalty back to a son of Solomon and the queen of Sheba. No doubt the Ethiopian



An Italian Militia Patrol practices throwing hand grenades.

TIMES WORLD WIDE PHOTOS

eunuch of the apostle Philip's baptism brought them a knowledge of Christ. Large numbers of them adhere to the Coptic faith, a corrupt form of Christianity.

The boundary between Italian and Abyssinian territory is not well defined. Border patrols have had frequent clashes of late. Italy bristled with indignation, and blamed the Abyssinians. Indemnities and an apology were demanded, and refused. Then Italy started troop movements. France and Britain looked on complacently. The League of Nations cannot interfere, for Italy does not declare war. Hers is a "punitive expedition" in "self-defense." Haile

Selassie, emperor of Abyssinia, "Lion of Judah," remembers the crushing defeat his ancestor Menelik's blacks visited upon Italian troops at Adowa in 1896, and scorns Mussolini's threats. The fat is in the fire. The last we heard Italy was pouring soldiers into Africa; and Abyssinia was protesting, but not apologizing. Japan has been very friendly with Abyssinia in late years. Will the little brown men have a hand in this, in keeping with an evident policy of freeing subject races from the domination of the white man's West?

Now jump to the Orient. Japan seems to like to fight in winter, perhaps because other nations do not. This winter's campaign is into Chahar, which will soon be annexed as were Manchuria and Jehol. This invasion troubles Russia more than China, for the people of Chahar lean toward the Soviet. Meanwhile Japan

is making overtures of peace to China, and, strange to relate, the Chinese are accepting them. Japan is making it plain that the Mongolian races had better seek their destiny together as against the white man's rule in Asia; and China is beginning to see the light. Thus the "kings of the East" get together for their ultimate common purpose expressed in the cry, "Asia for Asiatics," and Armageddon hastens on apace.

A reporter of newsworthy events which stirred the world early this year would be recreant to duty if he failed to include the Hauptmann kidnap trial. When the staid and conservative *New York Times*, which prints "all the news that's fit to print," would give from four to eight pages of every issue to the lurid episodes of the trial, including every word of the 30,000,000 that were spoken, the reader is expected to be impressed that the human interest value of the case at least neutralized the unsavory details.

Of course, the millions were interested chiefly because a man accused of kidnaping and murdering the baby of the world's idolized aviation hero was on trial for his life. The court of public opinion was against the prisoner from the first. Intent on vengeance for the cruel death of America's babe number one, and eager to set an example which would deter future dastardly kidnapers, the public thrust thumbs down with almost gleeful gusto.

On what seems to be overwhelming, but circumstantial, evidence, Bruno Richard Hauptmann was convicted of the crime of which he was accused, and sentenced to the electric chair. But the case was appealed, and a plea has been made for donations to help him in his fight.

As short February drew to a close, social security legislation was up for discussion in Congress. Something tangible is sure to come out of the agitation for pensions for the unemployed, the aged, and the sick. The California-hatched Townsend Plan would solve all our economic troubles at one stroke by paying all people over sixty \$200 a month, and compelling them to spend it all within the month. Although this scheme has its points, it is considered fantastic by sober heads; but not quite so much so as "Kingfish" Huey Long's "Share-the-wealth" program, which promises to make every man a "king" and start him with \$5,000 capital. The Administration favors State and Federal cooperation in a pension plan, with Federal control. One of its numerous provisions calls for payment of \$50 a month to the worthy aged.

Prospects for 1935 look good, when Tennessee upholds its antievolution law, Alabama and Kansas vote dry, and Seventh-day Adventist tithes, mission offerings, and literature sales take a sharp turn upward.



A Letter

DEAR MOTHER:

Telegraphic word from Tillie has just brought me the disturbing news that a change for the worse has taken place in your condition. Under ordinary conditions I would be on my way to you now. But I am unable to move, confined to my bed, and cannot go to you. This makes it all the harder for me to endure. Why should I be so helpless when you may need me!

And so I have been lying here in bed, letting my mind wander back over the memories of the best mother any man ever had. You have meant so very much to me, dear mother. You mean very, very much to me now. I wish I might tell you tonight how fragrant and sweet your memory will always be to me. I cannot. But perhaps some one will read to you what I here put down.

I did not know about it then, but I know now, that in my helpless infancy you sheltered and cared for me with patience that was gentle and unwearied. You nursed me through all my childhood ills. You soothed my pains, gave up your time to me, taught me how to walk, to talk, to pray, and gave me my first lessons in living and in everything beautiful, noble, and fine.

You bore with all my perverseness, and never complained, for you loved me, and love never counts the cost. I've watched the lines grow in your face through the passing years, and your hair whiten with the passing of time. To some these may have seemed to lessen your beauty. To me your dear face has become more beautiful through the years. Its lines and traces and furrows are love's handwriting to me. Like the soldier's scars, they are honorable because they are the record of suffering, of sacrifice—in your case, endured for me.

Your prayers brought me out of the world into Christian fellowship which has given me the most enduring satisfactions of life. Your prayers put me into the ministry, the noblest work in which any man can engage. Your devotion has been a lifelong inspiration to me. Your constancy and patience and sweet resignation in life's trials and disappointments have always been incentives to me to more devoted fortitude.

Tonight I think I hear your loved Lord say to you: "Fear not the things thou art about to suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." That is, dear mother, as you near the end of the journey, He stands by you, as He has ever done, with just the help you need, and He gently whispers to you: "Keep your profound faith in God. Believe still. Do not question. Do not doubt. Just trust. Let Me be your courage. I am alive, and I was dead. I have gone to the limit in this matter. There is no depth I have not fathomed, no darkness I have not penetrated. So be faithful, and in the case of a simple trust, commit everything to Me. I will be with you, and never leave you."

And then He says, "I will give thee a crown of life." That is very rich and full. There may be tribulation, suffering, pain, and even death now, but out of all this and after it we shall have our triumph. Out of the darkness we shall come to light.

And so, dear, dear mother, while I cannot be there myself to comfort you, my Lord is there, I know, and He has never failed in comfort. To Him I commit you, praying that the light of His wonderful presence will bring peace and calm contentment to your heart.

God bless you, dear mother. My prayers go up for you in deepest faith. The God of all comfort be to you a refuge and strength, and enable you to say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

And now I am comforted, knowing He is with you.

I love you, dearest mother,

CARL.

MOST COURTEOUS

by
Edwina Boyle

[Early in the present school year President H. H. Hamilton, of Washington Missionary College, called the writer of this story into his office, told her he had a sum of money for the most polite young man in the school, and confidentially commissioned her to discover him. Weeks, yes, months, passed, during which the young men of Washington Missionary College had no intimation that they were being tested, and then Miss Boyle submitted her report, as printed here. It is interesting to know that her choice is identical with that previously made by the majority of the faculty, and that it has the enthusiastic support of the majority of the student body.—EDITOR.]

THERE is a story from the long ago that tells about a man named Diogenes who walked the streets of ancient Greece with a lantern in his hand in search of an honest man.

I laughed as the door of the college president's office closed behind me. What an adventure to be the "Diogenesa" of the year 1935, wandering hither and yon, searching and seeking and watching! However, I differed from the ancient philosopher in two major details: I considered a lantern of very little importance; and I was not out to find an honest man, but instead the most courteous boy in Washington Missionary College.

'Tis said that Diogenes believed that honesty had vanished from the face of the earth. President H. H. Hamilton was by no means that pessimistic about courtesy and chivalry among college young men. In fact, he had an inclination to believe that, in spite of a widespread feeling to the contrary, most college lads did tip their hats and give their seats to ladies and speak when spoken to. To prove the foundation of his faith to an unbelieving world, he decided to start a little investigation all of his own for his own satisfaction. Involved in all the duties of his position, however, he was so busy that he deemed it necessary to call Diogenesa to his assistance.

"You watch them all. See how they treat you, other girls, their boy friends. Test them; try them. And when you have found the most courteous boy in Washington Missionary College, you let me know."

And as I left, he had whispered something about a few crisp dollar bills he had tucked away to help some boy realize that literally, as well as figuratively, courtesy *pays*.

My first consideration must necessarily be: Just what is a really courteous person? There's the young



man who, well dressed and poised, can bow a lovely lady to a chair with the most polished smoothness. Or perhaps for the benefit of a sufficient audience he can perform a Sir Walter Raleigh act with the greatest of grace. And then there's the country boy who probably topples a vase full of water into your lap in his earnestness to assist you with your coat. The one boy has the art, the other the heart.

And then I remembered a few old quotations: "We must have character behind the outward forms of politeness." "There are no good manners without Christian souls." "True politeness consists in making every one happy about you." "To be polite is to say the kindest thing in the kindest way."

With these simple standards, Diogenesa set forth to find, not the most suave and polished young man, but that college boy who goes about practicing Christ's golden rule, being the good Samaritan, by little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love, making the pathway just a little bit easier for those of his fellow men who pass his way.

My first-thought-of scheme was forgetting my silverware as I went through line at mealtime in the cafeteria. Most of the boys were usually quick to notice my lack, and almost every time some one would kindly volunteer to return to the silverware counter for me.

However, I soon realized that the silverware idea wasn't too good. I couldn't go on forgetting things indefinitely.

Other simple opportunities for exhibits of courtesy brought similar re-

sults. The average boy of the college was courteous just as a matter of habit. Perhaps no one spread his coat on the ground to assist me across the rain-drenched campus, but several were quick to offer to run errands themselves for me in the downpour.

One night I was looking for President Hamilton. I followed two or three promising clues, but to no avail. As I was leaving the Administration Building for the last time, I asked a boy who was hurrying past if he had happened to see the president anywhere.

