

The YOUTH'S Instructor



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTO

BY H. D. WHEELER

One Answer

BY VIVIAN LINWOOD

WHAT course shall I take? How shall I proceed? Shall I accept the position? Which school should I attend? What shall I say? How shall I meet this problem? Where shall I go? Who can help me? How can I know which is right?

This is no ordinary problem. Some decision must be made now. It can't wait till tomorrow. Either way may be wrong. But it can't wait.

I have tried to reason. I have tried logic, and common sense, and prayer. I have prayed for weeks. There is no solution. But there *must* be one.

There *has* to be! Something must be wrong. If this were an ordinary case—but it's different. The usual reasoning doesn't apply here. There must be some solution. Maybe I should talk it over. But no one can help me. No one could understand. I must decide this myself. It is too complicated. If only there were time!

The thread of life does not always unwind smoothly. So often it becomes tangled; and in our anxiety to help matters, more than once in a while we make them worse. We find ourselves with a problem to solve—then with two or three of them. And we toss through sleepless nights, trying to untangle the knots, until we cannot even see things in their proper relation one to another. Our thoughts whirl about inefficiently until we arrive over and over again at nothing.

Some of us have wished that the Bible treated our problems individually, that we might simply consult an index and be directed to the page and the paragraph which gives an exact solution for the particular question uppermost in our minds.

But God must have had a better plan. And it really is not hard to understand why our Guide did not furnish us with all the answers we might like. In the first place, such a procedure would make the size of our Bible prohibitive. And then, God did not want us to be automatons. He gave us the power of choice, and the power of reason as well. He wishes us to exercise both these powers.

It would be a wonderful thing to see written in black and white just how we are to proceed on our way. It would be soul thrilling if God were to speak to us audibly in our hours of trial and emergency—if He were to tell us exactly what to do. There would be no excuse for failure or for disobedience, to be sure. But, much as we wish that we might be guided more directly by our Master, have you considered that such a plan would practically eliminate the necessity of using our powers of reason and of choice to any great extent? Surely our Father has chosen the way He believed most suited to develop our characters. Cer- (Turn to page 10)

Let's Talk It Over

IT was a perfect spring day in January, and a walk was far more to my taste than lunch; so I set out to spend the noon hour exploring with my field glasses, if perchance I might see the first robin whose "cherrily-cheerup, cheerily-cheerup" had already set us to wondering if the crocuses were a-blooming when, as seasons go, snow should be a-blowing.

But as I walked and looked I thought, turning over in my mind something I had just heard about myself. And as I thought I "het up like an airtight stove!" It was a—well—one of those things that aren't true at all, and that the Good Book calls an "abomination."

I had just about reached the exploding point when I met a friend. "What," I demanded to be told, "would you do if somebody accused you of something you didn't do—hadn't even thought of, in fact?"

"I'll have to tell you a story I sometimes use as an illustration in my preaching," he laughed. "As I was walking down one of those wide, block-long halls of the Civic Auditorium in San Francisco, California, during the last General Conference session, I met a little Negro boy crying at the top of his voice.

"Whatever is the matter?" I asked, much concerned over the noise and his apparent distress.

"Dat white boy over there"—and he pointed—"called me a liar!"

"Is it the truth?" I asked. "Are you?"

"No!" he howled. "I ain't."

"Well, then, what are you crying about?" I said.

"He looked at me in open-mouthed surprise for an instant, then grinned, dried his tears, and went his way while I went mine.

"What do I do when somebody tells an untruth about me? Such experiences come to all of us, and I have found that the best thing is just to go on about my business and take no notice of it whatsoever. Some things are simply *beneath* notice, and this is one of them."

Rather good advice, vividly illustrated and well worth taking—which is what I did.

The net result? I had a good laugh at myself, a good walk, found Sir Robin, and incidentally have all but forgotten what it was that stirred my ire. But I remember the story; indeed, I have it noted down for future reference.

IT'S a fact, and experience will prove it to you as you live along, that ignoring unpleasant, uncomfortable happenstances that you can't do anything about is the best way to blot them out of your own mind, and out of the minds of others. Somehow, rumor and speculation and gossip and—yes, plain lies, too—find it impossible to thrive if they are not noticed. But just give them a little attention and watch them grow!

'Tis a real accomplishment to be big enough to ignore the vexing irritations which every day brings. They buzz around us like mosquitoes, or troublesome flies, but in the long run they do not amount to a great deal—though I admit they often seem to be all-important at the moment.



IT is said that George Boone, of Indiana, a descendant of the great Daniel Boone of pioneer Indian war days in the United States, was six feet eight inches tall—a veritable giant physically. And a giant politically, as well, for his fellow citizens elected him a State Senator. And he proved to be a worthy leader of his people. An eyewitness describes a scene in the Senate chamber when one of his colleagues attacked him.

Colonel Boone was an able debater. His figure was so tall and commanding, his voice so strong and clear, his manner so unassuming yet assured, his coolness and courage so manifest, that he was both respected and feared as an opponent. On this day a warmly contested question came up for discussion. The gigantic colonel was the leader of one side, and a Senator about four feet ten inches in height, with a voice like a katydid, led the other side.

The chamber was crowded. The colonel arose, with his eye on the chairman, and was speaking at the top of his voice.

"That's a lie!" squeaked his opponent.

"As I was saying, Mr. President"—

"That's a lie!"

"As I was saying"—

"That's a lie!" The squeaking voice did its best to shout!

"As I was saying"—the big colonel was going on and on, minding nothing at all about the interruptions, making his argument logical and convincing to an attentive audience—but by this time the little Senator could stand it no longer. He sprang from

his seat, rushed over to where the colonel was standing, and pounded him on the back, doing his best to attract his attention.

"As I was saying, Mr. President"—the blows were repeated, while the colonel, without taking the least notice of the assault, continued to address the Senate until he had closed his speech. Then turning his eye curiously upon his opponent, he asked mildly:

"What are you doing here?"

"What am I doing?" snapped the angry little man. "Why, I'm *fighting*!"

"Fighting whom?"

"I'm fighting *you*!" gasped his exasperated colleague.

"Me?" and the big colonel looked surprised, "I had no knowledge of it whatever."

The little Senator was in a state of exhaustion and the sergeant at arms assisted him to the cloakroom for rest and refreshment, while Colonel Boone calmly took his seat and the debate proceeded, with a substitute in charge of the opposition.

Which proves my point—doesn't it?



AND there's another angle to this subject that is worth thinking about.

"Have you ever studied the art of self-defense?" asked a young chap of a tall man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

"Yes," came the answer with a quiet smile, "I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah! And whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

"Solomon's!" exclaimed the youth. "What is the special point of strength in his system of training?"

"Briefly this," explained the older man: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."



SO let's ignore the irritating, and sometimes exceedingly upsetting, things that come into our personal experience—the things we aren't to blame for and can't help—and take the advice of the Wise Man so seriously as to make it a part of our code of living.

I don't believe we'll ever be sorry. Do you?

Lora E. Clement

MY text is found in the eighth chapter of Romans, beginning with the thirty-second verse:

"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

I wish to bring to your attention a few points which emphasize what the love of Christ should mean to every one of us. Let us read the thirty-fourth verse again: "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." And in the first verse of this same chapter I read: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

The only true freedom that you and I may enjoy comes when we are submerged in the love of Christ, and Christ, enthroned in the heart as the supreme ruler of the life, comes in and pervades that life, so that it reflects His love to others. If you want to have perfect freedom, and if you do not want to have a conscience that condemns you, there is only one thing to do, and that is to accept Jesus Christ and His love.

The text says that it is Christ "that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." This indicates that through Him you and I have a mediator with God the Father.

Now, what may come into our daily experience that will separate us from



B. PLOCKHORST, ARTIST

God's Keeping Love

BY LINDSAY A. SEMMENS

Dean of the School of Theology,
Washington Missionary College

this love? Shall tribulation? When we have not accepted Him fully, we separate ourselves from Him sometimes because we are tried, and because the way is a bit too hard for us. Shall distress? When we are in distress we sometimes forget all about the love of the Lord. Shall persecution? Sometimes when we grow hungry we say, "What's the use? Let us go out into the world and get a good job. Then we can have more money and more food, and enjoy the pleasures of life." Shall nakedness? Sometimes that separates us, too, because we feel that we do not have clothes as good as others'. Yes, sometimes we allow this selfish lack to estrange us from God. Then we get into peril. That is another test, isn't it? Or we face the sword. And when I speak of this, my mind goes out to our missionaries and believers in other lands, some of whom are in real danger. I wonder whether fear of the sword is separating them from the love of Christ.

These are some of the things Paul

faced in his experience, but none of them separated him from God, because his faith was fixed. The psalmist says: "My heart is fixed, O God." "I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall *not* be moved." And that, my dear young people, is the conquering faith and power that we need in our lives to help us to be true. Then we shall not say, "I have tried so many times to be a Christian and have failed, that I just don't want to try again." You have tried; but if you have failed, it is because you have tried in your own strength.

Let us note the thirty-seventh verse of our text: "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And let me say right here, that it is the love of Christ that is the basis of all godliness. And any seeming godliness that is built up on any other foundation is built upon wood, hay, and stubble. But that which is built on Jesus Christ has a sure foundation that will stand the test of time, and tribulation, and distress, and persecution, and famine, and nakedness, and peril, and the sword, and will bring us off more than conquerors.

The vehicle of conquering power, then, is the love of Christ in the heart. And when that is shed abroad in our lives through Him as He dwells in us and reveals Himself to us in His word, we shall see the power of the apostolic church come into the remnant church, and God will help us and make us a group of young people who will be unconquerable.

