

The YOUTH'S Instructor



H. A. ROBERTS

"My People Sent Me to Get the White Man's Book of Heaven; I Go Back With Both Arms Empty; My People Will Die in Darkness"

A Letter to Men

By JOHN E. WEAVER



MY attention was attracted by several people standing on the sidewalk, looking up with vigorous outbursts of *Oh* and *Ah*. I soon saw the center of interest. It was a tiny speck in the far-off sky. It was moving rapidly, and from it was coming a stream of white smoke. A letter soon stood out distinctly in the blue above, then another and another. We were looking at skywriting, by an airplane operated by a clever pilot. He was advertising a well-known product. Fascinated, we watched until the completed word hung across the sky. Marvelous, you say! Yes, a spectacular feat which attracted and held the attention of thousands of people on the ground below.

Many of us have seen airplanes at night carrying neon signs em-

blazoning the name of some merchandise or event. He who runs may read this skywriting day or night. Wonderful is the ability of men to attract attention and convey a message.

Skywriting is a modern display probably unknown to any other age. But the apostle Paul, in his letter to the church at Corinth, mentions some things that in his day could be read by all men. "Ye are our epistle writ-

ten in our hearts," he declares, "known and read of all men, . . . written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." These words are as true of you and me today as they were of the followers of Christ who lived two thousand years ago.

As Christian youth, we are all epistles of God. He has written with His living Spirit in the "fleshy tables" of our human hearts. But, did you notice something very special about these living epistles in our hearts? They are "known and read of all men!" What a responsibility, what a challenge, to realize that our lives are epistles, messages, letters, which are known and read by everyone we meet! Yes, the writing is done in the heart, but the reading is seen in our lives.

The wise man says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life," and again, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The heart is the seat of life; it is life. A (Turn to page 12)

Let's Talk It Over

IT is a wonderful thought that the infinitude of God is such that His relationship to each one of us is as personal and as understanding and as confidential as though there were not another human being on the earth.

And He knows *all* about us! Not a thought do we think that He does not audit; not a word do we speak that He does not hear; not an act of ours that He does not see; not a feeling that He does not share. Nothing—*absolutely nothing*—is hidden from His all-seeing eye!

Our horizons are very limited; His are limitless. True, Jesus died to save the world; but it is just as true that He died to save *you*, to save *me*. And it is our privilege to bring to Him "everything that perplexes the mind. . . . Nothing that in any way concerns our peace is too small for Him to notice. . . . There is no perplexity too difficult for Him to unravel."

A YOUNG woman stood before the principal of a great city high school. He was congratulating her on being valedictorian of the class which would be graduated in ten days. She thanked him and expressed her appreciation of the honor, and then said:

"I am sorry that I cannot be present at commencement, since it is to be held on Friday evening."

"Can you not lay aside your religious scruples for just once, Miss Marsha?"

"I'm afraid not, Professor Jackson," she smiled, "for you see I *really believe* what I believe."

"Yes, I am sure of that. But of course graduation is a very *special* occasion."

"Surely," Marsha agreed, "but even so I must obey God's commands, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' and 'From even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath.'"

"And you don't think God would overlook your taking just an hour of after-sunset time to graduate with your class?"

"No, Professor Jackson," Marsha smiled again, "I am sure God means just what He says."

The Friday evening of graduation found this honor student in her place at young people's meeting in the little Seventh-day Adventist church. But even her absence from the crowded

auditorium witnessed for her faith. Several who first heard of the "peculiar people" called Seventh-day Adventists on that occasion are now members of Marsha's church.

"I couldn't ever have done it in my own strength," she said in telling the experience. "I prayed it through."

IN a certain city in Czecho-Slovakia a young Seventh-day Adventist was employed in a large factory. He was about twenty-two years of age and lived with his wife and three children in a comfortable home which they owned. The factory manager was an adherent of another religion, and was very much prejudiced against this young man because of his observance of the seventh-day Sabbath. He made it as hard for this Adventist employee as he could, persecuting and ill-treating him; and finally he dismissed him for no other reason than his faithful obedience to God's commands.

So malicious was the dislike of this factory manager for the young man that he was not content merely to see him lose his employment, but he took occasion to circularize all the other factories in the city and surrounding district, warning the managers against this Seventh-day Adventist. So as he set out to search for work he was unsuccessful in every instance, and some of the men whom he interviewed told him of the warning they had received.

Month after month passed—eighteen of them—and the little family found themselves in a desperate condition. Their savings were gone, their home was gone, piece by piece their furniture had been disposed of to provide necessary food. And the day came—a Sabbath day—when they had not a bite to eat and no way to secure food. The children were crying from hunger, and the parents faced each other in a bare, cold little room in which was no furnishing save a bit of straw spread on the hard cement floor.

The young man felt desperate as he witnessed the suffering of the little ones and the heartache and anguish of his companion. At last he asked:

"Wife, don't you think that perhaps it might be best for me to work on the Sabbath for your sake and the children's sake?"

"To obey God is better than any sacrifice," she replied. "I would rather die with you and the children than have you disobey God."

Then she suggested that they kneel together and pray that God would give them the faith and courage to be true to Him and to endure until death if need be.

What earnest prayers ascended to God from the two of them as they knelt there in that poor little room beside the children whom they had at last hushed to sleep. The young man prayed for the factory manager, the man who had persecuted him, in a very special way. He asked that God would forgive his enemy and in some way lead him to find in Jesus a personal Saviour.

As these young people knelt to pray, they did not notice that the door of their little room was ajar, and when they finally rose they saw a man standing just inside. It was the factory manager! As he began to speak, the tears flowed.

"I have grievously injured you," he said. "I have sinned not only against you, but against God. Today I could have no peace of mind. I felt that I must come to you and seek your forgiveness. I am sorry for the way I have wronged you. Will you please forgive me?"

And as the young people wept for joy and assured him of their ready forgiveness, he went on to say:

"I will pay you for all the time that you have been unemployed, and you shall be restored to your work at once. I shall do all in my power to make up to you for what I have caused you to suffer."

The joy and gratitude of the little family can be imagined, and they praised the Lord for His great goodness and love to them. A few months later their happiness was made complete when this factory manager, once their enemy, but now their friend, accepted the third angel's message and was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

WHAT a wonderful God is ours! He knows all about us, and though sometimes He allows our faith to be tested, how satisfying is His reward for faithfulness!

Lord E. Clement



H. M. LAMBERT

"The Heart and Soul of That Church Are Its Youth"

In the "Dust Bowl"

By J. M. HOWELL

GARDEN CITY. We'll have a ten-minute rest period," called out the bus driver in his usual matter-of-fact way.