He stopped courteously and listened to my tale of woe. No, he hadn't seen the sought-for man, but he would be only too glad to go back and see if he could find him for me. I said he should not bother, since he had seemed in such a hurry. He insisted that his errand could easily wait if he could be of any assistance. In the end I decided I might be able to locate the president by telephone with less trouble, and thanking the good Samaritan, I hurried on my way.

One morning I walked into the hall out of the office where I work. Forgetful and careless as usual, I allowed the door to slam behind me while the night latch was still set. There was no one in the office to let me in, and so my situation was evident. And it was *such* a cold day! But I laughed at my own misfortune and jokingly remarked to one of the shop boys how foolish I felt. He point-blank stopped the figuring he was doing, and without stopping for a wrap, ran around the outside of the building to the front office where he could enter and unlock the door for me. 'Twas just a simple deed, but at that moment it could not have been more perfectly courteous and kind.

A telegram came for Miss Edith Stephenson, who lives in Central Hall. The message was delivered just at noon, and was brought to the cafeteria. But Miss Stephenson was not in the cafeteria. In fact, no one knew exactly *where* she was. The dining hall matron chanced to ask our table if we had any idea of her whereabouts. One boy jumped to his feet and said:

"I'll be glad to go up to her room to see if she is there; or anywhere else where you think she might be."

And off he dashed, later returning to cold potatoes and colder gravy. I'll admit he looked sad—not because of chilly food, but because he had failed to find Miss Stephenson.

I could go on. Every day brought new revelations of the inborn cour-

tesy of the college boys with whom I came in contact. I forgot my books in a classroom; a boy ran after me to bring them to me. My laboratory partner and I, rather inexperienced chemists, to say the least, can testify to the unfailing courtesy and polite patience of one helpful student who works near us and who stops five or six times during his experiment to explain carefully what such and such an instrument is and why. Then there was the young man who forsook his own errand to carry an important message for a friend of mine up to the third floor in the boys' dormitory. And so on, almost indefinitely.

'Tis true that here and there there were things to forget and overlook—boys who seem to have the idea that to play tricks with one's food in the dining hall is to be popular, those who think it clever to disregard all recognized rules of etiquette so as to appear different and witty, and those who are actually rude. But they are only a small minority.

And so it went—thoughtful boys, courteous, considerate boys, helpful, willing boys, with only here and there a few exceptions. Oh, how could one tell who was the most courteous?

It was as though a person were left in a field of glorious roses—large roses, small roses, pink roses, red roses—hundreds of them! And then some one said, "Choose the rose that is more perfect than all others." On every hand would be countless blossoms, each seemingly faultless and beautiful. And who should say that because one flower was large and vividly red it was more perfect and lovely than a small, demure pink bud that peeped from beneath a near-by leaf?

One night a group of girls was gathered in my room, chattering and talking all at once, as girls do. Rather subtly Diogenesa inquired which boy in the school those girls considered "the *very most* polite." And then there arose such a clatter! And strange to say, among so many girls with so many ideas there was one boy above all others whom they seemed to class first in regard to politeness.

"But *why* do you think he is?" I asked, pretending that I disagreed, so as to get their full opinion.

"Because he's *always* polite—not just by *spells*."

"And his being polite to *everybody* is what I like—not just to his special buddies."

"You know some boys seem to think it looks sissy to be a gentleman, but he's not a sissy."

"And I've seen him go out of his way, too, a lot of times, to help somebody else."

"He acts as though you're doing him the favor when he does help you."

Gradually the subject shifted, but I did not forget. In fact, a burden had

lifted from my mind. One feels so relieved to find that others agree with some idea that he himself has been secretly harboring!

There was one young man who all along had seemed consistently thoughtful and courteous to everybody. Laughingly he went about helping and encouraging his fellow students, and even the best of us appreciate encouragement and need it at times. His deeds were small and most likely unnoticed, but I can't remember seeing him overlook one single opportunity to make life pleasanter and easier for his friends.

One instance I especially recall that illustrates his thought for others' feelings. It occurred in the dining hall rather early in the school year, before all the students knew each other by name. The boy was going to introduce all the people at the particular table where he was seated, when he happened to realize that he himself was not just exactly sure of the names of two of the girls there.



I Shall Go Softly

by Irma
R. Berner

I SHALL go softly from today.
Here God has walked;
Here I have knelt to pray,
And He has talked.
I clattered down my clamorous way
Too rashly loud;
Too echoing my hollow day,
My soul too proud
To hear the first low tone.
Three times He called.
Two times He found me gone,
And twice I wailed
My crooked path against His word.
Once more He spoke;
It was a thunder roar I heard.
I felt the yoke
Sag heavily upon my back.
Like wind-blown lights
My strength went out, and black
Was life as nights
Without a star. Defiant dread
Now gripped my mind;
Rebelling I fled,
Mad, raving, blind.
His eyes ran swifter than my feet,
And when I dropped
In anguish of defeat,
He too had stopped.
From bitter tears and galling dust
There blossomed peace.
He stooped to win my trust
And bid fear cease.
Today is holy ground. God's power
Has burned its bush.
I shall go softly from this hour
In deep soul hush.

Instead of blundering through and saying, "I'm sorry, but I don't know your names," a proper enough proceeding, of course, he could imagine himself in their places just enough to understand that some people are rather embarrassed and hesitant about introducing themselves. And besides, it isn't the most complimentary thing to let a person know that every one else in the group is important enough to be known, but he is not.

"Will you excuse me just one moment, please? I've got to see this fellow over here about a little business."

The boy hurried to a near-by table, and in a moment had inquired and learned definitely the names of the two girls. After he returned to the table, it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps all these people did not know each other. With perfect ease he introduced them all, not faltering in the least over the new names, and right then two rather timid girls were unconsciously encouraged to feel just a little more that they "fit in."

And just the other day—again at the dinner table—the small sister of one of the girls present came in to be with big sister. She hadn't had any lunch and was hungry. But when she went back to the kitchen to get a tray, the serving girls told her that it was against orders to sell that late after the regular serving. When she returned to us, the same boy mentioned above noticed that her trip had been disappointing. Little Sister said that she could wait until she got home, but already the young man was on his way to the matron to get special permission. He came back with a full tray which he himself had purchased. He found a chair for the little lady, poured her some water, and made sure she was well satisfied with the menu arrayed before her. Having been assured that she was quite content, he returned to his own forsaken lunch with a laugh and the remark that "when little ladies need lunch, something just has to be done."

Diogenes, the story goes, searched for a lifetime and never found his honest man. Within a day Diogenesa had discovered a number of courteous men. And within a few weeks' time she found one whom she believes to be the most courteous boy of Washington Missionary College.

And so I return to President Hamilton, to make my humble report. As I come back from the rose garden where I have been wandering, I bring one blossom in my hand. Most excellent of all yon roses? I turn and view a field of beauty—little acts of thoughtfulness, kind words, helpful deeds, pleasant willingness. I sigh because I do not know. I cannot know, because perhaps I merely did not watch closely enough, perhaps I did not understand my fellow man each time.

(Turn to page 12)



by
Lyle Curtiss
Shepard, M. D.

A Thought or Two

asked my wife to prepare some. She brewed the pot for about two hours, and I drank five or six cups of very strong coffee. In about one-half hour I began to feel chilly and shake, and have been getting worse. Doctor, will I get well? I have a wife and five children, and I can't leave them. I have a good job. Can I work tomorrow?"

We have all heard that alcohol and gasoline are a dire mixture, but alcohol and caffeine evidently must be bad, too. Nature will tolerate a lot of abuse, but there is a limit even to its remarkable reserve. The man lived, but he did not work the next day nor the one after. His nervous system had received too great a shock.

Alcohol is a narcotic. At first it stimulates and gives a sense of well-being and strength. This is followed by a depressing and paralyzing effect on the nervous system. Caffeine is a heart and respiratory stimulant. One of its chief uses in medicine is to raise the blood pressure and stimulate respiration in collapse. Its official dose is $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains. An ordinary cup of coffee contains about 2 grains, and strong coffee such as our patient had, about 4 grains per cup; so he had received a total of fully 20 grains, which was equivalent to eight times the recognized dose. No wonder he had the "shakes," headaches, and palpitation of heart! Such a dose is toxic, and it took no strength of the imagination to realize that he could have easily died from acute dilatation of the heart.

Both of these drugs are quite generally used daily by men and women in every walk of life. They are slowly but surely poisoning themselves. Little wonder that jaded nerves and degenerative diseases, with heart trouble heading the list, are common ills. It is a safe policy for all of us to remember that our bodies are temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit of God, and as such are not to be defiled.

"Oi," "Oi," "Oi."—This doleful wail came to our ears as we entered the hospital ward. The cry contained a sinister note of pain and agony. Beside the bed stood a woman weeping. "O Doctor, help," she sobbed. "My husband is dying." Again and again, the distressing "Oi," "Oi," "Oi" came from the wretched man's lips.

We looked at the patient. What could be the matter? He was a well-developed young man, intelligent looking, but his face was drawn and pinched, there were hollows around his eyes, his skin was a ghastly hue,

and great beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Evidently he was suffering intense pain, and every breath or two he let out his "Oi," "Oi," "Oi." What a sight!

"Help, Doctor, help," urged the woman. "My husband has been sick five days, could not eat, and has vomited all the time. He is going to die. Save him." Our questioning as to what the man had been eating brought no help. Finally we learned that the night the sickness started he had visited in the home of a friend, and in imbibing the offered hospitality, had taken about a half gallon of what was called "good wine." So the diagnosis was made—alcoholic gastritis.

