

The YOUTH'S *Instructor*

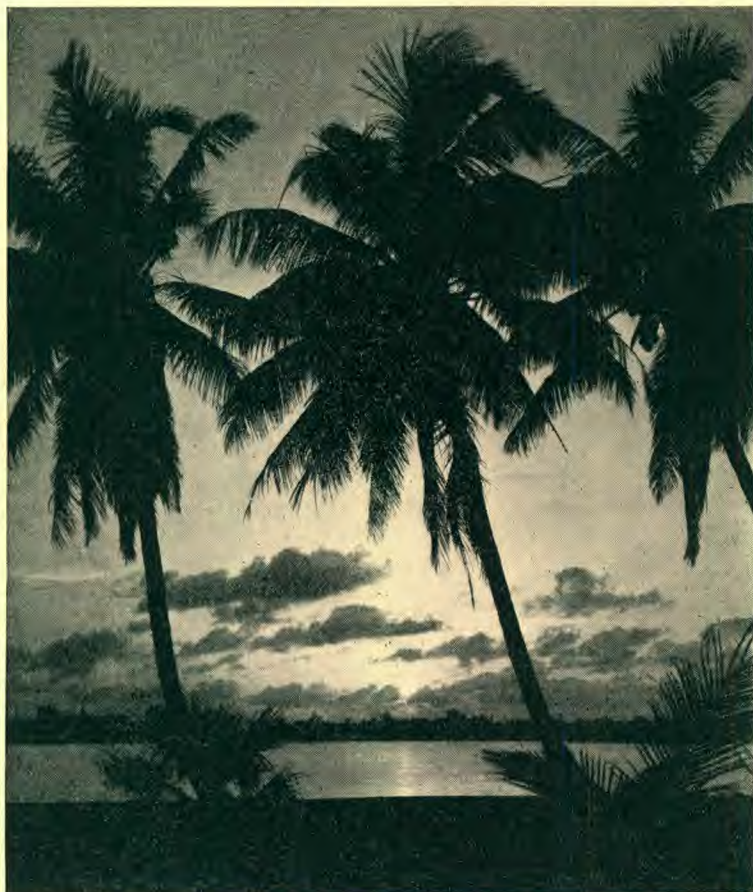
I AM stirred tonight, stirred with the growing conviction that time will not be long. This conviction is deepened by the unprecedented conditions which prevail in the world at the present time. Mars has unleashed his dogs of war, and they go howling and growling through the length and breadth of the earth.

In the social world we find that men are growing "worse and worse," in direct fulfillment of Timothy's prophetic picture of the last days.

In the religious world we find a "form of godliness," with a corresponding denial of its power, in further fulfillment of Timothy's prophecy.

In the physical world we find that calamities by land and by sea are on the increase. Earthquakes, floods, drouths, insect pests, fire, hail, wind, ice, and sun vie in their work of destruction. All these are signs that we are living in the very last days—that we are standing on the threshold of eternity. God is endeavoring, by this means, to take men's minds from the transitory treasures of this world, and fasten them on eternal treasures. It is when His judgments are in the land that the people learn righteousness.

For ninety-five years Seventh-day Adventists have been preaching the doctrine of a soon-coming Saviour. For ninety-five years we have been



EWING GALLOWAY

Earth's Little Day Is Almost Done;
Soon Jesus Christ Our Lord Will Come

The Eleventh Hour

By NATHANIEL KRUM

living in the time of the last judgment. As we gaze back over these years, we see here and there along the turbulent shores of time, the lighthouses of fulfilled prophecy illuminating our pathway to the kingdom. Outstanding among these signs

even the time of Jacob's trouble. But, thank God, in that hour of midnight darkness and perplexity, "God's chosen people will stand unmoved" in the calm assurance that in a little while they will greet the coming Saviour with the (*Turn to page 13*)

are the dark day of May 19, 1780; the falling stars of November 13, 1833; the unparalleled increase in knowledge witnessed during the last fifty years; the opening of heathen lands, and the subsequent rapid spread of the gospel in this generation; and finally, wars and general unrest among the nations, with fear and dread striking deep into the heart of a world grown old in sin.

"We are living in the time of the end," declares Ellen G. White. "The fast-fulfilling signs of the times declare that the coming of Christ is near at hand. . . . The daily papers are full of indications of a terrible conflict in the near future."

"The world is stirred with the spirit of war. The prophecy of the eleventh chapter of Daniel has nearly reached its complete fulfillment. Soon the scenes of trouble spoken of in the prophecies will take place."

Stirring prediction, this! When the prophecy of the eleventh chapter of Daniel has met its complete fulfillment, the world will enter a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation.

Let's Talk It Over

A FEW weeks ago I stood in the four-hundred-fifty-foot tower of Nebraska's stately capitol, looking out across the rolling prairies, "where the West begins." Suddenly my glance dropped down into a beautifully landscaped court, and caught these words shining out from a window far below: "KNOW WHAT YOU SOW!"

Later, I read them again at closer range. Evidently they marked the offices occupied by the free-seed distribution unit of the government in this great corn-and-wheat State.

"Good advice for farmers," one of our party observed, as his hat all but sailed away on the wings of a stiff breeze.

"And good advice for everyday living," observed another, as we turned to go our way.

Worth thinking about— isn't it?

Do *you* really *know* what kind of seed you are sowing in *your* garden of life? Of course, it isn't easy to face facts and take a square-in-the-eye look at ourselves, but it's a sensible thing to do.

For each one of us is sowing seed of some sort with every breath that we draw. There's nothing we can do about it, except to be sure that it is the best of wheat—not tares. The responsibility of choice rests with us.

Also we reap the harvest as the years come and go. And we're *obliged* to gather it—don't make any mistake about that!

"For whatsoever a man soweth," God Himself declares, "that shall he also reap."

Yes, it's a good thing, a safe thing, a sensible thing to—

"KNOW WHAT YOU SOW!"

ARE you honest? With yourself? With your fellow travelers along life's highway? With God? I mean really, truly honest!

You're in school. What about your daily written work? Your notebooks? Your examinations? Are you independent and square enough to do your own studying? Your own thinking? Your own writing? Or are you so lacking in backbone and principle that you will stoop to take the work of someone else and hand it in as your own?

One day I received a letter. It was from a young man who had passed a theme to his English professor in ful-

fillment of a special requirement. It was so good that after having rated it as an "A" in grade, the teacher sent it on to our office, suggesting that we consider it for publication.

It was one of those manuscripts that are a joy to the heart of any editor. We were glad to accept it, but for one reason or another it stayed in our files for several months. Finally, however, it found its way into current copy, and we looked it over again. A faint memory stirred. Where? When? Sometime, somewhere, we had *surely* read a story similar to this!

We searched, and at last we found it tucked away in the INSTRUCTOR file for 1909—copied word for word!

The manuscript promptly went into the wastebasket!

Later the teacher wrote to us, inquiring about its fate; and regretfully we mailed him a disillusioning letter. Then there came to us from this young man what he called "an apology."

He had, and he told it unblushingly, "hired a fellow" with literary bent, who was in need of ready cash, to produce his theme. The graceless chap was a "cheat"! He had "lifted" a story written so long ago that he felt sure it had been forgotten, passed it off as an original, and had "actually had the nerve to take two good dollars for it!"

Was *he* at fault? Had *he* been dishonest?

Perish the thought!

It was "the other fellow" who was entirely to blame for his embarrassment.

Crooked thinking! Worthless seed sowing!

And the fruitage?

Bitter disappointment!

For the school promptly canceled his grade, and he was obliged to repeat the English course—which kept him out of medical college for a whole year!

And when he finally did start his training, almost his first experience was a head-on collision with honesty. He found that he couldn't cheat in examinations *there!* It just wasn't done. But he tried it again and then again. You see, he hadn't been paying much attention to the seed he had been planting in his character garden.

And so he failed in his finals!

The last I heard of him he was running an elevator.

IT is usually a discouraging, disillusioning moment when we sit down with ourselves to sort our seed and check up on ourselves.

Many of us are like the Moslem who, sitting cross-legged on the ground, prepared to eat his simple evening meal. It grew dark, and so he lighted a candle to finish his supper. For dessert he drew a date nut from one of the spacious pockets in the ample folds of his robe. Cracking the nut between his teeth, he held it down to the light of his candle for close inspection. It was wormy; so he tossed it away.

He cracked a second and held that to the light, but it also was rotten. And so were the third and fourth nuts that he tried. Finally, in great disgust, he leaned over and snuffed out the candle. Then he proceeded to eat his date nuts.

We smile at such a childish procedure, but his process of reasoning made him close kin to some of us. The Moslem welcomed darkness because it provided an environment that would justify his inclinations. He looked at his nuts, didn't like what he saw, and so, with an "Oh, well, what's the difference?" attitude, he put out the light and went right on eating wormy date nuts!

We sometimes find that a particularly desired course of action will not stand close scrutiny under the illumination of the knowledge which God has given us of right and wrong. The flaws and defects and unworthiness of our plan show up all too clearly for our comfort. So, intent on going ahead, no matter what, we simply blow out the flame for the moment, and in the darkness say to ourselves, "But I don't *see* any wrong in that."

There are times when a bit of pretending to ourselves helps to fortify our courage or our patience. But we need to be constantly on guard lest we allow ourselves to deliberately put out the candle flame so that we can eat our date nuts knowing, but ignoring, the fact that they are wormy inside.

OH, yes, friend o' mine, "honesty is the best policy" under every circumstance of life.