I had been asleep, and got up drowsily to get off. Garden City had been up to that time just one more point on the map. As I had thought of going down into southwestern Kansas, I had wondered just what the "dust bowl" might be like. My earlier impressions in Pratt and Dodge City had been favorable ones, and so I was prepared for any sort of surprise that this town might have for me. But it is not about the "dust bowl" and its ways of acting that I wish to tell you—there is something more interesting in Garden City.

It did not take long to walk to the church elder's house. His wife stated that he had talked with her by telephone just a few minutes before, and that he would soon be at home to help me do whatever I wished to do that Friday afternoon—and she had scarcely finished speaking when a truck drove up and she remarked: "It didn't take him long to come, did it?"

After the introduction and a few minutes of conversation, he inquired regarding my plans for the rest of the afternoon, and I asked him if it would be possible to visit some of the people who might not be able to get to church that night or the following day. He thought a moment, and then said he believed there were some whom we could visit.

My list had the name of a young woman who formerly attended one of our colleges, but who is now taking the nurses' training course in a general hospital. We decided to go there first, and found that it was well we had done so, for when we arrived she was just preparing to go on duty. She told us about her work in the institution—some of the pleasant things, some of those that were not so pleasant; but she was not so much interested in the recounting of her own experience as in telling us about another Seventh-day Adventist girl in training here, and of another nurse who, because of the difference in way of living which she had observed in these two Seventh-day Adventist

classmates, had become so interested that she began to take Bible studies and later to attend church on the Sabbath.

Our nurse's eyes sparkled—with tears of joy—as she told how this young woman was learning more and more of the third angel's message, and of the joy it gave those who were laboring with her to see her accepting the Bible truth point by point. She did not seem a bit hesitant about continuing to let her "light shine." We assured her that the very safest thing for her own Christian experience was to keep on in such soul-winning endeavor, and wished her success in bringing at least one new member a year into the church during her training period.

The next stop brought us to the bedside of a "mother in Israel," who is spending her third year in bed, but is still happy in Jesus. She was delighted to have us pray with and for her, and expressed her hope of seeing the King of glory come in the clouds of heaven. Suffering has been her lot for these many months, but it has not separated her from the love of Christ—rather it has made her "more than conqueror," as the days have come and gone.

Our next call was on a family in which there are several children. The parents are struggling with the problem of "daily bread," but as yet the children know little of the seriousness of that struggle. As we entered the door, the radio was on, and one of the children said: "That's the program that two of our church members put on each afternoon!" Pleasant voices were singing homey songs, to the accompaniment of a guitar! but how appealing! They were singing of Jesus' love, of the home above, of the things now being prepared in that land beyond the skies. We could not help wondering what their audience was thinking of as they listened to such plain words of Bible truth coming over the ether waves.

Thus ended the visiting part of my stay in Garden City.

As we arrived at the church that evening for the meeting, I experienced a real thrill. Years ago funds were gathered, and the basement of a church building to be was constructed and roofed over, and, doubtlessly because of harvest failures in the "dust bowl," it is still the church home of that group. But it does not take a building to make a church, and the earnest congregation housed in that basement is a demonstration of this fact.

To my surprise and delight I found it to be a church of young people! There were just enough older persons to remind one that older people are very necessary; but the heart and soul of that church are its youth! And how eagerly they listened. During my short stay (*Turn to page 12*)



KEYSTONE

Beware Lest You Become a Self-Consuming Cannibal!

The Man Who Swallowed Himself

By MARENUS H. JENSEN

YES, this is a true story. It actually happened. Many of his friends stood helplessly by while he accomplished this carnivorous feat. You say, "That would be a terrible thing to do." Indeed it was, but he did it. You may be skeptical and tempted to say, "Absolutely impossible," but the fact that he did it is proof that you are mistaken. You may still insist, "Why, that would be a *horrible* thing to do!" Yes, this is a sad and tragic story, but still it is true.

This story is told in the Bible. Yes, the same Bible that teaches that a fish can and did swallow a man also teaches that a man may swallow himself, for in Ecclesiastes 10:12 I read, "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself."

Now I recognize that when we speak of a man, we may be referring to more than his body. We may be thinking of those attributes that differentiate him from other men—his talents, his capabilities, his possibilities. We would all agree that, so far as usefulness is concerned, man is more than flesh and bones, more than body. It is a fact that there is a difference between men who have achieved great and noble things in this world, men who have molded the destiny of nations about them and have filled our halls of fame, and those who are placed in the homes for the feeble-minded; yet each one may or may not have a wonderful physique, as far as the body is concerned. The fact remains that a man's capabilities and possibilities are

not determined by the size of his hat, the length of his belt, or the figure at which he may tip the scale. Neither is his success or failure determined by the shape of his face. He is more than body.

I take it from this text that a man may develop such an abnormal appetite for himself and so feed upon himself that, so far as his possibilities and usefulness are concerned, his lips may actually swallow him. As a matter of fact, many of us have actually witnessed the accomplishment of this carnivorous feat. We have seen promising, talented, attractive young people come to school. Everything seemed to be in their favor. They started their college career with a flash. They were out in front. Success seemed within easy reach, failure impossible. Then all of a sudden their mouths opened and gulped them down. Talents, attractiveness, accomplishments, were all gone. Their mouths could feed on nothing but themselves—a terrible, sad, and repulsive state for anyone to reach. But little could be done once they had started. Every attempt by friends to stop this self-swallowing process seemed only to whet their appetite for more.

There is still another class. They, too, may be talented, attractive, promising. Apparently all is going well. They are progressing, but they begin to believe that they are not appreciated as they should be. Someone is holding them back. They feel they should be class president. Someone else is chosen. Up to their room they hasten, all upset. They start sympathizing with themselves. Soon they are convinced that it was only jealousy on the part of the class; they were too good—yes, feeding on themselves. Later a young people's leader is chosen, and it is another person—not they. So more of self goes down. There is a party, and for obvious reasons they are not invited. They hold a rival party in their room—more of self is the treat. Grades are handed out. Theirs are not so good. Now the school is not fair to them. Another gulp of self. Things are not going well. A summons brings them to the president's office. In a kind and sympathetic way he tries to give them help. He endeavors to convince them that the school is interested in them and in their success, that it is to the interest of the school that they succeed. He endeavors to point out that their failure would not be a credit to the institution or to any of its teachers—that the school gains credit only as they succeed. He assures them that schools are established for the purpose of helping young people to make a success, not a failure. He tactfully suggests that it may be their own fault that things have gone wrong, and not the fault of the school or of their friends. Two big eyes blink, there is a (*Turn to page 14*)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



Outbound and Snowbound

By H. W. CLARK

WELL, mother, any news today?"

Dad had just returned from work and was seated in the old farm kitchen. The shadows were reaching across the Vermont hills, and supper was almost ready.

"Yes," she answered. "A letter from California."

"Let's hear it before we start to eat supper," he suggested.