Here was a naturally strong man as weak as a child, writhing in agony. Why? Wine! His body was depleted of fluids because of constant vomiting and the inability to take more by mouth. His system was crying for water, but the abused stomach said, "No."

This man for the next two days had to take all his food and drink by vein in the form of glucose and saline at the rate of three to four quarts daily, and it took nearly two weeks of good care before he was again a useful citizen. The cause—so-called "good" wine. Solomon said, "Wine is a mocker," and "whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Who can doubt the truth and the wisdom of these words?

Throwing Stones.—Entering the emergency room, we see two women and a man talking together excitedly in Spanish. They are evidently concerned about the little girl sitting on the lap of one of the women.

To our question, "Is the little girl sick or hurt?" the taller of the women replies, "Carmen was at our house playing in the back yard, and the children say that as she was running, my boy threw a stone and hit her in the eye and her eye has run out."

Four-year-old Carmen is gently placed on the edge of the examining table by her mother. Focusing our light on the little face, we stoop to inspect the injured member. The sclera of the left eye is reddened, and down on the right side at a point corresponding to 5 o'clock is a small hole where the eye has been ruptured and a piece of the iris is protruding from the cornea for about one fourth of an inch.

Poor child! How it must hurt! But she is a good patient, for she does not cry, and moves her eye just as she is told. How different from the way many children and even some older ones per- (Turn to page 10)

A Sinister Mixture.—One Saturday night just about 1 A. M., a woman rushed into the admitting office of the hospital, saying, excitedly, "My husband has the 'shakes.' He is out in the car. Do help us, doctor!" There was no question that the man was shaking. It was as though he was having an attack of "Southern ague." He could hardly walk, and had to be supported by his wife. It was a marvel that he was able to drive his automobile to the hospital without an accident. Later we learned that it was necessary for them to stop along the curb several times for the man to get control of himself in order to proceed.

Here was a strongly built, well-developed man in his early forties who should have had the best use of mind and body, for while his speech was jerky, it was easy to detect that it came from an intelligent mind. But he was trembling like an aspen leaf in a summer's breeze.

The physical examination showed these outstanding points: general trembling, cold, clammy skin, ashen hue, rapid respiration, and a rapid, irregular heart. The man had a sensation of chilliness, and was evidently in shock with something definitely wrong with his heart. We covered the patient with a heavy blanket, turned on the deep therapy lamp to warm him up, and gave hypodermic injections to strengthen his heart.

When this emergency relief had begun to take effect, we said, "Now tell us what led up to this trouble."

"Well, Doctor," he explained, "this evening my wife and I visited friends in another part of the city. Drinks were freely served, and I drank a lot. When we reached home about 10 P. M., I didn't feel any too well, and concluded that I had had too much liquor. Having heard that strong coffee was good for sobering up, I

PRIDE

by
Mrs. E.
Wendell
Wolfe



H. A. ROBERTS

ONE striking definition of pride given by Webster is, "Undue sense of one's own superiority; arrogance or superciliousness." Then a little farther down he gives this interpretation, "The acme of excellence; that of which one is justly proud." This sounds contradictory, on the surface; so let's place the two qualities side by side and view them with an analytical mind.

The first has a mawkish, repugnant sound; the second is appealing and puts one's thoughts on a higher plane. It does not take long to come to the conclusion that one can be labeled, "False pride;" the other, "True pride." True pride is very beautiful, and is its own excuse for being. It is entirely justified; it is real and substantial. But there is not one excuse for the flimsy, pitiful garment of false pride.

One who possesses the quality of true pride leaves out of his life the little, weak, mean things. His achievements are noble; his exultation is worthy. He looks up and not down because his life is clean, his ambitions high, his endeavors exalted in character. The God of the universe is his friend; the beauty of nature is his own; the books written by masterminds he may read; the lovely gift of friendship he may claim; the best things in life are his—why should he not be proud?

Let us look again at the artificial thing called false pride. It is loud and vulgar, and, like a balloon, its small achievements are blown up to the bursting point. It is shallow and without foundation. The words of

Carl Hilty might aptly be applied to this brand of conceit, "Pride is always mixed with a portion of stupidity." It is an indication of a superficial mind, and is wrapped around a person to cover his lack of intellectual depth. The person who possesses this kind of pride does not realize that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

True pride is beautiful and symmetrical; false pride is one-sided, warped, distorted. True pride soars to the empyrean; false pride crawls in the dust and scum of the earth.

True pride realizes that "there are no bargains in nobility," and love for the finer things of life is highly developed. Its owner appraises things at their true value. His moves are not made from a cringing, shrinking attitude; he is not led astray by prejudice or a biased opinion. He appreciates the real, the lasting, the worth-while things in life.

False pride skims the surface of achievement and is content to remain there, in a hazy cloud of pretense and assumption. Its possessor is blown about by the popular winds of sentiment; there is not an anchor to stay him. He lives in the present alone; his judgments are based on the glitter of an object rather than on its real value; the gaudy and flashy appeal to him.

It is false pride which often keeps a person in the forbidden paths of

life; he is too proud to "rightabout-face," and confess his blunders and mistakes. He is too proud to humble himself in the sight of others; too proud to surrender his heart to that of a Father who yearns to place the everlasting arms about him in tender love.

False pride keeps an individual from asking forgiveness for personal wrongs to others. Through fear of what may be thought or said about him, he allows wrongs to go unrighted, injustice to go uncorrected.

False pride is like an icy barrier through which the rich tide of love finds it hard to penetrate. It prevents its possessor from experiencing much of the joy of true happiness and wholesome pleasure. It lives within narrow confines and breathes an atmosphere reeking with selfishness. Ellen G. White says that "all pride must perish. All jealousy be overcome, all ambition for supremacy be given up, and the meekness and trust of the child be encouraged."

It was false pride which closed the gates of heaven upon Lucifer. He was lifted up because of his great beauty, and what a terrible snare it proved to be to him. God Himself had bestowed this dazzling beauty upon him, because God is the author of beauty. But it became the cause of his stepping aside into the path that led downward.

We have all witnessed examples of false pride. Familiar is the story of the young man who had the privilege of going to college because of sacrifices made by his widowed mother. He was ashamed to own her as his mother when she came to visit him at the college where polished, cultured men and women came in and went out, and broke the heart of the little woman who had toiled and slaved that her dearest treasure, her son, might have the better things of life which she had missed.

There is the story of the *parvenu* who fears to own his old friends, lest this condescension on his part stamp him as lacking in something he must have in his new station.

A beautiful example of true pride I saw once upon a time: a charming, cultured young girl with whom I was walking down the street caught a glimpse of a ragged, filthy little urchin who had strayed out into the thoroughfare. And although it was not an extremely busy street, yet scarcely a minute elapsed but that traffic wound its way along the pavement. The child tottered along, heedless of its danger. Quick as a flash the girl, who was beautifully and daintily dressed, dashed into the street and lifted the little waif in her arms, bearing him to a place of safety. It was over before I quite realized what was happening, but as she walked back to me with the smudgy little arms of the child about her neck, I knew (Turn to page 12)



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The Road to World Dominion

WE are still gazing into the crystal waters of that old Roman bath in Strand Lane, watching the pageant of London's history pass by.

It is 1066. Six centuries of struggle and turmoil have elapsed since the last Roman soldier left the city. And now new conquerors have come from across the sea.

King William, flushed with his triumph at Hastings, has marched inland as far as Berkhamstead, laying waste the country en route. He has ignored London, for good reasons of his own.

And now a procession is issuing from Newgate along the ancient Watling Street, moving toward St. Albans and Berkhamstead. It is composed of London's aldermen and leading ecclesiastics, who, having decided that discretion is the better part of valor, are making their way to the Conqueror's court to lay their formal submission before him.

They are well received, the new king being glad that he need not spend his army attacking so strong a fortress, and also perceiving the great advantage accruing from its voluntary allegiance. With a generous gesture he grants the city a charter, inscribing it upon a narrow piece of parchment, only six inches long, to be treasured through all succeeding centuries and lodged ultimately in the Guildhall museum.

London's charter reads as follows: "William, King, greets William, bishop, and Geoffrey Portreeve, and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly. And I inform you that I will that ye two be of all the laws worthy which ye two were in Edward the King's day. And I will that each child be his father's inheritance-taker after his father's day, and I will not suffer that any man to you any wrong offer. God you keep."

William's patronage brings an influx of Norman residents from France, and London soon enjoys a further expansion of trade. The king

honors his pact, but in order to leave nothing to chance, and to put a proper sense of fear in the inhabitants, he builds an immensely strong fortress, known as the White Tower, on the site of the old Roman fort.

Shortly afterward Rufus comes to his father's throne. He further enlarges and strengthens the Tower, rebuilds London Bridge, and at Westminster erects a magnificent hall which shall be his noble monument while time shall last.

Kings come and go, while London's wealth and power steadily increase.

It is 1191. Richard Cœur de Lion is absent in Palestine on a crusade. The citizens of London, angered by the tyranny of Richard's appointed representative, Longchamp, meet in St. Paul's and depose him, choosing the king's brother, John, in his place. In return John takes oath to maintain the dignities of the city and recognizes the appointment of the first mayor of London—Henry Fitz-Ailwyn.

John Starts the Lord Mayor's Show.—Come to the throne himself, John grants a charter to the city in 1215 (part of the famous Magna Charta), giving the citizens the right to elect a mayor annually on condition that they present their choice to the sovereign, or his minister, for the royal approval—thus establishing a unique custom to survive through long years as the Lord Mayor's show.

In John's reign also, the rebuilding of London Bridge in stone is completed, to remain the only bridge across the river for the next eight hundred years.