And today we need to know what that conquering power is. I love the Bible illustrations. One says, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Now, if we want to know whether anything is good in the food line, we usually taste it, don't we? When we come to the table of the Lord and see it set with all the beautiful things and say, "Oh, that is wonderful," and then go away without tasting what is on it, can we know anything about its goodness?

Young people, that is the difficulty. We come to the place where we surrender to God, and we think that is all there is to it. But there is something more. The Christian life is a battle and a march. It is a continual experience that is necessary. So David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." We need that constancy of experience more and more as the days go by.

We see uncertainty on every hand, and uncertainty is the platform upon which fear is created. The only certainty in the world today is a faith

rooted and grounded in the Inspired Word. And we need to feed on that word so that we may have more life, more faith.

I find mentioned in the last two verses of the eighth chapter of Romans, which is our text, ten elements that the devil uses in order to separate us from the love of Christ Jesus our Lord. One is death, another life, another angels, another principalities, another powers, another things present, another things to come, another height, another depth, and then Paul brings in the singular expression, "or any other creature." In other words, he says, "I have tried to sum it all up in nine things, but I will mention this other one to include everything else."

This matter of our lives means much to the Lord. I read over here in the first two verses of the twelfth chapter of Romans: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

Conversion means far more than a mere head experience. That is necessary, of course; but to be lasting it must be balanced by a heart experience.

And I want to appeal to you to seek for a heart experience. "Present your bodies a *living* sacrifice." What does

it involve? Absolute surrender to God—everything—all on the altar.

And I want to assure you that you are testifying day by day just what you are from Station Y-O-U."

"Does your life broadcast a story
That is fine and brave and true,
Or send out on the ether
Some sobbing, wailing 'blue'?
Is your life a noble sermon,
Being broadcast far and wide,
Or just a pack of theories
That you've never really tried?
Does it bring to men a message
That will teach them to be strong?
Are you seeking, as you broadcast,
To help the world along?
Then check up on your program;
Make it strong and clear and true.
Be careful what you broadcast
From station Y-O-U."

Our chief concern is not what others do. Peter was once very much concerned about John's business, and when he questioned Jesus, His reply was: "What is that to thee? follow thou Me."

If we could just get our vision focused on the Lord Jesus Christ and let the love of Jesus Christ come into our hearts and fill them, it would transform us, and we would find the world a different place.

Now, one other thought before I pass this admonition in Romans 12. We read: "But to think soberly." We need humility of judgment, young people, and distrust of self. There are three things that God requires of men. To love mercy, to deal justly, and to know how to humble ourselves to walk with Him. When we forget these things and begin to look

at the little, mean things of life, we forget all about these great principles of character that we must cultivate if we would be fit for better service for God.

Then we are admonished to "prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God." How can we do this? By being transformed. By following the love of Christ as it comes to our hearts and lives, until He is living His life in us.

"To follow the footsteps of my blessed Lord,
To meet all His purpose with loving accord,
To stand by His planning, whatever it be,
This, this is the hope His love offers me.

"I would not dishonor that holiest name
By seeking the plaudits of folly and fame.
With heart full of gladness I follow Him still,
And joy in the prospect of doing His will.

"The bypaths of pleasure may beckon my feet,
And friendship may whisper its challenging sweets;
His voice rings above all, with musical flow!
My hand in His hand, where He leads I go."

I wonder if that is what the Lord is doing in your life—leading wherever you go, in all you do, and say, and think? Let me assure you, my dear young friends, that the love of Jesus Christ when it fully takes hold of the heart will keep us close by His side, and nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath will or can separate us from Him.



STRAWS

By

Edward J. Urquhart

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was working in his garden, so the story goes. He saw white sails over the blue waters where they overtopped the ships that were coming in from faraway ports. Others had watched such sails with varying emotions throughout the years. But Columbus saw in them something of special interest and meaning—he saw a round world. Leaning there on his hoe, he said to himself, "If I had a ship, I could reach the East by sailing West." And he was right. A little thing which had been seen ten thousand times—uppermost sails appearing before the lower ones—and which had awakened no special reasoning or

questioning in other minds, suggested to Columbus a round world.

Things that seem most inconsequential hold deep significance for the detective. A hair, a thread, a footprint, a fingerprint—all these are pregnant with meaning. From such meager evidences the criminal is often brought to justice.

Just as the straws show which way the wind is blowing, so the little things of life are full of meaning. Really nothing is too small to notice. Wisdom whispers in a thousand voices to him who will listen. The world and the universe are made up of very small things. And it is he who comprehends the value of the seeming

trifles who will make progress in life to be crowned with victory at last.

It is the little things in your experience that are going to make *you* a success or a failure—that will exalt *you* to full, exuberant, overflowing life, or that will debase *you*, body and soul, to leave you a failure and a ruin. If you doubt this statement, go to the pages of history and read there its confirmation.

Thus Dean Farrar reminds us: "The great sins, the great crimes into which men suddenly fall, are but the crimson flower of the aloe, which has long been nurtured in the veins of the growing plant; and the sudden crime, the awful moral breakdown, is nothing else but the epitome of long years in which we have gradually weakened within us the protective barriers and the eternal sanctions of the moral law."

As the road to sin and crime lies in little wrong deeds uncorrected, wayward passions uncontrolled, evil thoughts unchecked, and little hates cherished; so the road to conquest and victory, to progress and accomplishment, lies, likewise, in little things. The faithful per- (Turn to page 10)



J. C. ALLEN

Before the First Study Period Was Over, John Learned That His Roommate Had Been Sent to a Christian College Against His Own Wishes

Tom Makes a Decision

BY KEITH MUSGRAVE

JOHN was completely bewildered. That Tom, his own roommate, should do such a thing was too much for his troubled mind.

"I knew that he didn't pretend to be a Christian, but I thought he had learned his lesson," John mumbled to himself as he closed the closet door and slowly made his way to the other side of the room, there to throw himself down on his carefully made bed, to try to reason it all out.

"I guess I've been a failure in showing Tom the Christian way. Maybe it's my fault that he has turned to stealing again."

These and many other thoughts ran through John's mind as he lay there. But as he was getting nowhere in solving the mystery, he decided to review the whole experience, from the very beginning.

There had been a rap at the door of John's room one afternoon at the beginning of the school year. A cheery "Come in," and Dean Morris walked

in with a new boy, Thomas Brighton. Introductions over, John began helping his new roommate unpack. Under the magic spell of his friendliness, the ice was quickly broken, and soon the two were laughing and talking like old friends.

In no time at all Tom's trunk was unpacked, his clothes were hanging in the closet, his bed was made, and everything was shipshape. As the boys were admiring their handiwork, the supper bell rang, and they dashed off to the dining room. They were separated by the hungry crowd of fellow students, and did not meet again until after worship.

Even before the first study period was over, John realized that Tom was going to be something of a problem. By asking a few tactful questions, he soon learned that his roommate had been sent to a Christian school against his own wishes. Furthermore, he did not intend to stay if he could possibly do anything for which he would be expelled.

"John, you have a big job ahead of you," said Dean Morris one evening some weeks later. "Tom is determined to make it necessary for us to send him home. It is up to you to keep him from realizing this ambition and to show him the Christian way. Don't preach to him, but live the Christian life before him. I've tried to encourage him, but I've failed. You are my only hope. John, you *must* help him if you possibly can!"

"I'll do my best, dean," promised John.

It had not been easy to keep that promise. Many times he had been on the verge of asking for another roommate, but whenever he was tempted to give up, something seemed to give him fresh courage.

John not only prayed for Tom, but he also tried to lay plans to help him. One day he felt impressed that if Tom were given a responsible position, he might change. He took the idea to his friend, the dean.

"Yes, John, I believe you're right. If things open up, maybe we shall be able to give him a trial."

The opportunity came much sooner than either of them expected. In fact, that very week the regular truck driver was forced to leave school because of sickness. To John this

seemed the answer to the problem. The question now was whether or not the faculty could be persuaded to accept Tom for the position.

After several meetings and many private conferences Dean Morris was at last successful in getting the other members of the faculty to give the boy a chance. They asked him to tell Tom of their selection, and also to have a confidential talk with him concerning the responsibility of his new position.

"Tom, as you know, the school has been without a regular truck driver since Bill Tillman was called away. How would you like to have the job?" This question came as unexpectedly to Tom as a thunderbolt out of the blue.

"Would I like to have the job?" he almost shouted. But after a moment's thought he added: "Listen, dean, you don't mean it. You're just trying to fool me."

When the dean had assured him that he had been selected, he was quite

speechless, and listened in silence as he was reminded of the trust that the school was placing in him.

"Yes, sir," he said at last, "I think I realize what it all means, and I certainly appreciate your getting me the job. I *know* it must have been you, because no one else seems to be interested in me."

Tom quickly adapted himself to his new work and seemed to take his responsibility quite seriously. In fact, he proved himself so reliable that he was soon entrusted with sums of money to take to town for various purposes.

One afternoon several weeks later Tom was given thirty dollars with which to pay some bills. It so happened that the total came to only twenty-five dollars, and Tom was left with a balance of five dollars in his pocket. He was just leaving town when an old friend hailed him.

This friend insisted that he accom-

pany him to a certain gambling den. After several weak protests, Tom consented to go, supposedly to see two expert pool players put on an exhibition.

One thing led to another. Before he realized what had happened, he was inveigled into a card game, and soon he had lost all his own money. With a gambler's desperation, he attempted to win it back by playing the school's money, but without success.