And so the little white-haired woman reached for an envelope, took out of it a letter, and began to read: "DEAR DAD AND MOTHER,

"By the time you receive this letter we shall really be on our way. We have chosen to start next Thursday, May 27, for a number of reasons, the principal one being that that is our anniversary and we are going to start our celebration of a number of important events in our lives. You will remember that it was just twenty-five years ago that I was graduated from academy on the twenty-seventh of May. One year later, Hazel and I were married on the same date, and fifteen years ago I graduated from college on that date. Rather interesting, isn't it? And now we are going to have a triple anniversary celebration.

"Really, this trip is, after all, an educational project; for as I have already told you in past letters, a very fortunate combination of circumstances has given me the chance to travel and study in the East this summer. I know you will be very anxious to have us reach the old Vermont home, but you will have to exercise a little more patience, because I am planning a rather long journey.

"We expect to go over the Sierras to Nevada, where we shall pick up Joe and Melva and Sonny. Lorice and Ervil and Aura are coming, too.

They are too young to leave at home with the others who must work for their school expenses during the summer. After we go through Nevada we shall continue to Salt Lake City and then go south by way of Zion and Bryce and the Grand Canyon and through Arizona and then eastward as far as Texas. From there we shall turn north and go by way of Chicago and Detroit and across Ontario and New York, and finally into Vermont. It will probably take us four or five weeks at the rate we intend to travel.

"Our trailer is all finished. I am sure you will be interested to see it. It is sixteen feet long and will provide beds for six persons—four grownups and two children. The two smaller children will have to sleep in the car. I have named it the 'Golden Eagle' and painted it a golden-brown color, with the upper part a golden tan. The roof is silver, and the trim is green. I have been spending all my spare time since last October in building this, because I knew that it would be impossible for

me to pay the expense of auto camps on a long summer trip. Everything is in readiness, and we are eager to start.

"I am taking along my cameras and expect to get a film version of the interesting things that happen along the way. We will let you know from time to time how we are progressing, and as the boys say, 'it won't be long now.'

"With lots of love from us all,

"HAROLD."

As the letter was read, more attention was given to the thought of its contents than to the evening meal; and when the supper was ended, dad pushed back his chair and remarked:

"Well, I suppose we'll have to be patient, even though the time is long. Now that we know they are really coming, it's harder than ever to wait. Let's go out in the garden and see how things are coming. I want to be sure to get those peas to growing in good shape, so that they can enjoy them when they get here."

And so while the dishes waited unwashed, the garden was given attention as the evening shadows lengthened and darkness gradually crept over the hills.

At the very moment that this scene was taking place in the little Vermont homestead a very different event was happening back in sunny California. In the town of Napa, a few miles from Pacific Union College, the source of the letter which we have just read, a big green car was backed up to the Golden Eagle and the last attachments were being made. A few necessary repairs had occupied a portion of the afternoon, because it would not do to start out on a long trip without everything's being in first-class shape. But finally we were off—really on our way at last, after months of planning and



PHOTO BY AUTHOR

The Blooms on Bear Clover, or "Mountain Misery," Are Beautiful—Almost Like Strawberry Blossoms

anticipation. Traveling with a heavy trailer was a new experience, but after a little adjustment to the slower pace and the more careful handling necessary, we found it not hard to manage.

The day was warm, and the mercury climbed as we crossed the Sacramento Valley; but by the time we reached Sacramento, the evening was coming on. As soon as we were through the city we pulled out by the side of the road under some giant oaks, and there in the cool of the twilight, with the sunset glow shining through the great trees, we ate our first lunch in the "dinette" of our homemade trailer. Two folding tables were set up; the family occupied the couches behind them and enjoyed the novelty of the new situation.

Our party, as we have already observed, consisted of the writer and his wife and three of their children, aged, respectively, twelve, ten, and eight. The other members were to be picked up the next day when we reached Nevada. Interesting little incidents always occur as one travels, and this night as we were getting ready for lunch a little girl about five years old came across the field from a farmhouse near by, handed up a great head of lettuce, and with a broad smile, invited me to take it. I thanked her, and without waiting for further consideration, she turned and

ran back to a group of children gathered by the house. This was our first introduction to many interesting bits of hospitality which we received as we continued on our way.

Supper over, I again took the wheel, and proceeded on into the night. As soon as we reached the foothills of the Sierras we found it necessary to shift into lower gears on the steep grades because of the heavy pull of the trailer. But we made good time, and by nine-thirty that evening we found ourselves in the forested regions of the mountains. Finally, after several miles of close searching for a convenient camping spot, we found a broad space and pulled out into it. In a few minutes the double beds were opened, the back spring was lifted into position to make an upper berth at each end for the children, and almost as soon as we can tell the story, we were ready for the night.

Morning came all too soon, and what a morning! Nothing can equal the freshness and beauty of the clear, crisp air of a Sierra dawn. Sitting in the shade of the trailer as the sun came over the hills and lighted up the forests, I could look out over miles of tall yellow pines and sugar pines mingled with incense cedar; and everywhere underneath the trees was the fragrant bear clover, or mountain misery, as some prefer to call it. I did not need to be told

that we were in the Sierras, for the smell of the mountain misery alone would have informed me quite accurately of my altitude and of the fact that I was in the pine belt which is so curiously marked by this little shrub. Just why it should be called mountain misery is somewhat of a question, although perhaps there is justification enough in the fact that it dominates the landscape everywhere in these forests and will not let grass grow for the cattle or sheep. It is so thick that it is a bit hard to walk through it, although it is not more than knee high, and its finely cut leaves are covered with a somewhat sticky, gummy substance which is hard on the clothing, especially if one has on low shoes. But the blossoms are beautiful, almost like strawberry blossoms, and the odor of the plant is not at all unpleasant.

Many other interesting sights and sounds blend together to create an atmosphere of pure pleasure as one contemplates the beauty of nature. By my side a giant bush of nightshade sends forth the beauty of its full bloom, and birds are active on all sides—juncos, flycatchers, vireos, warblers, finches, and many others. The woods fairly ring with their morning melodies. This is to be a very interesting day, for we must pull over the summit of the high Sierras and cross into the Nevada deserts.

As soon as breakfast was over we were on our way again. Several times we stopped for pictures at points of special interest. We passed the old placer diggings at Gold Run, where miles of hills have been torn out by great streams of water in order to get at the gold in the gravel beds. The dashing Yuba River roared and tumbled on its way, swollen with melting snows from the peaks above. The day was perfect, and the forests were glorious in the beauty of the spring sunshine.

About noon we reached the summit of the high Sierras at an elevation of 7,000 feet, and stopped for a few moments to admire the magnificent panorama spread out around and below us. All the peaks were covered with a mantle of snow; and the wind, which blew a gale across the top, although it was chilly, brought touches of warmth from the valleys below and was rapidly converting these snow fields into water and sending them down to the farms in the valleys.

