

The YOUTH'S Instructor

Courage Needed

By ERNEST LLOYD



WE live in a time of fusion and transition. Change is written over the old, established ideas. Our institutions—social, religious, political—are in a state of very *disturbing* change. Old

The Tendency Today Is to Worship Scientific Achievements and Natural Endowments Above God

opinions and standards are being thrown into the melting pot to be fused and then cast anew. Who can tell under what new forms they will come forth? We are reminded of the thrilling prophecy, the words of the Lord, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn."

It is also a time of great decision. We see the hosts—of order and disorder, of truth and falsehood, of Christ and Satan—marshaling themselves in serried rank and determined front. Never

in the history of mankind was there a crisis in which it was more imperative that all ponder well the side they intended to elect, and, having made their decision, stand by it even to death. How menacing are many of the features of our time! There are such terrible elements at work; such wild, destructive, and anarchic spirits abroad; such dread combinations for evil; such daring speculation and reckless ambition; such morbid sentiment and athe-

istic profaneness, that we stand appalled at the despairing picture, and we hear the question, What will *abide* in the coming convulsions of our social system? The earthquake of change is destined to shatter all things sacred and honored among men. On the (Turn to page 12)

CY. LA TOUR

Let's Talk It Over

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."

The friend who was standing with me on one of the lovely shady paths that seem to tie the St. Helena Sanitarium safely in its perch halfway up and halfway down Howell Mountain, repeated the inspired words reverently. At our feet lay beautiful Napa Valley with its orchards and gardens and cozy homes.

"Just down there," my guide pointed, "is 'Elmshaven,' the home of Ellen G. White, and the house in which she died. That square building beside it is the vault in which the Ellen G. White manuscripts were kept until about two years ago, when they became the property of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, and were transferred to the headquarters office in Washington, D.C.

"And that high peak over there is Mt. St. Helena. She's wearing a hood of clouds today, and it is pulled down over her ears. That means: Look out for more rain."

But the sun shone on brilliantly for another twenty-four hours, and did its part, in addition to several good hydrotherapy treatments, to bid a bothersome cold begone.

YOU may read about the world's two greatest bridges, but until you have actually seen them you cannot fully comprehend their immensity or realize what the carrying out of such a project must have cost, not only in money, but in courage, careful planning and forethought, and painstaking, persevering effort despite the presence of almost overwhelming difficulties.

The towers of Golden Gate Bridge are 757 feet high, or more than one and one half times the height of the Pyramid of Cheops. The steel used for each tower would make a train of 450 freight cars. The four tallest buildings in New York City—Empire State, Chrysler, 60 Wall Tower, and Bank of Manhattan—totaling 4,173 feet in height, could comfortably lie end to end on its 4,200-foot span—the longest ever designed and executed.

You may walk across Golden Gate Bridge, but Bay Bridge, which connects the cities of Oakland and San Francisco, admits no pedestrians. Its

cantilever span is the largest by far in the world, and weighs 21,000 tons. The concrete used in building both bridges would form a column nine feet square and 139,409 feet high, or would reach nearly twice the altitude ever attained by man in airplane or balloon.

A DAY in breezy, hustling San Francisco.

A night aboard "The Owl" southward bound.

And then Los Angeles with its impressive new Union Station which covers forty-six acres, the last word in comfort, convenience, and modern travel facilities.

But how did one get transport across sixty miles to La Sierra College from there? Train, bus, electric line—take your choice. And I chose the train.

It was a friendly little "local" that stopped at every telephone pole—almost. A quaint, old-fashioned coal stove, which the brakeman tended industriously, banished the chill and dampness of the dripping out-of-doors, and sociable fellow passengers helped to pass the time pleasantly.

Three miles from the little town of Arlington, set in a frame of low hills with higher ranges and finally snowcaps towering behind them, stands the youngest of the sisterhood of Seventh-day Adventist colleges—"The School of the Glad Hand and the Friendly Spirit."

Seventeen years ago this plot of ground was an arid garden patch. Now a semicircle of commodious, substantial buildings faces a beautifully landscaped green campus. Truly we should thank God for men of vision who can discern educational possibilities for youth of this great second advent movement where ordinary eyes can see only sand, irrigating ditches, and melon vines.

In panorama from left to right we see the two men's dormitories, Calkins Hall and Mu Beta Kappa Hall; San Fernando Hall, or science headquarters; the administration building; Hole Memorial Auditorium, named in honor of the man who sold four hundred acres of his estate to the college fathers, and who has been very generous toward the institution during the years; the women's dormitory, Gladwyn Hall, crowded now to overflowing; and the stakes in the orange grove which mark the site of the

new women's home which is to be ready for occupancy before the opening of another school year.

Grouped back of these are the post office, service station, and school store, the grade school, the camp meeting auditorium, which serves as a gymnasium and recreation center, the woodworking shop, the print shop, the dairy, which not only supplies the school needs but furnishes milk for White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles and a commercial route as well, the swimming pool, tennis court, volley ball court, and gardens.

La Sierra College really had its beginning in old San Fernando Academy, and its growth during the last few years has been remarkable. There were five hundred fifty college and academy students studying on the campus at the time of my visit. This does not include the summer school enrollment, or the young people who are taking advantage of the extension work offered.

Ninety per cent of these students are earning all or part of their expenses, and the institution gives them approximately \$80,000 worth of work each year.

The Loma Linda Food Factory, an associated industry located just off the campus, modern and up-to-date and immaculate from floor to roof, adds materially to possibilities for student employment. And a number are kept busy on the large farm, which, with proper irrigation, brings crops to fruition all through the year. In fact, they cut hay every month of the twelve.

This school is advantageously located, and an hour's ride by automobile will bring you to the mountains, to the seaside, to the desert, or to the large city of Los Angeles, depending on the direction you take.

President E. E. Cossentine and the strong faculty associated with him are guiding a happy, busy student group as they prepare to take their places in the homeland or beyond the seas to tell the story of a crucified, risen, soon-coming Saviour. It was an inspiration to meet students and teachers in the classrooms at study, in the beautiful assembly hall at worship, on the campus, and in the auditorium at play, and I'm carrying away with me a large bouquet of fragrant flowers for memory's garden.

Lora E. Clement

You Are a Poet

By WALTON SMITH



YOU are a poet! You didn't know it? That is not strange; few people know that they have this talent. But you have been a poet all your life. Most persons look upon a poet as one among a thousand, as a novelty, possibly as a doer of queer things. Despite such common opinion, to be unpoetic is to be unnatural.

Yes, no matter who you are or what you are doing, you are a poet. Those around you know it. Although they do not laud your ability as rivaling that of someone who has written a book of poetic matter, that is no proof that you do not possess the gift. They themselves are poets. The trouble is that they are unaware of their own possession. How could they recognize yours? Because unconsciously by your attitudes, the things you do and say, you are writing your poetry in your life.

Poets are not made. They are born. Your first masterpieces were composed in the cradle and forthwith given to the waiting world. Who would dare say that your first "Goo, goo," is not a specimen of perfect rhyme and meter? As you grew older your works became more involved, and increasing experience enabled you to launch into wider fields. Your parents—in fact, everyone who heard you—thrilled at your first attempts at speech. Unintelligible as they were, to these eager listeners they were beautiful and harmonious.

The sad thing is that as you grew older you lost your naturalness, and discordant action and expression ensued. It was not anything in you that caused the change. The older persons around you were responsible. The more prominent poets among us, by some strength that we do not know, retain their poetic outlook through every phase of their lives.

Although you lost some of your gift as you left babyhood, you still were a poet. You loved the sound of poetry, the lilt, the rhythm, the swing, the harmony, of it. I know of a little boy who, although he is too young to read, knows a poem when he sees it. Its smooth form and interesting appearance catch his eye first as he searches every paper for a "Read me this." One of the first words he learned was "poem." He likes the simple ones he can understand, but he is willing to sit and

listen to one that is far beyond his scope because he loves the sound.

When you started to school, forgetting your Teddy bear and your blocks, leaving behind your infantile likes, to start a new chapter in your life, one thing you took with you was your love of poetry. One of the first things you learned to read was a poem. Without a doubt you can still repeat the ditty that meant so much to you then. Mothers look back to their first school days for poems to tell their children.

The most unappreciated period of your poetical youth came between the ages of ten and fourteen. Of course, you learned "The Village Blacksmith," "Old Ironsides," and parts of "Hiawatha;" but no grownup ever paid much attention to your own personal, original compositions—except possibly to stand you in the corner and have you read them before a group of tittering, teasing comrades who would have liked to cheer you if they had dared. They did cheer you when they got the chance. Your popularity increased a hundredfold when they realized that among them all you particularly were blessed by being able to put your poetry on paper.

It would be foolish to say that all your works were specimens to be promiscuously aired; but they found instant favor among your companions, with the possible exception of the comrade who had been immortalized in your verse. They all took turns at the receiving end, and feelings never lasted.

I'm not setting these efforts up as

perfect examples of juvenile poetry, nor are they evidences of juvenile delinquency. There is nothing particularly uplifting about them, but they do prove that there is poetry in children.

Yes, childhood is full of poetry, but it is suppressed and held down until just the dregs remain to run out occasionally and earn their writer a "stay after school" reward. And if you did not actually write poems yourself, at least you gave your enthusiasm and support to your classmate who did.

The most profuse period of your poetic growth came when you were sixteen or a little older. I say profuse because there was so much to write about, so much to thrill you, so many new experiences, so many new doors of life opening before you. Queer things happened. Oh, those sunsets! Strange you had never noticed them before. They must have been there, or were they? Those colors! "I wonder," you thought, "has anyone ever seen a sunset before?" The first thing you knew, you had put it in verse!