When Tom came to his senses, he was terribly frightened by his deed. At first he did not know what to do, but he finally decided not to say anything about it and to trust to luck that he would get it paid back before any one checked the bills.

But he underestimated the efficiency of the business office. The very next day he was asked about the five dollars. He tried to fabricate the story, but for once in his life, at least, his glib tongue failed (*Turn to page 10*)

ONCE there was an old Negro preacher who had faith and confidence in God's word as it is written, and who knew the grace of God in truth. In his immediate vicinity lived a young man who had become interested in the subject of religion, and who had started to search the Scriptures. However, he had read but a few passages which an inspired apostle has declared "hard to be understood," when he decided to stop. What was written seemed unreasonable.

In this state of mind he went to visit the preacher, to seek instruction and help. It was noon on a sultry day in summer, and he found him busy in his cornfield. The preacher greeted his visitor cordially; then he leaned on the handle of his hoe as he listened to the young man's story. "Uncle Jake," said he, "I discovered recently that I am a great sinner, and I commenced reading my Bible to learn what I must do to be saved. But I have met with a passage here [holding up his Bible] which I know not what to do with. It is this: God will have 'mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth.' What does it mean?"

A short pause intervened, and then the old Negro replied as follows: "If I been rightly 'formed, it's been but a day or two since ya' begin to read de Bible. An' if I 'member rightly, de passage ya' read is away yonder in Romans. Jist begin at de beginnin', I 'vise ya'. Long 'fore ya' get to dat, at de very first ob de gospel, it say: 'Repent, for de kingdom ob heaven is at han'. De truf is, ya' done read 'tirely too fas'. Ya' must begin agin, at de beginnin', an' take things as God has pleased to place 'em. When ya' hab done all He done tole ya' to do in



Where to Begin

BY MARGARET COFFEY

Maffew, come back an' talk about Romans."

Having thus answered, the old preacher resumed his work, and left the young man to his own reflections.

Years later, when addressing a large audience of young people, a great evangelist told this story of his own experience, and of the influence that old Negro's simplicity and his sensible reply to his own hasty and impatient inquiry had upon his life. Said he, "I took his advice, and I even went farther—I started at Genesis! And that started me on my way to the ministry of the gospel of

Jesus Christ, for whom I have given my life in service."

"Our Master came to earth as He that serveth." The angels are ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation. And the same law of service is written upon all things in nature. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the trees of the forest, the leaves, the grass, the flowers, the sun in the heaven, and the stars of light, all have their ministry. Lake and ocean, river and water spring, each takes to give. As each thing in nature ministers thus to the world's life, it also secures its own. "Give, and it shall be given unto you," is the lesson written no less surely in nature than in the pages of Holy Writ.

I have learned, young friends, that God is merciful to all, but that only as we serve and receive from Him to give can we fully appreciate His love and mercy. The Bible will keep our hearts soft, and responsive to the Spirit's still small voice. But if we refuse to read it, our hearts will naturally turn hard and cold, for God's word is life, and to neglect it is death.

Uncle Jake's quaint advice contained words of wisdom, and I pass them on to you. If you want to make the most of your life, start at the very beginning. Give God your heart, your mind, your time, your ALL, at the beginning of your usefulness, in your youth. Serve Him wholeheartedly, and let Him lead you in the way of truth and helpfulness. And, behold, a strong and beautiful character will leave a path of good influence daily as you walk on your journey through this life.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,

When duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, I can."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



Gathered Treasure

Another Story of the Southern Mountains

BY M. MAE CARBERRY

MISS Ethel, deep in thought, walked very slowly through the woods toward home. The day had passed about as usual. Classes always followed one another in quick succession, for there were seven grades and twenty children in the little mountain church school which she taught. Henry had been stubborn, as usual. Stella had required extra help with her arithmetic. Clarence had made the day pleasant with his sweet smile and his loving ways. A neighbor's baby had toddled to the school while his mother was washing and had fallen asleep in Miss Ethel's arms as she taught the history class. Jessie Largin, a widow slightly younger than Miss Ethel, had become discouraged, and Miss Ethel had spent a half hour after school in an effort to encourage her to continue her work and to finish the eighth grade, so that she might be better prepared to support herself and little five-year-old Veda.

Miss Ethel loved the children. She liked to teach, but today she felt very lonely. Her parents had moved to the mountains to live with her so that she might have their company and protection, but, after all, they lived their life, and she lived hers, much as she enjoyed having them. She found her thoughts straying to the young man whom she had loved, and who loved her. She had broken the engagement because her family objected to her plans. Years had passed, and the wound had nearly healed; yet the

longing for love and companionship remained. She wanted some one all her own. The children of the school were her chief consolation. She knew they loved her; yet they had their own homes and their own loved ones. Outside of school she seldom saw them.

Thus thinking, she entered the house and glanced as usual at the letter rack in which her unopened mail was placed. There was a letter. There usually was something, and mail meant so much to her when most of her friends were far away. She opened the letter and read it thoughtfully. She seated herself at her desk and reread it:

"MY DEAR MISS ETHEL:

"I have heard of your good work among the people of the mountains. Perhaps you would like to do a very special work for the Lord along with your other work. How would you like to have a little girl?

"Little Glenna Lineberry will be five years old on January the fifth. She is very unhappy where she is. I must find a home for her at once. She is not a pretty child, but I believe with love and good training she will make a nice child.

"Please let me hear from you at once.

"Very sincerely yours,
"(MISS) VINNIE CALDWELL."

"How did she ever hear about me?" Miss Ethel asked herself. "Could I take a child? My parents might not like it. Glenna might not be the type of child mother likes."

Miss Ethel wanted to be alone. She wanted to think. She entered the kitchen, spoke to her mother, who was churning, took a drink of the delicious spring water, and then went upstairs. Many thoughts passed through her mind.

Why shouldn't she take a child? She had her own little home. Her small salary could be stretched to include the necessities of a little child. The child must have a home. Few people in the country could care for a child as well as she could. Possibly little Glenna was as lonely as she was. They could comfort one another. But above all arguments one stood out: "Mother might not like to have a child here." The home had been bought for her parents. It was to be their home as long as they wanted it. Two duties seemed to clash—her duty to her parents and her duty toward the little stranger who needed a home. She prayed earnestly, and she felt more and more impressed that the child was a precious jewel which the Lord wished to entrust to her keeping. If He wanted her to take the child, He could arrange all details. She felt helpless to decide such an important matter. She wanted help.

Soon she went downstairs to help with the evening chores. As she worked she found herself wondering if there was anything in the house that could be used for little dresses and other clothing.

After supper she quietly laid the letter out for her parents to read. The results were not very satisfactory. Her mother scoffed at the idea. Her father thought it unwise, though he said she must decide for herself.

Miss Ethel went to bed early, but she did not sleep. She seemed to see a tear-stained little face, a frail little body, a love-starved little soul, a little girl who needed her. She prayed again, and finally fell asleep.

The next day she found herself picturing a new and very small child playing at school with little Veda, who came each day with her mother and amused herself with books and crayons or played out of doors. Her little girl would have to be there, too. She could not be left at home if mother did not want her.



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTO

WINIFRED MALLERY

Among the Peaceful Mountains Ethel Found Joy in Service for Her Master

Miss Ethel went home after school and laid out various things which might be used for a little girl. She sat down and wrote a letter to the welfare worker. Her mind was made up. She could not resist this plea for help which came, not from Macedonia, but from a mountain mining camp. To tell her mother of her deci-

sion was likely to be a very trying experience. Taking a very large brown-cotton dress which had been sent to her to be used for the poor of the mountains, she walked quietly into the kitchen.

"Mother," she began, "do you think this would make two dresses for a five-year-old girl?"

A look of surprise and disapproval flashed over her mother's face. It wasn't often that Miss Ethel did anything against her parents' wishes. She usually changed any plan they did not approve, but this time nothing could change her resolution.

"Are you going to take that child?" was the impatient exclamation which answered her question.

"Yes; I'm sure I can take care of her, and she must have a home." Miss Ethel had expected that it would be hard to reconcile her mother. She walked back into the living room and began to work with paper and scissors. After she had made a satisfactory pattern, she began to cut up the brown dress. If she made the collars and cuffs of something else, she could get two dresses. This sudden new interest fascinated her. She forgot that any one objected to her plan.

After supper she remarked to her father: "Do you suppose Jessie would take me to Galax?" This was more to break the news to him than to gain information. He glanced at her keenly and asked, "Are you sure you really want the child?"

Miss Ethel knew she did want the child. Forgetting that she had asked a question, she put on her coat and ran lightly across the road to Jessie's home.

"Jessie," she began, after seating herself by the fireplace, "I am thinking of getting a playmate for Veda. Miss Caldwell has a little girl nearly five years old who needs a home, and I need her. Will you take me to Galax next week to get her?"

Jessie was surprised and much interested. "I surely will, Miss Ethel," she answered. "Won't it be fun—each having a five-year-old girl and living so close together? I wonder what she looks like. Veda Marie, would you like for Miss Ethel to get a little girl?"

Veda's bashful little smile answered.

The days passed swiftly. Two little brown dresses were finished, and a few things were borrowed from Jessie in case Glenna did not have clothes suitable to wear home. Miss Ethel's mother said little, though she offered a few suggestions concerning the clothes.

The eventful day arrived at last. Jessie's brother, Arnold, drove the car. They chatted merrily as they drove along, guessing much as to what Glenna would be like. They were soon at the house to which the welfare worker had directed them. A tall man met them at the door.