Now an inva-

sion of a different order is taking place. The friars are coming swarming in hundreds across the Channel. The Dominicans arrive and settle in Holborn and later move toward Ludgate, giving to the district the familiar name of "Blackfriars."

Franciscans, Carmelites, and Austin Friars follow in the wake of the Dominicans, and soon these human leeches are sucking the lifeblood of the city. They build fine churches and ornate religious houses. Professing poverty, they contrive to become passing rich. For three centuries they prosper unrestrained, though rumblings of discontent are sometimes heard.

Wat Tyler's Rebellion.—It is now 1381. Richard II, a boy of fourteen, is on the throne. News reaches the city of a serious rebellion in Kent, led by a certain Wat Tyler.

The archbishop's palace at Canterbury has been sacked and the insurgents have marched to Blackheath, burning the prisons at Southwark and the palace at Lambeth.

The situation is getting serious. Some one treacherously lowers the drawbridge on London Bridge and the mob rushes across, plundering and ravaging the city for a night and a day.

The brave boy king rides out to confer with the rebel leader, and promises to grant charters immediately to remedy the grievances of the people. Wat Tyler—himself a noble champion of freedom and the cause of the poor—advances and seizes him by the hand, bidding him be of good cheer, and demanding, among other reforms, the confiscation of ecclesiastical estates. An altercation follows, during which Sir William Walworth, the Lord Mayor, kills Tyler with a dagger, and thus brings the rebellion to a sudden end.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the poet, and Richard Whittington are citizens of London at this time. The latter, fast rising to wealth and fame,—after his legendary exploits with his cat,—was chosen mayor of London in 1397, 1406, and 1419.

The Wars of the Roses have little effect upon London, but vast changes follow the rise of the Tudors.



© LONDON MUSEUM

Building the Tower of London in the Days of William I

New Conflicts.—It is an hour of destiny throughout Europe. Weary of papal tyranny, and groaning for deliverance from the greedy and insatiable priests, the nations are ready for revolt.

Henry VIII, for personal rather than religious animosity against Rome, breaks with the pope and establishes himself as head of the English Church. His action releases the floodgates of popular wrath. A Royal Commission is appointed to investigate the religious houses that have established themselves in the city and on the best lands of the country, and reports a state of indescribable wickedness and degeneracy. With admirable zeal Henry decides to cleanse these Augean stables, and, together with the iniquities of the monks and friars, sweeps away stables and all.

He dissolves the monasteries with Tudor thoroughness. Fine churches and elaborate religious houses are razed to the ground and London loses many landmarks which had become familiar through centuries of papal ascendancy.

But what are these strange new conflagrations? Men and women are being tied to stakes in Smithfield and burned to death! It is Rome's vengeance for the destruction of her monasteries and her great bid to recover power under the reign of Bloody Mary.

For five years the cruel work proceeds and scores of freedom-loving men and women, rather than deny their Protestant faith, are done to death. It is a lesson London will remember.

Brighter Days.—Peace and prosperity return with Elizabeth, bringing a vast increase of London's trade and wealth. The power and social prestige of the merchant class is greatly enhanced. The Thames is full of ships, and explorers bring news of great discoveries beyond the seas. Many schools are established. The population increases and overflows beyond the walls toward Westminster, Elizabeth herself crying out for more space for London and prohibiting new building near the walls.

Stirred by tidings of the approach of the Armada in 1588, London rises as one man to defend the state against the Spanish invader and the threatened return of papal domination, and sends a large contingent of armed men to Tilbury.

The accession of James VI of Scotland to the English throne brings an important flux of Scots to London and a consequent further strengthening of its commercial life.

The Stuarts, however, alienate the affections of their people and civil war breaks out. London sides with the Parliamentarians, and in January, 1649, witnesses the execution of Charles I at Whitehall.

Plague and Fire.—But death is approaching for many more besides the king. London is about to be laid waste and almost depopulated by other than human foes.

It is 1665. A case of bubonic plague is reported, but no one bothers. There have been slight epidemics before. But this proves different from all that have ever been known. The disease spreads with appalling rapidity. Thousands die daily. The small, crowded houses, undrained, insanitary, badly ventilated, facing refuse-filled streets, invite the demon of death. "Bring out your dead!" echoes through the desolate city as the death cart proceeds on its mournful way, laden with corpses.

The king and his court, and all the well-to-do, flee for safety to the country. Parliament meets at Oxford. Meanwhile over 68,000 perish, or one fifth of London's population.

Calamity follows calamity. Barely has the plague subsided than the Great Fire breaks out.

A baker's shop in Pudding Lane near London Bridge, is seen alight about one o'clock on Sunday morning, September 2, 1666. The flames spread among crowded wooden houses down to the Thames wharves, crammed with inflammable goods. The water wheel by the bridge is early destroyed and the water supply cut off. By nightfall the fire is raging among the houses of the rich merchants in the city. It burns all Monday, and by Tuesday morning half the walled city is alight, the flames spreading to the Custom House and the Royal Exchange. By Tuesday night St. Paul's itself is ablaze, to become a desolate and blackened ruin by the morning.

While only six persons lose their lives, the loss of property is enormous. Five sixths of the city is destroyed, with eighty-four churches and thirteen thousand houses, of a total value of £10,730,500. The Tower, Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Temple Church, portions of the Inns of Court, Guildhall, Whitehall, Charterhouse, and about a score of city churches, are almost the only buildings of importance spared by the conflagration.

A Unique Opportunity.—Both king and nation rally to the task of rebuilding the capital. The disaster is recognized by many as a blessing in disguise, effectually cleansing the plague-smitten city and giving a grand opportunity for much-needed and long-delayed improvements.

Sir Christopher Wren conceives a magnificent plan for the new city, with fine boulevards radiating from a center at Ludgate; but its execution is blocked by men of lesser vision. The great architect finds some solace, however, in the designing and erection of the new St. Paul's and the rebuilding of fifty-three parish churches.

With incredible celerity London recovers from this staggering blow. A new and greatly improved city rises swiftly from the ashes of the old. Some main streets are widened and straightened. Houses are now only of brick or stone, instead of wood. A central sanitary authority is formed and a beginning made at sewer construction. Householders are enjoined to light the streets at night by placing candles in horn lanterns from 6 to 11 p. m. (1716). In 1760 the old city gates are removed. Numbers begin to replace the old signs as the distinguishing marks of houses (1767).

With new confidence and pride London enters the Victorian era, quickly catching the progressive spirit of the

age and going through another metamorphosis, more streets being widened and improved, and many famous edifices erected. Year by year through the reign of the great queen, London's prestige among the nations increases, her commerce expands, and her wealth multiplies. The empire's territorial acquisitions and colonial enterprises bring new responsibilities to the city and more and more the eyes of the world are turned upon her.

Attacked Again.—The dawn of the twentieth century brings fresh burdens and places the city in the greatest jeopardy in its history.

Fears of war becloud the world, and in 1914 the monster is let loose in unbridled fury. All nations are involved. New weapons make old defenses obsolete. London has not been attacked by foreign foe since the days of William the Conqueror. Will she be left inviolate now?

Boom! It is 1915. A bomb has dropped somewhere in the suburbs. A humming noise in the sky tells of the approach of the dreaded Zeppelins. Searchlights illumine the black vault above, while guns bark and more bombs burst with dull thuds in the distance.

In all 355 incendiary and 567 explosive bombs are dropped on London by the Germans, completely destroying 174 buildings, seriously damaging 617, killing 524 persons, injuring 1,264, and doing damage to the estimated value of £5,042,000.

Peace comes at last, but only after London's resources in men and money have been strained to the breaking point. Can she recover? She does, rising slowly and painfully, yet certainly, from the enormous burdens and sacrifices of the war; revealing the same inherent strength and vitality with which she rose in days long ago from Saxon raids and Danish devastations.

London! What a story is thine!

At last we turn away from the old Roman bath, over whose tranquil waters all these mighty events have happened, retrace our steps to the Strand, and move on toward our next discovery.

(To be continued)

A Thought or Two

(Continued from page 7)

form when being examined by a doctor. Why, some children even cry when mother washes their ears! Carmen seemed to realize that the doctors were in some mysterious way going to make her eye well, and she was quiet and obedient.

It was necessary for her to go to the hospital operating room, take ether anesthesia, and have an operation on her eye. The doctors had to cut off the iris that protruded, cut the conjunctiva loose all around the cornea, dissect it back for a way, and with a linen suture sew it over the cornea. This formed a natural protection to the injured cornea. Then both eyes of our little patient were covered with bandages, and she had to lie still in bed for one week in complete darkness. After this the suture was cut and the conjunctiva allowed to return to its normal bed with the hope as the days go by that the sight will not be completely destroyed and that the enlarged oblong pupil and scar on the cornea will be the only reminder of this sad experience.

Throwing stones is surely poor business. They break windows, hurt animals, injure people, and at times even put out eyes. You may not be a stone thrower, but quite likely some of you are careless in other ways and bring much grief and many a sorrow to some associate or loved one. (Turn to page 12)

Life's Purpose

by R. HARE

I would not leave this sad old world

With any grudge behind me,
But with life's every duty done,
Its every noble purpose won,
Would pray life's close might find me!

The many tears that round us fall,
The broken hearts that greet us,
Remind us still of sorrow's need,
And ever in their silence plead
For lonely lives that meet us!

I would not leave this darkened world
Without some corner brightened;
With shadows falling all around,
The need is real and profound
The darkness must be lightened!

No other hand can meet the task
Now waiting my endeavor;
So I would gird the armor on
And toil through darkness or the dawn,
To meet life's great forever!