I saw the sun go down tonight,
And as I watched it draw away,
I felt a surge, a beat within me,
I had never felt until today.

The clouds were sad to have it leave,
They wept their pallid faces red,
They decked with all its favorite hues,
But it left them gray and dead.

That was only the beginning. Spring has come every year, but you had never noticed it before. Green grass, soft clouds, blue skies, birds, new leaves—spring. The Lord means for us to enjoy every birth of the new year, and suddenly you realized it. Then there came upon you a burden for those who had never seen a spring. You may have written it; you may have just felt it; but it was a poem.

When fluffs of soft white cotton
Riding on the west wind's breast
Replace those slabs of cold gray slate
Upheld by north wind's stronger blast
Know that spring is here.

When robins call of coming rain,
And peepers' cries in marsh and swamp
Replace the silence of the whited wood
Where living things are hid away,
Know that spring is here.

When dainty tips of welcome green
And maples' splash of gayer hue
Replace the ugly, blunt brown stubs
Where hung the tattered, withered leaf,
Know that spring is here.



The next period was dangerous in its implications. As most young people do, you decided that some young man or young woman was the only person in the world! Naturally your mind ran on and on in poetry. If you did not express yourself in words, you were safe enough, but a few must trace their pulse throbs in ink. Consequently, part of your fine collection was scattered over the countryside.

It is fortunate that such feelings are short-lived, that youth is changeable. Your ideal changed with the moon. And every time it changed, you wrote another poem.

With dreams of great attainments, you climbed the pinnacles of success. One after another, you scaled them all, aspiring to one only to change to another—consequently there were more poems.

As you grew older, you became more serious. Your mind turned to the problems of the ages; those things that have baffled master minds since the Chinese philosophers debated the chicken-and-the-egg problem were not enough to daunt your determination to settle them once and for all. You may have become discouraged, or you may have decided to lay them aside for a while. At least you turned to those things that were nearer your strength. Possibly you wrote something like this:

You cannot find a reason for your state?
Then look again, for well 'tis known
That things do not happen of their own;
Cause and effect overmaster fate.

You say your path is hard, ambition
drenched,
And fortune's shining face is turned?
You are wrong, within you has always
burned
A flame you have not fanned, but
quenched.

Raise yourself, and, grasping fortune by
the hands,
Turn her about, and she will smile your
way!
She is effect, cause her master; and
every day
Success is yours. You decree how for-
tune stands.

When the snow melts, and the
frozen brook resumes its music, do
you not like to stand and watch it go
merrily by, so glad to be free after
a winter in prison that it sings a song
of gladness, a promise to do great
things ere it reaches the sea? You
have no brook? I love a ditch in
spring.

There is rhythm in the seasons, in
the come and go of the weather, in
the changes that the sun makes about
us. Life is rhythm: youth and age,
new and old, white and black, peak
and valley, sun and shadow, joy and
sorrow, peace and trouble, all must
rhyme in our life, in our poetry.

Can you stand and look up at the

sky at night without feeling some-
thing within you singing, reaching
out, out into the unknown? Do you
not wonder about the why, the where,
the how of it? The stars are poets.
You can watch them trace their mes-
sage in words of unerasable light, in
lines a billion miles long. Tennyson
loved the stars. The last thing he did
each night was to spend a quiet half
hour with the stars. They inspired
him to write such lines as,

"Many a night from yonder ivied case-
ment, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping
slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising
thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled
in a silver braid."

Do you love the stars? Then you
are akin to Tennyson. You are a
poet. Poetry is as old as the universe.
"When the morning stars sang to-
gether, and all the sons of God
shouted for joy," that was poetry.
And yet as Addison aptly tells us,

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim."

But in God's great lyric there is one
discord. This earth is the only word
that does not harmonize. Once it
fitted its place per- (Turn to page 13)



A Meditation

By M. E. KERN

Thank God, Christians also have wings. When we find ourselves slipping and realize that we are powerless to overcome the downward pull of the gravitation of sin, we may send up our petition on the wings of prayer and find instant help in every time of need.

The psalmist meditated, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Yes, as we use the means that God has given us, we can rise above the sordid things of earth that pull us down, and can "fly away, and be at rest"—peace because of victory.

Even the youth shall "mount up with wings as eagles." They may soar away above the rocky crags of earth, rising above what is cheap, distracting, and sinful, and breathe the pure atmosphere of heaven and bask in the sunshine of God's love and power.

And finally, when the time of probation is finished, we shall mount up to heaven itself and be with Him who made all this possible.

And I thought—I thought of the many young people in many lands for whom and with whom I have labored during the years. I long to meet them all in that better land, "when His chosen ones shall gather in their home beyond the skies."

Yes, "when the roll is called up yonder" I mean to be there, don't you?

IT was the anniversary of my birth. Looking up from my work, I gazed out of my office window, meditating. Across the way I saw some pigeons trying to get a foothold on a neighboring roof, which was rather steep. Again and again they would slip. But how much safer they were, I thought to myself, than I would have been if I were on that roof slipping down. Even the thought of it gave me that dread feeling of falling which hurt to the end of my toes. Those pigeons would use their wings to overcome their slipping, and keep on trying until finally they found it possible to accomplish their purpose.



Traveling by Dugout in the Amazon Region

Amazonia

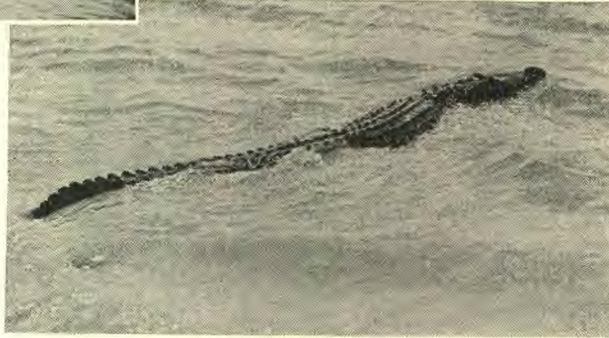
(Concluded)

By H. B. LUNDQUIST

A QUIET week end was spent at Yurimaguas. Inasmuch as this is a center of the activities of the Spanish Jesuit friars, our work here is making slow and painful progress. However, at a point called Shishinahua, about sixty miles to the north, on the Huallaga, there is a prosperous colony of Indian Seventh-day Adventists. A church school has been in operation here for several years, and although fierce opposition is met with from the enemy, a good work is still being carried on. In Yurimaguas, Shishinahua, and near-by places, we have some one hundred fifty baptized believers, with perhaps another one hundred Sabbath school members.

By sticking closely to the channel of the river, we avoided breaking the security pin of our motor when we resumed our journey. At night, whenever it was possible we tried to secure lodging in the house of some riverside dweller. This afforded us protection from prowling wild animals, and was the means of making contacts and receiving such help as we might need. Promptly at dusk, as if in obedience to some signal inaudible to human hearing, millions of vicious mosquitoes attacked everything in reach. They literally swarmed on all parts of the body at once. Unless supper was out of the way before that time, it was little enjoyed, as both hands were urgently needed to counterattack the winged assailants. Sometimes our only safety was to get under the mosquito net, the one article which everyone, rich and poor, high and low, Indian and white, invariably possesses. By day the mosquito sleeps, but the warfare on humankind is carried on by the gnat, an insect whose bite on the newcomer raises a welt which remains as a smarting reminder for days. Other mosquitoes inject microscopic larvae which hatch and mature under the skin, thus causing terrible sores until removed.

Finally one morning the Huallaga flowed into the Marañón, and at noon of the fourth full day of travel,



Many Alligators Reach Fifteen and Even Twenty Feet in Length

the Marañón poured its millions of tons of water into the mighty Amazon. On and on we rode under the relentless sun, dodging tree trunks and other floating debris. We were hopeful of reaching our goal the next day. In the morning before dawn we were pointed downstream. We stopped briefly for breakfast and also boiled some rice for dinner, determined to lunch without stopping. At noon, attaching our canoe to a floating balsa, or produce raft, bound for Iquitos, we warmed our rice, finished the last of our provisions, and then cut loose for the home-stretch.

We were favored with good weather on the Amazon proper, for which we were grateful, but night fell, and we were still far from our destination. What should we do? We decided to trust ourselves to a kind Providence, and open up the throttle. We arrived at nine o'clock, having been saved from numerous dangers seen and unseen, thankful to God for His kind and merciful protection. We had made the four hundred fifty miles in forty-four hours flat, averaging a little better than ten miles an hour for the time we traveled.

One night our faithful companion, Alomias, had a very narrow escape as we were encamped on a sandbank. Observing two gleaming spots near the opposite shore, and knowing that sometimes diamonds are to be found in these parts, he swam toward the opposite side armed with two rocks. Wishing to assure himself that the diamondlike gleams did not proceed from the eyes of some nocturnal marauder, he threw one rock toward the two points of light, with no result. However, his second and last rock secured results of a most undesirable sort. His "diamonds" slowly submerged in the placid water, and

Alomias broke all speed records for evening swimming in the Amazon valley, in returning to his "base." Inasmuch as the black boa constrictor can remain indefinitely under water, without a doubt the possessor of the two lights was none other than a huge specimen of this reptile.

Now that we have spoken of dangers, it might be in place to mention some of the hazards to a peaceful existence which are to be found here. The most feared and perhaps the most dangerous is the boa constrictor.

This huge serpent in some cases reaches thirty feet in length, its head being as large as a calf's. The lethal embrace of this unlovely denizen is something all seek to avoid.