While the children enjoyed climbing a great snow bank and sliding and tumbling down again, Mrs. Clark and I went to the eastern edge of the cliffs and looked down over the long, winding road that leads to Donner Lake. The lake lies like a great blue gem far down in the depression among the mountains, and as we contemplated the scene, we thought of the time when the Donner party of courageous pioneers camped by its shores.

After passing (Turn to page 13)

I've Been Thinking--

By OPAL HOOVER YOUNG

ABOUT BROKEN WINDOWS

MY first contact with broken windows dates back to my tomboy days when baseball was still the center of my universe. It seemed to be my lot always to play with a group who had to account for a broken window before the game was over. All too often my entrance into the home circle after my play hour was marked by notice given to father of another payment due on a shattered pane. But those were glad days; those windows were easily replaced.

Not so with the broken windows that more mature experience brings. I speak of the broken windows of life—ideals given up, mistakes uncorrected, temptations yielded to, courage lost, kindness uprooted by bitterness. The window that once gleamed with the glorious gold of courage, lofty idealism, nobility, is broken and black. Whenever I see one, I want to tell the individual whose life's window has lost its glow, the story of the broken window that was made beautiful.

It was painted by a great artist, and because of its beauty it attracted many visitors to the temple in which it was placed. During a storm one night the window was shattered.

"Give me the pieces," said the artist sadly as he looked at the broken glass. Carefully with artistic skill he put the fragments together. The window was placed again in the temple, and lo, as the mended seams of glass caught the light, there were reflected beautiful colors not seen in the original painting.

Maybe we have shattered the original beauty of the Master Artist's plan for our lives, but we need not go always with a broken-window experience; nor need we be conscious of a patched-up original. If we will take the pieces of broken dreams, discouragement, shattered ideals, to the Great Designer, He will make of our lives once again windows of beauty to grace the temple of character.

Services Given— Benefits Gained

By KATHRYN L. COLHOWER



DREAMS do come true. My thoughts are in a state of retrospection, and I see myself "just a sitting and a thinking." What did the future hold? Could a dream for a college education become a reality for a high-school graduate who was already out on her own? If so, what college should she attend?

Already in my experience I had obtained an insight into the principles for which Seventh-day Adventist schools stand, and I had also had opportunity to observe the differences between the schools of the world and the schools that uphold the principles of the third angel's message. Resolving to prepare myself for a place in the Master's vineyard, I knew I could do nothing else but enter a Seventh-day Adventist college.

With this decision reached, I was still confronted with the problem of finances. In order to conserve those none-too-plentiful dollars, I must go to college with the idea of working enough to pay my expenses.

Just two weeks later a letter from Emmanuel Missionary College was received in answer to an application for work. The letter stated that there was an opening for student workers in the book bindery. Although I had never had experience in this line of work, those words *book bindery* seemed to have a pulling force.

In less than a week's time I had enrolled for summer school work and found myself in a shop which gives unique departmental service. The plan for this service was originated by Mr. Henry Skadsheim, the present superintendent, while he lay on a cot in the hospital as a disabled World War veteran. Mr. Skadsheim had discovered that many tons of beau-

tifully illustrated, authentic, concise periodicals were being sold for junk and ground into paper pulp in the paper mills of the country. He formulated a plan to salvage this material and put it to work in the libraries and schools throughout the world. The binding of the *National Geographic* with its beautiful illustrations and economical source of reference material became the central part of the departmental services. Several tons of these magazines were bought.



They are now regularly kept in stock, the issues ranging from the years 1917 to 1939.

The volumes are bound chronologically, topically, or in pamphlet form. The articles assembled according to topics are bound in rainbow colors of keratol cover cloth to harmonize with the message of each individual volume. These books are insectproof, climateproof, moistureproof, washable, and sanitary. "Laced-through" hand sewing is done, with every stitch resting on strong fiber hinges, so that the thread cannot cut the paper and loosen the binding. If the thread used to sew the books bound in one year were laid out, it would cover over thirty-six thousand feet of space. Thirty-six thousand feet of service, thirty-six thousand feet of training, thirty-six thousand feet of student finance, thirty-six thousand feet of character building!

Along with the bound volumes, Mr. Skadsheim had prepared a volume index. This handy compendium index met with instant favor on the part of librarians and educators, as it multiplies the reference value of the vast encyclopedia of geographic

and scientific knowledge. The topical index enables one to find all the articles on each subject, and gives a synopsis of the field covered by the *Geographic*.

Single articles according to one's own selection are also bound in convenient form for filing. This service is offered in harmony with the project method of teaching, which demands a wide range of individual units—sturdy and attractive—suitable for classroom or library use. Teachers and lecturers like to get a single article which directly applies to the subject of geography, history, agriculture, industry, or social or natural science.

The book bindery, which furnishes work to twenty-five students, offers also another beneficial service to schools, colleges, churches, conferences, missions, libraries, and other institutions and organizations. The beautiful color plates and clear photographs of the *Geographic* are available at the shop for visual-education units. Theodore Roosevelt said, "A picture is worth ten thousand words."

To be of service to others is an important ingredient in happiness, for it is well known that happiness comes as a by-product of doing for others. There can be no real joy in a life lived entirely for its own selfish interests and pleasures. These services created by Mr. Skadsheim were in the beginning just a dream, but a dream which opened a new door to world knowledge. It has also opened a door for many students to solve the financial problem of obtaining a college education.

The power to do, and to serve others, exemplified in the life of its founder, is influential in the lives of those who work in the book bindery.

All the work with these magazines is done by students who depend on this as a means of gaining a higher education. In the writings of Mrs. E. G. White we find much stress laid on the importance of such industries in our schools. For example: "It reveals cowardice to move so slowly and uncertainly in the labor line—that line which will give the very best kind of education."

The working hours in the bindery are from 7 A.M. to twelve noon, and from 1 P.M. to 6 P.M.—with each student's working program being ad-



justed in accordance with his school-work. In this way it has proved a great financial aid to many young people; but is that all? The financial advantage that accrues to the student is by no means the major gain. There are other factors of immeasurable value.

Each Sunday noon you will find twenty or twenty-five student workers gathered in a group, some perched on the sewing tables, some on the perforation seat, some on chairs, or wherever else they can find places to sit. Inquiry reveals that this is the usual Sunday "church powwow."

Mr. Skadsheim holds the center of interest. He is doing some plain talking, and the statements we hear are indicative of the fact that we are binding more than just books. Efficient bookbinding is efficient character building. Our most valuable products are men and women. Character is the contribution of the habits of regularity, promptness, industry, perseverance, energy, cooperation, and loyalty. You are sure to pass from the noon "powwow" with a feeling that if this is the way young men and women are trained to appreciate the joy and efficiency of service, many others should be obtaining an education with financial aids where principles needed in actual everyday life are taught and emphasized.