"KNOW WHAT YOU SOW!"

Lora E. Clement

GRADE cards are out!"

"Grade cards are out!"

When this announcement was shouted by the students who made the discovery, young people by the dozen came running. Wasn't this the day of all the semester toward which they had looked forward? Now they could see just where they stood scholastically.

Some years ago the passing mark was seventy-five per cent. Then this was lowered to seventy per cent. Then followed a new concept of objective-type tests and an endeavor to standardize by norms. Along with this new grading system came a different passing standard. In one test a few years ago all that was needed was a score of just eight points! *Eight points!* One of the boys who had not been as faithful as he might have been came to his teacher.

"How many points do I need in order to pass?"

"Eight points, Bud. Eight points."

In this great school of life which we all are attending, what is the passing standard? Will Christ, the Master Teacher, say to us when the great judgment day dawns, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; you have passed seventy-five per cent of the time"? Or will He say, "Inherit the kingdom, for you have eight points out of one hundred. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"? What is the passing standard? What does He expect of us?

"Be ye therefore perfect" is the standard which is given in Matthew's Gospel. How, we ask, can one ever reach that high objective? And the answer comes, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, . . . that the man of God may be perfect." First we must be men of God, that is, we must be children of God. Then we partake of the bread of life—the Bible—and thereby we may grow unto perfection in Him. This life which we live is given to us as an opportunity to show just what we would do if we had an eternity to live. This life is a sample in God's eyes of what we would do if He were to give us everlasting existence.

Probation signifies just that. Suppose you are interested in a certain make of automobile. You take it to the steepest hills to see if it will pull. You try the brakes. You put it through many and varied maneuvers to see how it will react under those conditions. This is *probation*, so far as the car is concerned. We are given a period of this life—until our names come up in judgment—to show our reactions to various experiences.

The nurse "endures" a probation. For three months she must be on trial. She demonstrates her tendencies and abilities, as she is being watched. Each day she endeavors to



Probation

By

EDMUND DALE

do her work better than the day before, because she knows she is on *probation*. She may have her own ideas as to how a certain task should be done, but she must be willing to subordinate her wishes or even her desires in order to successfully demonstrate her capability of becoming a nurse.

The word "probation" implies that a time of test is coming for all, a judgment in which each individual must answer for himself. Definite conclusions will be drawn as a result of the findings of this court. The examination through which we must pass *perfect* is so minute that even our thoughts are brought up for consideration. The Holy Spirit, declares the apostle Paul, is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

One might ask: "Is this time of probation really important? Can this time of preparation really mean as much as you suggest?" The answer comes from John's Gospel: "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." These words urge us to get as far up the pathway of life as we can while the "light" is still ours. What if we are not complete—perfect—when the end comes? To express the same thought another way, we must make use of every opportunity to become like Jesus while there is still time. We must practice doing justly. We must practice loving mercy. We must practice humbling self to walk with God. We must surrender our complete selves to Him. We must let Him live out His life within us. Then we will speak His words and do His acts.

Some time ago a minister preached on the topic, "What must I do to be lost?" The conclusion of his sermon answered the question. *Nothing!* Just do *nothing* if you wish to be lost! Wait for louder calls to serve

Jesus. Wait for more pleasant "light" to come to you. Wait for a better opportunity. Fail to accept every ray of light which He sends. Neglect to heed the calls of the Spirit or of the word. Fail to become a *light* for God. If we do not definitely choose to serve Jesus, we shall do the will of Satan at last. We either gather for Christ or we scatter abroad. During these days when time waits we must be perfecting our characters if we would stand before Him faultless in the hour of judgment.

Is this probation final? Illustrations from the Bible teach that the time comes when one's destiny is sealed forever. Think of the words which came to Belshazzar on the night of his last great feast: "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Or think of the story of the fig tree which Jesus and His disciples found fruitless: "We will give it

one more year," said the Master. "If we find no fruit then, we will cut it down." When a tree is cut down it is quite difficult to replace it upon the stump; in fact, it cannot be replaced successfully.

Take a piece of paper and tear it. Can you say, "Oh, Time, turn back just one minute and I'll have a whole paper?" No matter how many tears you shed, the deed is done—probation has closed. Suppose you are writing with a pencil. Too much pressure causes the lead to be broken. Can you say, "Turn time back just two minutes. I don't want to break my pencil"? In nature the time comes when no one has the power to replace. When the life of a tree goes down the trunk for the winter, the leaves fall off. Can one take a fallen leaf and replace it on a limb and make it continue to grow when the life is no longer there?

The "Son of man" shall gather all nations before Him. "Come," He says to them, "inherit the kingdom." Can anyone say, "Lord, please go away for just five minutes. I have more character work to do"? As He says to those who fail to stand the test, "Go away from Me—into the lake of fire," can anyone plead, "Lord, give me just two minutes—I have just *one little thing* I must do"?

I used to think that we would be "changed" at the second coming of Christ into that perfect character which each must have. There is a text in Corinthians on this point. It does say that we shall be changed at His coming, but not changed in that way. In youngster days I made boat models. Those tiny guns were so hard to whittle. The idea came to me that I should cast them from lead. I bought plaster of Paris for the mold. I mixed this material a little too soon. I was not quite ready to place my model gun into the plaster when the

plaster was ready. It became very stiff. As I tried to work with it, it became absolutely set. I reground it. I mixed it with more water. But try as I would, I could *never* get that plaster to set again. This is how we shall be changed at the Lord's coming. We shall be "set" for eternity just as we are on that occasion. These days of probation which we are given now here on earth are final. We will receive no further opportunity to make the necessary changes in our characters.

Realizing the finality of probation, what is *my* responsibility? My first responsibility is to make sure of salvation for myself. Closely connected with this work is the second: I must become a "link in the golden chain let down into the world" to save others. In the same sermon in which

Christ speaks of the "children of God," He calls them "the salt of the earth." Salt is not useful when it is merely placed in a jar which sits on a shelf. It must be mixed with the thing which it is to preserve. Abraham was not called just to be a "friend of God," but to help others become His friends also. To be "salt" means that we are used by the Holy Spirit to communicate to the world the truth as it is in Jesus. As I learn about Jesus and His great love for me, I cannot but tell the glad news to others, just as naturally as salt sheds abroad its savor.

Jesus said, "Ye are the light of the world." We are a light only as we receive light from Him. If you were in a dark room with a candle, the most expensive candle ever made, and it had not been touched with fire, how

much light would you have? One might have the most expensive electric-light globe it is possible to buy, and yet walk in the darkness. That globe must be connected with the powerhouse in order to have light and to give light. Apart from Jesus we are a darkened potentiality.

Friends, are we humbling self so that we will *be ready* when He comes? Are we doing all in our power to help others get ready to meet Him? Are we purifying ourselves, even as He is pure? Are we letting our light so shine before men?

Since this preparation time is important, since this *probation* is final, since the responsibility to "save thyself, and them that hear thee" comes to each one of us, we may pray, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."



H. HOFMANN, ARTIST

JESUS, the desire of all ages, has been the subject of many paintings. Artists have seemed inspired with the desire to paint a great masterpiece of the Christ. And each artist pictures Him with some of the features of his own race. He is all things to all men; He is yours; He is mine. As you view an exhibit of these early masterpieces, you are impressed with the fact that many of these early paintings are of Jesus and His mother, Mary. The portrayals of Christ by Hofmann and by Terence K. Martin appeal to me as the most adequate pictorial representations of the Saviour of Galilee. But since we do not know, of course, how our Lord really looks, seeing Him face to face is a joyful surprise that awaits every child of God.

The King in His Beauty

By CAROLINE EELLS-KEELER

As little children we in our family loved the picture of Jesus blessing the little ones. How very kind and loving He looks as He lays His hands upon their heads. In later youth our hearts were caught by the picture of Jesus as He appealed to the rich young ruler, for it seems as if a bit of the anguish of the cross is shadowed in that look of intense love and yearning sympathy over one who chose to be lost.

As grown men and women upon whom the cares and sorrows of life have rested, we turn more readily to another type of picture. Jesus seeking His Father in the Garden of Gethsemane, Jesus pointing Mary and Martha to the better way, Jesus entering lowly abodes of the common people and bringing to them life and understanding sympathy, Jesus walking with humble men along the everyday roads of life, Jesus blessing the daily bread—all these bring great solace to hearts burdened and distressed. And we wonder at times how Jesus *really* looks.

Was He endowed with great beauty as He walked along the dusty roads of Palestine, or through the thronged, busy streets of Jerusalem? Did He attract multitudes to Him simply by His appearance? We are constrained

to believe that He had a nobility of feature, of bearing, but more important far, He possessed that beauty of character, that loving personality, which drew men to Him, which has given to millions the courage to die for Him. Plain people are not always plain inside. Oftentimes they are full of beauty. On the other hand, there are beautiful folk who stoop to the ignoble, the sordid. We could never think of Jesus without being impressed by His nobility of character, His pure, perfect, attractive inner self.

Some have the problem of beauty which tempts them to conceit and vanity. Sometimes popularity may hinder in the Christian way. Either one may mar our characters. Popularity did not thus affect Jesus. He knew that the day would come when all men would forsake Him and flee. He saw in the multitudes thronging Him, sheep having no shepherd. Before Him always was His mission in life, "I must work the works of Him that sent Me."