"Do you have a girl for me?" Miss Ethel asked gaily.

"No, I reckon not," was the blunt answer. Miss Ethel handed him a note from Miss Caldwell, which ordered him to deliver the child to her. He read it, frowned, and said, "Well, that little one (Turn to page 12)



A

Truthful Celebrity

BY H. T. CURTIS

AFTER reading, for so many years, the disgusting advertising of the various cigarettes in which noted athletes and famous actresses and singers tell the virtues of the brands in question, it is refreshing to hear one plain, truthful statement about them. We hear the testimonials, doubtless bought or forged, which say, "— are kind to my throat;" "I get a lift with a —;" "— do not frazzle my nerves;" and on through the various changes invented by skilled writers. Here is one on different lines.

In the Springfield (Missouri) *Daily News* of January 19, 1939, is an account of a visit of Dr. Glenn Cunningham of the Kansas University to the Southwestern Teachers' College at Springfield. Doctor Cunningham, who is twenty-nine years old, holds the world's record for running a mile in four minutes and four and four-tenths seconds. In his talk before the assembly at Teachers' College he revealed one factor in his attaining this record. Here is part of the story:

"He told running anecdotes with much humor, and the students laughed appreciatively. He ended with the story of how he established the world record. He could do it, he said, on the Dartmouth track, because a crowd of thirty-eight hundred persons all, without exception and to the last man, acceded to the request, 'Please refrain from smoking.'"

"The air was clean, and that made possible the effort," he said. It was not possible to set a new world's record in Madison Square Garden, though the three greatest American runners were competing, because there were "sixteen or eighteen thou-

sand nervous New Yorkers, all puffing like steam engines," and the air was blue with smoke. Later in his address, Dr. Cunningham said, "Any athlete can't possibly reach the heights if he smokes or drinks, no matter how little." Afterward he said privately, "That goes for soft drinks, too." Smoking and drinking "pull you down, mentally and physically," and an athlete who indulges "will always lie down sometime during the competition. I know, because I have run with them, and I have run against them, when it takes every ounce of energy possible. Then he's licked. He gives up."

"That's why you always find the college athlete who drinks or smokes, in team sports. In these, he can lie down nine tenths of the time and let the team carry him; and then, with one brilliant play, he can fool the people. He doesn't go in for individual sports, like boxing and wrestling and track and swimming—because it would show him up."

This voluntary statement from a man of Doctor Cunningham's standing should carry more weight with a young person tempted to begin any of these injurious practices than many pages of purchased testimonials given by unknown actresses who are seeking only fame and money. The mention of "soft drinks" should also be impressive, as many do not know of their subtle injury from the drugs which enter into their composition. For refreshing drinks, no commercial concoctions can equal pure water, milk, and fruit juices. Those who wish to make real growth and advancement, and do real work, will adhere strictly to these:

Starting the LAST MESSAGE on Its Way

BY HENRY ARGENT



James White Carrying the First Edition of *Present Truth* in a Carpetbag From Rocky Hill, Connecticut, to Middletown

OF the many who were disappointed when Jesus did not appear in 1844 but few maintained their faith in the prophecy. Even these were divided. Some believed that they had miscalculated. They therefore endeavored to find new dates for the Lord's coming.

One small company, after searching the Inspired Word again, could see no reason for altering the interpretation of the time. Events were too clearly defined; dates were too well marked to be misunderstood. As they prayerfully searched the Scriptures, their minds were enlightened by the Spirit of God and they found that certain events had to take place before the Saviour could return.

The judgment-hour message had to be taken to all the world; three angels had to fly in the midst of heaven and take the everlasting gospel of the kingdom to every kindred, tongue, and people "for a witness unto all nations" before the end could come.

But the company which was confronted with this gigantic task numbered less than a hundred; and only three of them taught the truth publicly, and two of these were not able to give full time to the work, for lack of money.

They had, however, had some experience in the value of the printed page. In the spring of 1844 a Mrs. Rachel Preston, who was not at that

time one with them in looking for the coming King, had brought to the little company some tracts and papers which called attention to the claims of the Sabbath of the Bible, and they had decided, as always, to follow the leading of the word. Mrs. Preston, equally wholehearted, gladly accepted the news of a soon-coming Saviour.

It was not surprising, therefore, that this handful of zealots with a mighty message turned to the press to multiply and scatter it.

The first literature that they issued was just a tiny leaflet of less than a thousand words, addressed "To the Remnant Scattered Abroad."

It was merely a single sheet, and only two hundred fifty copies were printed; but the "Spirit of life from God" was in its message.

A little later in the same year, 1846, Joseph Bates wrote a booklet of forty pages on "The Opening Heavens," in which he emphasized the literal, personal coming of Jesus. The manner of its publication is indicative of the faith of that group of believers. It is said that there was no money available to pay a printer.

Undaunted, Captain Bates finished

his writing and prayed about the printing. A woman who had just made a carpet to cover her bare floor sold it instead of using it, and gave the money to print the booklet, saying that she could easily make another carpet.

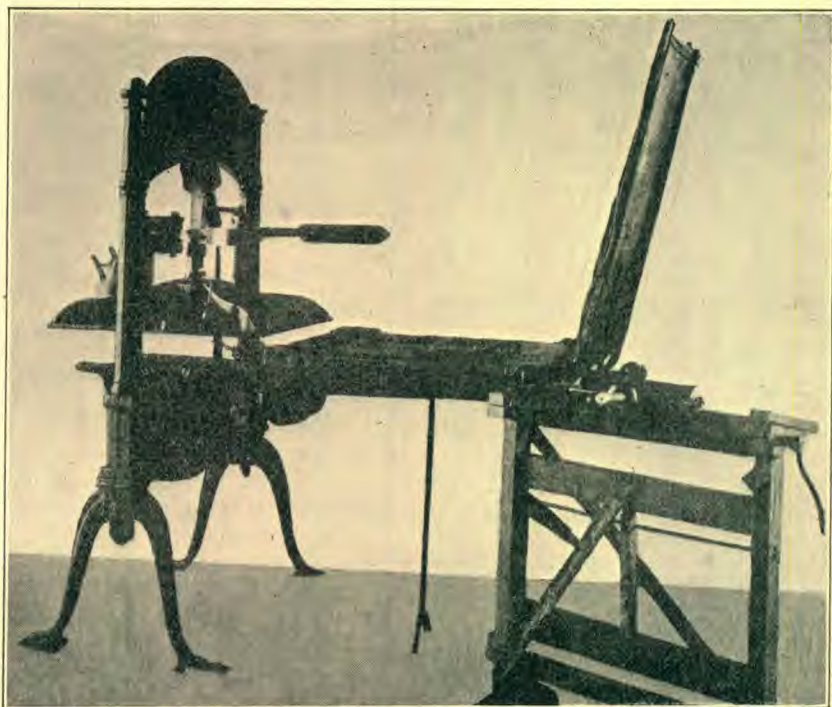
At a later time a young widow sold her house and gave the money necessary to publish a small book.

In this way every member of that company pulled his weight, and as a result many tracts, books, and pamphlets were issued. Thus the press was used to rally the forces of truth.

Wherever they went these advent believers carried the printed pages. Joseph Bates and H. S. Gurney traveled extensively in the United States holding meetings, and everywhere they left literature containing the last message to the world.

And in a little while Captain Bates was able to write, "So you see, dear brother, that in places where all seemed dark and dreary a few weeks since, light is now springing up. Then let all the swift messengers that God has called, and is still calling, into the field, to give the loud cry of the third angel, move forward."

Very soon regu- (Turn to page 13)



The Original Washington Hand Press

Straws

(Continued from page 4)

formance of small tasks has caused many a man to rise above his fellows. "He who has the clearest, intensest vision of what is at issue in the great battle of life, and who quits himself in it most manfully, will be the first to acknowledge that for him there has been no approach to victory except by the faithful doing day by day of the work which lay at his threshold."

Whether it is a Moses or a Lincoln, a Saint Paul or a Washington, a Queen Esther or a Florence Nightingale, the road to greatness is by the way of the gate called Little Things and the road known as Trifles.

Taking advantage of the little things, or being able to discern opportunities in the hour and the task—this has made heroes and heroines; this has filled the world with inventions, this has imparted wisdom, and has lifted the world above slavery and oppression. This is the seed of civilization and the life of the church.

Then happy indeed is that man who discerns in little things, opportunities for doing good for the sake of his own spiritual advancement in character building. But beyond that the little things in nature and in life will whisper to him of the Infinite and point him to things eternal. Thus will his life be one of physical, mental, and spiritual progress. And at its end he will receive "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."



One Answer

(Continued from page 1)

tainly a moment taken to look up an answer in a book cannot possibly do as much to strengthen faith and character as an hour spent in communion with our Saviour.

Yet God, even in His written word, has not left us in the dark. The Bible does not mention your name or mine. But there isn't a single question relative to your life or mine that isn't answered there. The Bible is a book of principles. And when you have found the principle which applies to your case, then you have found your answer.

To every one who has a problem of guidance, there is one answer—because there is one principle applying to all, whether the question to be answered be simple or most complicated. God's answer—His one answer—is: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him."

But we don't ask God. We ask men and women who are as erring and as unable to help us as we are to help ourselves. God would have us obtain human counsel, true; but He would not have us depend upon it exclusive of Him. Only when we have brought that counsel to God, and have received His approval of it, should we proceed in accordance with it.

"We cannot depend for counsel upon humanity. The Lord will teach us our duty just as willingly as He will teach somebody else. If we come to Him in faith, He will speak His mysteries to us personally."