Perhaps next in order in the catalogue of fear is the *shushupe*, followed by the tree-climbing *loro machaco*, the grass-inhabiting *jergon*, the ubiquitous *cascabel*, or rattler, and the *nacca nacca*. The first-named reptile, when infuriated, has been known to pursue the person who has disturbed it. Inasmuch as it is an excellent swimmer, the only alternative is to give it battle. Within a very short time after being bitten by one of these venomous monsters, the victim begins to suffer hemorrhage from the eyes, ears, and nose, and unless an antidote is promptly given, death soon comes as a welcome release from horrible suffering. The size of the reptile has nothing to do with the deadliness of its sting, for a tiny snake is able to kill just as easily as a larger one.

The common alligator does not attack unprovoked; and for that matter none of these dangerous animals do. The alligator, however, resents curiosity, and woe to him who ventures too close to the dozing or wounded saurian. A lightninglike flip of his knifelike tail has been known to cut through the spinal column, thus stunning the victim and exposing him to the bite of the alligator's huge tusks. This is an intelligent animal, and although it does not molest the average canoe, it will attack ferociously one in which fishermen have been depriving him of what he considers his lawful prey. Many gators reach lengths of fifteen and even twenty feet.

These mighty streams contain another very interesting animal, a fish which suckles its young, bearing them

like any other mammal. Its habits are very much like those of the porpoise. Its head is similar to a swine's, but ends in a swordlike protuberance not unlike that of a swordfish except that it is double and has an upper and lower jaw. The most absurd legends are current concerning the *bufeo*, as this hybrid is known, and no native will knowingly kill one. For this reason it is as tame as a domestic animal, and will come close to a canoe full of passengers. It is large, reaching eight or ten feet in length. Its body is like shimmering silver, but its head is hideous. It can be attracted by a low whistle, persistently repeated.

But back to our narrative. We were met at Iquitos on the steep, muddy bank of the Amazon, by friends, and soon our rain-soaked and mudstained garments were exchanged for other raiment, and an excellent supper brought back our courage. Six days were spent at headquarters. Meetings for our church people were held from Friday night until Sunday noon, and for the general public meetings were held in the evenings, as had been our custom elsewhere. The last of the series of lectures, on the true home, was attended by numerous persons from the best circles. An excellent church school helps to unite the Iquitos church, and makes it one of the most distinctly missionary organizations I have known in South America. After Pastor Leon and I had visited the principal business houses in the interests of the Harvest Ingathering, our church people were invited to participate in a field day. About eight hundred souls, or the entire mission goal, had been reached when I departed.

And now the last leg of the itinerary was to commence. This time we traveled by amphibian plane. We

arrived at Contamana exactly two hours after embarking. The trip by launch, traveling night and day, would have consumed the better part of a week. Through a series of circumstances this church had never before received a visit from anyone outside the local mission. Here, as at all the other places, a consecration service met with a hearty response. Sabbath afternoon seven young people were buried with their Lord in the waters of the noble Ucayale, true headwaters of the great Amazon. The rite was witnessed by a large throng of townspeople who showed the utmost respect. Baptizing while standing on the slippery bottom of this tropical river under the observation of a large mixed crowd was really a trying feat. Our meetings were well attended by our friends. This is one of the oldest churches of the Amazon mission.

Because we journeyed to Contamana by air, we were obliged to leave our motor behind. A man of the city offered to lend us his motor for our trip to the Indian settlement at Ebenezer; but after four hours of fruitless efforts to get it to work, our four Indian oarsmen were obliged to begin their task of combating the downstream rush of the river. The first day out we stopped just after midnight and made ourselves as comfortable as possible in fishermen's shacks. After a few hours of refreshing slumber, we were off again. The waters of the river were teeming with *bufeos*, *paiches*, a sort of gigantic cod which frequently reaches fifteen feet in length, and *rayas* and *panas*, both of which are exceedingly dangerous. The latter often severs the finger of him who carelessly trails his hands through the water, or who is slow about disentangling the fish from the fishing hook. In the sky

above were to be seen frequently flocks of squawking parrots and parakeets, and the shores swarmed with graceful and beautiful herons, snow white or tinged with a delicate pink. The only discordant note was that produced by many of the three hundred kinds of mosquitoes with which the Amazon is scourged. Fortunately a certain degree of immunity keeps the stings, after the first week of attacks, from swelling or becoming infected. But let us look at the roses rather than the thorns.

In the immediate proximity of the river are numerous *cochas*, or long, narrow, and for the most part stagnant lakes which are its ancient courses. These are connected with one another and with the river by *caños*, or tiny creeks, some of which are so narrow and shallow that they may be used only when the river is high. On one of these *cochas* is located our very delightful mission station of Ebenezer. There are about one hundred persons in this settlement, and they represent four different tribes of Indians, the Campas, Piros, Cashibos, and Conibos—erstwhile enemies living in absolute harmony and peace because of the work which the gospel has effected in their lives. They are shepherded by Rufino Pachó, a faithful Aymara worker from Lake Titicaca. If we are to accomplish our gospel commission, we must, however, establish our Indian work in this mission on a more permanent foundation, and provide an Indian training school. It is out of the question to think of utilizing the facilities of our other Indian training school because of the enormous distance and the difference in climatic and ethnological conditions.

In the midst of these primitive forests, stretching on all sides like some immense inland ocean, are many mysteries and marvels. One of them is the *tamishi*, a vegetable rope of incredible toughness. The natives affirm that when the deadly ant, *isula*, dies, it hangs downward from the upper branch of a lofty tree which in life it inhabits. This *tamishi*—so it is said—grows from the two front legs of the dead warrior.

Another plant, which is called *suelte quien suelte* (let him who can loosen), grows around a thriving tree, forming a net and slowly but surely suffocating it.

But perhaps the most inexorable of these scourges is the *pichcuanyuna*. A tiny parasitic plant innocently dangles from the topmost branch of a forest giant. Finally the tender tendril touches the ground, and takes root. It then begins to entwine the tree in an embrace of death, and finally, when the tree gives up the struggle for existence, the body of this vegetable vampire is thicker than that of the tree victim.

But even the patience of youth must be respected. (Turn to page 13)

Slips That Pass

By CHARLES E. WENIGER

THERE'S a cog in recognize, but many people don't recognize it; instead, they say **reconize**, entirely ignoring the g sound. Touch the g lightly, but be sure to touch it. Say recognize.

And there's a bit of iron in environment, despite the fact that many people say **enviroment**. Don't leave out the iron. Say environment with a clear n sound before the final -ment.

And there's a little ark in arctic and antarctic. Don't say **artie** and **antartic**. Make a clear k sound, and the little ark will help your arctic and antarctic sail over the sea of speech a little more smoothly.

And don't forget the **did** in candidate; it's candidate, not **canidate**. Be sure that a light d sound follows the can. Say candidate. Now listen to yourself. Are you sure that you **did** it well?

Finally, don't rob corroborate of its strength. The second syllable is **rob**, not **ob**. Say corroborate, not **cooborate**.

Just a little thing—the sound of these consonants—but the way you pay attention to them marks the difference between clean-cut expression and a lazy drawl.

God Cates

By JUNE LAURA HULBERT

WITH a creaking of boards and a rattling of chains, the gangplank was pulled into place, and the little ship sailed out of the harbor of Ketchikan, Alaska.

It was early afternoon. The air was very still. No sound but the putt-putt-putt of the motors could be heard. In the distance great icebergs were floating on the blue of the ocean.

Leaning over the railing, two young men were watching the ripples made by the propeller as it churned its way through the waves.

"Bob," said one of them, breaking the silence after a long, long time, "aren't you glad to be going back to California and home?"

"I surely am," Bob replied. "Won't mother be happy to see us? I can hardly wait until we get there! But Don," he added more thoughtfully, "I wouldn't take a great deal for the experiences we've been having during the last few months. I think that while we've been colporteur-ing in Alaska we have learned more that will be of real value to us than we would have learned in a whole year of college."

"I think so, too, Bob. Do you remember when we had finished selling books in the interior and didn't have enough money to get us back to California?"

"Yes, I remember. How we prayed that God would help us reach our

destination! Then by faith we took our last pennies and bought those tickets that would take us only to the coast. It is wonderful that God sent that distinguished stranger to buy one of our books, and then impressed him to give us a ten-dollar bill before he left the train."

"Yes, Bob, I am sure that it was providential, for it was a test of our faith."

Bob was daydreaming now. He seemed to see pictures in the rays of sunlight that were dancing on the huge foam-flecked waves. "In the little town in which the train stopped for the night," he said musingly, "we sold only one small book, and that sale did not bring in enough money to buy supper. Our only beds for that night were those two

bunks in a dilapidated old boxcar which that poor family was using for a house."

"Poor is right!" interrupted Don. "They didn't have enough food for themselves, not to mention us; consequently, we went supperless. The next morning—well, I don't believe I have ever been so hungry!"

Bob was laughing. "Do you remember when we got on the train in the morning and found that covered basket on the seat on which we had been sitting the day before? I can still see you very carefully lifting the lunch basket and placing it on the seat opposite. Then we sat down and tried to forget that it was there."

"Forget it was there!" exclaimed Don.

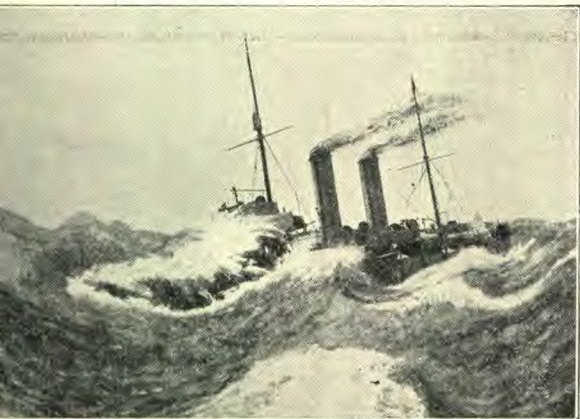
"No, I know you didn't, for finally your curiosity got the better of you. How gingerly you lifted the lid of the basket and looked inside! There was just enough lunch for two hungry boys! My, the fresh air is making me think of food now! Remember, we were so hungry that we finally ate it?"