We who are plain of feature, who are drab and mousy looking, who shrink back into our little common shells, not a bit like the pearly nautilus, and refrain from attempting things because we are so plain, may be inspired by the example of Jesus. His face was radiant because of His one consuming purpose. We may have that same (*Turn to page 12*)

On the China Front

By FREDERICK LEE

In the Hands of Bandits

SHENSI! A new province to be entered! How far away it seemed in 1916! But the call was insistent. "Come over and help us." That was the appeal that had been sent to us again and again. We could delay no longer.

We must first notify the American consul general at Hankow. The letter was written. The reply was clear. "I cannot agree to your going. The road into that region is dangerous. If you go, you do so at your own risk."

But does the missionary go at his own risk? It may appear that he does when he starts out at such an unsettled time, and in the face of danger. But he doesn't. He who goes forth on errands for the Lord remembers the word, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He knows that the angel of the Lord goes before him. On this occasion I was to learn as never before the meaning and truthfulness of God's promises of deliverance.

Revolution had done its work. A new and feeble government had been set up. It took a number of years to compose the many elements that strove together for power. Meanwhile the course of events played into the hands of lawless men everywhere, especially in remote regions like Shensi.

At the very time we planned to start, rumors indicated that northern Shensi had been penetrated by a large company of Mohammedan bandits. As we made ready to leave, the news from that distant province was not too reassuring. Nevertheless, I met my companion for this journey at the appointed place, and we, together with a Chinese evangelist and a "boy," started toward the setting sun.

"When does the next train leave for the west?" I asked the man at the railway ticket office.

"I do not know. The train is delayed. Come back in a few hours, and I may know more then." This was no auspicious beginning. The station platform was already crowded with waiting passengers who were sitting and lying among their traveling baskets and bedding bags. It looked as if we might as well settle down to wait-

ing with the rest. We must not be too impatient.

At last the train moved slowly into the station. The mob rushed to find a place on the already overcrowded train, which was made up of old, dilapidated passenger and freight cars. All was confusion. One of our party managed to jump aboard before the train came to a full stop, and find a small space in one of the passenger cars. Our baggage was pushed through an open window, and, as the platform and the corridor were so crowded as to be impassable, other members of the party had to follow the baggage through the window.

After another tedious wait, we began to move slowly out of the station. As night drew on we came to a station and were told that the train would not proceed until the next morning. By

that time we had learned how to wait and murmur not.

At last we reached the end of the railway. We must now commit ourselves into the hands of the ill-famed Chinese carter. After a long process of bargaining, we arranged for a carter with a fine tandem of mules and a strong-looking two-wheeled cart to take us to our journey's end in the heart of Shensi. The price was "reasonable," the weather-beaten mule driver declared. However, it did not appear so to us.

The days were long, but the miles we covered were few. The old trade route to Northwest China was crowded with carts. We followed it as one part of a long caravan that raised clouds of suffocating dust. The roads were deep and narrow. They had been worn down twenty and thirty feet below the level of the ground by a thousand years of grinding wheels, and we often found ourselves wandering around in these dusty canyons for hours at a time.

We spent three days in such travel before we arrived at the border town. Here a party of American engineers who had just left Shensi Province because of the rising bandit threat to peace and safety, warned us not to proceed. But how *could* we turn back? At a certain village three days' journey to the northwest a group



PHOTO BY FREDERICK LEE

The Caravan of Carts Raised Great Clouds of Dust

of earnest people were waiting for the missionaries with the Sabbath truth. We *must* go on. Surely the Lord knows our need. Again we committed ourselves to Him and went forward.

However, there were evidences on every hand that the whole countryside was trembling in fear. Towns and cities closed their gates at sunset. Every stranger who entered these places was carefully scrutinized. But at last the rough old carter turned to me, and, pointing ahead, said:

"There is Gospel Village in the distance." How good that sounded. A group of independent Christians had banded together many years before and built this Christian village. They had invited us to come and study the Bible with them.

We had a blessed season of prayer and study for about ten days. Rumors of bandit raids to the north of us grew more and more alarming. The great question was, "Will the troops of the provincial general be able to hold back the bandit horde at the walled town about twenty miles away?"

Early one morning a leading man in the village came rushing into our room and said, "You must be off at once. The bandits have taken the town to the north of us. The bandit scouts are already coming down into near-by villages. The soldiers have been defeated and have retreated toward the provincial capital."

This was bad news. We had heard the booming of distant guns during the night, but we thought that the soldiers would be able to guard the mountain passes that led down into this section of the country.

"Where can we get carts to take us?" we inquired.

"I am afraid you will not be able to find anyone who will be willing to venture forth at such a time as this. No one is willing to run the risk of having his mules and carts taken from him on the road. But begin to pack your baggage, and we will see what we can do." So saying, the messenger hurried away.

An hour or so later we heard the rumble of heavy wheels on the village street. "We have found two carts which were waiting to go east. The man in charge will take you." This news was indeed encouraging. So, bidding our new-found friends goodbye, we started out toward home.

It was a long three days' journey to the border town, the only exit from this part of Shensi to the province of Honan. It would be necessary for us to make for this town with all speed, if we hoped to avoid an encounter with the bandit army.

On the afternoon of the second day my companion nudged me as we sat on the cart. "See, there is a burning building. It looks like soldiers' barracks." We jumped off the cart and made inquiries.

"Yes, the bandits are not far away. The big company of them is just across the river on a road parallel to this one. They are hurrying on to the border town to capture it. Their scouts have just raided these barracks and fled across the river again." These words of a villager awakened us to the fact that we were racing to the border town along with the bandits.

We urged our mules forward. But there was a limit to that. The night drew on, and it was necessary to seek shelter, rest, and food. The shelter was none too good, the food was bad, and our sleep was uneasy. The thought persisted, "Who will reach the border town first—we or the bandits?"

We hoped to have an early morning start, but local robbers had held up some earlier travelers, and we were delayed for a time until the road was clear. Later in the day we passed a town in which several men had been shot. Their bodies were still lying beside the road. The sun was shining brightly. The landscape was beautiful. It did not seem that death could be riding through the land.

"Let us stop at this famous shrine," I suggested as we were passing one of the five sacred places in China. "I want to take a few pictures." I got out my kodak, set it carefully on a tripod, and was getting ready to snap the picture, when suddenly I heard a shot ring out, and the beat-

Would they shoot us? Kidnap us? Or hold us as hostages? How many thoughts can race through the mind in a tense moment like this!

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" A bandit was speaking to me instead of shooting at me. That was better. I found my tongue and replied,

"I am an American missionary on an errand of good. We have just come from the west and we hasten east."

By this time another mounted bandit approached. "Were the gates of the town to the west opened or closed when you came by?" the second scout asked.

"The gates were open," I replied. That word evidently encouraged them to move on, for which I was thankful. I hoped, however, that the gates would be closed by the time they arrived.

We did not wait to take any pictures, but hastened on our way. The border town was only ten miles distant. Some of the bandits changed their minds, however, and raced after us. One of them ordered:

"You must come with us."

We protested mildly. "Let us alone. See, we have no arms."

Immediately they began to search us. One took my watch as if to keep it, but instead asked, "What time is it?" as he returned it. Another bandit insisted that our "boy" was a soldier and that he must be shot. He prepared to suit his action to his words. My companion courageously stepped in front of the "boy" and said, "You must shoot me first. He is not a soldier."

Another bandit spoke up. "Oh, let them alone. We must be on our way. Leave them to our partners, who will be coming along soon." With this unpleasant word, they mounted their ponies and were gone.

Again we pressed forward. Just a few miles more, and our troubles would be over. We had not gone far, however, when two bandits came up from behind us, aiming their guns at us as they passed. We soon heard shooting in the village just ahead. Now we were caught between the bandits ahead of us and those behind us. We stopped for a moment to decide what to do. There was no alternative but to go on and face the lawless men in the village ahead. We were in one of the deep gullies and could not turn around even if we wished to do so.

As we came down the village street, the bandits were waiting for us. They called upon us to halt. As we did so, they (*Turn to page 12*)



Finding a Place on the Crowded Train Was No Easy Task

ing of horses' hoofs. Swinging around, I found myself looking straight into the face of—yes, he was a bandit, sure enough! Soon some of his companions came racing into the village. All wore turbans and were heavily armed. I had often wished I might see a real bandit, but this was at altogether too close range.



COURTESY WHITE STAR STEAMSHIP CO.

The Two Young Men Arrived in the Land of Promise, and the Future Looked Bright

Fritz Found a Treasure

By ROBERT G. STRICKLAND

(Concluded)

IT was Monday when Fritz went back. There was a new light in his eyes and a willingness in his service, born of the thought that freedom was at hand. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed, bringing no relief from increased abuse; and when Friday came, he thought to himself, "I see it all now. It was only a trick, just a trick to keep me here; but it won't work. I'd rather die than stay here. I can't endure it! If they don't come Saturday, I'll break away and run to the bridge, and throw myself into the river." Yet despite these musings the lad kept his eyes ever on the door, and each time the latch lifted, his heart beat a little quicker, for it *might* be the police. How many times people came and went. How disappointing were these frequent calls from just ordinary folk who cared nothing about his welfare.

Friday morning was well gone when the door opened and admitted two men in gendarme's uniforms. His heart leaped and pounded a wild tattoo. He buried his head in his work to hide his feelings. The visitors politely saluted everyone in the place before they called for the proprietor by name.

They stated their mission. They had come to secure Fritz's release, and

when they asked for the return of the funds which had been paid for his training, it was like applying a match to explosives, for the old proprietor burst into a vitriolic eruption that fairly shook the place.