We are to depend upon an unerring God. And through the study of His word, through His providences in our lives—if we study, if we listen, if we watch—He will lead us in a course as true to the chart He has made for us as if He were with us, as He was with Israel of old, in the pillar of fire.

But three things are necessary on our part if we are to receive the help we need. We must ask. And we must ask in faith so strong that it does not even

waver. If we are to receive, we must put ourselves in right relation to God. And we must get rid of sin. "If I regard iniquity in my heart," says the psalmist, "the Lord will not hear me."

Most of us doubt—that is why we do not receive. If there were any reasons to doubt, we might list them, and study them, and try to eliminate them. But there aren't any reasons. If God were not wise enough to help us, there would be a reason. If God were not strong enough to help us, there would be a reason. If God did not love us enough to help us, there would be a reason. But God is all wise, He is all powerful, and He is love such as we cannot comprehend. And yet, in reality, when we show a lack of faith in our heavenly Father,

we are doubting either the wisdom, or the power, or the love, of God. What a sandy foundation for our unbelief.

But upon the Rock Christ Jesus we may build a faith that will not depend for its life upon feeling, or upon sight, or upon reality. Living faith does not believe God when the fog has lifted, and doubt Him when it falls. "Faith is believing God when we think we know He is lying." And to that kind of faith will be shown, in any emergency, what is the will of God.

"No excuse can be accepted . . . for the failure to know and understand the will of the Lord." "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."

"Those who study the Bible, counsel with God, and rely upon Christ, will be enabled to act wisely at all times, and under all circumstances."

"Our heavenly Father has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing. Those who accept the one principle of making the service of God supreme, will find perplexities vanish, and a plain path before their feet."

God has His answer—one answer. Until you find it, "do your best in the work that lies nearest to you. Be sure you are willing to be led. Then watch the indications of His providence."

Above all, keep asking. And be your problem, or your life, ever so tangled, never, never be content until God has given you that one answer suited to your need—the one answer which He Himself has selected for you from the thousand at His command.



Tom Makes a Decision

(Continued from page 6)

him. He did not have any plausible excuse for the loss of the money. At last he was forced to admit that he had spent it, although he stoutly maintained that he had intended to repay it.

As the result of this episode the school was again without a truck driver, and Tom was without his special privileges. The faculty was in favor of expelling him, but thanks to the pleading of Dean Morris that he be given another chance, the sentence was suspended.

The loss of his position was a hard blow to Tom. It seemed for a while that it would make a change in his life. However, he soon drifted back into his old ways and became the same careless, unthinking, irreligious boy that he had been at the beginning of the year.

About this time the young men of North Hall began to miss small amounts of money and other articles that they left lying around in their rooms. John heard of these losses, but thought little about them, since he was not the victim.

However, one Sabbath morning as he counted his tithe before putting it into an envelope, he was very much surprised to find that he had seventy-five cents less than he had calculated.

On second thought he decided that he had made a mistake in his figures.

But the next two weeks he noticed a little shortage also. By that time he was positive that some one was stealing a part of his tithe. He did not mention his loss to any one, but determined to find the culprit if it was at all possible.

He decided that the unknown thief was entering his room on Friday afternoon while he was at work, since he seldom put his tithe in the jar before Thursday night. John therefore arranged his work so that he could (Turn to page 13)



—The ordinance of baptism is closely associated with conversion.

"Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you . . . for the remission of sins." Acts 2:38.

—The experience of Paul and Silas with the Philippian jailer is concrete proof of this.

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, . . . and they spake unto him the word of the Lord. . . . And he took them [Paul and Silas] the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized." Acts 16:30-33.

—Christian baptism signifies the washing away of sin.

"Arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." Acts 22:16.

—This rite is symbolic of washing with Jesus' blood, which was shed on Calvary's cross for sinners.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Rev. 1:5.

—Baptism should be administered in the name of the Trinity.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28:19.

—Believers baptized into Christ put on Christ.

"As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ." Gal. 3:27.

—This means that baptism commemorates Christ's death.

"Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death?" Rom. 6:3.

—It also commemorates His burial and resurrection.

"We are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Rom. 6:4.

"If we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him." Rom. 6:8.

—Jesus Himself was baptized at the beginning of His earthly ministry.

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him. . . . And Jesus, when He was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him: and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3:13-17.

—Being united with Christ through the experience of baptism is a wonderful privilege.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Col. 3:1.



CAMERA TRAILS PHOTO

R. E. BRAUER

Jump!

By Evelyn Kraft

IMAGINE yourself at a station ready to board one of the trains that run throughout the island empire of Japan. Crowds of natives surround you. Short, yellow-skinned, black-haired people are hurrying homeward in anticipation of that bowl of steaming-hot rice. It is a pushing, crowding throng.

One evening in such a station a young American woman, the only one of her race, stood waiting for her train. She was a beautiful woman, not very tall, not very short, standing there in the bloom of her maturity, a strong, very straight figure, of easy, free carriage. Her face glowed with the vigor and strength of life; dark-brown eyes were shaded by gracefully arched brows; a very expressive and changeable mouth was hers. As she stood there, gazing at the people for whom she had given her life, a look of longing and pity came over her face.

For she was the wife of a young missionary who had left his home in America that he might give the word of God to these people who knew it not.

Their abode on the compound had been made into a cozy little home. And on this particular evening Mrs. Wilson was on her way home from a long, hard day of Harvest Ingathering. As she had solicited funds, words of cheer and comfort as well as truth-filled literature had been left for future fruit bearing. It had been a very successful day for Mrs. Wilson, and she had a light heart as she stood waiting for her train.

And then it thundered to a stop. Before she knew it she had been swept into the car with the oncoming crowd. There was not a place to sit down, and after that hard day's work! It would be about forty-five minutes before she reached her station. However, some one would be getting out in just a few minutes, and then she would have a seat. Sure enough, there was a vacant place now.

As the lights whizzed by outside, Mrs. Wilson's mind went back to a little home nestled in America's Rocky Mountains, where a dear, sweet-faced mother was perhaps praying for her now.

But she was reminded that she was yet in Japan when the train slowed down and pulled into the next station, and great was her surprise to see her neighbor, a fellow missionary's wife, and their little son, standing on the platform. A

wave of recognition was returned. Her neighbor rushed to the car door to make a request, "Please do me a favor. Will you take Victor home with you? I have another appointment to meet and would appreciate it very much."

"Why, yes, of course, I should be glad to do that for you," was her reply.

Mrs. Wilson and Victor waved goodbye to Victor's mother as the train left the station. The boy was a good-natured little chap, and it was not difficult, as they sped swiftly over the shiny tracks, for Mrs. Wilson to keep him entertained with her interesting, exciting stories.

Moreover, he loved to look out into the darkness and see the cheery lights as the train sped rapidly by them. Again Mrs. Wilson's mind went back to her little home in the Rockies and to her girlhood days and her dreams of

the future. Somehow she had never then pictured herself in a far-off country with no chance of having a little bungalow home of her own nestled in an old-fashioned flower garden.

The train slackened its speed as if it were coming to another station. "What is the matter?" queried Victor. "There is no station." And sure enough, there was not a station in sight! What could be the matter? The question was soon dismissed from Mrs. Wilson's mind, however, when she remembered that the trains had done that before, perhaps to let some workman on. The other passengers did not seem to be excited; so she composed herself.

It so happened that Mrs. Wilson and Victor were in the front car, and in a very few minutes the conductor stepped from his compartment very much excited.

"Everybody get off this train at once!" he cried, "another train is coming on the same track; if you want to save your lives, get off!" The people were all confused, and did not know what to do. Mrs. Wilson was frightened, for she had Victor, and he was not her child.

"What is the matter? I am scared," cried Victor.

Mrs. Wilson did her best to calm her little charge, but to no avail.

At this moment the doors of the car were thrown open, and the conductor ordered, "Jump!" Everybody around her was jumping, but how could she



Your Master Comrade Says-



Animal Study

Some of the happiest times in childhood, or even in adulthood, are those spent with pets. Of course, almost every child has a cat or a dog at some time or other, but any experiences with wild animals are very interesting. Perhaps you have found a rabbit, a squirrel, or a chipmunk that has been hurt, and nursed it back to health, and had a fine little pet as a reward.

While widening a road, some men shoveled right into a nest of baby squirrels in a sand bank. One of them had half its tail cut off. It was given to a little girl who loved animals. The little creature was fed milk with a medicine dropper. Soon its tail was healed, and it became an affectionate little pet. When the squirrel was fully grown, the girl's father urged her to release the little fellow in the woods, that he might live in the wild—his real habitat. Although he was taken far away, by the time the little girl reached home, her wild friend was already there. However, since it was no longer treated as a pet, it soon found a mate, built a nest close to the house, and raised a family. For years the little creature with but half a tail lived close by and was observed by its friends.

Animals need not be put in a cage in order to be enjoyed. In fact, they are much happier in their own habitat—the woods. In winter, food can be put out for them, and as they come in search of food from time to time, they soon become friendly and will come right up to a person and eat from his hand. Of course, one must develop patience and kindness in order to have a little wild creature become friendly with him. Also by hiking through the woods you may often locate the homes of animals. By just sitting on a rock or log close by and being quiet and observant, you will learn much about these little creatures of the wild. You can learn much about wild animals and their habits, and where to find them, by reading the many books to be found in all libraries.