JUNIOR S

Charles Makes a Resolution

by

Neva E. Dortch

IT is true that "experience is the best teacher," and Charles learned this lesson early in life. He has never forgotten some of these "most embarrassing moments."

Charles liked to dig caves, as most boys do, and just as soon as school closed he found a hill which ended on one side by protruding out to a distinct point. Near this point he started his cave. Dick, his neighbor, wanted to help him, but he said, "I want to dig this cave all by myself and see what I can do."

Each day he dug more and more until he could go away back in the ground, and it was so dark that he had to use his flashlight continuously in order to see. He worked so hard each day that at night he was tired, and when his mother asked him to pray, he didn't want to. He said, "I am too tired." When his father wanted him to go with him to help haul in some wood, he whined, "I'd rather dig in my cave." All he wanted to do was just eat and sleep and dig.

One day after he had been working awhile the flashlight flashed out. But Charles was so anxious to dig that he kept on in the dark. His dog, Binky, was with him, and he felt quite safe. All at once he dug a small hole through where he could almost see daylight. He couldn't figure out what caused the open space; so he stuck his arm through to feel around in the hollow place. Something grabbed his hand and began pulling down on it! He was so frightened he yelled, "Murder! Help! Help!" Binky growled and barked, but his hand was gripped tighter and no help came. He thought it was surely a wild animal that had hold of him, and he was afraid it would bite his hand off. He needed help and that quickly; so he began to pray, "O Lord, help me! Help me! If you will deliver me from this wild beast, I'll always serve you. Oh, help me! Help me!" Soon he was able to pull his hand back, and he thanked the Lord for deliverance.

It might have been a wild animal, but this time it happened to be Dick who had played a trick on him. He had dug in from the other side of the hill, and there they had met. Just then Dick began to snicker from the other side, and said, "I only wanted to shake hands with you, Charles." It wasn't long until they had a tunnel instead of a cave.

This experience caused Charles to think very seriously about serving the Lord. He realized what it meant to be able to call on the Lord when in trouble, and that night he was very much ashamed, when kneeling to pray, to think he had not felt the importance of prayer until he was in a tight place. And he determined to try to be a Christian. Yet he didn't quite understand what it meant to serve the Lord until he went to church with his mother the next Sabbath and heard the minister tell an illustrative story:



"Years ago, when colored people were bought and sold for slaves, a very old, white-haired colored man was being sold at an auction sale. A wealthy man kept bidding higher and higher on him until finally he bought him. After he paid for him he placed his hand on his shoulder and said, 'I took pity on you. You are getting too old to work so hard, and I bought you to set you free. You are a free man.' The colored man was so happy that he said, 'Massa, I love you so much I'll serve you the rest of my life.'"

Now Charles knew that Jesus had done just that very thing for him, and much more, for He had paid the price of His precious blood to set him free from sin, and he was thankful to understand what it meant to serve Jesus—to serve Him because he really loved Him. Soon he was baptized, and began the real battle of resisting temptation, because he found that Satan was ever watching to catch him on some weak point, and discovered that his outstanding fault was criticism.

Before long Charles went to an academy to attend school. He had a room in the dormitory, and enjoyed the new life very much until he began associating with some boys who were always breaking the rules of school and finding fault with everybody and everything. One Saturday night these boys wanted Charles to go on a marshmallow roast. Imagine that! They were going to sneak out and disobey the school rules! Charles knew that this was wrong, and he decidedly told them that he could not join them. They said, "Come along with us and have a good time. You don't want to hear that old preacher tonight anyway." But Charles won the victory over that temptation by telling them he would not go.

Satan watched Charles, because he doesn't like to be baffled, and when he couldn't get him to yield to that temptation, he tried another right away. A few minutes after the boys had gone, Charles was feeling sorry for himself. He felt bitter, and imagined that he was really missing a good time. He decided to go for a walk around the grounds before going to meeting. Soon he met an elderly man who was walking around the grounds also. He supposed him to be a man who lived in the village. The stranger tried to be friendly, but every word uttered by Charles was forced. Finally, with a kind smile, he questioned the lad: "What is your trouble? Is there anything I can do to help you?" Charles whiningly explained: "It's just this way: We fellows are getting 'fed up' on preachers around here. Now tonight there is to be another one out from General Conference to talk in chapel, and I guess he'll be just like all the rest, telling us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do. It's too many preachers to suit us."

The more Charles said the worse he felt and the worse he felt the more he said, until he had a bad taste in his mouth from such an outburst. The man took him by the arm and as they walked along together, told him a cheery story. Soon he felt as if he had found a real friend, and had forgotten his troubles. When he left the man he said, "So long, Dad; I must be going to meeting now."

In a few minutes he was in the chapel, and to his surprise, when the ministers walked out on the platform, there was W. A. Spicer, the man he had been walking with and talking to, the speaker of the evening! Elder Spicer was president of the General Conference at that time. Charles was so humiliated that he wished he could fall right through the floor! And when meeting was over, he scooted through a side door in order to dodge Elder Spicer.

The next day Charles was thankful that he had not joined the boys on their marshmallow roast, because as they were sneaking around near a man's orange grove trying to find a place for their fire, the man called the police out after them. Some one had been stealing his oranges, you see, and he thought these boys were guilty. They were brought before the faculty to give an account of themselves and explain why they had disobeyed the rules and left the campus.

In thinking things over, Charles decided that he brought most of his troubles on himself. He had caused himself much embarrassment by his words and actions. It just dawned on him that when criticizing others, and especially leaders in our church work, he was finding fault with the best people in the world. He remembered a story he had heard about two men who, while walking down the street together, saw an owl in a barbershop window. As they looked, one said, "See that stuffed owl over there; isn't he a sight to behold—

his head isn't posed right, his feathers aren't cured so they look natural, his body isn't on his feet straight—why, if I couldn't do a better job than that, I'd go out of the taxidermist business." Just then the owl moved. He had been criticizing a live owl!

Charles stayed in his room almost all day Sunday, hoping that Elder Spicer would leave; for he was not anxious to meet him again after what he had said on that campus walk. In trying to get his mind off of his embarrassment, he picked up a book, and to his chagrin, found himself reading these quotations:

"There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves any one of us, to find any fault with the rest of us."

"When you're criticizing others
And accusing some of pelf,
It's time that you went out
To take a walk around yourself.

"So before you judge another,
Just to lay him on the shelf;
It would be a splendid plan
To take a walk around yourself."

So Charles did just that—took a walk around himself, and then resolved that—

1. He would not say anything about any one that would be embarrassing to say to his face.

2. He would shun evil companions.

3. He would serve the Lord always, when things were going smoothly as well as when he was in trouble.

Pride

(Continued from page 8)

that she was a person who would never compromise with false pride; that she was genuine.

Another time I saw a girl who had the blood of many generations of aristocracy coursing through her veins, lead a blind Negro across the street. Her movements, as they made their way to the curb, were not harsh or hurried, but gentle and kindly. Proud? Yes, indeed. She was the cream of all that wealth could purchase for her; exclusive privileges were hers, but her pride could never be labeled as false.

Yes, the two kinds of pride are very separate and distinct. One presents a decided contrast to the other. One is gold, the other is dross; one is solid, the other is entirely lacking in weight; one is true pride, the other is false.

Most Courteous

(Continued from page 6)

But here is a blossom of courtesy, President Hamilton, that I have chosen because it stood a little taller and smiled a little brighter to add beauty and perfume to the weary pathway of pilgrims' lives. Behind me are others who I know are deserving of more praise than they receive in this brief article. But courtesy will some day bring its own reward in its own way to them, also.

At first I drew back from selecting this particular student. He is popular, a leader, and one who probably receives little compliments every day. Would I be just making the easiest, most popular decision by naming a well-liked individual rather than some undiscovered Galahad. And then I realized— Why is he liked by so many people? To explain further is needless.

Washington Missionary College's most polite and courteous young man is—

[We withhold his name at his own earnest request; but we ask you, If a similar test had been conducted in your school, would you deserve to be the winner?—EDITOR.]

A Thought or Two

(Continued from page 10)

Maybe you are careless about your words, your work, or things you do which hurt people's feelings. Remember what pain one little boy's carelessness cost Carmen, and take heed to yourself.

Only a Blister.—"Well, John, what is wrong with you?" we inquire.

"Last week a friend and I were playing tennis, and I got a blister here on my heel. In about three days my leg began to hurt, and now I can hardly walk and I have chills and a fever."

The lad was prepared for examination, and we inspected the injured limb. Yes, there was the sore heel, slightly swollen and reddened, but it surely did not look very serious. However, careful scrutiny disclosed a red line about one-half inch wide extending from the heel to the groin. There was no question as to John's trouble.

"What do I have, Doctor?" he asked anxiously.

"Well, my boy, you have what is called lymphangitis. Some people call it 'blood poisoning.'"

"Is it very serious, Doctor?"

"It most certainly can be. You remember when Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States, his son, Calvin, Jr., died as a result of a similar infection. That little blister you had became infected, and now the infection has traveled up your leg, and your body is fighting the invasion. You can see that it has advanced up the lymph channels as far as the groin. You should come into the hospital for at least three days, so that we can properly treat it."

So a little blister put John to bed. His sore leg received hot and cold baths every four hours, and between times was packed with wet dressings and surrounded with hot water bottles. Also it was uncovered and subjected to a light cradle for hours at a time. Besides these local treatments, he was put on a liquid diet and required to drink at least one glassful of fruit juice every hour. This tended to increase his circulation, eliminate wastes, and alkalize the body. True to our promise, John was well in three days.