"Either sign these papers of release and return the money, or else come with us under arrest," one of the men said, with a finality that secured a grudging signature and a reluctant return of funds.

"Come along, my lad." They beckoned to Fritz, who was ready to respond. Soon they were at headquarters, where genial gendarmes bantered Fritz a bit, and gave him a feeling akin to fellowship with the officers.

Here he received his first real bath—a steaming one it was, too—and when those guardians of the law had finished their task, Fritz was thoroughly clean and was well dressed in a uniform of which he was proud. He feasted on men's food—food altogether new and delightful—reveled in friendship, and slept an untroubled sleep. The next day he set out on a journey to school.

At last he was making a start to acquire an education that would equip him to become what he wanted to be—a teacher. He traveled by train, under written orders, in the charge of

officials, who showed kindly solicitude.

The school was a military training unit as well as an educational institution. His companions were lads who later, in manhood, surrounded their names with martial glory, by valorous feats upon the battlefield.

Fritz enjoyed those years. They built sturdiness, a love for discipline, and orderly performance into his character. His class finished and passed into the army, but he could not go with them because of his injured arm—crippled that day he was abused by the enraged neighbor whose crop was spoiled by the cows it had been his duty to watch.

But he was not too much disappointed, because his boyhood dreams came true. He became a teacher. Busy days those were—and happy. Winter months were devoted to instructing children. Summer months he spent in delightful government employ.

A wave of excitement swept the country. America! America! The name was on every tongue. Scores of men from the community ventured overseas to the wonderful land of opportunity. They sent back glowing accounts of the huge fortunes to be made, and urged others to enter this great land of opportunity. Fritz caught the fever. To America he must go; but how? He had no money.

Just across the international boundary lived an uncle. He approached him for aid, only to find that this relative also had the "America fever." He had means enough to finance only himself, but could not get out of the country. If Fritz would assist him out, just as soon as he reached the land of gold and earned enough (*Turn to page 10*)



A Sabbath Afternoon Was Spent in Studying the Creator's Work

FOR over a year the Missionary Volunteer Department of the Northern European Division had been planning a youth's parliament or congress to meet in August, 1939, at our Seventh-day Adventist school in Denmark. As the time drew near for the gathering, war clouds hung black and thick over Poland, threatening a storm that would make travel in Europe impossible. However, there was still a hope that we might hold our meeting and return to our fields before the deluge burst. Looking back, we are deeply grateful to God for His good hand that was over our congress. We were able to come together and to depart in safety. Within a week after the congress closed, the nations were urgently summoning their nationals home.

Our purpose was to hold a real representative congress of Missionary Volunteer leaders and youth from every one of our North European fields. There were present six from Poland, three from Lithuania, a few from Iceland, and a goodly representation from each of the larger countries. Latvia alone was entirely unrepresented. Governments were becoming more and more indisposed to let their people cross frontiers as the shadow of war drew obviously nearer. It was with great difficulty that some of the delegates from Poland were able to get permission; to others it was refused. Altogether the congress had a roll of four hundred delegates.

We had three sessions of the congress daily. The first was given to a study of each of the main Missionary Volunteer activities. We had already launched the Junior work when C. L. Bond visited us two years ago. Now it was desired to get the

Study and Service League on its feet. The agenda was arranged to cover the whole ground, both Junior and Senior, and careful choice had been made of experienced speakers who could guide our minds to helpful conclusions. The second daily session was devoted to the study of youth's problems, and the discussions of these were largely carried on by the youth themselves. We had studied to enlist in the work of the congress everybody from various lands who could make a helpful contribution. The third daily session was devoted to the consideration of plans for the future, and here the leaders in the various unions led out. There was no lack of talent in our ranks. Contributions were of good quality, and every meeting of

An M.V. Convene

By V

the congress reached a high level. On account of the many languages spoken, free discussion would have been very difficult, and for this reason the agenda was planned so that every phase of our work could be discussed by those best qualified.

The problem of translation was not easy. Changes and readjustments were made as the need appeared, but before long we were grouped so that everybody was able to follow what was said. Sometimes we had as many as three translators on the platform in addition to the group translators scattered over the floor.

The evening session was given over to musical contributions from the various countries and a range of lectures. We were fortunate in having a good supply of capable speakers. Doctors W. H. Teesdale and M. E. Olsen were with us on their way from the educational convention that had just closed in Norway, and gave us generous help. W. E. Read, the president of the division, F. G. Clifford, the South African Union Missionary Volunteer secretary, and Dr. A. Andersen, medical superintendent of the Skodsborg Sanitarium, all gave valuable lectures. And from the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department we had the capable assistance of D. A.



Parliament in Denmark

BARTLETT

Ochs. His contributions were always concretely practical and at the same time deeply spiritual.

There were two intervals each day set apart for swimming. This included lifesaving demonstrations and gymnastic drills and other suitable exercises. The weather was not always favorable, but this did not hinder the proceedings at any time. One day we went in motor coaches on a fifty-kilometer trip to visit the Himmelberg, a hill of historic interest, surrounded by Denmark's best scenery.

On Sabbath we had an ideal Sabbath school, broken up into small classes. This was followed by a sermon from Pastor Ochs. In the afternoon we divided into seven groups, each of which was taken by a local guide to a neighboring beauty spot, where were presented two or three talks on God's glory as revealed in His creation. Our purpose was to furnish an object lesson on how to carry out the suggestion made by Ellen G. White that part of the Sabbath may well be devoted to taking the juniors into the fields and woods, and helping them to appreciate the wonderful works of God. After two hours spent in this way, we assembled for a joint service of praise before the evening meal.

Nine languages were used in the congress. This made general discussion impossible. Again, some of the fields were well advanced in the Missionary Volunteer work, while others, small, poor, and imperfectly equipped with helpful material in their own language, are far behind. So the various union delegates came together separately and drew up, each for itself, an appropriate four-year plan. In one of the closing meetings these four-year plans were read to the congress. It was inspiring to listen to them. We are confident that this gathering will mark an epoch in the history of the Missionary Volunteer

work in Northern Europe. Our coming together deepened our sense of brotherhood, and we are sure that the weaker fields will receive help from the stronger ones.

On the last night we gathered out of doors around a huge bonfire. A few speeches were made, and a memento of the congress was presented to the division secretary in the form of a set of greetings written in each of the nine languages. There was some singing from the language groups, and we concluded by joining hands around the bonfire, while we sang, "God be with you till we meet again."

One of the resolutions adopted was a request that, if possible, another congress be held in four years' time. If the plans for advancement are carried out, there will be a real need for such a meeting by then.

Now the war has hindered united effort in our division for the time being, but not even the war can quench the outburst of enthusiasm and consecration that marked our congress. It was to me a joy and satisfaction to note what an abundance of fine, dedicated talent we have in our ranks, and with what energy and resolution our young people's leaders throw themselves into the work. As I listened to the well-thought-out, well-shaped plans for the coming four years, I could envisage the Missionary Volunteer movement rising up like a young giant, throwing his incalculable strength (*Turn to page 13*)



Teamwork Translating

From Left: W. T. Bartlett, Northern European Division Missionary Volunteer Secretary; E. Magi, Chairman; Miss Chmielewska, Speaking in Polish; F. Kosmowski, Translating Into German; D. A. Ochs, Translating Into English; H. Muderspach, Translating Into Danish



The Northern European Division Youth's Congress Assembled at Dagaard, Denmark

Fritz Found a Treasure

(Continued from page 7)

money he would send for his nephew. It was not hard for the young man to "make arrangements" with the frontier guards to allow the older man to pass.

In due time this uncle reached America, and after many weeks a letter came back to "the old country" informing the anxious waiting one that America was a rough land, a country in which only hardy, able-bodied men could survive, and that on account of Fritz's injured arm it would be wise for him not to think more about it.

Fritz was bitterly disappointed in his uncle, but his determination to go increased. He prayed. God would open a way. He visited his aunt, informed her that he was going to America, and bade her good-by. "But how are you going without money?" she wanted to know. "God will make a way," he replied.

The night was dark and cold. Few people were abroad, but he trudged aimlessly about until at last he stood looking into the dark waters of the great river that flowed under the bridge beneath his feet. "How can I get to America?" he mused.

A shadowy form moved stealthily across the bridge. Fritz saw and hastened toward it. "My friend, are you a stranger here?" he questioned in the language of the realm. But the newcomer pressed on without reply. Then Fritz took his arm gently. "Perhaps I can help you," he ventured, in the tongue common to those across the border. Still there was no reply, but a feeble light from a near-by house showed a frightened face. Fritz could speak one more language that he had learned during those summers. He used it now to assure this stranger that he was amicably disposed.

In a little while the man had unburdened his heart. He was young and ambitious. He wanted to go to America, but he did not know how to go about it. He had plenty of money, but he needed help. Fritz could give him the kind of help he wanted, but Fritz needed money. They went to the aunt's and talked until dawn. Mutual arrangements were made. There was money enough for two, and before long they had overcome all difficulties. They arrived in the Land of Promise, passed Ellis Island, and faced the future courageously.

Fritz's father had been in business with a partner who had sold out his store some years before in order to go to America. His address was the destination of the two strangers. Despite their inability to use the English language, they arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, in due time, and were promptly employed in the lumber business which their friend owned.