If you live where there are woods, you will have much fun in working out the Vocational Honor requirements in Animal Study. These requirements can be found in the "Junior Handbook," or the "Master Comrade Manual."

jump, with Victor? If anything happened to him, she would never be able to forgive herself. As she stood in front of an open door, these thoughts rushed madly through her mind. Everybody was out now; she and Victor were the only ones left. If she jumped, where would she land? If she were alone, it would be so much easier to decide what to do.

Maybe it would mean her death, for the train was still moving, and who knew what was awaiting her out there in the darkness? Then with an earnest prayer to the Father above for protection, she said to Victor as she tucked her purse under her arm, "Hold tight to my hand. Ask Jesus to keep us safe." And together they jumped off into that awful dark unknown. It seemed as if they would never reach the ground! But at last they reached the friendly earth, which never before had seemed more friendly than now.

Where was Victor? She soon found him standing a little way off, crying, but unhurt. Now where was her purse? In it was the Lord's money, and she must find that. A friendly voice was heard behind her, its owner offering help. Mrs. Wilson turned to look into the face of a kind Japanese man. His reassuring smile soon put her at ease again. The purse was found with the aid of a flashlight.

The train had stopped, but now they must get out of the way. If it should be wrecked it might fall on them. They could already see the headlight of the other train speeding down the track. It came closer and closer. Mrs. Wilson held her breath. The train rushed by, and nothing happened. There had been a mistake. It was on the other track. The people were safe; the train was undamaged.

The friendly gentleman helped Mrs. Wilson and Victor back to the car they had left. After she thanked him gratefully, he disappeared into the darkness.

This time there was a prayer of thanksgiving and praise in the heart of the young American woman as she sped homeward unhurt, and happy.

God *does* care for His children, no matter where they are serving Him around the wide circle of the world.

And as tenderly as He cares for others, He cares for *you*.



JEAN and Uncle Dan had just made a snowman when grandfather came along and suggested that they give him a birthday party.

"Who would come?" wondered Jean.

"You just ask grandmother to let you make a birthday cake for Mr. Snowman, and then bring it out and set it on this board in his arms, and you'll be surprised to see how many guests will come," laughed Uncle Fred.

"That's a fine idea," agreed grandmother, "but this will be a different kind of cake from the one you helped me make for *your* birthday. First you may grind this suet and put it on the stove to melt. Then while it is cooling you may crack nuts and put them through the food grinder, with apples and carrots."

"What a queer cake," thought Jean,

but she did as grandmother directed, and before the suet was entirely cool she mixed with it the nuts, apples, and carrots she had ground, and also some grain.

Then she ran out to put the birthday cake in place and to invite the guests to the party. The invitations were crumbs scattered on the snow around Mr. Snowman.

Back to the house she hurried when this was done and took her place at the kitchen window to see what bird would come first, for of course it was to be a bird party. Jean had guessed that long before the cake was finished.

"Look, Uncle Dan, grandfather, grandmother," she called excitedly, "here's the first guest. Oh, what is it?"

"A junco," grandmother told her.

Then came a whole flock of sparrows, and a nuthatch, and a woodpecker—and oh, ever and ever so many bird friends. So the snowman had plenty of guests at his party to help him enjoy his birthday cake.

And Jean learned a lesson that she has never forgotten. Our bird friends get very hungry sometimes when winter snows cover the ground, and it is a pleasure and a privilege to feed them.



PERSISTENCY WINS

The divine promise is given us: "What things soever ye **DESIRE**, when ye pray, . . . ye shall have." How much of our praying is vague and pointless. How many wishes are sent up for a short time and then forgotten, or sent up year after year as a matter of duty, while we rest content with the prayer without the answer. F. B. Meyer says: "We are not specific enough in prayer; and we do not spend time enough in intercession, dwelling with holy ardor on each beloved name, and on each heart-rending case. What wonder that we achieve so little!"

A Christian woman was very anxious that her unconverted husband should accept Christ as his personal Saviour. She determined that she would pray for her husband's conversion every day for twelve months, and this she did. At the end of this time the husband had not yielded, neither did he show any signs of being under conviction.

Then she resolved to keep on praying daily for six months longer. Still there was no change. Should she give up now?

"No," she said, "I will pray for him as long as God gives me breath."

That very day the answer came. Her husband came home to dinner, but instead of eating, he retired to his room. After waiting a long time, the wife went to see what detained him. On entering his room, she found her husband on his knees, pleading with God for mercy. It was not long until the man was thoroughly converted, and became an earnest Christian worker.

This woman sought and found, asked and received, knocked and it was opened unto her: for she continued asking until the answer came.—Selected.

Gathered Treasure

(Continued from page 8)

there," pointing to a group of children playing in the garden.

They all looked. The little one referred to was very small and very dirty. She had a sweet but very sad little face. Miss Ethel went to her and tried to take the child in her arms, but she drew back, frightened.

"Don't you want to be my little girl? I have a great big dolly at home and lots of nice things for a little girl to play with." The child began to cry. Miss Ethel felt helpless. A woman came out of the house and took little Glenna's hand firmly in hers, saying, "Come; get cleaned up. You are going with this woman and be her girl."

There was much weeping as little Glenna was washed and dressed. She had few clothes. Miss Ethel found it necessary to use some of the garments she had borrowed. The child continued to weep as they climbed into the car.

"We shall go to see your mother," promised Miss Ethel. There was no answer. The child's little back was turned squarely to them, and she was gazing out of the window. Miss Ethel's heart ached for the little stranger who was to be hers. Veda smiled continually as though pleased with a new toy. Arnold and Jessie watched the straight little back. Suddenly there was an outburst of song from the unseen lips. Smiles broadened on all faces as the song continued. The tune was perfect.

There was a brief stop at the hospital to say good-by to Glenna's sick mother, who was giving up her baby now, so that she would be cared for after her mother was gone. It was necessary to purchase a few things which little Glenna needed. Miss Ethel's heart glowed with pleasure as she saw her small charge run swiftly to open the door for a janitor who was cleaning the store windows. She hid a smile as Glenna gave Veda a tiny bite of a candy bar and quickly ate the remainder herself.

It was becoming more and more evident that Glenna was a very active child, and Miss Ethel was beginning to wonder how she would manage. Her mother especially disliked children who were too active. Very little was said as they entered the house. A neighbor had sent for Miss Ethel to treat her sick husband. The little one was put to bed early, after Miss Ethel explained that she might get sick, too, if she went where the sick man was. Miss Ethel left with her father on the errand of mercy.

The next day was a trying one for every one. Glenna seemed to be everywhere at once. She opened everything she could open, stopped the clock, emptied the wastebasket, pulled the cat's tail, and even climbed to the very top of a tall tree. Miss Ethel was amused as she entered the living room to hear a small voice saying, "You all'll make me git out o' here if you see me." Glenna was exploring a basket of her mother's.

It was the same at school. There was a constant struggle to keep Glenna out of mischief. She was so amusing that frequent outbursts of laughter from the children were unavoidable.

Days passed. Miss Ethel became more and more attached to this bright, mischievous bit of neglected humanity. Her father admired the child more as her boyish bob grew into a short straight bob, and her manners improved with her appearance. Her mother said little except to insist that the child leave her things strictly alone.

Then came a perplexing time. Miss Ethel was asked to spend a few days caring for the dying husband of one of her former pupils. What could she do

with Glenna? She wouldn't ask her mother to keep her. She quietly got ready to go, and decided to ask Jessie to keep her, since she would be caring for Jessie's brother-in-law. They were ready to start. Nothing had been said to Glenna about going or staying. When Miss Ethel reached for Glenna's coat, suddenly the little girl ran across the room, climbed into Mrs. Pears's lap, and, putting both arms around her neck, announced firmly, "I'm going to stay with mother. I might get sick if I go where the sick man is."

Miss Ethel stood perplexed. Her mother smiled. "I think it would be better to leave her here," she said.

Glenna had won her place in the home. Miss Ethel was more and more delighted with the child as years passed and she saw how very bright and talented she was. She found the gap in her life filled by her love for the child. She became a better teacher because she understood better the problems parents have to solve. As she later left her mountain work to teach in other places, the child continued to be a pleasure to her. She felt that although she could not always live in the midst of the mountain people she loved so much, yet through her work for this child of the mountains she could always be near them.

Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Do you think it is wrong to sell our literature in public houses, and use the money for a college education?

To sell literature in "public houses," or what we term in some countries saloons, bars, drinking places, or taverns, can scarcely be condemned. But we believe that this work should be delegated only to men and women of years and of strong, well-developed character. Many of the people who go to these centers can scarcely be contacted at any other place, and to many it is home. Not only the husband, but even the wife and the children are there. Surely those who live in such surroundings, as well as those who congregate there, need the gospel brought personally to their attention. Few of them will ever search it out by coming to us. Who is better prepared to do this type of ministry than the colporteur evangelist whose work has been designated as that of hunting and fishing for souls?

Now as to the question of who should do this type of work, surely it would not be proper to send young, inexperienced girls, no matter how great their desire to secure an education, under the pretext that "public houses" furnish a fruitful field for ready sales. If women work this type of territory, they should be women of mature years, who have an experience that would qualify them for doing properly this particular type of work. It is preferable, also, for two women to work together.

With the widespread intemperance among the youth, these centers of vice, wickedness, and debauchery are more and more becoming gathering places not only for men, but for boys and girls. We very seriously question the advisability of our young boys' being sent into this type of place to sell our literature. The temptations met with constitute too great a danger to those of little experience. While we recognize these places as part of our missionary field of work, in closing let me repeat that we believe this work should be delegated only to men and women of years and of strong, well-developed character. C. E. WEAKS.