(Turn to page 10)



P. D. GENDREAU, N.Y.

As a Captain Pilots His Ship, So the Lord Directs the Lives of Those Who Put Their Trust in Him



At Times Great Waves Dashed Over the Window, Making it Impossible to See the Lighthouse



The New Unit of the White Memorial Hospital

Martha E. Borg, R.N.,
Director, School of Nursing,
White Memorial
Hospital



LOCATED in the Boyle Heights district of Los Angeles, California—the “wrong side of the tracks” in the thinking of many—the White Memorial Hospital cannot boast of imposing or striking beauty of scenery; but the true beauty of its location lies deeper than the superficial exterior, for it is in the midst of one of America's greatest melting pots of nations, where it offers and gives physical and soul healing to people of many nationalities who daily come from all parts of Los Angeles and its outlying districts.

And if nostalgia for the rolling sweet prairies or the friendly hills and the peace of home fills the heart of the recently arrived student nurse, yet the thought of being privileged to ease the burden of pain and restore health is indeed satisfying.

The story of the founding of the White Memorial Hospital and its steady growth and advancement to its present prestige is one that thrills and stirs the heart of the listener and arouses a deep feeling of respect for its founders and their ideals. It has been a story of hard work and prayer from the day that a small shack under the First Street bridge was converted into a clinic for the growing medical school—the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda. A small bungalow hospital of thirty-four beds was next built, and the first patient was admitted January 7, 1918. In December, 1936, the present-day modern institution of 174 hospital beds with improved facilities for carrying on nursing service was completed. The dispensary building, or clinic, located next to the new unit, is manned by a large staff of doctors, nurses, dietitians, and other workers who care for five hundred to seven hundred outpatients daily.

Most of the buildings are included in an entire city block and, except for the clinic building and the new unit, they face an inner court of terraced lawn, flower beds, and lily pool. Separate buildings house the following: the medical offices, kitchen, medical-school offices, business offices, delivery rooms, alumni office, and Junior amphitheater, Units 600 and 700—where most of the patients from the clinic are cared for—and Unit 400 and Unit 500, which include maternity and a new standardized nursery. In the early days of the White Memorial

“The Finest of

By ELEANOR

CL

The Ida Thomason Nurses' Home, which houses the student nurses, is a modern dormitory well furnished and equipped, and pervaded by a friendly, helpful atmosphere. Extra features are a spacious modern parlor, informal Spanish-style lounge for relaxation and amusement, and a bright, cheery kitchenette and dinette, where the girls entertain themselves and their friends.

High educational, scholastic, health, and character qualifications are prerequisites for admission to the school. At least one year of prescribed college work is necessary for entrance. Standards taught by Seventh-day Ad-



Seniors Getting the Health Point of View in Child Care Through an Introduction to School Nursing. This Experience Supplements Work in the Children's Clinic and Affiliation at the Children's Hospital

Hospital there was urgent need for more clinical facilities to serve as a laboratory for the growing medical school. Because of this need the hospital was erected on the bungalow plan. As funds were received, one building after another was added. Since the opening of the new main four-story structure in 1936, the older units have been remodeled.

The White Memorial School of Nursing first admitted students in 1920, but the nurses received only part of their training here, the rest being taken at Loma Linda. In 1924 a distinct and separate school of nursing was organized, with Miss Martha E. Borg as director. She has efficiently and loyally remained in this position, and she is largely responsible for the advancement of the school and for maintaining its professional, educational, and denominational standards at a high level. Graduates of the school number 352. They have gone forth as foreign missionaries, or remained at home as workers in hospitals and schools, and in other community service. Ninety students are in training.

Right: A Corner of the Library of the School of Nursing

Below: A Social Hour in the Parlor of the Ida Thomason Nurses' Home



* Saying of Florence Nightingale, founder of modern nursing.

the Fine Arts"*

PATRICK, R.N.

'39

ventists in matters of dress, personal appearance, recreation, and general conduct are upheld.

As part of the College of Medical Evangelists, the White Memorial School of Nursing is fully accredited with the State and the Northwest Accrediting Association. Graduation is held with the school of medicine, the school of dietetics, and the Loma Linda School of Nursing.

This connection with the College of Medical Evangelists enriches the facilities for instruction for the nurses. The library, which contains 7,800 bound volumes, 97 important current medical journals, 600 reference books on nursing subjects, and six nursing journals, is readily accessible to the nurse for perusal, study, or research.

The nursing arts are taught in a large, fully equipped classroom. Here the preliminary student sees demonstrated and then practices nursing procedures before she carries them out in the hos-



In the Diet Kitchen Each Student Prepares Special Diets for Diabetic, Nephritic, and Other Patients

pital. Ward instructors on each floor guide the student nurses in carrying out the nursing procedures with actual patients. Supervisors of various clinical departments teach in their particular subjects; lecturers also are specialists in their lines; thus is maintained a close correlation between didactic and practical work. Weekly group conferences on new methods or interesting cases in the hospital are a part of the curriculum. At frequent bedside clinics physicians teach the student nurses to apply the facts which they have learned from textbooks to concrete nursing situations.

The services in the hospital include medicine, surgery, gynecology, obstetrics, and pediatrics. Experience in surgical nursing, operating rooms, and obstetrics is especially good. An average of one hundred operations are performed every week, two thirds of which are major surgery. The entire fourth floor is used



A Game of Badminton After "Duty"

for operating rooms. The five operating rooms are often in use simultaneously, for everything from brain surgery and bone grafts to removal of toenails. Two rooms are equipped with amphitheaters, so that students may observe operative procedures. Two other rooms are used mainly for ear, nose, and throat surgery. Many of the patients who are nursed in the ward units are of the underprivileged class. And while the private patients who are admitted to the new building provide opportunity for the student to give more advanced health instruction to the patient, both groups are given quality nursing care under the supervision of capable instructors. A large number of the students receive a four-month affiliation in one of the near-by sanitariums' hydrotherapy departments for intensive instruction and experience in the art and science of hydrotherapy and massage in nursing care to patients in the incipient and chronic stages of disease. Other affiliations, so much to be desired in the modern school for a wider outlook and further experience, include communicable diseases, tuberculosis, and children's hospital. In exchange, students from affiliating schools come to the White Memorial for work in the clinic.

The White Memorial Clinic gives the student an introduction to the technique of interviewing patients relative to social and financial status, contact with the social-service work, and extensive experience in observation and assistance in clinics. The needy classes who seek help here and are willing to wait for hours in order to receive treatment, give invaluable opportunity for acquainting the student with public-health problems, and provide experience in group health teaching.

One most important department for the development of initiative and self-confidence is the extramural obstetrical service in the clinic. Hundreds of the poorer mothers in the city are given prenatal care and instruction, are cared for during confinement, and are followed through in the baby-welfare clinic. The nurse and the doctor never know to what type of home they will be called next.

At the midnight jingle of the telephone, the student nurse is on her feet. Within ten or fifteen minutes she joins the doctor, and they speed away, studying maps and flashing lights to find the correct street number. They may enter an unpainted Mexican shack, in which, on uncarpeted floor amid crude furnishings, they hurriedly "set up" for care of the mother and baby. An ancient, shawled, wizened grandmother jabbars and gestures and smiles with relief, glad for the nurse and the doctor, and

does her best to find articles and help in what duties she can. If the case happens to be in an especially poor section, perhaps there is not even electricity or gas or running water, and hoarded newspapers dating from the market crash of ten years ago are brought forth.

Looking for a kettle or a pan, the nurse is not to be surprised to find a cat asleep on the flour sack. Three or four or a dozen tousled black heads in two or three beds or on the floor may be counted, and closer inspection reveals that the owners are often fully dressed except for their shoes (a fact which makes for speedy dressing for *tortillas* in the morning at breakfast). They sleep undisturbed, with only an occasional peering of black eyes to follow the movements of the nurse, to reawaken later to smile shyly at a new little brother or sister. The situation, the type of home, the hours or months that have elapsed since the floor was scrubbed or the screen repaired against flies, the number of friends or relatives who will be gathered, or the hours that must needs be spent there—all these are unknown before arrival, and these factors of uncertainty add a spirit of adventure to the service.

The usual deep appreciation expressed, the handclasp, the implicit trust, or even the leaving of a namesake behind, allays the discomfort of the long hours or the missing of a meal or two or a night's sleep; and after checking in at the hospital and repacking their bags, the doctor and the nurse are ready for another call, be it in ten minutes or in ten hours.

Field work is more and more becoming an integral part of a balanced education. During the second year each student gives six Bible studies and six health talks. These are conducted as cottage studies. Nearly all the contacts have been with patients who through some nurse or social worker have been stirred to seek something better and higher and the love of a personal Saviour. The territory is city wide and even extends into neighboring towns. In homes of all description two students and the Bible worker go by car to meet the eager group of interested ones—a family, relatives, friends—who gather to hear the third angel's message. And not without results are these studies held. One mother and her daughter were converted. The girl then attended a Christian college and is herself now a student at the White Memorial School of Nursing. Her sister was sent to one of our schools and there accepted Christ.

And equal to the spiritual uplift and blessing of the receiver are the joy and peace of the giver, the student nurse, who herself becomes better acquainted with the Master and feels that she is an instrument in His hand to do the greatest work given unto man.