Adjoining this lumber establishment was a humble house of worship from which singing could be heard some week nights while work was still going on in the company yard. Fritz was interested, and became a visitor at this meeting place, and it was here that he gained his first religious impressions in America. He felt a deep longing in his heart for a religious experience such as his mother had enjoyed, and this association set his mind at work to discover some way to satisfy the longing of his heart.

One day while he sat on the porch at his boarding house, a huckster's wagon stopped, and a German woman offered her produce for sale. While she talked with the woman of the house, Fritz engaged in conversation the comely lass who sat holding the reins. As a result,

before the wagon and its occupants departed on their rounds of business contacts, Fritz had been invited to their home, which he could reach by walking a short distance from the end of a streetcar line.

The very next Sunday he set out to visit his new friends. Only one other person rode on the car. He wore clothes of such cut and color as to give the impression that he was a clergyman. The young man spoke to Fritz. When they discovered that they were fellow countrymen, an animated conversation followed in their native tongue.

This minister preached a strange religion. He held peculiar doctrines. He observed the seventh day of the week, Saturday, as the Sabbath. Fritz had never heard of anything of this sort before. He asked many questions, and when his clerical companion left the car, Fritz left with him. They sat for two hours by the roadside discussing Scripture until it was necessary for the teacher to go in order to meet his appointment.

All this was too strange for Fritz, but he continued turning it over and over in his mind, and when he reached the house to which he was invited, his interest caused the whole of his lengthy afternoon visit to be devoted to telling what he had just heard. The family were so deeply interested that they made note of the address of the church in which this unusual minister served, and that very week they began attending the services. Soon Fritz discovered that they were keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. This was not what he had expected, however; so he broke off his friendship with them and discontinued his visits to their home.

But this did not relieve him of his thoughts. That seventh-day minister had taught him several things during their Sunday visit. But suddenly hard times came. His employer closed his business and let all his employees go, Fritz included, though he was among the last to be released.

Some of his fellow workers had talked a great deal about Buffalo, New York; so he bought a bicycle and rode from Cleveland, Ohio, to Buffalo, where he chanced to meet a man who pressed him into the picture-selling business.

This picture and picture-frame business required a great deal of traveling, which widened his sphere of acquaintance and brought to him quite a good understanding of Americans. During this time he became acquainted with some artists in New York who were struggling to make places for themselves in the art world, and occasionally one of them would do a bit of painting for some special order which their foreign friend entrusted to them. Their work became better and better; consequently, more and more, Fritz sought this type of business rather than the line which he had been selling for the company.

Their sales crew had come to Schenectady, and Fritz was assigned to the aristocratic section of the city, because he seemed to do well there. At one fine place an irate gentleman, clad in evening clothes and carrying a high silk hat and a cane, burst into a fit of anger when he was delayed just as he was ready to go out, and ordered the "intruder" to be gone. The salesman made a hasty retreat, followed all the way to a heavy outside iron gate by the householder, who seemed determined to see him off.

Here, however, the young man stopped after he had carefully closed the gate. In his native tongue he told the brandisher of the cane just how he felt about that kind of treatment, and without waiting for a reply—for he expected none, since he had not spoken in English—he hastily departed. (Turn to page 12)



Your Master Comrade Says—



Bookbinding

Bookbinding began in the Christian Era with the change from the continuous roll or volume to the book made up of separate sheets.

To keep the leaves flat and uninjured, early books, which were large, were placed between thin wooden boards. Soon it was found to be as convenient as it was simple to join book and boards together by fixing to the boards the ends of the bands holding together the sections. By the time a leather covering had been added to hide and protect the back of the sections, overlapping or completely covering the boards, all the elements of the modern book had been evolved. Thus originated the art of bookbinding.

The covers of the bound book lent themselves readily to ornamentation and decoration. Some of the early books were sumptuously ornamented with gold, jewels, and ivory. Such precious bindings were found mostly on devotional books intended for royal personages or for the service of the church.

With the introduction of printing into Europe about the middle of the fifteenth century, the number of books produced suddenly increased enormously. Although still done by hand, the making and binding of books was transferred from the monasteries to the houses of printers and binders. Soon after the invention of printing, the greatest advance in artistic bookbinding was made by the introduction of gold tooling. Later, machines were utilized to speed up the binding of books, which are now bound in leather, imitation leather, cloth, or paper.

Today the binding of books by hand is done only on small editions of de luxe books, or as a fascinating hobby for the artistic person. Simple bookbinding is a pastime of great fun, and such intriguing items as albums, guest books, and scrapbooks may be made in highly attractive fashion. From the public library you may secure books which will give you instructions for bookbinding. After you learn the art, why not try binding some of your favorite volumes in leather? If you use a tooling leather, you can have in addition the fun of attractively designing the cover.

If you have learned bookbinding either by making it a hobby or as a means of gaining a livelihood, you will have fun working out the Vocational Honor requirements in Bookbinding.



J. C. ALLEN

Professor Knee-Hi

By STELLA PARKER PETERSON

YESTERDAY I saw a little dog. "Nothing unusual about that," you say.

Ah, but there is something unusual about *this* dog. Something so *very* unusual that I am sure that boys and girls everywhere will be interested in hearing about Knee-Hi, the wire-haired fox terrier who, though she is only a *little* dog (knee-high), is doing a *big* work.

Says her owner, Dr. George E. Brunson, child psychologist, who has trained her from babyhood—no, puppyhood—"Knee-Hi is not a trick dog. She is an educated professor."

"A dog a professor?" you ask.

Indeed this dog is a professor, the best little teacher you could find anywhere. Knee-Hi goes from school to school, teaching the children what is right and what is wrong in traffic conduct, and in conduct everywhere. She is doing all she can to "make the world safe," indoors and outdoors—to prevent accidents of all kinds.

A boy or a girl of six years is not very far along in school, but here is six-year-old Knee-Hi (and only a *dog*, at that) a professor! She really has a right to be called "Professor," for the

great State of Pennsylvania considered her such an efficient teacher that a teacher's certificate was issued to her. So "Professor Knee-Hi" she is.

The boys and girls in her classes are never bored. Their faces beam with delight as they watch her, and every eye follows everything she does. It is certain that the boys and girls who take a class under Professor Knee-Hi will never, never forget the lessons she teaches.

I watched while the school children marched with their teachers to a street corner and lined up back of ropes stretched by the police around the four corners of the intersection. "America" was played over the loud-speaking system, and then, while the children all stood at attention, Knee-Hi began her demonstration.

She is wise to all the dangers of traffic. With all his whistling and urging, her owner, Doctor Brunson, could not induce her to cross the street while traffic was flowing past. But as soon as the traffic policeman changed the traffic, Knee-Hi immediately started across the street, first looking both ways, then keep-

ing between the white lines of the safety lane, neither running nor walking too slowly.

At the corner she again waited at the curb for traffic to change; then she passed on, repeating this until she had crossed the four streets of the intersection and was back where she started—safely!

If a little six-year-old *dog* can obey traffic signals, surely boys and girls can!

After showing how to cross a street, Knee-Hi demonstrated how *not* to cross a street. A boy rushed across the street, not stopping to look either way. Right in front of traffic he stubbed his foot and fell, his books scattering in all directions. Like a flash the little dog dashed from her stool (her teacher's chair!), bent over the boy, tenderly pawed at his arm, then stood up straight on her hind legs—just like a traffic officer—and *held up traffic* until the boy could get up and go—*cautiously* now!—the remainder of the way across the street.

You may be sure those school children lining the streets applauded that erect little dog causing a halt in a long line of cars!

When a group of boys came riding along on bicycles on the *wrong* side of the street, Knee-Hi was at their heels, protesting with loud barks. As soon as they rode to the *right* side of the street, the "canny canine" walked calmly back to the curb, jumped on her stool, and went to sleep—or so it appeared.

Then several boys started playing football in the street. Yes, in the *street*.

Was Knee-Hi asleep?

Not now!

With a bound she was after those boys! She barked and snapped at their feet—and they scattered in less time than it takes to write this sentence. The children applauded loudly.

Surely they will all remember Knee-Hi's lesson—DO NOT PLAY IN THE STREET.

A large truck came along and was halted to help in the demonstration. Two boys on bicycles caught hold of the truck on either side—as boys sometimes try to "catch rides;" two other boys jumped up on the rear of the truck. When Knee-Hi saw all that, she lost no time in teaching those boys a lesson they will not forget! It just would not have been well for their heels if they had not hurried away from that truck before it started!

Being told by Doctor Brunson that a boy had been injured on the school



Professor Knee-Hi's Correspondence Is Very Heavy, as You Can See. Here She Is Apparently Wondering How She Will Ever Find Time to Answer All the Letters Which She Receives From Boys and Girls

playground, Knee-Hi consolingly patted him with her paws and looked up at him with an expression that for all the world seemed to say, "Such a shame that you didn't *play safe*!"

Knee-Hi even demonstrated the proper way to get on and off a school bus or a streetcar.

Then she sang her song. She has her own "Safety Song" which she sings during her demonstrations, and which she has sung in radio programs. A Washington newspaper described Knee-Hi's "Safety Song" as being "a cross between a fire siren and the noon whistle." But however it sounds, the children love it.

Then Knee-Hi demonstrated what happens to children who play or are careless in the street. She "played dead" in front of a car which had come to a sudden stop. On the pavement she lay absolutely still; not an eye winked, not a hair moved; she was as limp as a dead, d-e-a-d dog. Not a sound came from any of the children; it was a very silent time, while the children thought of what *might* happen to *them* if they did not *play safe*.