"Our Bindery Family" represents the spirit existing in our department. The charm of industry, the music of labor with an abounding cheerful spirit, makes one feel that it is good to be here.

When we leave this place, we shall take with us something of the ideals, the morals, and the character of those with whom we have lived in such intimate relationships. Those intimate friendships will be the most satisfying and lasting of the hidden values received from our work. I think that if there were no other reason for coming to college than to acquire friends, that would be reason enough.

The department was founded with the spirit of service to others, and this spirit absorbed during the days of training prepares one for the fullest and highest use of his knowledge. The greatest satisfaction of life comes when one's education is applied to human need.

The registrar's office usually indicates that the student who works for his education stands high scholastically. The student worker learns the value of time; he learns to appreciate the value of money. Labor to him becomes dignified and glorified, with resultant joy in and appreciation of its advantages.

All this is what I would call a part of true Christian education. That which trains the heart, the hands, and the mind symmetrically, that which is motivated not only by the spirit of scholarship, but also by the spirit of

Morning Watch

By NICHOLAS LLOYD INGRAHAM

**If we'd have a dear Companion
Journey with us down life's way,
Let us spend a moment with Him
At the dawning of the day.**

**Just a moment in the morning
When the air is still and fresh,
Let the spirit of His presence
Come in touch with weakly flesh.**

**Just a little time with Jesus
While the world is rushing on,
It will light the lamp of courage
When our faith is almost gone.**

**In the quiet of the morning
Just to talk with Him awhile
Helps us bear our every burden
With a happy song and smile.**

**He has made us, He can keep us;
Let us trust Him as our Guide—
In the early morning ask Him
To be always by our side.**

service, is the greatest gain of all. The richness and glory of compensation for obtaining such an education are beyond measure. You may forget many of the facts of history and chemistry, but you will not easily outgrow the habits formed while in school.

The full value of these assets will never be recognized. We are unable to trace the steadying influence which helps us meet temptations, and we are not conscious of the source of the help that comes to us in moments of great decision. These assets are interwoven with the foundations begun in youth and strengthened by Christian education. Thus attendance at Seventh-day Adventist schools increases our likelihood of remaining loyal, truehearted Seventh-day Adventists and earnest Christians. These associations with Christian young people and teachers, the study of the Bible in the classroom, the chapel services, the worship hours in the dormitories, the prayer-band contacts—all have their transforming influence.

In Christian schools there prevail right habits of conduct, of culture, of refinement, of true courtesy, of noble ideals, of worthy life aims not found in secular colleges. Discipline, true principle, truth, purity, sincerity, prayer, love, and faith are other non-crushable cornerstones which we lay day by day in our working associations. We must pledge ourselves to these high ideals and noble purposes in anticipation of the temptations we must meet tomorrow.

To secure this education and to help others to secure it should be the object of the Christian's life. Lack of money should not be regarded as a calamity. Determine to make something out of yourself. An investment in knowledge always pays the best dividends. You may find encouragement and motivation in the fact that many thousands of youth are making their own way through college. Remember that "true success in any line is not the result of chance or accident or destiny. God gives opportunities; success depends upon the use of them."

These industrial and intellectual aspects of a college program, as well as its social and spiritual phases, which are in no wise neglected, are contributions of a school "that educates for life."

As each school year draws to its close, some of the working, studying young people are scattered to the four winds. The "educational products" will be distributed in practical missionary endeavor throughout continents and island fields that belt the globe. They are the best workers, the most efficient, in the cause of God and in private life, because of lessons learned in a balanced program of education which gives services and reaps benefits.



JOHN KABEL



"Remember the Sabbath Day, to Keep It Holy"

God's Eternal Memorial

... in a World That Easily Forgets

By CARLYLE B. HAYNES

MEN and nations have their memorial days, designed to commemorate the great events of their histories. So, too, has God. And the observance of His memorial day He has covered by one of His ten commandments.

When God made the world and placed mankind upon it, it was His purpose that they should not forget their Maker or His worship. He made the world in six days, and rested on the seventh. To help men remember, He blessed this seventh day, hallowed it, and established it as His everlasting memorial. Gen. 2:1-3; Ex. 20:8-11.

The Author of the Sabbath is the Author of the Christian religion—Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

He it was who brought the world into existence. He it was who rested on the seventh day, and blessed that day, and made it holy. For the Son of God was and is the Creator. "All things were made by Him." John 1:1-3, 10, 14. (See also Col. 1:15, 16.)

The way in which He made the Sabbath, as we have already seen, was by taking a day, the seventh day, and resting on it, blessing it, and sanctifying it.

The material out of which He made the Sabbath was the seventh day. He took that day, and out of it made the Sabbath. The Sabbath is not something He placed on the day. It is the

day itself. "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

We are not commanded to "remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy." The command is, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it [the day] holy." The Sabbath is not something apart from the day, which can be shifted about and perhaps placed on another day. It is the day itself, the seventh day.

We hear much today about a Sabbath institution. But the Bible never speaks of a Sabbath institution. It talks about the Sabbath day. There is no such thing as a Sabbath institution which was blessed and made holy for the benefit of humanity, apart from a day. It was the day which was blessed and made holy; and it is the day which thus became the Sabbath.

The day which God blessed can never be taken from the Sabbath. The Sabbath can never be taken from the day which God blessed. These cannot be separated. They are inseparable, because they are one. The seventh day is the Sabbath; the Sabbath is the seventh day.

Jesus made the Sabbath for the entire human race, not for one section or one nation. "The Sabbath was made for man." Mark 2:27.

God made the Sabbath for all time. It was designed to be not temporary, but of eternal duration. The time will never come when the seventh day

is not the blessed, holy rest day of God.

"All His commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever." Ps. 111:7, 8.

Even in the new earth the blessed seventh-day Sabbath will be observed by the nations of the saved.

"It shall come to pass, that . . . from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord." Isa. 66:23.

The reason why God commanded men to observe the Sabbath day is:

"In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:11.

The Sabbath, therefore, is a memorial of the creation of the earth in six literal days, and God has established it as a sign of His creative power. Through the observance of it He purposed that man should always keep Him in remembrance as the true and only God, the Creator of all things.

The creative power of God was put forth the second time in the work of redemption, which is in reality a new creation. The Sabbath as a memorial of creative power thus becomes a memorial of our salvation in Christ. It was definitely set forth as a sign of sanctification.

"I gave them My Sabbaths, to be a sign between Me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." Eze. 20:12.

As Christ is the one who sanctifies His people, the Sabbath therefore becomes a sign of what Christ is to the believer. It is a memorial of our rest in Him, our rest from sin, of the completion of His work of full salvation in us. As such a memorial it is to endure forever.