Lymphangitis is a common ailment, easy to acquire and dangerous to ignore. Mother may prick herself, baby may pinch her finger, or a sliver may get into your hand—a slight break in the skin is all that is needed for the germs to enter. Ten chances to one they find a favorable environment, body resistance is down, and in two days or less a war is on which can easily end in an overwhelming defeat, and a life lost. Treat early, treat faithfully, seek medical help. Tomorrow may be too late.

Just so little sins can easily prove fatal if allowed to spread their infection through the life. Beware of them!



Let us not concern ourselves about how other men will do their duties, but concern ourselves about how we shall do ours.

—Lyman Abbott.



A Column in the Interests of Philately

Conducted by Merwin R. Thurber

Those Gift Imperforates

OUR Stamps corner readers have probably heard part of the story about the stamps Postmaster General Farley gave to his friends, and have wondered why there should be any excitement about it. Perhaps we can explain the reasons.

Ever since the present Administration came into power, the Postmaster General has been in the habit of getting sheets of stamps from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving before they were quite completed, and giving them to his friends. That is, the stamps he got were ungummed, and without perforations. Whenever a new stamp was issued, he obliged his friends by letting them have some of these special sheets. The stamps were paid for, of course, and there was no dishonesty involved.

Apparently that was a simple thing, and really did no one any harm, and probably if it had ended there, we would have heard very little of it. The trouble came when the recipients of the special stamps attempted to sell them on the market as rare stamps. And they really were rare stamps, all right, for only a few had been issued. Rarity, you will remember, is what creates value in stamps, as in all other things.

One man offered his sheet of imperforates to a dealer for \$20,000. Immediately stamp collectors all over the country set up a cry of protest. In order for them to have complete collections of United States stamps, they would have to spend thousands of dollars. In effect, so they said, Mr. Farley had given his friends \$500,000 worth of stamps. Obviously it was unfair. Newspapers and stamp magazines took up the fight. Stamp clubs sent protests to the Post Office Department, and to their Congressmen. The climax, politically, came when a resolution was introduced into Congress asking for an investigation of the Post Office Department. Mr. Farley's party friends rallied to his aid, and the motion was killed.

But the Postmaster General took immediate steps to correct the trouble. He announced that he would reprint all the stamps of which he had given imperforate sheets, and would sell them to all who wanted them in the unfinished condition. This only partly satisfied the collectors, for it is reported that some of the sheets originally given away had the Postmaster General's signature. Obviously it would be impossible to duplicate this feature.

The twenty issues reprinted were put on sale March 15, and there has never been a day like it for stamp collectors since the first stamps were issued. More than \$500,000 worth of stamps were sold from three places here in Washington,—the Philatelic Agency, the city post office, and the new Benjamin Franklin post office. The stamps could be bought in blocks of four or in entire sheets—ungummed and imperforate, of course. Some dealers purchased as much as \$15,000 worth, and rushed by plane to other large cities to place them on sale there—at slightly higher prices than the face value.

A complete set of twenty sheets would cost you \$190.30, the cheapest sheet being the 1c National Parks at \$2, and the most expensive, the 16c air mail—

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

special delivery, at \$32. A set of blocks of four would cost proportionately much less.

Here is a list of the reprint stamps which are being sold:

3c Proclamation of Peace, uncut sheets of 400 stamps, ungummed and perforated; blocks of four stamps ungummed and perforated.

1c and 3c Century of Progress souvenir issue, uncut sheets of 225 stamps, ungummed and imperforate.

3c Little America, uncut sheets of 200 stamps, ungummed and imperforate; blocks of four stamps ungummed and imperforate.

3c Little America souvenir issue, uncut sheets of 150 stamps, ungummed and imperforate.

3c Mother's Day, flat plate, uncut sheets of 200 stamps, ungummed and imperforate; blocks of four stamps ungummed and imperforate.

3c Wisconsin, uncut sheets of 200 stamps, ungummed and imperforate; blocks of four stamps ungummed and imperforate.

National Parks issue, all varieties from 1c to 10c inclusive, uncut sheets of 200 stamps, ungummed and imperforate; blocks of four stamps ungummed and imperforate.

1c and 3c National Parks souvenir issue, uncut sheets of 120 stamps, ungummed and imperforate.

16c air mail-special delivery, uncut sheets of 200 stamps, ungummed and imperforate; blocks of four ungummed and imperforate.

What does all this mean to collectors, especially the Junior collectors who read this column? It is hard to predict. Of course, not very many of you will be able to afford even the blocks of four. If you can, by all means get them. You may mail your orders to the Philatelic Agency, Washington, D. C., or you may buy them from a stamp dealer. They will be cheaper at Washington.

It was hoped that collectors would consider the stamps sold now as being the same issue as those which caused the trouble. Apparently they will not; but since they cannot secure copies of the originals, it looks as if all the collectors in the United States were trying to get some of the reprints. The Post Office Department will make a lot of money out of its mistake, for all the stamps sold imperforate and ungummed will presumably go into collections, and not be used for postage. There is no reason, however, why they should not be used for postage.

Another outcome of the whole affair will probably be an increase in the number of stamp collectors. Publicity of any nature involving stamps seems to have that effect. It is said that the National Parks series did more than any other thing up to the time they were issued to popularize collecting.

Watch for news of the imperforates. The story isn't all told yet. In fact, it hasn't all happened. We predict a new forward move for stamp collecting in the United States.

News Notes

Of interest to all United States philatelists is the new Canadian law governing illustrations of stamps:

"Reproductions in any way of Canadian postage stamps are not permitted except under specific authority granted by the Post Office Department, and under conditions set forth hereunder.

"Photographic reproductions of postage stamps in newspapers and other publications may be made, in black and white only, without regard to the size of the reproductions, and without any defacement of the stamp.

"Photographic reproductions of postage stamps in newspapers and other pub-

lications may be made in color with a defacing line drawn across the reproduction, and with the size of the reproduction either considerably larger or considerably smaller than the stamp which is being illustrated.

"The dies employed are not to be made of steel, but of Babbitt metal, or other stereotype blocks.

"This concession is strictly limited to certain special classes of publications, such as stamp dealers' catalogues, books on stamps, stamp albums, articles in newspapers, periodicals, etc. Under no circumstances will permission be given to illustrate or imitate stamps for ordinary advertisement purposes."

Don't be fooled into paying for a 1c World's Fair blue, posing as an error. It will be just the regular green that has been subjected to the fumes of hydrochloric acid.

THE hobby of stamp collecting has a gladiolus named after it—Philatelia.

THE much-discussed 1c British Guiana stamp, issued in 1856 and said to be the rarest stamp in the world, is reported to have been insured recently for \$47,000.

SWITZERLAND has issued a new charity franking set of three values, 5c green-blue, 10c violet, 20c orange-red. These stamps will be distributed to the charitable institutions of the country as a government contribution to their work.

If you have been wondering what to do with your duplicates, you might be interested in a specialized collection according to color. Should any of our readers be desirous of knowing more of the system followed, and will write to us, we shall be glad to devote a whole column to a description of just how to go about this interesting diversion in philately.



Finding Oneself

It is coming to be more generally recognized that in every man is vested a certain power; in other words, that each individual possesses the latent or active ability to do something well, better than anything else—perhaps better, even, than any other person.

People vary greatly in their vocational desires, as in other matters. To become a barber may constitute one man's ambition, another seeks a high place in the field of science, or yet a third desires to enter the realm of art—perhaps aspiring to become a sculptor; and so on through the gamut of over six hundred vocations.

A man can do best only that work which he likes. If one would do anything well, his entire heart and soul must be in that work. Nothing can be more pitiful than a man who is tied down to the wrong vocation; nothing more inspiring than a man who has "found" himself, who revels in work because it is *his* work—the work he is best fitted to do.

No mortal can definitely advise a man what vocation he should pursue as a lifework. J. Campbell White has well said: "No life purpose is worthy that fails to recognize service to others as its central law. To live for gain or fame or pleasure is to throw life away foolishly and fruitlessly. . . . Many young men and women are anxious to know what their lifework should be. The way to find out is to surrender utterly to the will of God in advance, and resolve to obey Christ, whatever His plan may be. As long as one has any resistance to God's will in his heart, it is of little use to hope to discover His mind."

The "still small voice" within is constantly expressing a desire, and the individual ought not to remain forever deaf to its entreaties. God

is interested in all the affairs of our lives, and is anxious for us to seek Him for the wisdom and guidance needed. "Those who decide to do nothing in any line that will displease God, will know, after presenting their case before Him, just what course to pursue. And they will receive not only wisdom, but strength. Power for obedience, for service, will be imparted to them, as Christ has promised."

Invariably this urge dictates the vocation which a man should follow. Often it is quite contrary to the nature of his everyday duties, so much have we become "square pegs in round holes."

It is well for each individual to take frequently an inventory of himself, facing facts and fancies squarely, and attempt to reconcile them. It can be done. Nothing is impossible to the one who makes God his guide and counselor.

While "finding" himself and preparing for his vocation in life, one should not forget that commission which says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" nor that which reads, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Regardless of the vocation a Christian may be led to choose, God expects him to assume his responsibility in helping to carry the gospel message to all the world in this generation. It is His purpose that the vocation and all the contacts of life may be made mediums through which His cause may be advanced.

In order that the youth may be qualified to meet God's purpose for them, the Study and Service League requirements have been provided. These requirements cover courses in Bible Doctrines, Denominational His-

tory, and methods in personal soul-winning endeavor; and require the giving of five Bible readings. Why not avail yourself of the benefits derived through a study of the courses outlined?

Have a purpose in life—

And make each day's work contribute to that purpose.

And let it be one to which you can dedicate all the talents you have.