The regular home nursing classes, usually held in connection with an evangelistic meeting, afford opportunity for the student to instruct and demonstrate to the laity some of the more simple and needful nursing practices and treatments that will make for a more healthful and health-conscious American family. Many field trips are taken during the last year in the public health nursing class.

Mental and physical relaxation is to be obtained in class organization, in the girls' Trion Club, on the double tennis court, in badminton games, hikes in the mountains, trips to the snow in the winter, boating in the park, parties at the beach to enjoy jumping the breakers or watching the surf, private skating parties, and lyceum courses sponsored by the Student-Faculty Association.

Well equipped, modern, convenient,



March Calendar

MAPLE-SUGAR camps are busy now, and sugaring-off parties are numerous.

The conspicuous legs of the young lambs help to explain the fact that when they are but two days old the little creatures are able to follow the flocks.

Three meteoric showers are due to occur in the northern sky this month: a slow, bright shower near Polaris about March 18; a swift one near the bowl of the Big Dipper about March 24; and a slow shower near the head of Draco about March 28.

The blossoms of the silver maple will open this month, it being the first tree to flower in the spring. Two weeks later we may expect to see the elm in blossom and also the red maple, which "crimsons to a coral reef."

Hepatica and spring beauties are peeping up through the leaves in Southern woods. Learn to love them in the woods where they belong. Leave them there to find another year.

Spica is a large white star in Virgo, just rising in the east. It is said to represent an ear of corn held in the Virgin's left hand.

Mating is prevalent in March. Wolverines, fishers, minks, weasels, otters, red foxes, lynxes, and chipmunks are courting. The young skunks are believed to select their life mates at this time.

The peepers singing in the marshes are noted "musical messengers of the spring." Try to distinguish the pure, unbroken tone of the pickerel from its rival, the mottle-legged "cricket" with its "shrill, rattling pipe."

The winged seeds of last year's maple are standing on their heads. They are held in this position by the baby root just beginning its journey into the soil.

Pine cones are busy clicking. The click of the Austrian pine may be heard for about two hundred feet. The clicking of the cones heard on a warm day beneath a Scotch pine is said to resemble bedlam. This sound indicates the opening of the cone and the freeing of the seeds.

The spice bush shows its greenish-yellow flowers before its leaves come out.

The restless antics of pine cones, gathered on a winter day and left for some time on the mantel, will furnish much entertainment.—*Nature Magazine*.

(Concluded next week)

up to the minute as the hospital and training school are, these factors are not in themselves the glory of the place, but are merely a means to train and educate the nurse for Christian service. For, after all, what is the zenith of a nurse's experience? Is it the cap-pinning night with the preliminary period of uncertainty and orientation in retro-

spect and the realization that she is to be in truth a nurse? Is it the moment when she stands "scrubbed" beside the dexterous surgeon and places the hemostat in his hand or responds to his call or implying gesture of, "Suture!"? Or is it graduation night, with admiring friends and loved ones witnessing the receiving of diploma and pin? The deepest satisfaction, the most soul-thrilling moment, experienced by the Christian nurse occurs when one weary in soul and body clasps her hand with a new light in her eyes and requests, "Nurse, say that little prayer again with me tonight before you leave."

A glaze of white, calmed by terraced green lawns and flower beds; the sight of white-clad doctors in consultation; a glimpse of medical students hurrying to class or to the "county;" a carrier being hastily rolled to X ray, fever therapy, or surgery; the patients waiting at the clinic for admittance; a wheel chair bearing a convalescent patient placed in the morning sunshine; a friendly smile or wave from a classmate—all these contribute to the atmosphere, the spirit of "The White," and one is thrilled to belong and have a part in serving in such a place in the King's business.

God Cares

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes, yes. How we worried about what the conductor might say to us! But soon he came down the aisle smiling, and told us that his wife had made the lunch especially for us! We must have *looked* hungry when we called at their house that morning for the suitcases we had left there."

"Don, the Lord *did* take care of us, and now—why, Don, what is the matter?" For Don was staggering toward their cabin, muttering.

"I feel terribly queer (with his hand on his stomach). I—I'm going to lie down for a while."

Bob smiled to himself. His brother was seasick! Then, as he was beginning to wonder what he could do to entertain himself, his eye fell on the stairs which led to the pilothouse. His face brightened with a thought. "The captain looked like a kindhearted man; I wonder—"

With this he dashed up the stairs and opened the door. There stood a gentle-faced captain, who greeted him pleasantly.

"Hello, Captain Merriweather. May I come in and watch you for a while?"

The captain, pleased with the boy's cheery greeting, nodded. "Come on in, my boy. I'll be glad for a little company. Would you like to learn how to steer the vessel?"

"Oh, yes. May I? Will you teach me?"

"I'll be glad to do so. Take hold of the wheel like this. Hold her tight now. When you want the ship to turn left, pull the wheel to the right."

"This way, captain?"

"Yes, yes, that's right. You are learning fast, laddie. Watch the compass now, or you'll get the ship off her course. Steer straight south."

Bob and the captain became so absorbed in piloting the ship that they did not at first notice the brewing storm. However, the violent lurching of the craft soon brought this fact to their attention. They looked up and saw great black clouds heaped above them. Lightning flashes illuminated the waves. The thunder sounded as if it were tearing the sky to pieces.

"I'll be back," called Bob as he

(Continued on page 13)



H. A. ROBERTS

A Chinese Slave Girl

By MRS. FLOYD JOHNSON

DZANG-SHO, Dzung-sho, get up and grind the bean curd. You'll be late on the street, and no one will buy. Get up—such a lazy slave. She would sleep all day if I didn't keep calling her."

Dzung-sho turned over on her straw mat. Surely it couldn't be four o'clock so soon. She had just dozed off a minute, and now her master was calling. Oh, how tired she felt. How those swollen knots in her neck hurt—she hurt all over. But she jumped up and ran to the big stove to light the fire.

The stone mill looked so big to the little slave. The candle made fantastic shadows on the smoke-blackened walls. Dzung-sho was frightened. There might be devils and evil spirits lurking in the dark corners waiting for her, and though she dreaded living, she dreaded spirits more. Slowly she began to turn the mill which her master would have refused to turn alone. But the girl so small for her age was a slave. Soon the guests in the inn began to stir.

"Hot water, wash water—oh, slave, bring some water."

Even though the language of the guests was rough and abusive, the work of lighting opium pipes, bringing water and tea, was a rest to her body.

As the day grew lighter, Dzung-sho went to gather and wash the vegetables. When the two flat baskets were filled with them, she added the bean curd and trudged with the heavy load to the public market. The little slave girl with the pole across her shoulders was so small that the vegetables seemed to move along of themselves.

By ten o'clock the baskets were empty. Dzung-sho was hungry. How she hoped that there would be a generous bowl of rice and vegetables left over when the family finished the morning meal. Every muscle in the tiny body ached. Most of all, her back ached from carrying the heavy load to market.

The innkeeper's wife sat in the doorway holding her latest baby in one arm and a water pipe in the other.

"Here, carry this baby; he cries all the time. Oh, here's a copper. Buy him some sweets; he must be hungry."

The crying eighteen-month-old baby was quickly tied to Dzung-sho's back. While she ate and worked, she swayed from side to side with the heavy baby. Even when he fell asleep she dared not lay him down, for he would waken.

In the afternoon the old innkeeper strolled out onto the street. Dzung-sho watched him leave; then she quickly slipped into his room, took out his pipe and tobacco, and started to smoke. Many times she sneaked in to get the stimulant which his pipe offered. The pains almost left when she smoked, or at least she felt rested enough to go on with her work. Just as Dzung-sho was inhaling the last puff, the old man unexpectedly returned. She quickly hid the pipe, but the smoke still curled around the room when her master entered and started screaming at her.

The little slave crouched in the corner until the innkeeper left the room; then slowly she got to her feet and started preparing the evening meal. It was raining hard; so they might expect more travelers than usual to stay outside the city gate in their small inn. There was a commotion at the front door.

"How many?"

"Four foreigners and three Chinese. They have one hundred carriers, but the coolies can sleep anywhere."

Dzung-sho shivered a little. Foreigners! How would they treat her? They must be very terrible people, and very rich. Soon two foreign men came in and chose two rooms. Two sedan chairs followed, and as the chair coolies set them down, someone shouted,

"There's a foreign baby! Look how clean it is; it's all dressed in white and pink." Dzung-sho pushed up close to

see, forgetting all her fear. What a kind mother, and what a funny little bald-headed baby!

"Get back, slave," someone cried, as he pushed her against the door. Dzung-sho shrank back into the crowd and returned to her work.

A few months later Dzung-sho was sold into a Chinese family who lived next door to the foreign compound. Mrs. Li, the wife of the man who purchased her, was a Christian; so Dzung-sho's life became much easier. She began to grow and gain in weight, but her temper was still as uncontrolled as when she was in her old home. Somehow the beatings and the insults which she had received had made her retaliate until her disposition was anything but pleasant. She dared not fight back with her hands; yet her tongue could truly lash anyone who mistreated her.

Dzung-sho rebelled many times at the commands given her. Three times, during fits of anger, she tried to take her life. Once she swallowed raw opium, and twice she tried to hang herself, but each time she was saved. What for? Slavery? No. There was another plan for this mistreated, illiterate girl.

When my husband and I moved into our new home in Kweichow, West China, several years later, Dzung-sho was living on the mission compound. Her mistress had moved away and left her with the city pastor.

I was attracted to the girl, and she seemed to like me. I was warned not to take her because of her bad temper, but somehow I could not send her onto the street or back to the old innkeeper.

When she had helped me for about a month, she had a brawl with the gate-man's wife. People said, "I told you so." After I talked with her, she seemed thoroughly repentant and even apologized for her actions. A few other times she failed, but her failures grew farther apart.