It is Jesus who saves from sin. This salvation from sin is the actual working in us of the creative power of God. Only through that power, brought to sinners by the Holy Spirit, can sin be overcome in human flesh, and man enter into the rest of faith. It is Jesus who gives this rest.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

The sign of that creative power of Christ is the Sabbath. "Sabbath" means rest. It was given, not merely for physical rest, but as a sign of spiritual rest and deliverance from sin. Hence he who keeps the Sabbath understandingly has entered into the rest of God, and "he that is entered into His rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." Heb. 4:10.

In this way the Sabbath becomes to the believer in Christ a symbol of all that the gospel contains for him in Christ.

The Sabbath begins at sunset and ends at sunset. The Bible method of reckoning days is (Turn to page 14)

A Junior Reflects

By GENEVIEVE HALLIFAX

LINDA MARLOWE'S usually clear, lilting voice, made husky by the excitement of the class-night exercises, filled the quiet chapel as she presented her part.

"And to you, dear teachers, more than to anyone else, we owe a life-long debt of gratitude for the worth-while things you have given us; both in and out of the classroom. We do appreciate the foundation of factual knowledge in which you have grounded us, even though we may have thoughtlessly neglected at times to take full advantage of the opportunities which you have offered us."

As I listened intently to these words from my place among the group of hopeful, serious juniors, my mind raced forward to the time when I, too, would be a senior, graduating from this twelve-grade course. Why was it, after all, that I had chosen to attend this school whose senior class had taken "Through Faith We Conquer" for a motto, rather than join the throng of youth who leave the public high schools each year with the attitude, "WPA, Here We Come"? What was it that a Christian education brought that could not be gained in one of those public high schools?

Memories of my first school days flooded my mind. My parents had left an established home and moved hundreds of miles to a community in which I might attend a good church school. Since that time the spirit of Christ has pervaded my school life, from the simple Bible stories in the first grade to a recent study of the great second advent movement. The inculcation of such high ideals is bound to create a vision of the joys of Christian service.

As I was pondering thus, Linda's words fell on my ears again.

"In our science classes you have taught us to see that even though marred by sin, this world that God created is still a wonderful place to those who are willing to develop a seeing eye."

My thoughts flashed back to freshman days and biology class. Those first excited peeps into a microscope had revealed a complete new world to our young eyes, giving some of us a desire to go on and learn more in the field of science. Woodland walks for the purpose of examining the small but perfect structure of lovely spring flowers gave us a deep impression of the reality of God's hand in all nature.

Now Linda was talking about mathematics—that bugbear to so many budding scholars, but a keen delight to others. I wondered what she could say in appreciation of math.

"To our mathematics instructors, we are grateful for your attempts to lead us to think in an orderly fashion and to solve our problems correctly and methodically."

Yes, I reflected, the precision of algebraic rules and formulas had been a joy. A certain satisfaction is derived from neatly working a problem that definitely follows a formula. And now I realized that those formulas used in working mere theoretical exercises could be applied to practical everyday problems as well.

"In this modern world where transportation and communication are becoming more swift and certain all the time, the interdependence of nations and continents is not a theory, but a fact. Consequently, it is of increasing importance to acquire a knowledge of the affairs of men and nations from ancient times to present-day civilization. A study of the way the American Government is organized and conducted is also valuable to us as the future citizens of this country. In view of these facts, we feel that the fundamental courses in social science which we have taken have been a necessary part of our preparatory education."

This thought expressed by Linda carried me in spirit to the lively classroom discussions. "Now let's have your opinion on this subject," our instructor would say. "We want some discussion." And discussions that grew into almost arguments he would encourage, his purpose being to lead us to think independently and logically on events of the day, and then to draw our own conclusions. It was a sound method; for in these days of propaganda and sensational emotional appeal, the ability to think clearly, without bias or prejudice, is an essential part of education.

"As a class our talents are varied. But during our years here we all have



H. A. ROBERTS

"A Christian Education Prepares One Not Only for Life as It Is Now, but for the Joys of Eternal Life"

had the opportunity to develop the talent of doing useful things with our hands. To those skillful instructors in the practical arts, we offer our gratitude for teaching us coordination of head and hand."

The point of Linda's statement impressed me. How inconvenient and uncomfortable life would be if we did not learn how to do things. Printing, bookbinding, typewriting, woodcraft, sewing, and cooking; all these classes we had from which to choose. Then and there I determined to take advantage of some of these useful courses during my senior year.

"Knowledge of languages other than English brings a broader tolerance and sympathy with other peoples. The importance of language training for missionaries to foreign lands is widely recognized. And as students of this school which is dedicated to this purpose we mean to hold its standards high, when further training and more mature experience bring to us the opportunity."

I agreed with this thoroughly, but Linda's next point was of greater interest to me.

"Let the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord" was the prayer of (*Turn to page 13*)



H. A. ROBERTS

Goldie

By MORNA Y. LEQUIER

JIMMY was a sickly boy for the first twelve years of his life. He was a regular bookworm, and when the doctor suggested that he go out of doors and play for at least two hours a day, he just turned up his nose, as spoiled children do, and continued to remain inside. But now at fourteen, no one could ever guess that he was ever thin and pale and ailing. What changed his life so completely?

It all happened one day while he was sitting in the window, reading. The book was interesting, but not interesting enough to keep him from hearing a faint scratch on the screen door. Jim listened. Yes, there it was again, this time fainter. He jumped from the window seat and ran to the door. There, to his surprise, stood a tiny, scrawny, muddy little puppy. Large brown eyes stared softly into his face. With a sudden movement he dropped his book and stooped down to pick up the puppy. At first it shrank back from his touch, but on finding that Jimmy meant no harm, it allowed itself to be lifted and cuddled and petted.

The next hour was spent by the boy in raiding the refrigerator and in scrubbing the wiggly little dog in an old tub filled with warm, soapy water.

"There you are, pup, all clean and full, and—why, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen, with your fluffy fur! I'm going to call you Goldie, 'cause your hair shines like gold!"

In answer, the transformed pup jumped up to lick Jim's hand.

When Jimmy's mother and father returned home, they heard an unusual sound coming from the house. Their son was actually laughing out loud, but what was that other noise? It was a sort of a yapping and a growling sound combined.

When they entered the living room, there was Jimmy sprawled on the floor, and dancing around him was a little woolly ball of golden fur, tinted with red. Both dog and boy stopped short as they appeared.

"What does this mean, Jimmy?"

asked his father. In a hurried and stuttering voice he told how the dog happened to be there. All the time he was explaining, he was hugging Goldie near to him.

"And you know what, dad? He likes me, too, and his name is Goldie, 'cause he's just like gold, and—and—please, dad, may I keep him?"