Then Knee-Hi ran to a police telephone call box, and with a little help in the holding of the receiver, "rang in" to tell the police station the number of a hit-and-run driver. "Bow-wow-wow-WOW," she barked into the telephone, thus teaching the children to always report a traffic violator, especially a hit-and-run driver.

At the conclusion of the outdoor demonstration, the children marched into their auditorium, where Professor Knee-Hi taught them lessons in paying attention, obedience, and memory.

"Of course," said Doctor Brunson, "before Knee-Hi could be a teacher, she had to learn lessons herself." Then he directed her to show the boys and girls many things which she had learned.

"Knee-Hi *does what she is told*," Doctor Brunson repeated many times, "just as any dog, or child, should."

"Show them," said her master, "what you do the first thing in the morning."

Knee-Hi stretched and *stretched*.

"Go to the wall, and put your two front feet up against it."

Knee-Hi obeyed.

"Show the children the *safe* way to climb a stepladder."

Knee-Hi started up a high, high stepladder which the janitor had brought. Slowly, carefully, the little dog climbed the big stepladder, clear to the top. As she reached the top her back was toward the audience.

"Why, Knee-Hi! Have you forgotten that it is not 'good manners' to turn your back on people?"

Immediately the little dog turned around, high up on her stepladder perch, and *faced* her audience. Of course the children just loved that little dog!

I cannot remember nearly all the things Knee-Hi did. Sometimes her master would tell her to do about six things, and one after another she would do them, without forgetting anything or getting mixed up.

Doctor Brunson showed how well she had learned her spelling and arithmetic lessons.

"Put up o-n-e foot."

Up went one foot.

"Put up t-w-o feet."

Up went another foot, as she stood on her hind legs.

"Put up f-o-u-r feet."

(Why, how can she *ever* do that? thought the children.)

Up went Knee-Hi to the top of her stool—all four feet *up*, surely enough!

One boy, after hearing her spelling lesson, said, "Well, maybe she can spell 'one' and 'two,' but she can't spell 'high'" (referring to her name).



WHAT PRAYER IS NOT

I once heard a preacher in a prayer say, "Dear Lord, make us childlike, but keep us from being childish." A lot of folk are childish in their prayers to God, and here are some of the ways in which men pray childishly:

1. Prayer is childish when it is used only in case of emergency. In all public buildings and on city street corners one will find fireboxes. Across the front of each box is written these words, "In case of an emergency," whereupon direction is given how to operate the alarm to call out the fire department. God, like the firemen, is ready at all times to answer our call, but He doesn't like to be called upon "only in case of emergency." The Bible enjoins us to call upon God in all times of need. Now, since we have need for God all the time, not just when serious trouble arises, prayer should become a regular habit with us.

2. We are childish in our prayers when we pray as to a Santa Claus. When a little child hangs up her stocking, it is usually accompanied with a list of things which Santa is to bring. Christ loves the little children, and has given us to understand that we are to be as little children; but the Bible also tells us that God knows what we need even before we ask Him. Hence, forget the list of wants when you pray to God. We are grown-up children. We no longer believe in a Santa Claus. Why, then, make one out of God? We belittle prayer when we use God as an errand boy.

3. Prayer is childish, too, when we tell God how good we've been and use that as an argument to get special favor from Him.

4. Prayer is childish when we make of it a sort of dumbbell exercise. Just merely forming the habit of prayer without feeling the meaning of it is about as helpful and understandable as is talking to oneself in one's sleep.—Charles M. Cooper.

Many, many things Professor Knee-Hi taught the children, and when she had finished her class, no one made a dash for the door. This was one class which everyone was sorry to have come to a close. The boys and girls lingered on, clustering about the little teacher who had won their hearts, and who had helped them to see that they must be more careful, more obedient. Not until all the cars bearing the paraphernalia of the demonstration had driven away, with Knee-Hi waving to them from a car window, did the children think of play.

How did Knee-Hi begin her teaching?

Four years ago a school principal was telling Doctor Brunson about a terrible accident which had occurred because some of his pupils had been careless in crossing a street.

"Why," exclaimed Doctor Brunson, "even Knee-Hi knows better than that!" A thought flashed into the principal's mind.

"Why not bring Knee-Hi over and give the girls and boys a demonstration of what even a dog should know about safe conduct?"

So Doctor Brunson and Knee-Hi went, and her demonstration so impressed the children that Knee-Hi's work as a safety teacher began then and there.

Since that day she has taught over a million school children, appearing at more than seven hundred schools, and it is *safe* to say that none of those children will ever forget Knee-Hi or her fine lessons.

She is a hard little worker. Her profession is not an easy one; campaigning to save lives is not an easy task. But she is doing a tremendous service to the girls and boys of America, helping them not only to save their lives, but to make their lives better.

The wonderful things Knee-Hi does are a tribute to the kindness and patience of her master, who could never have educated her as he has if he had not always been kind.

Knee-Hi has a little sister, Ankle-Hi, who now goes along to observe the lessons. She watches very closely, and will doubtless someday be a safety teacher also, like her famous sister, and help to make the world safe.

The King in His Beauty

(Continued from page 4)

purpose, and that same beauty in our lives, if we truly desire it. We are looking forward to beholding as the King in His beauty, this same Jesus glorified. By our beholding loveliness, our lives may become beautiful for Him. It is our privilege to hold this counsel as the purpose and mainspring of our daily walk: "Live so that those who know you, but do not know Him, will want to know Him because they know you."



On the China Front

(Continued from page 6)

rushed upon us and searched us roughly, taking our watches and what money we had on us. Then one of them jumped on the cart and began looking among our things. As he could find nothing he wanted, he seized my companion and began striking him with a horsewhip in anger, while he called out to the other bandit to shoot me. I was standing in the middle of the road. The bandit lifted his loaded gun and took aim.

"Do not shoot me!" I shouted. He was surprised to hear a foreigner talking his own language, and hesitated. "What is it you want?" I asked. "We have more money in a suitcase if that is what you are looking for. We have no arms or ammunition. We depend on the God of heaven for our protection."

The two men consulted together for a moment. One of them jumped on his horse and rode over the hill, while the other bandit looked for our money. Soon the bandit who had ridden off came back.

"We must kill these—," the man said, calling us an unsavory name.

(To be continued)



Fritz Found a Treasure

(Continued from page 10)

Then he contacted the manager and informed him that he was through, for he would not endure such uncalled-for abuse. No amount of argument on the part of his companions could dissuade him from his decision, because his mind was made up.

The next morning he and one of the other young men of the sales force went to town to look for employment. They were standing at a corner when Fritz spied a man alighting from a cab. "There's the man," he cried to his companion, pointing out his cause of distress. Evidently his cry or the motion attracted that person's attention, for he turned and advanced upon them, swinging his cane.

Fritz's first thought was that he was about to be arrested, but reflection reminded him that he had done nothing and that what he had said was not in English; so he stood his ground but with decided palpitation of the heart.

To his astonishment he was addressed in his own language. The man apologized for his rudeness the night before and urged him to return that very evening to explain the reason for his call.

Such an invitation changed the outlook on his picture business. He called at the appointed time that evening with all the necessary paraphernalia. His presentation pleased the prospect so much that the man displayed some large portraits of members of his family and expressed the wish that he might have such a work of art made from a small photograph.

Fritz assured him that it could be done. However, the man protested that those pictures had cost him more than a thousand dollars each. Fritz still urged his cause, and when he left that evening, one picture was in his pocket. He entrusted it to the care and skill of an artist friend, who promised to do the best that could be done with it.

When the portrait was delivered some weeks later, the wealthy man compared the finished product with other paintings, and pronounced this one so much better than the others in his possession that he decided to pay accordingly. Fritz went out with a check for fifteen hundred dollars in his pocket.

This amount set him up in an independent picture business in a little lakeshore city, where he built a house and finally established a home.

It was in this place that some Sabbatharians pitched little tents in a grove, and larger ones in the open, for a camp meeting. Some of the older people did not wish to camp in tents. They sought rooms, and one elderly man obtained lodging in Fritz's new home. He invited his new friend to attend the services, and Fritz accepted. He became so much interested that he went regularly and insisted that his wife accompany them. Finally the third angel's message gripped his heart, and the seed sown in his mind years before by the preacher on the streetcar, was now watered by renewed showers of the Spirit and carefully nurtured by those in the camp who had come in contact with the situation.

So Fritz became a Seventh-day Adventist and is at this day the leader of a company of believers in the little city in which he still conducts his picture

business. One of his children is actively engaged in giving the third angel's message, and another has qualified as an able physician.

How true is the observation of the wisest man: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."



The Eleventh Hour

(Continued from page 1)

words, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

In this eleventh hour of earth's history, we have no time for meaningless generalities. Seventh-day Adventists are a definite people. We live in a definite period of earth's history. As a people, we have a definite message to proclaim to a definite generation. And as Satan sees the onward march of the third angel's message, his ire is aroused against the people of God. Today, in numerous ways, he is working frantically to reduce our individual usefulness in the cause of Christ, by inducing us to spend our time chasing the temporary things of this world.

Some are tempted to devote too much time to sports, at the expense of prayer, Bible study, and meditation. Some who gave promise of usefulness in God's cause are drawn aside by worldly associates. Some, in the strenuous quest for higher education, lose their faith in the Bible under the tutelage of godless instructors, and drop from the ranks of Christ's army. Some, whom Satan has tempted to set their hearts upon the wealth of this world, tread upon the Sabbath, break God's laws, and join the ranks of the enemy.