Starting the Last Message on Its Way

(Continued from page 9)

lar periodicals appeared: the *Present Truth* in 1849; the *Review and Herald* in 1850; and the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* in 1852. The first *INSTRUCTOR* article outlined its ideals: "Although the world never was so full of books and papers as at the present time," it said, "yet there is but very little written that is calculated to lead the youth to feel the need of a Saviour, and to impress them with the importance of shunning vice, and living a virtuous, sober, and holy life."

It contained also warnings which are even more timely today than when they were written: "The young at this day, are exposed to many evils and dangers, . . . are receiving impressions and forming characters for eternal life or for death, in an unfortunate age of the world, when spiritual darkness like the pall of death, is spread over the earth. Pride is fostered; self-will, anger, and malice are not timely and faithfully rebuked."

And there was this appeal to parents: "We must have your help . . . for the salvation of children entrusted to your care."

Just a few months before the *INSTRUCTOR* appeared, the need of publishing the message had been so impressed on the little company at a prayer meeting that they had decided to secure type and a press of their own.

A woman sold her only cow, Hiram Edson sold his farm, others gave in a similar manner, and the equipment was bought. Small, very small, was that first plant. The press, somewhat like that used by the pioneers of printing, was operated by hand and called for the services of a "roller boy" to apply the ink. But the sacrificing ones, as they stood around to see the first sheets printed, looked forward to the time when publications from consecrated presses should be "scattered like the leaves of autumn."

The organization of the publishing work made necessary the naming of this devoted company. Thus the Seventh-day Adventist Publishing Association became the first denominational institution.

A few months later, in the autumn of 1861, churches were organized into conferences, and in 1863 the General Conference was formed.

Meanwhile the press had been gathering strength. A larger building had been secured and a faster press installed. The spirit of self-sacrifice was still manifest in the establishing of the publishing work. When a steam press was needed, a farmer sold a yoke of oxen in order to help buy it.

In the years before 1867 the press had spoken in one language only, but in that year it learned a new tongue, Danish-Norwegian. Thus was typified the time when it should speak to all nations in their own tongues the message of the other angel who came down from heaven, having great power, and who lightened the earth with his glory.

Tom Makes a Decision

(Continued from page 10)

have the next Friday afternoon free.

When that time came, he was not at work—he was in his clothes closet. He had waited until practically every one was out of the dormitory; then he had slipped back into his room and into the closet. There he prepared himself for a long vigil, for he was determined to catch the thief.

He did not, however, have to wait long. Soon he heard footsteps approaching his room. The door swung silently on its hinges and in stepped his roommate. John was about to call out to him when Tom went to the dresser and picked up John's little tithe jar and removed part of the money.

John sat bolt upright in order to think more clearly. "Now what should I do?" he mused to himself. "If I report this, it will mean that Tom will be expelled, because he is on probation."

Unable to come to any conclusion, he knelt down and asked his all-wise heavenly Friend for guidance. At the close of his prayer he felt impressed to give Tom still another chance to make good. He also vowed that he would redouble his own efforts in trying to bring his roommate to his senses.

One day a short time later, the Bible doctrines class had as their assignment a lesson on honesty, and the evil of stealing. As both Tom and John were members of this class, they usually studied the lesson together. On this particular evening they had almost finished the assignment when Tom, with no



Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D.C.

Exchange

Use Commemoratives on Your Exchange Letters

(In sending requests to this column, please give your age—junior or senior—and the size of your collection. Collectors must have at least 500 stamps, with duplicates for trade, before they may enter their names here. To beginners we will send FREE a small package of stamps, and instructions for starting a collection. A penny postcard will start your package on the way.)

Harvey Miller, Apartado 568, Ciudad Trujillo, Republica Dominicana (junior, 500 stamps), would like to receive stamps from Europe and the Orient, especially Japan, China, Germany, and Italy. He would also like some Special Delivery stamps from the United States. He offers in exchange stamps from the Dominican Republic, Cuba, Jamaica, Argentina, Canal Zone, and other countries.

P. K. William Berg, Olovsgatan 18, Stockholm, Sweden, (senior, 5,000 stamps), has stamps from Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, which he would like to trade on catalogue basis. (Yvert and Tellier-Champion.) (Thanks for the stamps, Mr. Berg.)

George Harrison, P.O. Box 69, Bowling Green, Ohio, (senior, 2,500 stamps), has stamps from United States, France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy. He would like to hear from collectors in the Philippines, Hawaii, and the South Sea Islands.

George Vrahnos, 55 Jefferson Street, Albany, New York, (senior, 2,000 stamps), wishes to trade with any one in any part of the world, especially those who live outside the United States. He has stamps from Greece, Germany, France, Cyprus, Hungary, and many other countries.

explanation and no apparent reason, got up and left the room.

John was surprised and not a little curious. However, by the look on Tom's face, he knew that he wished to be left alone. He was sure that Tom had gone out for that reason, and he prayed that he would make the right decision.

The lights had been out for almost half an hour when he returned, but John was still awake. After feeling his way carefully across the room, Tom sat down on the edge of John's bed. He sat there for several minutes before he broke the silence; then he said, "I've made my decision."

More silence; then, "John, I want you to forgive me. It is I who have been taking things here in the dormitory, and I even went so far as to take some of your tithe money. I haven't been happy. When I studied this lesson tonight, I knew that I wanted to change. I want to be a Christian, but I don't know how to begin. If you will just pray for me right now, I know the Lord will show me the way."

"Tom, I'm glad that you've made this decision, and I know our heavenly Father is, too. Let's kneel down and ask Him for strength."

After brief but earnest prayers to the never-failing Helper, both boys went to bed with light hearts, one knowing that his prayers had been answered; the other with an assurance that all was clear between him and God.

when the man believed that he was healed. It is so if you believe it. . . .

"Through this simple act of believing God, the Holy Spirit has begotten a new life in your heart. You are as a child born into the family of God, and He loves you as He loves His Son."—"Steps to Christ," pp. 55, 56.

8. How is one described who accepts Christ? 2 Cor. 5:17.

NOTE.—"Like the wind, which is invisible, yet the effects of which are plainly seen and felt, is the Spirit of God in its work upon the human heart. That regenerating power, which no human eye can see, begets a new life in the soul; it creates a new being in the image of God. While the work of the Spirit is silent and imperceptible, its effects are manifest. If the heart has been renewed by the Spirit of God, the life will bear witness to the fact."—*Id.*, pp. 61, 62.

9. In becoming a new creature, of whose nature do we partake? What must we do? 2 Peter 1:4; 1 John 3:1-3.

NOTE.—"All who are indeed united to Christ by living faith will be partakers of the divine nature. They will be constantly receiving from Him spiritual life, and they cannot be silent.

"Life always shows itself in action. If the heart is living, it will send the life-blood to every part of the body. Those whose hearts are filled with spiritual life, will not need to be urged to reveal it. The divine life will flow forth from them in rich currents of grace. As they pray, as they speak, and as they labor, God is glorified."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 443.

10. What does Christ desire concerning His church? Eph. 5:25-27.

11. Who is the father of this family of Christian believers? Therefore, whose name does this family bear? Matt. 6:9; Eph. 3:14, 15.

12. From what should all depart who bear this family name? How should we do all things? 2 Tim. 2:19, last part; 1 Cor. 10:31.

13. How will the remnant church be distinguished at Christ's coming? Rev. 14:1; 22:4.

SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI

Place a / in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

JUNIOR

I—The Call of Samuel

(April 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Samuel 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. 3:9.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 572-582.

QUESTIONS

1. What did Samuel continue to do as he remained in the temple with Eli? 1 Sam. 3:1.

2. What came to pass one night? Verses 2-4.

3. Who did Samuel think had called him? What did he do? What did Eli say? Verse 5.

4. How was this experience repeated? Verse 6.

5. What did Samuel not yet know? Verse 7.

NOTE.—Samuel knew the word of God in the form in which the Israelites had it, but he was not acquainted with the way in which God at times spoke to His prophets. The call to Samuel was repeated, for God saw that his failure to respond properly was not prompted by a spirit of disobedience, but because he did not know who had called him. The promptness with which he ran to Eli each time, showed his willingness to obey.

6. When the Lord called the third time, what did Samuel again do? What did Eli then understand? Verse 8.

7. What instructions did he give Samuel? Verse 9.

8. What then came to pass? Verse 10.

NOTE.—"So awed was he at the thought that the great God should speak to him, that he could not remember the exact words which Eli bade him say."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 581.

9. What did the Lord say concerning the thing that He would do in Israel? Verse 11.

10. Against whom was this to be done?

What had the Lord already told Eli? What was Eli's great sin? Verses 12-14.

NOTE.—"Eli was an indulgent father. Loving peace and ease, he did not exercise his authority to correct the evil habits and passions of his children. Rather than contend with them or punish them, he would submit to their will, and give them their own way. . . . They had no proper appreciation of the character of God or of the sacredness of His law. His service was to them a common thing. . . . The father had not corrected their want of reverence for his authority, had not checked their disrespect for the solemn services of the sanctuary. . . . Though wholly unfit for the office, they were placed as priests in the sanctuary to minister before God. . . . Eli had greatly erred in permitting his sons to minister in holy office."—*Id.*, pp. 575-577.

11. What was Samuel afraid to do? How urgent was Eli's request that Samuel should tell him all that the Lord had said? Verses 15-17.