After thinking a while, Jimmy's father consented, thinking that the lad would soon tire of the dog. This was how Goldie entered the home of the Russell family.

Jim, however, did not tire of his new friend, and together they had many happy experiences. He no longer spent every spare moment reading, and he soon began to have a healthier look on his face; his whole body seemed full to the brim of energy. Surely Goldie was doing him more good than any medicine a doctor could give, and was much more enjoyable.

Jimmy's mother, however, did not like the idea of having a dog around the house. She could never see or understand why her boy could like such a creature, but she did not object when she saw how Jimmy's health was improving because of the fresh out-of-door air he now enjoyed.

One day Jimmy and Goldie went

swimming. Jim really decided the matter, but where Jim went, Goldie went, too. Mother packed a lunch for Jim and then warned him to be sure to be home before nightfall, because it is easy to get lost in the woods after dark. He promised, and with his dog started down the trail to the old swimming hole. The sun was bright, and the day was ideal. Some distance down the trail he met two of his friends, who decided to have a swim, too.

The boys had enjoyed a day full of fun, and had eaten the last crumb of the lunch when they noticed that the sun was nearly out of sight. Jim suddenly remembered the caution of his mother, and also his promise to come home early. Now it was almost dark, and he was sure they could never find their way.

"Look at those big, dark storm clouds. They frighten me!" exclaimed the smallest member of the group. The two older boys looked at the sky. There, coming right in their direction, was one of the biggest, blackest clouds imaginable. Thunder roared, and lightning flashed. They hurriedly dressed and started for home, but the darkness and the big drops of rain that were falling soon made it almost impossible for them to see which way they were going.

Then Jimmy felt something cold and wet on his hand, and heard a whimpering sound. It was Goldie. He had completely forgotten him in the excitement. The touch of Goldie's nose seemed to give him new courage, and the assurance of reaching safety. But how could Goldie take them home? This particular part of the countryside was entirely new to him.

At that moment Jimmy recalled the story his Sabbath school teacher had told last Sabbath, and quietly he offered a short prayer. "Dear Jesus, please take us home, like you did the little girl in Miss Anderson's story. Amen."

Then he opened his eyes again and said, as the three boys clasped hands: "Don't be afraid. Jesus will take us home."

"But how? We can't even see the path in front of us," said one of them.

Like a light shining in the darkness, the boys could see the glint of Goldie's fur ahead of them. Jim called, "Goldie, take us home. Home, Goldie." Goldie understood, and with his nose to the trail he led the boys carefully through the thick woods.

"Mother," said Jimmy as he was going to bed, "don't you think you ought to thank Goldie?"

"I do, Jim," she answered. "And I think Goldie is the best dog in the world. Goldie, do you forgive me for not wanting you?"



E. J. HALL

The Hero of the Occasion Wagged His Tail and Knew That He Was Now One of the Family

In answer the hero of the occasion wagged his tail and laid himself down at her feet. He understood by the tone of her voice, exactly what she meant, and he knew that now he was one of the family.

A Letter to Men

(Continued from page 1)

pure, clean heart means an upright, righteous life, while a wicked heart means a disobedient life. Jeremiah demonstrated his understanding of the heart when he said: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." David understood the importance of the heart in the life. He prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

But how can people read the secrets in our hearts? Ah, there it is; we cannot keep *anything* in our hearts. Jesus said, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The thoughts we think, the secrets we treasure, the idols we hide in our hearts, are all revealed in our lives by the things we do, by what we say, by our attitudes. Yes, we are living epistles, known and read of all men.

What are our friends reading in our lives? Are they inspired to higher ideals, to more earnest, consecrated service to God and men, because of the message they read in us? Are they led closer to the One whose sinless life has been offered to each of us to shine out through our lives? As we mingle with others from day to day, do they read a message of hope, courage, and obedience? Remember:

"We are the only Bible the careless world will read;
We are the sinners' gospel, we are the scoffers' creed.
We are the Lord's last message, given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked? what if the print is blurred!"

Four Indian chiefs once tried to find the "Book of Heaven," but the message they read in the lives of professing Christians whom they visited discouraged them, and they failed in their mission. The story was told by Edmond S. Meany in an address at the dedication of a monument in Walla Walla, Washington, to the memory of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman on the fiftieth anniversary of their massacre.

"In 1832 Christian America was deeply stirred by an unusual event," he said. "Four chiefs of the Flathead tribe appeared in St. Louis and asked to have the white man's 'Book of Heaven' and teachers sent among their people. General William Clark, of Lewis and Clark Expedition fame, who was in command of the military post there, treated the four Indians with every attention. Two of them died during the winter, and in the spring the other two prepared to start for home. General Clark loaded them with presents, took them to theaters, and treated them royally. Finally he gave them a farewell banquet. At this banquet one of the Indians made a speech filled with the matchless eloquence so often found among the gifted ones of the American aborigines. The speech was translated at the time into the following:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friends of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with an eye partly open for my people who sit in

darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind, to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms through many enemies and strange lands that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. Two fathers came with us; they were the braves of many winters and wars. We leave them asleep here by your great water and wigwams. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out.

"My people sent me to get the white man's 'Book of Heaven.' You took me where you allow your women to dance as we do not ours, and the book was not there. You took me to where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the book was not there. You showed me images of the good spirits and the pictures of the good land beyond, but the book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long and sad trail to my people in the dark land. You made my feet heavy with gifts, and my moccasins will grow old with carrying them; yet the book is not among them. When I tell my poor,

15 MINUTES a day READ WITH PROFIT

The controversy over the Christian Sabbath is no tempest in a teapot. Do you know its implications? Read Chapter 25 in "The Great Controversy," "God's Law Immutable;" and then check your information by completing the statements below with the best answers.

1. The vision of the temple of God opened in heaven and the ark of His Testament refers to—
 - a. The beginning of Christ's mediation during the closing work of the atonement.
 - b. The beginning of Christ's mediation on the day of Pentecost.
 - c. The close of probation.
 - d. The rending of the veil at Christ's crucifixion.
2. The law seen in the ark in heaven was—
 - a. Deposited there after Sinai.
 - b. A transcript of God's character, and must endure forever.
 - c. Abrogated at the cross.
 - d. The law of Moses.
3. In order to be prepared for the judgment, it is necessary that man should—
 - a. Pray and study the Bible.
 - b. Give the message to all the world.
 - c. Keep the law of God.
 - d. Reform.
4. It is our duty to worship God because—
 - a. He is to be our judge.
 - b. He will destroy sinners.
 - c. Christ died for us.
 - d. He is our Creator.
5. The Sabbath lies at the very foundation of divine worship because—
 - a. It is a reminder of creation and the Creator.
 - b. It is an evidence of a unique belief.
 - c. Sabbathkeeping was commanded at Sinai.
 - d. A true worshiper needs to be rested.