As all Chinese children take a "school name," Dzung-sho insisted on a new name when she started to school. She took her mother's maiden name, Den, and we gave her the given name of Su-yu—or "Virtuous Jade." The new student name and going to school seemed to change her cringing attitude to one of self-respect. She was so proud when she could read a little that she bought a Bible and started learning the Sabbath school memory verses.

The next year she was baptized and soon she began to help me with the kindergarten department in Sabbath school. She had a way with children. The poorest little waifs on the street could learn memory verses when Su-yu taught them. Perhaps there was a bond of sympathy between them.

One little orphan boy learned the verses for a whole quarter. He was so undernourished that he appeared dull. His bare little feet, his tattered clothes, and his rather too-large head gave him the appearance of a tiny dwarf. His father and mother had both smoked opium. After the father's death the family just existed. Mother's opium came first, food and clothes for the children next. Su-yu seemed to strike a responsive chord in the child's heart, and in spite of cold and malnutrition, he was able to memorize all the verses. When bright-colored pictures were handed out to those who repeated the verses, the partially scrubbed face of this little street urchin shone with pride and delight. When I looked at Su-yu's face, it was just a cleaner reflection of the bright face of her pupil. I have never had anyone more naturally talented to help me.

One spring Su-yu caught cold. Day after day and week after week it stayed with her. Although she ate extra food,



LEWIS CARROLL

she became thinner. One day after a hard coughing spell she told me that she coughed up blood. I took her out of school and put her to bed. The scars on her neck suggested an old tubercular gland. For two months she rested; then one day we planned a picnic. How she wanted to go. I gave her permission, and called a ricksha to carry her to the end of the road. She seemed to enjoy every minute of that sunny day.

It was hard to keep her quiet after that, as she was not coughing any more, and ran no fever. She wanted to mend stockings and walk around the yard. I allowed her to do this, but warned her not to tire herself. We went away on a trip for about a month, and when we returned, we found a sick girl. I put her to bed again, but it was too late. Her body had borne too much—was too weak to fight.

Two weeks later we had to leave our home for a time. While we were in a distant city our Chinese pastor wrote that Su-yu had fallen asleep in Jesus.

Many times as I think of that girl's background, of her life and her conversion, I feel so very small, so very weak—I who have always known right, who have had all the advantages of Christian home and school, yet fail so often to measure any higher than did that slave girl. One of her testimonies rings in my ears, "If any of you here tonight are unhappy and miserable, if you are wicked, just believe in Jesus. I was always unhappy and had a very bad temper until I learned of Him."

Courage Needed

(Continued from page 1)

other hand, there are noble combinations for good that put forth gigantic efforts for the furtherance of truth. And we have multiplied tokens that the Spirit of God bears daily testimony to the word of His power, and that the Saviour lifted up fails not to attract and regenerate and save.

The times in which we live convince the most skeptical that there are mightier than mortal combatants struggling in the battlefield of this world. Illumined by the light of revelation, the earth presents a scene of stupendous warfare between the powers of darkness and the powers of light. We know that the great conflict is approaching its end, that Satan, the prince of the power of the air, the god of this world, realizing that his time is short, is putting forth every effort to uphold his kingdom—the kingdom which he must feel is tottering to its fall.

We are in the midst of dangerous tendencies which result from the ungodliness of our times. In my recent reading I came across this statement: "In proportion as you increase the velocity with which you travel, you augment the vibrations and the oscillations of your career, and with these there will be a proportionate increase of danger." Just so the social body, dashing on in its unparalleled speed, is oscillating and vibrating terrifically. Everywhere men and women rush into extravagance. Moderation, self-control, equilibrium, are wanting.

One of the great tendencies of the times is the tendency to extremes. For instance, how common is the proneness to idolatry of intellect, and the worship of human science or endowment! The greater the gifts, the more the Giver seems to be lost sight of, and men surround the creature of clay with an homage due only the Creator. In the public press, in the lectures and eulogies

15 MINUTES a day READ WITH PROFIT

In Chapter 15 of "The Great Controversy" we have a demonstration of the fact that Satan's malignant power is restrained by the Spirit of God, and it is only as men deliberately choose to follow the evil one that this protection is withdrawn from them. This truth is being still more clearly demonstrated today. Read this interesting chapter, and then answer the following questions:

1. "The 1260 years of papal supremacy began in _____, and would therefore terminate in _____."

2. "The persecution of the church (did, did not) continue throughout the entire period of the 1260 years."

3. "The two witnesses represent the _____ of the Old and the New Testament."

4. _____ is the only nation in the world which stands apart in the world's history as the single state which pronounced that there was no God.

5. The "blackest in the black catalogue of crime," in which the most fiendish deeds were committed, was known as _____.

6. True or False. The Goddess of Reason was the symbol set up by the intellectual circles of France.

7. With the flight of the Huguenots, France (a) flourished, (b) progressed, (c) declined.

8. "The war against the Bible inaugurated an era which stands in the world's history as _____."

9. "It was not now the disciples of Jesus that were thrust into dungeons and dragged to the stake," but the _____.

10. What two great movements were started by God at this time to thwart the plans of Satan that seemed to have succeeded?

of many of our leaders, in the literary and scientific publications of the day, how much there is of burning incense to gifted men and women—of bowing down before the shrine of genius!

Yet what is the splendor of talent without purity of purpose and holiness of life? Is there any difference between this "hero worship" and the worship of Vishnu, or Juggernaut? Human beings are essentially idolaters. And our age is full of idolatry. Men of talent and wealth are idolized everywhere, and "love to be enveloped with the luscious but inebriating fumes of an extravagant flattery."

A further tendency of the age is that of goddess speculation. The old and revolting forms of infidelity have been scouted off the platforms of society, and Satan and his emissaries are today working in every plausible disguise. The Bible is not openly trampled underfoot, but, rather, is betrayed by the kiss of seeming loyalty and love. It is not to be wholly set aside, but it is to be so undermined and defaced that what is inspired and what is not inspired, what we must receive with undoubting submission and what we may sit in judgment upon and cast away or embrace as we please, shall be left to utter uncertainty.

Reader, the word of God must be taken altogether or rejected altogether, or else we shall have no certainty of truth, no confidence of faith. The temple of inspiration must stand as a whole or fall as a whole. Take out one stone, and you endanger and enfeeble the entire structure. And yet at this mo-

ment the universities, the halls of science, and our current periodicals are tearing down the faith of millions in the eternal word of the living God. This has been one of the chief causes of lawlessness among the youth of our age. Whenever the parents, the educators, and the leaders of youth in any age have shown indifference and apathy to the claims of God and the teachings of His divine word, there have always followed a decadence of morals and a very passion for lawlessness and revolution. We have come again in the history of man to an evil day, a day in which men and women are ambitious to control and are defiant of authority. All would rule, and none would obey. The spirit of change and revolution is prevalent everywhere.

We must beware of the wild schemes and enterprises which agitate so many today. Let us rather stand fast by our tried and time-honored standards and principles of true success. Nothing is more urgently required today than a strong, active faith, a robust, energetic faith that raises us above petty motives and gives a divine elevation and consistency to our life course. We want for these times more of the living faith of God's men and women who in all ages kept their eyes on Him who is invisible, and so endured through all and triumphed over all. In their experiences the things unseen and eternal so overpowered and overshadowed the things seen and temporal that their afflictions were forgotten in their spiritual happiness, and the joys of an eternity with the Lord made them invincible to their opponents.

We need such steadfastness of choice and of purpose, such godly courage, as will lead us to say in danger, "Let God be for us, and we care not who is against



SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM

I am a word of nine letters

My 1, 6, 2, 7, will give the name of one mentioned in the Bible as "blessed above women."

My 2, 7, 6, 9, the eldest son of Shem.

My 3, 6, 9, one of the sons of Hezron.

My 4, 3, the birthplace of Abraham.

My 5, 6, 9, 4, 8, 7, the last judge of Israel.

My 6, 3, the chief town of Moab.

My 7, 2, 9, 4, 8, 7, a king whose instructions are in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs.

My 8, 5, 6, 4, "the father of the Edomites."

My 9, 6, 3, 5, a hill on which St. Paul preached to the people of Athens.

My whole is a city of ancient fame.

FIRST AND SECOND KINGS

1. What period in the history of Israel is recorded in these two books?
2. What is the length of this period?
3. Here is found the account of what famous building project?

(Answers on page 13)

us." This is the hour for each of us to be a living witness for Christ and His truth. And it is not so much the word of God on the page—in the letter—as the word of God in the heart and life. It is the living testimony enforced by the eloquence of example and the beauty of holiness in the daily routine of life—it is this above all that tells for our Lord and His cause. And in this blessed experience there comes into the individual heart of the witness a peace and satisfaction that the world cannot give, and cannot take away.

Amazonia

(Continued from page 6)

More might be written, but much more must be done. Amazonia is waiting. The inhabitants are hungry for the bread of life. Never shall I forget the earnest look in the faces of our dear people as they pressed me for an answer to their question: "When are you going to return?" Very likely I shall not have this privilege, but it may be the privilege of some of those who read this account. May Amazonia have its quota of faithful ready when the blessed Saviour returns!

God Cares

(Continued from page 10)

rushed down the stairs; "I'm going to see how my brother is getting along." Bob could hardly stand on the heaving deck. As a matter of fact, he did fall down more than once before he reached their cabin. There he found Don groaning in his misery; but since he declared that nothing could be done for him, Bob started back to the pilothouse. The decks were deserted. He looked into the engine room, and found the engineer lying unconscious on the floor. He had evidently fallen and struck his head on something when the ship gave one of its lurches.