And be sure that it is one that will contribute to a happy old age.

And keep it always in plain sight if you would escape temptations.

And let it lead you to the heights from whatever depths you are in.

And think no difficulty insuperable or any hindrance final.

And let no sacrifice be counted too great to attain it.

C. LESTER BOND.



Missionary Volunteers and Aggressive Evangelism

BELIEVING in the ability of our youth as soul winners, we have attempted here in the Central California Conference to organize the finest talent and the most consecrated youth of every society into Evangelistic Campaign Companies.

The plan is to organize these campaign companies just as an experienced evangelist would organize an evangelistic campaign before launching into a series of public meetings. Some two or three of the most gifted speakers in the society are first selected. A music leader, pianist, a number of volunteer Bible workers, and other volunteer workers and helpers are formed into a company for the avowed purpose of doing aggressive public evangelism. These campaign companies are encouraged to begin by holding Bible readings and cottage meetings, and after an experience is gained they are encouraged to hold public hall meetings for non-Adventists.

Some very remarkable experiences have been had, and a number of persons have been won to Christ.

To facilitate the work of these young people of little or no experience we have encouraged them to secure a projectorscope for giving illustrated lectures. The conference has secured a set of thirty-four Bible lectures on film strips, which are lent to the various societies engaged in active evangelism. These Bible lectures cover all the principal doctrines held by Seventh-day Adventists.

At present we have seven societies carrying on aggressive campaign work, and we have others on the waiting list eager to begin. One of our smaller societies has had as many as fifty-five deeply interested people attending their cottage meetings week by week. One of the leaders of this evangelism group writes that some of their interested people are right on

the point of accepting the third angel's message. In speaking of one of the families, a Missionary Volunteer writes:

"The —s are as interested as ever. They have acknowledged most of present truth as we have studied it together, with the exception of the seventh-day Sabbath. I believe they will soon accept that. They are always glad to see me come, and are eager for the next study. I am surely encouraged by their eagerness to know the truth of God in these closing days. A number of others who are interested have expressed a desire to have studies in their homes as soon as we begin a new series.

"I really feel confident that many will be won through these meager efforts we are putting forth. I want to launch out into a greater service. There are literally thousands within our reach who know nothing of the soon-coming Saviour and of His power to save from sin and misery.

(Signed) "ARTHUR J. ESCOBAR."

Aside from the great enthusiasm being generated as a result of this aggressive evangelism campaign, we have a large number who are training as Master Comrades. In Bakersfield nineteen Missionary Volunteers, including a few people above twenty-five years of age, have enlisted in the class of Master Comrades. The Central California Conference set itself to train one hundred Junior workers. Some of the finest talent in our entire conference has been offered for this most important line of work. The superintendent of the Pacific Press Publishing Association has offered himself as a student in the Master Comrade class. The feeling seems to be taking hold of the leaders of our churches and outstanding individuals throughout the conference that if we are to do anything for the man, it must be done in large part before he becomes a man.

Without doubt we shall be able to enroll a large number in the Progressive Class work for our Missionary Volunteer evangelists.

JOHN D. HAYNES,
M. V. Secretary, Central
California Conference.

Counsel Corner

What stand are we to take on reading of fiction? Are not some of the articles in the "Youth's Instructor" really fiction, though in a helpful form?

Some of the most pointed instruction in the Spirit of prophecy regarding reading is found on pages 443-447 of "Ministry of Healing." Here the classics, sensational literature, works

of romance, high-class fiction, and myths and fairy tales are discussed in a very sane, sensible way. When these types of books are spoken against, the reasons why they are not helpful and why they should not be read, especially by the young, are given. On page 447 we have myths and fairy tales defined in the following words: "The ideas presented in these books mislead the children. They impart false views of life, and beget and foster a desire for the unreal. . . . Never should books containing a perversion of truth be placed in the hands of children or youth."

Nothing that is said in these paragraphs would condemn the type of stories which appear in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, which are not at all fictional, but are composite stories; that is, experiences which may have entered into the lives of several individuals are brought into the experience of one person. They do not present false ideas or in any sense mislead.

We believe that we can safely say that you could read any of the articles that have appeared in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR during its history and you would find that they are only such as are helpful in building Christian character and directing the reader to a closer fellowship with God and His truth. Similar stories are contained in "Choice Readings for the Home Circle." This series of stories was compiled by Mrs. E. G. White and was approved by her when it was first published and sent out.

We repeat for emphasis that as you read the stories printed in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, you will find that they are true to life, that they are not a perversion of the truth, and that they contain lessons of real worth. Were this not the case, they would never appear in our youth's journal.

C. LESTER BOND.

Should all the young people in a church be urged to join the Missionary Volunteer Society simply to have a large society, or should the invitation be given in a simple way to all and the matter of joining be left to each one individually?

Yes, I believe all the young people in the church should be urged to join the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society—those who are members of the church to become regular Missionary Volunteer members, and those who are not church members to become associate members—not necessarily urged in order to have a large membership, but because they need the society and the society needs them. They impart the blessings and help which the society needs, and receive the training for service and the courage for victory which the society imparts. What a motive for wanting more members! What a motive for becoming members!

D. A. OCHS.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

IV—The Sermon on the Mount; The Beatitudes

(April 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matthew 5:1-16; Luke 6:20-26.

MEMORY VERSE: Matthew 5:14, 16.

LESSON HELP: "Mount of Blessing," chapters 1 and 2.

Questions

1. From what places did multitudes come to hear Jesus preach? Matt. 4:25.
2. Seeing the people, to what place did Jesus resort? Who came to Him? Matt. 5:1. Note 1.
3. When all were gathered about Him, what did Jesus do? Whom did He call blessed? Why? Verses 2, 3. Note 2.
4. What did He say of those who mourn? Verse 4.
5. What did Jesus say of the meek? Verse 5.
6. Who did He say shall be filled? Verse 6.
7. What promise is made to the merciful? to the pure in heart? Verses 7, 8. Note 3.
8. What is said of the peacemakers? Verse 9.
9. What promise is given those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake? Verse 10.
10. How will some be persecuted for His sake? What should be their attitude? Who has shared in this experience? Verses 11, 12. Note 4.
11. To what did Jesus liken His followers? Of what use is salt if the savor is lost? Verse 13. Note 5.
12. To what else is the church of God likened? What is the purpose of a light? Verses 14, 15.
13. What admonition did Jesus give His followers? What will be the result of heeding this counsel? Verse 16.

Notes

1. "After the ordination of the apostles, Jesus went with them to the seaside. Here in the early morning the people had begun to assemble. . . . Jesus led the way back to the mountainside. Reaching a level space that offered a pleasant gathering place for the vast assembly, He seated Himself on the grass, and the disciples and the multitude followed His example."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 298.
2. "In the sermon on the mount, He [Christ] sought to undo the work that had been wrought by false education, and to give His hearers a right conception of His kingdom and of His own character. . . . Without combating their ideas of the kingdom of God, He told them the conditions of entrance therein, leaving them to draw their own conclusions as to its nature. The truths He taught are no less important to us than to the multitude that followed Him. We no less than they need to learn the foundation principles of the kingdom of God."—*Id.*, p. 299.
3. "To be poor in spirit is to have a humble opinion of ourselves; to be sensible that we are sinners, and have no righteousness of our own; to be willing to be saved only by the rich grace and mercy of God; to be willing to be where God places us, to bear what He lays on us, to go where He bids us."—*Barnes*.
4. "Blessed are the pure in heart." That is, whose minds, motives, and principles are pure; who seek not only to have the external actions correct, but who desire to be holy in heart, and who are so."—*Idem*.
5. "A man whose heart is stayed upon God is just the same in the hour of his most afflicting trials and most discouraging surroundings, as when he was in prosperity, when the light and favor of God seemed to be upon him. His words, his motives, his actions, may be misrepresented and falsified, but he does not mind

it, because he has greater interests at stake."—*"Mount of Blessing,"* pp. 52, 53.

5. "Ye are the salt of the earth," Jesus said. Do not withdraw yourselves from the world in order to escape persecution. You are to abide among men, that the savor of the divine love may be as salt to preserve the world from corruption.

"Hearts that respond to the influence of the Holy Spirit are the channels through which God's blessing flows. Were those who serve God removed from the earth, and His Spirit withdrawn from among men, this world would be left to desolation and destruction, the fruit of Satan's dominion. Though the wicked know it not, they owe even the blessings of this life to the presence, in the world, of God's people whom they despise and oppress. But if Christians are such in name only, they are like the salt that has lost its savor. They have no influence for good in the world. Through their misrepresentation of God they are worse than unbelievers."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 306.

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

JUNIOR

IV—The Sermon on the Mount; The Beatitudes

(April 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 5:1-16.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURE: Luke 6:20-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are the light of the world."

STUDY HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 298-306; "Mount of Blessing," pp. 17-72.

PLACE: The mountainside near the Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus; the twelve disciples; the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

"After the ordination of the apostles, Jesus went with them to the seaside. Here in the early morning the people had begun to assemble. . . . The narrow beach did not afford even standing room within reach of His voice for all who desired to hear Him, and Jesus led the way back to the mountainside. Reaching a level space that offered a pleasant gathering place for the vast assembly, He seated Himself on the grass, and the disciples and the multitude followed His example.

"The disciples' place was always next to Jesus. The people constantly pressed upon Him, yet the disciples understood that they were not to be crowded away from His presence. They sat close beside Him, that they might not lose a word of His instruction. They were attentive listeners, eager to understand the truths they were to make known to all lands and all ages."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* pp. 298, 299.