NOTE.—"Samuel was filled with fear and amazement at the thought of having so terrible a message committed to him. In the morning he went about his duties as usual, but with a heavy burden upon his young heart. The Lord had not commanded him to reveal the fearful denunciation, hence he remained silent, avoiding, as far as possible, the presence of Eli. He trembled, lest some question should compel him to declare the divine judgments against one whom he loved and revered. Eli was confident that the message foretold some great calamity to him and his house. He called Samuel, and charged him to relate faithfully what the Lord had revealed. The youth obeyed, and the aged man bowed in humble submission to the appalling sentence."—*Id.*, p. 582.

12. How much did Samuel then tell his aged friend? How did Eli show his trust in the Lord? Verse 18.

13. What experience did Samuel continue to have? What did all Israel know him to be? Verses 19-21.

NOTE.—"If children were taught to regard the humble round of everyday duties as the course marked out for them by the Lord, as a school in which they were to be trained to render faithful and efficient service, how much more pleasant and honorable would their work appear. To perform every duty as unto the Lord, throws a charm around the humblest employment, and links the workers on earth with the holy beings who do God's will in heaven. . . .

"The youth of our time may become as precious in the sight of God as was Samuel. . . . God has a work for every one of them."—*Id.*, p. 574.

Things to Think About

God is calling every child.
He calls through His word.
He calls through His Holy Spirit.
Various providences show that He is calling.

The YOUTH'S Instructor

Issued by

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

LORA E. CLEMENT EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND S. A. WELLMAN
J. E. WEAVER FREDERICK LEE

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

United States and Canada: Yearly subscription, \$1.95; six months, \$1.15; two to four copies to one address, one year, each \$1.75; in clubs of five or more, one year, each \$1.70; six months, 95 cents.

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Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

I—God's Family

(April 1)

MEMORY VERSE: Ephesians 5:25-27.

LESSON HELPS: "Ministry of Healing," pp. 415-426; "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 9-11.

THE LESSON

1. Who does Paul say makes up the church of God? 1 Cor. 12:12, 13, 25-28.

2. Besides being on church books, where are the names of Christians recorded? Heb. 12:23; Luke 10:20.

3. What are some of the terms applied to the church in the Bible? 1 Tim. 3:15; Eph. 2:19; 3:14, 15.

NOTE.—From these texts we learn that the terms "house," "household," and "family" are used in referring to the church.

"God designs that the families of earth shall be a symbol of the family in heaven. Christian homes, established and conducted in accordance with God's plan, are among His most effective agencies for the formation of Christian character and for the advancement of His work."—"Testimonies," Vol. VI, p. 430.

4. Before conversion, what is one's nature? Eph. 2:2, 3; 1 John 3:10.

5. How does one become a member of the heavenly family? John 3:3, 7.

6. What is the first step in joining the family of God? Heb. 11:6.

7. To become the sons of God what is essential? John 1:12; Rev. 3:20.

NOTE.—"You cannot atone for your past sins, you cannot change your heart, and make yourself holy. But God promises to do all this for you through Christ. You believe that promise. You confess your sins, and give yourself to God. You will to serve Him. Just as surely as you do this, God will fulfill His word to you. If you believe the promise,—believe that you are forgiven and cleansed,—God supplies the fact; you are made whole, just as Christ gave the paralytic power to walk

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BY T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.



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The Listening Post

► THE study of snakes is known as herpetology.

► COPRA is dried coconut meat, the raw material from which coconut oil is made.

► IN India, rajas indulge in the practice of placing their ice cream between extremely fine sheets of gold leaf before partaking of it.

► ONE of the oldest living things in America is the Joshua tree, which still thrives in the Mohave Desert. It was first discovered there in 1772.

► DR. ARTHUR HUNTER, actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, says that every drink of alcoholic beverage costs the moderate drinker twenty-five minutes of life in addition to his money.

► THE first permanent wave recorded in history is that given to a favored lady of the Roman Emperor Nero's court. She sat patiently in a bath for a period of three weeks, her hair tightly bound with curlers and packed with clay.

► HERE are five rules which *Hygeia* offers to check seasickness: 1. Do not overeat before or during the journey, particularly of fats. 2. In breathing, inhale quickly through the nose, exhale slowly through the mouth. 3. Lie down—the sooner the better. 4. Try moving in rhythm with the ship's movement. 5. Eat heavily of fruits and alkaline foods to prevent acidosis of the stomach.

► COOPERATING with the United States Government's program of facilitating the passage of students and professors to Latin America, the American Republic Line, the Grace Line, the Mississippi Shipping Company, and the British-owned Furness-Prince Line, will grant 50 per cent reductions from advertised fares for students, teachers, and professors traveling between the United States and South America.

► THE boundaries of the Central European nations have changed so rapidly recently that WPA workers who prepare charts and other observatory teaching devices for use in the public schools of the United States have been instructed to stop making maps of Central Europe until the reshuffling of territory at least slows down. "Time was," says the announcement of this fact, "when changes in the Old World required centuries and in the New World were accomplished overnight. Now it is the New World that remains stable and conservative—at least long enough for some one to draw a map of it."

► EVERY one sings off key—even the greatest stars of concert and opera. Using Lawrence Tibbett as an example, Dr. Harold Seashore, a music teacher at Springfield College at Springfield, Massachusetts, proved the assertion recently when he showed slides of the sound waves of Tibbett's voice to the delegates of the sixtieth annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association held at Washington, D.C. He told them that singing off key is no disgrace, however, for it constitutes "tonal artistry." Doctor Seashore explains that teachers should not try to hold their pupils to absolute exactness, because it is impossible and would ruin tone quality.

► THE custom of sending Christmas greeting cards is based, according to some people, on the bearing of gifts by the wise men to the infant Jesus. But back in the eighteenth century, during the reign of Queen Anne in England, it was the habit of school children to send specimens of their handwriting to their relatives at Christmastime. These bits of childish scrawls are often referred to as the "immediate predecessor" of Christmas cards. The first-known Christmas card was drawn and etched in 1842 by W. M. Egley, an English lad of sixteen. The original plate is now on display at the British Museum in London.

► THE Indian town from which Pocahontas was kidnaped by the English in 1612 has been located and is being excavated by Dr. T. D. Stewart, Smithsonian Institute anthropologist. Identifying the place by the help of Captain John Smith's map of Virginia, Doctor Stewart believes there is no doubt but this was Patowomeke, on the west bank of the Potomac River where the Indian maiden was hidden by her father after Captain John Smith left Jamestown.

► At a convention of the Missouri Christian Endeavor recently held in Kansas City, Missouri, Dr. Harry Remmer, of the International Organization of Research Science Bureaus, repeated a long-standing offer. It was to give \$100 to any person who can prove a scientific error in the Bible. He said that more than 2,000 persons have tried vainly in the last fifteen years to win the money.

► A DIAMOND-CUTTING laboratory, in which skilled lapidaries will put glittering facets on gems, will be seen in the Belgian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair 1939.

► WOMEN comprise one third of the total number of factory workers in the Soviet Union. No distinction is made between male and female workers.

► STATISTICS indicate that sailors of the United States Navy are healthier than any other similar group in the world.

► THERE are 9,738 privately owned aircraft in the United States today, and 20,076 people hold pilot licenses.

► MODERN telescopes bring approximately three trillion stars into view.

► THERE is a strong movement on in England to preserve Rudyard Kipling's house and garden at Rottingdean, near Brighton, as a memorial and museum.

► THE fiftieth birthday of a metal was celebrated recently in New York City. Since aluminum was first marketed in 1888 at eight dollars a pound, it has made great advancement in the industrial world. Last year producers sold a record of 146,300 tons.

► SEPTEMBER 1 marks the beginning of a thirty-eight-week school year in West Point Military Academy. Failure to pass a single subject means failure in a year's work, and frequently results in discharge from the academy. In spite of the high scholastic standards, two thirds of those who enter the institution survive and are graduated.

► ALTHOUGH adult speeders and other reckless drivers are beyond the reach of his plan, Judge Oscar Hunsicker, of Akron, Ohio, believes he has solved the problem of speeding among youth. He simply takes away a boy's or a girl's driver's license and keeps it until the student has bettered his grades in school by 10 per cent. It works surprisingly well.

► THE Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., has set forth the suggestion that the cause for many automobile accidents might be found in unbalanced diets of drivers. Experiments show that persons living on a diet deficient in vitamin A are subject to night blindness—the inability to see in dim light—and to a narrowed field of vision. Those conducting the experiments reported that even in the daytime, persons whose diet was lacking in vitamin A did not have the proper side vision to see traffic approaching from intersections.

► At a time when giant multiengine planes and specialized crews symbolize aviation to most people, the recent non-stop flight of John M. Jones from Los Angeles to New York in a plane of lower horsepower rating and cheaper operating cost per mile than the popular automobiles is particularly interesting. That the youthful Californian flew the 2,785 miles between the east and west coasts of the United States, nonstop, in his tiny Aeronica with its fifty-horsepower continental engine, in thirty hours and thirty-seven minutes, is in itself a remarkable feat, but that the entire cost of the trip should be figured at only \$25.75 is amazing. Modern automobiles cannot cover the distance at that figure.

► In order to develop more effective methods of checking damage to fruit trees by field mice, biological scientists have done considerable prying into the daily habits of that little rodent. Among other things they have found that these little mice have very definite hours for working each day. They are early risers and take to their runs at six o'clock each morning in search of food. They stop, however, at seven-thirty, and there is little if any traffic in the runs till nine o'clock. At that time they begin work again and keep it up until eleven. The afternoon is also divided into two periods of work. The first is from one to two; the second from three-thirty to five. The damage caused by field mice each year is said to be enormous.



"Tomorrow's unfinished work is easy; provided we do today's today."