Then Bob ran up to the captain's cabin, shouting, "Captain Merriweather, everyone on the ship except you and me is seasick! The engineer is lying unconscious on the floor of the engine room."

"My lad," answered the captain, and there was a do-or-die look on his face, "it's up to you and me to get this boat safely through the storm. You steer her while I take care of the engines. Steer clear of the rocks over by that little lighthouse; and hang onto the wheel with all your might!" Having given this instruction, Captain Merriweather left the inexperienced Bob to pilot the ship, and clattered down the stairs leading to the engine room.

Bob gripped the wheel with all his strength, or it would have been wrenched from his grasp, and prayed, "Dear Lord, guide the ship safely through the storm and the rocks, and help me to hold on!" The words of that old hymn came to his mind, reassuring him, "Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Four long hours Bob steered the ship. At times, great waves dashed over the window in front of him, making it impossible for him to see the lighthouse. The wind, roaring and whistling about the old boat, forced its way inside through every crack, and chilled Bob through and through. Sometimes it seemed as if he could not hold on another minute, but he did, while he sang:

"As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst calm the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayest to them, 'Be still!'"

The words rose from Bob's lips and were lost in the crash of the thunder. Lost? No, not lost, for God heard them and understood the faith and courage which they expressed.

The young man's prayers were not in vain. The storm abated, and the little ship cast anchor at last in a quiet, peaceful harbor.

A few hours later when Bob had rested from his trying experience, he and Don knelt in their cabin and thanked God for His wonderful guidance. Surely He had been with them in a remarkable way ever since they left home to go colporteur in Alaska.

Counsel Corner

I would like to know if it is permissible for a girl who does housework, to work until she is through on Friday evening. If she were in her own home, she would get supper and do the dishes on Friday evening. I realize that she gets paid for the housework she does in other homes, but so do the girls who work in homes and go to our academies. Several of my friends work up until seven o'clock and then quit. What do you think about it?

In the home there are works of necessity that need to be done seven days in the week. Getting meals, washing dishes, making beds, and doing the things that belong to neatness and order are among them. True, in our own homes we minimize these as much as possible on the Sabbath. When employed in the homes of others, however, we cannot always minimize these duties quite as much as we might desire.

A Seventh-day Adventist girl who is doing housework for a livelihood should make clear when she is being employed what her principles of Sabbathkeeping are, and ask for the privilege of avoiding all unnecessary work on the Sabbath. That the Sabbath begins with sundown on Friday should also be stated. With this clearly understood, most employers will respect a girl's wishes, especially if she by her daily life gives evidence that she is an earnest, devoted Christian, and is thinking not only of herself, but also of that which concerns her employer.

Most people do not have their evening meal until six o'clock, and it is hardly possible to get the meal served and the dishes washed and everything neatly done by any given time.

You say several of your friends work until seven o'clock, and then "quit." Why "quit" at seven if Sabbath is what they are thinking about, for most of the year the Sabbath begins before seven. So if it is because of a conscientious observance of the Sabbath that they "quit," they have already trampled for several hours on sacred time. I fear these friends are not thinking so much about proper Sabbath observance as they are their own inclination to avoid doing what they know they should do.

Do you think it is representing the cause of Christ, and giving the people in the home an exalted opinion of our message, by such unfaithfulness in what are supposed to be little things? Someone has aptly said, "Little things are little things, but faithfulness in little things is something great."

In Ephesians 6:5-8, the apostle also gives instruction that is of supreme importance to "servants" of all classes and conditions. He enjoins rightful respect

and keen anxiety to leave no duty undone. The duties to be performed are to be rendered, not with eye service, but with a sincere and undivided purpose "as unto Christ."

So far as pay is concerned, you are not being paid for any special day's work. You are paid by the week or by the month. Usually people pay help by the month. Anyway, you are doing on the Sabbath only that which of necessity needs to be done.

In performing the duties in the home with which you are connected, remember always that "the silent witness of a true, unselfish, godly life carries an almost irresistible influence. By revealing in our own life the character of Christ we cooperate with Him in the work of saving souls."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 340.

ROSAMOND D. GINTHER.

You Are a Poet

(Continued from page 4)

fectly, but you know as well as I what happened. That is why our poetry is not better. That is why some of us feel that we have no part with poetry. However, though disfigured by sin, there is still a bit of the great poet in us all. That bit which we have must be fitted to God's meter and purged of discordances that now keep us foreign to Him, so that in Eden restored we may become a perfect part of a perfect universe—God's perfect poem.

Answers

Treasure Trove Anagram:

J-ael	Judges 5:24
E-lam	Genesis 10:22
R-am	1 Chronicles 2:9
U-r	Genesis 15:7
S-amuel	1 Samuel 7:6
A-r	Numbers 21:28
L-emuel	Proverbs 31:1
E-sau	Genesis 36:9
M-ars' Hill	Acts 17:22

First and Second Kings:

1. From the last days of David to the complete destruction of Jerusalem, and the carrying away into captivity of the children of Judah, under Nebuchadnezzar.
2. About 450 years.
3. The building of Solomon's temple.

Quiz Answers

1. Senator William E. Borah of Idaho.
2. Russia and Bulgaria. 3. He is chief of naval operations; he asked that the combatant strength of the United States Navy be increased immediately by 25 per cent. 4. "Blocked currency" is money which can be used to buy only specified things. 5. King Gustav V; he is 81 years old. 6. President Franklin D. Roosevelt's 58th birthday; the proceeds are to be used to fight infantile paralysis. 7. Oliver Stanley succeeded Leslie Hore-Belisha as Great Britain's secretary of state for war. 8. (a) National Labor Relations Board. (b) 1934; It was empowered to investigate labor disputes which threatened interstate commerce, to conduct elections, and to set up regional boards. 9. (a) It is a law set forth in the Constitution of the United States, which requires that a census shall be taken every ten years. (b) Unless the people are counted at regular intervals, their representation in Congress will be unfairly based, be-

cause the number of representatives sent to Congress is in proportion to the population. 10. Field Marshal Baron Gustav Charles Emil Mannerheim.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR

XIII—Our Father's Home

(March 30)

MEMORY VERSE: John 14:1-3.
LESSON HELP: "The Great Controversy," pp. 674-678.

The Lesson

Heavenly Dwellings

1. What promises are made to all who are saved in the new earth? John 14:2; Isa. 65:21, 22.

2. How is the New Jerusalem described? 1 Cor. 2:9; Rev. 21:1, 2, 23.

3. What is the center of this heavenly dwelling place? Rev. 21:3.

NOTE.—The tabernacle of God is the center of our heavenly home. "Here, where the Son of God tabernacled in humanity; where the King of glory lived and suffered and died,—here, when He shall make all things new, the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and He shall dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." And through endless ages as the redeemed walk in the light of the Lord, they will praise Him for His unspeakable Gift,—Immanuel, 'God with us.'—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 26.

Attainments of the Heavenly Home

4. What precious promises are made to those who have suffered for Christ's sake? Rev. 7:14-17; 22:4.

5. How will the ransomed of the Lord return to Zion? Isa. 35:10; 1 Cor. 13:12.

6. What is said regarding music in the new earth? Ps. 87:7; Isa. 51:3.

NOTE.—"There will be music there, and song, such music and song as, save in the visions of God, no mortal ear has heard or mind conceived."—*"Education,"* p. 307.

The Joy of the Redeemed

7. In what will the redeemed take pleasure? Rev. 22:3, last part.

NOTE.—"The life on earth is the beginning of the life in heaven; education on earth is an initiation into the principles of heaven; the lifework here is a training for the lifework there. What we now are, in character and holy service, is the sure foreshadowing of what we shall be. . . . Christ's work below is His work above, and our reward for working with Him in this world will be the greater power and wider privilege of working with Him in the world to come."—*Id.*, pp. 307, 308.

8. From what will the saints be forever delivered? Rev. 21:4.

9. Of what may the people of God be assured at Christ's appearing? 1 John 3:2.

NOTE.—"We may have a vision of the future, the blessedness of heaven. In the Bible are revealed visions of future glory, scenes pictured by the hand of God, and these are dear to His church. By faith we may stand on the threshold of the eternal city, and hear the gracious welcome given to those who in this life cooperate with Christ, regarding it as an honor to suffer for His sake."—*"Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 601.

10. What will the believer do who has this hope in him? 1 John 3:3; 2:28.

NOTE.—"John was a teacher of holiness, and in his letters to the church he laid down unerring rules for the conduct of Christians. . . . He taught that the Christian must be pure in heart and life. Never should he be satisfied with an empty profession. As God is holy in His sphere, so

fallen man, through faith in Christ, is to be holy in his sphere. . . .

"God can be honored by those who profess to believe in Him, only as they are conformed to His image and controlled by His Spirit. Then, as witnesses for the Saviour, they may make known what divine grace has done for them."—*Id.*, p. 559.

11. How will God's people feel when they awake in His likeness? How will Christ feel when He sees the result of His sacrifice for His people? Ps. 17:15; Isa. 53:11.

NOTE.—"Then, in the results of His work, Christ will behold its recompense. In that great multitude which no man could number, presented 'faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,' He whose blood has redeemed and whose life has taught us, 'shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.'"—*"Education,"* p. 309.

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

JUNIOR

XIII—The Review

(March 30)

QUESTIONS

Parents of John the Baptist. Luke 1:5-23, 57-80

Under what circumstances was the birth of John the Baptist announced?

What sign was given that the words of the angel were true?

What work was John to do?

The Birth and Childhood of Jesus. Luke 2; Matthew 2

Where was Jesus born? What prophecy was thus fulfilled?

To whom was the event first announced? How?

How were men from another country led to Jesus?

Why was King Herod especially interested in Jesus?

How was the life of Jesus preserved from the wrath of Herod?