In this eleventh hour God calls us to greater zeal in His service, to arise and finish His work. In this eleventh hour He asks each one of us: "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Note the reproof in that question. Why? Yes, *why* should we stand all the day idle, when there is so much work to be done? The answer given by the men in the parable—"because no man hath hired us"—was no vindication of their conduct. We are not excused from God's service simply because we are not hired—placed on the conference pay roll. There is much work that can be done by young people and others who are not in the regular employ of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. To all such Christ says: "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you."

But what can I do? rings out a chorus of voices. Just how shall I start? True, you may not be able to cross the ocean and preach the gospel to the heathen, but you can find thousands of honest men and women right at your door who are searching for light. To these you can tell the love of Jesus. Before these you can live an exemplary Christian life.

More specifically, however, you can enter the literature ministry, in the full realization that "the world is to receive the light of truth through an evangelizing ministry of the word in our books and periodicals." You can sell truth-filled books and magazines. You can sell or give away our gospel literature. You can learn to give Bible studies in the homes of your neighbors. You can live and teach true health reform principles. You can visit the sick, and pray for them at their bedside. You can read to them the promises of the word. You can do hours of Christian help work in your own home and in the homes of your neighbors. You can write mis-

sionary letters. In fact, the person who is really in earnest and wants to work for God, will have no difficulty in finding something worth while to do. And "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Yesterday is gone forever. Tomorrow may never come. Today is all the time of which we may reasonably be sure.

A few years ago a wealthy South African miner hoarded a large sum of money in his home. His relatives continually urged him to deposit it in a bank, but he persistently refused to do so. "Robbers may come, and kill you and take your gold," they insisted. Finally he gathered his hoarded wealth in a bag, drove to town, hitched his horse to a post, crossed the sandy street of the dorp, and started to ascend the steps leading to the bank. Then suddenly he had a heart attack and sank to the ground, dead, clenching his wealth in a hand that already was growing cold.

Young man, young woman, you have your treasure with you today. It is the blessed truth of the third angel's message. Are you hoarding it away as the miser hoarded his gold? Someday soon the shades of eternal night will gather, probation will close forever, and it will then be too late for you to share your wealth—to pass on the gospel truth to others.

Then let us be up and doing. Let us resolve to be more faithful Missionary Volunteers for the Master. Let us tell God today that we are ready to do our part in finishing His work in this eleventh hour. Surely there is no greater calling than that of being a coworker with Christ; there is no greater joy than the joy of the soul winner; and there is no greater hope than the hope that we may one day hear the loving Jesus saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."



An M.V. Parliament Convenes in Denmark

(Continued from page 9)

into the task of winning and saving the youth of the advent movement, and forming them into a trained army that will carry the advent message to the many millions of young people in the Northern European Division. A grim destiny is waiting for those millions, but it is not the will of God that they should perish before they have listened to the message of the everlasting gospel, proclaimed in great power by a wholly consecrated army of youthful evangelists.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XII—Blessings Upon Condition of Obedience

(December 23)

MEMORY VERSE: Haggaï 2:19, last clause.
LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 288-290.

THE LESSON

1. When did God next send word to the prophet Haggaï? How long was this after the previous message? Haggaï 2:10, 1.

NOTE.—Two months elapsed between the two messages. From verse 18, we learn that the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month was counted as the day on which the rebuilding of the temple began. Some

Quiz Answers

1. William Howard Taft, 1909-13; Warren Gamaliel Harding, 1921-23. The former was made Chief Justice in 1923.
2. False; Australia is a belligerent nation, but the new act excepts the Pacific Ocean, including the Tasman Sea, from combat areas which American ships may not enter.
3. Rubber.
4. (a) Member of the Fascist party prior to 1922.
5. Under the Platt Amendment, Cuba agreed, among other things, not to incur debts which her national revenue would not bear, agreed to release naval stations to the United States, and gave the United States the right under certain circumstances to intervene in Cuban affairs.

work had been done previous to this, but now the work began in earnest.

2. To whom were the people directed to ask about the law? What was the duty of the priests? Verse 11; Mal. 2:7.

3. What question was asked of the priests? How did they reply? Haggaï 2:12.

NOTE.—In the sanctuary service, certain offerings were eaten by the priests. Only such as were ceremonially clean might eat of the flesh or touch it. A priest might take a piece of the flesh offered in sacrifice and carry it from one place to another, perhaps for the purpose of eating it. In thus carrying it, he would cover it with the skirt of his garment, so that it would touch nothing unclean. The garment being holy as well as the flesh, the question was that if on the way the garment—not the flesh—should touch something eatable, such as "bread, or pottage, or wine, or oil, or any meat," would such article become holy because it had touched the garment? The priests promptly and rightly answered no. Holiness is not thus conveyed.

4. What further question was asked? How did the priest answer? Verse 13.

NOTE.—The thought of verse 13 is that a man may not be unclean in himself, but if he touches anything unclean, he not only becomes unclean himself, but whatever he thereafter touches he defiles. The lesson is that a holy thing cannot transmit its holiness, but a polluted thing can transmit its pollution. Num. 19:22. Sin is more contagious than righteousness. All, young and old, are more easily affected by sin than by righteousness.

5. To what conclusion did the prophet Haggaï come? Verse 14, first part.

NOTE.—The meaning of "So is this people, and so is this nation," is that Israel no doubt felt that because they were the chosen people of God and were building the temple and carrying on a holy work, God would overlook some of the things they were doing which were not right. Some church members feel because they belong to the church, attend services, and are faithful in their stewardship, that these good deeds should recommend them to God and cover their sins in other respects. God wants us to know that holiness is not communicated to that which is unclean in itself because the one who does the unclean thing is carrying on a holy work. One good deed does not cover another evil deed.

6. What did God say as to that which the people offered? Verse 14, last part.

NOTE.—The latter part of verse 14 does not mean that the people offered unclean animals, but that their lives were not clean, and that hence their worship was not accepted of God.

7. How were the people then admonished? Verses 15, 18.

8. What had they found before this time? How did God try to turn them to Him? Verses 16, 17.

9. What question did God then ask? How did He answer it? What promise was given? Verse 19.

10. What statement did God again repeat to the prophet? Verses 20, 21.

11. What did God say He would overthrow? How was this to be done? Verse 22.

NOTE.—God often uses one nation to overthrow another. He used Medo-Persia to overthrow Babylon, and Greece to overthrow Medo-Persia. Thus He did with other nations, and thus He did in the land of Canaan. Brother nations were often used by God for the purpose of punishing His people.

12. What promise did Zerubbabel receive from the Lord? Verse 23.

NOTE.—A signet ring was used for sealing purposes; it was a sign of authority. "God will not suffer one of His true-hearted workers to be left alone, to struggle against great odds and be overcome. He preserves as a precious jewel everyone whose life is hid with Christ in Him. Of every such one He says: 'I . . . will make thee as a signet; for I have chosen thee.'" —"Ministry of Healing," p. 488.

SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI

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

JUNIOR

XII—The Walls and Gates of Jerusalem Restored

(December 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Nehemiah 4; 6; 7:1-5; 8; 12:27-43.

MEMORY VERSE: "For God had made them rejoice with great joy." Neh. 12:43.

STUDY HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 639-645, 653-668.

QUESTIONS

1. What scornful speech about the Jews did Sanballat make before the army of Samaria? How did Tobiah join in the ridicule? Neh. 4:1-3.

2. For what did Nehemiah pray? What did the Jews continue to do? Verses 4-6.

3. What did their enemies conspire to do before the wall was finished? To whom did Nehemiah look for help? Besides praying, how did he seek to guard the work? Verses 7-9.

4. What did Judah say? What did their adversaries plan to do? Verses 10-12.

NOTE.—"Besides the hostility of the Samaritans, the Jews themselves were becoming worn out with the fatigue of such strenuous work. Clearing away the rubbish was too much for them. 'The higher the wall rose, the harder it was to carry materials to the top. The more stone they used, the more difficult it became to get suitable stone from the rubbish.'"—Peloubet.

5. What encouragement did Nehemiah give the people? How many worked at one time? What did the others do? What did each one carry while he worked? Verses 13-18.

NOTE.—"And our adversaries said." The intention of the enemy "was to keep their plans secret till they could make a sudden and overwhelming attack. The American Revised Version makes the sense clear. 'They said unto us ten times from all places, Ye must return unto us,' that is, to the scattered Jewish communities on the frontier, who were alarmed by the growing hostility and danger. They would be the first to be attacked. Hence they besought the able-bodied men who had gone to Jerusalem to build the walls, to hasten back to defend their homes and families. But this message revealed to Nehemiah the plans of the enemy. 'Therefore set I in the lower places,' meaning where the wall had reached the least height, and the places most exposed to the enemy, and where they could watch the enemies' coming, even while they were afar off. 'Set the people after their families.' The men defended that portion of the wall where their families were at work, so that the soldiers need not be distracted by anxiety for their absent families. Those whom they were most anxious to defend were at hand."

"Half of my servants." His personal retainers, trained men, who had guarded him on his journey. They were divided into two companies, who alternately worked and acted as guard. They could not work in their armor. 'Habergeons.' Old English for coat of mail, from 'halo' (neck) and 'bergen' (to protect). 'The rulers,' rather captains, 'were behind,' with the warriors, and in the best positions to direct the work and lead the soldiers. 'They that bare burdens.' The carriers who could steady their load with one hand and hold their weapon in the other. 'The builders' required both hands in laying the wall, so that they carried their swords by their side, ready to be grasped at a moment's warning.'"—Peloubet.