Questions

1. As the multitude surrounded Jesus, where did He go? Who came to Him? What did Jesus then do? Matt. 5:1, 2.
2. What is required of those who would enter the kingdom of heaven? What does "poor in spirit" mean? Verse 3. Note 1.
3. What did Jesus say of those who mourn? Verse 4.
4. What did He say of the meek? Verse 5. Note 2.
5. Who does He say shall be filled? Verse 6. Note 3.
6. What promise is made to the merciful? Verse 7.
7. What is the blessed promise to the pure in heart? Verse 8. Note 4.
8. What is said of the peacemakers? Verse 9. Note 5.
9. Who among the persecuted are blessed? What promise is given to all such? Verse 10.
10. In what ways may the Christian be persecuted? Verse 11.
11. Why may he still rejoice? Who also have been persecuted? Verse 12.
12. What does Jesus declare His disciples to be? What is the condition if the savor be lost? Verse 13. Note 6.
13. To what else did Jesus compare His

people? For what purpose is a light used? Verses 14, 15.

14. What should God's people do? What should be their purpose? Verse 16. Note 7.

Notes

1. The poor in spirit are the humble, the penitent, the teachable. "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word." Isa. 66:2. In such hearts Christ sets up His throne, and there He dwells. He says through the prophet Isaiah, "I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Isa. 57:15.

2. True meekness comes alone from Christ. "It is the love of self that destroys our peace. While self is all alive, we stand ready continually to guard it from mortification and insult; but when we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God, we shall not take neglects or slights to heart. We shall be deaf to reproach, and blind to scorn and insult. . . . The meekness of Christ, manifested in the home, will make the inmates happy; it provokes no quarrel, gives back no angry answer, but soothes the irritated temper, and diffuses a gentleness that is felt by all within its charmed circle."—*"Mount of Blessing,"* pp. 31, 32.

3. Hunger means much. Men have become so overpowered by it that they have taken human life to relieve it; but thirst is even more intense. Men go insane from thirst. Men may live without food many days, but they can live only a short time without water. These characteristics of our physical needs should teach us the importance of supplying our spiritual sustenance. Does our body need bread? More than this our souls need the bread of life. Does the physical man call for water? Infinitely more do we need the water of life. But if we hunger and thirst for these things, the Great Provider will abundantly supply our need.

4. "In one who is learning of Jesus, there will be manifest a growing distaste for careless manners, unseemly language, and coarse thought. When Christ abides in the heart, there will be purity and refinement of thought and manner."—*Id.*, page 42.

5. It is easy to stir up strife, to cause hard feelings among associates. Many heartaches, much sorrow and suffering, have been caused by the thoughtless word and the unkind gossip. The true Christian will seek to heal all differences between others, and to promote a spirit of love and harmony.

6. Salt is a preservative, and is so used as a symbol here. So God's church, instead of bringing calamity upon the world, preserves the world. Ten good persons in Sodom would have kept it from destruction. But if the savor, the preserving power of the salt of the earth, be lost, both that which may seem to be salt and the earth will perish.

7. Jesus is the "light of the world." John 8:12. God's word is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path. Ps. 119:105. The word of God wrought into the lives of His children through Christ Jesus, makes them the light of the world. How they should prize the sacred responsibility!



Issued by

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

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Yearly subscription, \$1.75; six months, \$1. In clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.50; six months, 80 cents.

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► As a general rule, birds do not fly at a greater height than 1,000 feet. However, eagles have been noticed flying at a height of 6,000, and buzzards and storks at 2,000 feet.

► NATIVE flowers packed in molds filled with water, which is then frozen, are being shipped from Australia to London. It is said that they keep fresh and beautiful on the long journey.

► VIOLINISTS under the age of thirty from a number of nations will take part this month in an international contest being held in Poland, at the 100th anniversary celebration of the Polish composer, Henri Wieniawski. The winner will receive a prize of \$3,500 from President Ignatz Moscicki.

► SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL, 49-year-old British automobile speed driver, who has declared that he never will be perfectly happy "until I do 300," was nearer his mark recently when he drove his 2,500-horsepower, seven-ton "Bluebird" at Daytona Beach, Florida, at 276.816 miles an hour. This betters his previous record by five miles. The "Bluebird" is "the fastest thing on land."

► UNITED STATES highways are the finest in the world, but they are uncomfortably cold and often impassable in winter. It is suggested that something ought to be done about it, and a plausible idea is being seriously considered. It is this: Lay sheet steel surfacing on concrete embedded with electrical heating units to melt the ice and snow. It is predicted that heated highways of some sort will be a reality in the course of several years.

► FROM Sofia comes the news that a recent order issued by the Bulgarian police requires all boys and girls under the age of nineteen to be indoors after 7 p. m. in winter and 8 p. m. in summer. If found outside, they will be arrested and fined unless accompanied by parents or other responsible persons. Moreover, they must not smoke in public places at any time, they may not enter cafés or bars alone, and they may not go to any cinemas or theaters except two which are specified, and then only to see certain films or plays. Also they must be properly chaperoned. They may not attend political meetings, and they will be fined if found on the streets at any time unless wearing their school uniforms.

► AN American cat named Fluff has provided a recent example of how intricate and difficult some simple things are of accomplishment in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. When Fluff's mistress decided to return to North America a few weeks ago with her pet, she was obliged to submit the cat to a veterinary for examination, to have the veterinary's certificate certified by a notary, to have the notary's signature certified by the commissariat of foreign affairs, and to purchase two visas for Germany and Poland. All this was simple enough, but then the Soviet customs officers stepped in to complicate matters. "The exportation of cats is forbidden without special permission of the fur trust," they said. "These are fur-bearing animals, and the export of fur is a state monopoly." Twenty-four hours of interviews and suspense followed before a certificate was received entitling Fluff to leave the country.

► THE United States has an outstanding accident record for the past year. Reliable statistics show that accidents were responsible for 101,000 deaths. Motor vehicles topped the list of causes with 36,000 fatalities—more than a third of the total. Home accidents accounted for 33,000, excessive heat, 2,000, and occupational pursuits 15,500, while miscellaneous accidents accounted for 15,000 fatalities. Also accidents last year were held responsible for more than 9,400,000 disabling injuries. The cost of these injuries in wage loss and medical expense is estimated at approximately \$2,400,000,000, to which must be added \$800,000,000 property loss in motor vehicle accidents and \$300,000,000 loss in accidental fires. All of which makes an appalling grand total of \$3,500,000,000.

► A NEW radio station is on the air. It is Station XHHA, Shanghai, China. This new station has been made possible by a few Christian Chinese, and a daily nine-hour program includes "early morning music, a worship service morning, noon, and evening, talks on home problems, child training and health, evening concerts and lectures, and music and story hours for the children."

► THE green ants of Australia make their nests by bending leaves together and fastening them with a kind of natural glue which exudes from their bodies. Hundreds have been seen on one leaf, drawing it to the ground, where an equal number waited to receive, hold, and fasten it.

► A RECENT referendum in the State of Alabama showed a large majority of her citizens in favor of retaining the prohibition laws which make this commonwealth dry—yes, very dry indeed.

► At the close of 1934 there had been issued 116 plant patents.

► THE native Hawaiians believe that when a person walks into church wearing a pair of squeaking shoes, it acts as a charm. Therefore, when they go to a store to purchase new shoes, they choose those with the loudest squeak obtainable.

► FEW people realize the potential dangers of a common cold. In the United States there are, so statisticians tell us, over 5,000,000 people afflicted with some sort of heart ailment which had its origin in this usually regarded "slight affliction."

► THE custom of lifting the hat dates back to the days of chivalry. Then the medieval knight appeared in public in full armor. However, in the midst of friends, he was constrained to remove his helmet as an indication that he trusted them and believed that he was safe. Thus the act has come down to us as a gracious acknowledgment of friendship.

► THE old-time general store, where you could buy coal oil and calico and candy and gloves and hats and pitchforks and plows and peas, is thriving again in towns of the Middle West. Increasing competition is given as the chief reason for its return. Specialized shops do not pay. "A general store is the only kind to run in a little town," said a rural merchant answering a questioning wholesaler. "You don't have to wonder if somebody will come in. You sell something every day instead of just once in a while." It is reported, however, that the open cracker barrel is missing now. The thrifty prairie merchants are watching all the corners these days.

► EVEN though youth holds the center of the stage today, it is interesting to discover that between the ages of 70 and 83 Commodore Vanderbilt added about 100 millions to his fortune; that Kant at 74 wrote his *Anthropology*; that Tintoretto at 74 painted "Paradise," a canvas 74 by 30 feet; that Verdi at 74 produced his masterpiece "Othello"; that Lamark at 78 completed his great zoological work, "The Natural History of the Invertebrates"; that Oliver Wendell Holmes at 79 wrote "Over the Teacups"; that Cato at 80 began the study of Greek; that Goethe at 80 completed "Faust"; that Tennyson at 83 wrote "Crossing the Bar"; and that Titian at 98 painted his historic picture of the Battle of Lepanto.

► THE ancient Maya people of Yucatan, at the time when they were conquered by the Spanish invaders, had books written in hieroglyphics painted in colors on parchment made of fibers of the century plant. These books treated of subjects such as history, astronomy, medicine, divination, and would be of priceless value to students of Maya history if they had been preserved. Unfortunately, Landa, second Bishop of Yucatan after Christianity was introduced, thought these books dangerous and burned all that he could find. Some of the natives, however, in an effort to preserve their ancient traditions, wrote down transcripts of what they remembered, but they wrote in European script, and not in the ancient Maya characters. A few of these transcripts have been found, and scientists are translating them. To students of Maya history and culture they are of great interest.

The AIM



"The aim if reached or not makes great the life."