Under what circumstances did Jesus appear twice in the temple at Jerusalem during His childhood?

Ministry of John the Baptist. Matthew 3

In what way did John fulfill his mission? Describe the baptism of Jesus.

The Temptation of Jesus. Matt. 4:1-11

Where did Jesus go after His baptism?

How was He tempted?

How did He meet the tempter?

The First Miracle; Cleansing the Temple. John 2

Describe the first miracle Jesus performed.

What did Jesus do when He went to the Passover feast at Jerusalem?

Nicodemus Visits Jesus. John 3

Who was Nicodemus?

When did He visit Jesus?

How did Jesus illustrate the work of the Spirit on the heart?

The Woman of Samaria. John 4:1-42

To what other audience of one did Jesus preach the gospel?

Upon this occasion, how did He illustrate the power of the gospel?

What was the result of this missionary effort?

The Nobleman's Son; Jesus at Nazareth. John 4:43-53; Luke 4:16-30

What unusual circumstances attended the healing of the nobleman's son at Capernaum?

What made the preaching of Jesus at Nazareth of special interest?

How was He received in His home town?

At Capernaum. Luke 4:31-44

What took place in the synagogue when Jesus was preaching at Capernaum?

How did Jesus spend the rest of the Sabbath and the evening after the Sabbath?

Calling of Fishermen; Healing of the Leper. Luke 5:1-15; Mark 1:40-45

Describe the scene on the shore of Galilee one morning when Jesus was there.

What showed the power of Jesus over the creatures of the sea?

What miracle hindered the work of Jesus in the cities?

Who Said?

"Is not this Joseph's son?"

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

"What a word is this! for with authority and power He commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out."

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none."

"Behold the Lamb of God."

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

"Make not My Father's house a house of merchandise."

"Sir, I perceive that Thou art a prophet."

"Go and search diligently for the young child."

"We have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ."

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins."

"If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

MEMORY VERSES FOR THE QUARTER

1. "Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways." Luke 1:76.

2. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins." Matt. 1:21.

3. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14.

4. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Ps. 34:7.

5. "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Matt. 3:17.

6. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4:10.

7. "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." John 2:5.

8. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

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

10. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Ps. 50:15.

11. "Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed." Acts 10:38.

12. "When they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him." Luke 5:11.

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Let's Talk It Over

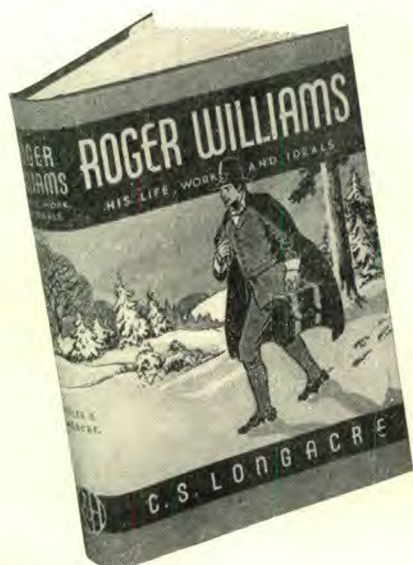
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The Listening Post

✴ THE annual output of the United States Steel Corporation, the largest of American steel companies, exceeds the total production of all steel companies in Germany, France, and Great Britain combined.

✴ THE rifle gets its name from the German word "Riffel," which means the process of putting grooves inside the barrel. Originally, however, this same word meant to prevent the gun from fouling quickly.

✴ AQUALUM is a new aluminum paint which is said to be cheaper and more durable than other types. It is sold in the form of paste, and when diluted with water leaves a finish that is both waterproof and oilproof.

✴ THE new official map of the United States shows 503,000,000 acres of public domain still unsurveyed after 150 years. It is estimated that there are 127,000,000 uncharted acres in the continental United States, and 376,000,000 in Alaska.

✴ By the time a normal child reaches the eighth grade in grammar school he is able to read and understand 200 words in a minute. College students average about 325 words a minute, while capable business executives are commonly able to digest 600 words a minute.

✴ It has been found that the color scheme used in decorating the interior of an airplane is very important to the comfort of the passengers. For example, brown and yellow will cause a feeling of nausea, while green will prevent illness. For this reason some airlines employ qualified color engineers.

✴ SOME Indian tribes of Brazil believe that by drinking a certain potion on special ceremonial days they will receive the powers of their ancestors. This potion is made of bones of ancestors who have been buried from fifteen to twenty years which have been pounded into powder and mixed with a liquid.

✴ MIRA, the largest star known to astronomers (it is 125,000,000 times as large as the sun, but only ten times as heavy), is still one of the most mysterious of all stars, although its existence has been known since 1596. The reason for this mystery is that Mira is a variable star which every 331.6 days, on the average, changes in brightness some six hundredfold. At times it is as bright as the brightest star of the Big Dipper, but at its faintest it cannot be seen without a telescope.

✴ Most public addresses are read, and since an audience would rather see and hear a man deliver his lines with at least the semblance of spontaneity, a doctor in Berlin has invented what he calls the "rostra forneta." He prepares a manuscript in mirror writing, that is, writing which can be read from right to left in a mirror. The roll of manuscript is unwound from one of two cylinders to the other. A lamp provides the necessary light, and a special mirror magnifies the script three or four times. When the speaker looks at the mirror he appears to be looking at the audience and extemporizing. There are no scattered sheets, no fumbling with notes, and no hesitancy. However, the lecturer must not forget to unwind the script.

✴ ACCORDING to authorities, wallpaper was a popular means of advertising and propaganda during the French Revolution. A fragment in the possession of a museum depicts an oak wreath on a dark-blue field surrounding a circular medallion with a gray frame which contains a seated female figure. She leans upon a staff surmounted by a liberty cap, and holds in her right hand a small figure of Victory proffering a wreath. Around part of the medallion is the motto: "Unite, Indivisible de la Republique."

✴ THE Indians of Omaha believe that if a man is killed by lightning the soles of his feet must be split, or else he will not rest, but will wander about until some other person is killed by lightning.

✴ As part of Germany's economy plan, tailors in that country will be permitted to put only one pocket in men's trousers instead of the customary two, so long as the present war continues.

✴ SPARK plugs quickly break down in air planes that fly at 25,000 to 30,000 foot altitudes. Until the cause of this breaking down is known, stratoflying will be difficult.

✴ As the result of the perfecting by chemists recently of a new kind of glass, shatterproof spectacles will be on the market soon.

✴ ALTHOUGH London and Sheffield, England, claim to be the manufacturing centers of the most carefully made rifles and shotguns, it has been found that the average low-cost American gun is superior to any other.

✴ THE United States, the world's largest user of diamonds, in 1938 imported \$24,094,000 worth of rough and cut stones. Only 25 per cent of them, however, were used as gems, the remainder going into precision machinery.

✴ ACCORDING to the report of the American Meat Packers, the people of the United States last year consumed over eighteen and one-half billion pounds of meat and lard—a total of 145 pounds for every man, woman, and child in the country.

✴ THE production of cigarettes in the United States during 1939 reached the all-time record number of 172,466,537,347, a gain of more than eight and a half billion over 1938. Cigar production had a three per cent gain, with an output of 5,311,398,887.

✴ It has been estimated that some 52,000,000 customer complaints are received each year by department, dry goods, and general-merchandise stores in the United States. The complaints come from the following principal causes, in order of their importance: nondeliveries, unsatisfactory quality, credit claims, damage, and wrong merchandise.

✴ A NEW instrument has been invented which slices light as neatly as the grocer slices cheese. The device was developed for the two-hundred-inch telescope at Mount Wilson, California. One big difficulty in the use of such large telescopes is that the image of a star reflected on the huge mirrors is too large to pass through the narrow slit used in making measurements with the spectrograph, the instrument which breaks up the light into the colors of the rainbow for special duty. In operation of the new instrument, the light from the central part of the image of the star passes through a central slit, and the remainder is intercepted and passed through other slits. On the other side of the slits, this light, which would otherwise be lost, is then picked up on a cylindrical lens to obtain the utmost intensity of the image.

✴ ALBERT TANGORA, seven times world champion typist, claims that anyone can develop real typing speed by using his system of training. Accuracy and rhythm enabled him to make his amazing record of 141 words a minute, or an average of twelve strokes a second. In his study of typewriting Tangora discovered that accuracy leads to speed; when the mind worries about mistakes, the fingers falter. In attempting to cut his errors in half, he put each mistake out of his mind as it occurred. He always looks at the word he is copying, never at the one before or after it. One of the tricks he uses to increase his speed is to end each line with a letter which requires the opposite hand from the one that returns the carriage. He changes the paper so fast and so accurately that he writes half a line on the new sheet before the old one touches the desk.

Current Events Quiz?

1. A prominent member of the United States Senate died recently. Who was he?
2. A three-year trade agreement was signed within the last few weeks by what two European countries?
3. What position does United States Admiral Harold R. Stark hold, and what request did he recently make of Congress?
4. We see the words "blocked currency" in the news frequently. What do they mean?
5. The present king of Sweden is the oldest monarch in the history of his country. What is his name? his age?
6. What event was celebrated throughout the United States on January 30, and what is to be done with the proceeds of the celebrations?
7. In what connection have the names of Leslie Hore-Belisha and Oliver Stanley been prominent in recent news?
8. (a) What do the letters N.L.R.B. mean? (b) When was it set up, and what power was given it?
9. (a) What is it that requires the United States census to be taken, and how often must it be done? (b) Why is the census a fundamental instrument of the country's democracy?
10. What is the complete name and title of the man who is hailed as the national hero of democratic Finland, and for whom that country's strong wall of defense is named?

(Answers on page 13)