6. What plan did they arrange for warning one another? Where were they to lodge at night? What does Nehemiah mention to show how constantly they worked and watched? Verses 19-23.

NOTE.—"Nehemiah had a trumpeter near him, and he arranged with the rulers and the people that whenever the trumpet was sounded, all should haste to him with their weapons ready to defend the city. The trumpeter was necessary because the new walls were nearly four miles around. They worked, some of them with their weapons in one hand, and their tools in the other. In other cases half were ready to meet the enemy while others worked, but all came to Nehemiah when the trumpet sounded. They probably took turns in watching and work.'"—Peloubet.

7. When their enemies heard that the wall had been built, what new scheme did they

plan? What answer did Nehemiah make? How many times was this repeated? Neh. 6:1-4.

8. When was the wall finished? What did even their enemies now understand? Verses 15, 16.

NOTE.—"The walls were begun in the month of Ab (early in August) and completed on the 25th day of Elul (September) (Neh. 6:15), the time being 52 days—amid great difficulties and dangers and opposition."—Peloubet.

9. When the wall and gates were finished, and the porters, singers, and priests appointed, whom did Nehemiah place in charge over Jerusalem? Neh. 7:1, 2.

10. How long did it take to complete the work of restoring Jerusalem? What decrees made this possible?

NOTE.—It took seventy-nine years and the efforts of three kings to complete the decree to restore and build Jerusalem: (1) Cyrus gave the first part, 536 B.C. Ezra 1:1-4. (2) Darius gave the second part, 519 B.C. Ezra 6:1-12. (3) Artaxerxes gave the finishing decree that really accomplished the work, 457 B.C. Ezra 7:12-26.

11. Where did the people assemble for a special service? Who composed this great congregation? Neh. 8:1, 2.

12. What did Ezra read to the people? Where did he stand while reading? How did the people show great respect and reverence for God's word? Verses 3-6.

13. For how many days did the people listen to the reading of the law, and seek the Lord? Verse 18.

14. In what spirit was the service held when the wall was dedicated? Neh. 12:27.

15. What did the Lord cause them to do? Who joined in the rejoicing? Where was the joy of Jerusalem heard? Verse 43.

NOTE.—"The ceremony of dedication of the temple at Jerusalem consisted chiefly in giving of thanks. The children of the captivity had great reason for thankfulness as they viewed the completion of their work and realized that they were once more established in their own land. Here we must leave them until we study their future history in the New Testament."—"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book Two, p. 282.

A Comparison

What are the people of God commanded to build in these days? Isa. 61:4.

What work will those who are called the repairers of the breach be doing in the last days? Isa. 58:12, 13.

What opposition is to be met? What spiritual reformation is called for?

—CORRECTION—

Training schools in India are to receive the overflow of this quarter's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. The notice on page 23 of the Junior Quarterly for the fourth quarter is a mistake. Urge a liberal offering for INDIA.

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BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

The Listening Post

► WERE it not for the dikes of Holland, 38 per cent of the country would be inundated every twenty-four hours.

► THE Encyclopedia Britannica, which was first published in Edinburgh nearly two centuries ago, made its initial appearance in three volumes. The Chinese in the fifteenth century compiled an encyclopedia in 5,020 volumes.

► RECENTLY Pope Pius XII, in order to make his domain a "holy city" in deed and in truth, ordered its gates to be closed every night at 11:30 and to remain closed until 6 A.M. Thus any one of the 513 citizens of Vatican City who does not enter a half hour before midnight must seek another place of repose.

► ASTRONOMERS are eagerly awaiting the completion of the giant telescope with a 200-inch reflecting mirror which is to be housed on a wooded peak of Palomar Mountain in California. With this new aid to human sight, it will be possible for astronomers to peer into realms of space eight times more distant than is possible with any telescope now in existence.

► IN order to strengthen lines of communication in the Near East, new desert highways are either planned or are under construction in Egypt and between Egypt and Palestine. One will traverse the entire length of Egypt from north to south; two will connect the Upper Nile with ports on the Red Sea; and still another will join Ismailia and El'Auja across the Sinai Peninsula.

► EDWIN W. BINKLEY of Mill Valley, California, collects clocks. He has 480 in his home, and the collection includes all shapes and sizes. Years ago, as a boy, Mr. Binkley repaired an intricate clock which belonged to his grandmother. Ever since, he has been interested in the various mechanical contrivances which men have invented for telling time. His collection ranges from clocks that are 300 years old down to the very latest in automobile electric time-keepers. Winding these clocks is a real job, and it would take fully eight hours each day to wind them all. He cannot do this, however, and carry on his regular business; so he compromises by winding as many as his spare time will permit.

► SPELLING reform becomes compulsory this autumn in all Norwegian schools, with the exception of the two highest grades. It is the third time the language has been reformed since Norway broke away from Sweden in 1905. The first reform was in 1907 and was directed against the language introduced by Danish civil servants at the time of the Reformation. In fact, Norwegian in 1907 was indistinguishable from Danish. The separation of the two languages which began then was continued with a second reform in 1917. This year's reform has been the boldest of the three, for it aims at narrowing the differences between written Norwegian of the town and the countryside. There has been a wide diversion between these two, as present Norwegian hardly existed as a written language until the present century. However, Norwegian nationalism has brought with it an urge that the written language be kept in closest possible touch with popular speech.

► PERFECTION of a new weather instrument which is so delicate that it can measure the temperature of drops of water a mile above the earth, is announced by the American Meteorological Society. It is all done with mirrors, according to Dr. C. H. Heck, of North Carolina State College, who did the original research. By concentrating the light of the sky on a cascade of mirrors, it is possible to detect changes of 52° Fahrenheit in the upper atmosphere, and use such changes for predicting the weather for the following twenty-four hours.

► GEORGE WASHINGTON was the first President of the United States to give a press interview. When he decided to retire from the Presidency, he sent for David C. Claypoole, editor of the *Daily Advertiser* in Philadelphia. After explaining his plan, he informed Mr. Claypoole that he had some reflections upon the occasion which he wished to communicate to the people of the United States through the *Daily Advertiser*, and gave the editor a copy of the Farewell Address. This was published in the edition of the paper for September 19, 1796.

► THE Turkish government has ordered police to reduce the country's dogs from 1,500,000 to 300,000 as a food-economy move.

► RUSSIA has abandoned its plan of obtaining lumber from Siberia because transportation to other parts of the country presents such great difficulty.

► THE French air ministry is offering \$85,000 in prizes in a contest to find a "people's airplane," one that is easy to dismantle and pilot, with a speed of 100 miles an hour and a radius of approximately 400 miles.

► COMMISSIONER GEORGE CARPENTER of Australia, who for a number of years has been leader of the Salvation Army in Canada, has been chosen to be the fifth general of the Army, to succeed Evangeline Booth, who is retiring.

► THOSE who are in a position to know assure us that a substantial part of the United States Navy could be crowded through the Panama Canal into either the Pacific or the Atlantic before an enemy fleet could reach American shores from either Hawaii or the Azores.

► SEPARATION of traffic lanes by a white strip down the center of the road is not a modern development, as is usually thought. A section of an old highway between Mexico City and Cuernavaca, Mexico, was built by the Spaniards between 350 and 400 years ago. White stones mark a clearly defined center line.

► THE first artificial silk known was made by Sir Joseph Swan, pioneer of the incandescent lamp. Seeking to invent a new type of filament for the lamp, he squeezed a mixture of wood and cotton pulp through tiny holes and produced a thread not unlike that of the silkworm. The women of his household crocheted these threads into mats, which were placed on view at the Inventions Exhibition in 1883. Thus more than fifty-five years ago the British public saw artificial silk for the first time.

► THE Swiss government is negotiating with the League of Nations for the purchase of the League's broadcasting station in Geneva. Two chief considerations are said to have prompted Secretary General Joseph Avenol to authorize such a negotiation. First, recent expenditures have greatly exceeded receipts, and the League's declining membership makes a sharp budget reduction necessary. Second, by dealing with the Swiss government, the station enjoys extraterritoriality, and might prove a source of embarrassment to neutral Switzerland in war time.

► CAPTAIN HANSON GREGORY, master mariner of Camden, Maine, is credited with inventing the hole in doughnuts in 1847. Prior to this time doughnuts were solid, with a nut or a raisin in the center. This nut, by the way, accounts for the last syllable of the name. One day when Captain Gregory was a boy, he was watching his mother make doughnuts. Every now and then as he secretly took one, he noticed that the center of the cake always seemed doughy and underdone. Turning to his mother, he said, "Why don't you put a hole in the middle where it doesn't cook?" His mother laughingly agreed, and the present form of the doughnut was born.

Current Events Quiz

1. The biographies of two recent American Presidents have just been published. One appointed the other Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Who are the Presidents, and when were they in the White House?

2. Is the following statement true or false: Under the revised Neutrality Act it will be unlawful for an American citizen to travel on a belligerent ship to the port of Sydney, Australia.

3. It is a raw material important particularly for transportation in war and peace, which America does not produce, but obtains largely from the British Empire. Name the material.

4. Is the word "Squadrista," a word now in the news, (a) a member of the Fascist party prior to the march on Rome in 1922; (b) a Latvian port in which Russia is establishing a naval base; (c) a type of military plane being developed by the French?

5. Cuba has been an independent nation since the abrogation in 1934 of the Platt Amendment. What was the Platt Amendment?

(Answers on page 13)