On the blank line before the symbol or expression in the first column write its equivalent found in the second column.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Waters | Sunday |
| 2. Winds | Pagan Rome |
| 3. Dragon | Sabbath |
| 4. Lamblike Beast | Peoples |
| 5. Mark of the Beast | Strife |
| 6. Lord's Day | United States |

blind people after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on a long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

"Such a cry has never been made in vain since Christ died. Soon brave men prepared to carry the 'Book of Heaven' over the long, sad trail. Only one of those Indians lived to reach his home, but their visit to the white man's great wigwams helped on the course of events that finally resulted in American dominion over the far Northwest."

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." You and I may be someone else's Bible. What message are they reading in our lives? Are they finding the principles of the "Book of Heaven" there? There is a challenge to each one of us in these words of the poet:

"There's a sweet old story translated for men,
'Twas writ in the long, long ago;
The gospel according to Mark, Luke, and John,
Of Christ and His mission below.

"Men read and admire the gospel of Christ
With its love so unfailing and true;
But what do they say and what do they think
Of the gospel according to you?"

"'Tis a wonderful story, that gospel of love,
As it shines in the Christ life divine;
And, O that its truth might be told again
In the story of your life and mine.

"Unselfishness mirrors in every scene,
Love blossoms on every sod,
And back from its vision the heart comes to tell
The wonderful goodness of God.

"You are writing each day a letter to men;
Take care that the writing is true.
'Tis the only gospel that some men will read—
That gospel according to you."

In the "Dust Bowl"

(Continued from page 3)

of a little more than twenty-four hours there were more than five hours of meetings! No one seemed drowsy, no one seemed to care for recess, everyone wanted to hear about what God is doing here and there! It was a real group of Seventh-day Adventists, their hearts aglow with the love of the third angel's message.

Later I learned that nearly every boy and girl of Seventh-day Adventist homes in this neighborhood has remained true to the church. Some of the parents—sad thing to confess—have lost their faith; but their children are still holding up the torch of God's word. The secret of it all? They are giving their lives in soul-saving endeavor, and God is richly blessing them for it.

As I boarded the train that evening I was happy. Garden City does not awaken thoughts of the "dust bowl" now; I remember it as the home of a fine group of young people who are Seventh-day Adventists in their daily lives. What a pleasure to think of them!



1. Who built a monument in the middle of a river? What river, and why?
2. The destruction of Nineveh was the fulfillment of whose prophecy?
3. What treasurer built for himself a sepulcher in which he was never laid?
4. Why did the Lord permit the children of Israel to be removed from their land?
5. Who does the Bible say had six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot?
6. What person was promised that he would not see death until he had seen the Christ child?
7. What was the total number of the children of Israel who went down to Egypt?
8. How many Israelites came out of Egypt 430 years afterward?
9. What king of Judah had not seen a copy of the law till he was twenty-six years old?
10. Who was king of Babylon at the time of its capture by the Medes?

(Answers on page 14)

After Many Days

(Continued from page 6)

Donner Lake and seeing the Donner monument, we dropped rapidly down the canyon and through the historic old mining town of Truckee. The change of scenery was abrupt, and only a few miles of travel brought us into a barren region where the hills were covered with desert shrubs and juniper. The pure greens of the Sierras gave way to bleak and barren lava mountains carved into all kinds of fantastic shapes.

We now soon found ourselves traversing the flat bottom of ancient Lake Lahontan the old shore lines of which could be traced for miles on the mountainsides along the way. This ancient lake once covered the greater part of Nevada. In a few places the spring rains and the melting snows from the mountains had brought down enough water to form shallow lakes on the flats. In other places we traveled across miles of alkali desert where the strong west wind picks up great clouds of white dust and sends it blowing away across the country and off into the distance. We were very glad that our road was on the windward side of these flats.

We had planned to go as far as Unionville on this first day, where we were to stay over the week end and pick up the rest of our family. But some little difficulty in the adjustment of our engine delayed us from time to time, and when evening fell we saw that it was going to be impossible to make our destination that night. About eight o'clock we turned off the highway and onto the twenty-mile stretch of gravel road that led to the canyon in which Joe and Melva and Sonny were living. Rather than try this rough road at night, we took the first opportunity to pull out and make camp. The next morning we continued on our way. After about ten

miles we reached an ordinary clay road and climbed up a great alluvial fan which came down from the canyon in the depths of the mountains.

One who has never been in these great stretches of desert can hardly picture the scenery. The valley through which we were traveling was about twenty miles wide, bounded on either side by great ranges of mountains reaching up about five thousand feet. The old lake bed covers the whole of the valley, and the alluvial fans come down from every canyon, having been formed by the streams which ran into the lake in early days. We were interested in a car which passed us and pulled off to the other side of the valley. We watched it for ten miles until it finally became so small that we could see no more of it; and yet we could follow the big pillar of dust which it raised from the alkali road bed. Occasionally flashes of sunshine from the windshield or the polished parts of the car would show plainly its exact location. On and on it wound up the great alluvial fan, gradually approaching a canyon in the depths of the range twenty miles away.

Unionville is one of Nevada's ghost towns. In Civil War days it was one of the most lively and interesting places in the State. Between two and three thousand people called it home; it was the county seat, it had a newspaper, and many mines were operating in the vicinity. Today the mining has nearly ceased, and for years the canyon has been the home of only half a dozen families who have built their homes on the rich soil washed down from the mountains above. This is a characteristic condition found throughout this great desert region. Here we discovered many interesting shrubs and flowers. Chokecherries grow to almost tree-like proportions. Creek dogwood is thick along the water courses, and many smaller plants such as lupine and paintbrush grow back among the other desert shrubs.

We stayed here over the Sabbath, and in the afternoon a strong wind blew from the west and brought in a fine dust from the alkali flats that we had passed the previous day. Fog began to roll over the mountains, and by the time we went to bed it was beginning to snow. The thermometer was down nearly to freezing and we wondered what was to come next. The night was cold, and although we were not prepared in our trailer for this kind of weather, yet with extra covers lent us by friends, we were quite comfortable.

The next day was Memorial Day, and nature placed the decorations. When we awoke two inches of snow lay on the ground, and it was still coming down at noon. We had planned to move on in the afternoon, but with four inches of snow on a mountain clay road leading down the mountain slope, it was evident that we must stay where we were. So we passed the day in visiting and resting. Joe and Melva packed their clothes and personal belongings into the trailer, and we made everything ready for the long trip ahead. During the afternoon, the wind turned to the north, the snow changed to rain, and as we went to bed that night we all hoped for a good day on the morrow, so that we could be on our way.

(Continued next week)

A Junior Reflects

(Continued from page 10)

David. So we offer our appreciation for instruction in the art of speaking and writing our mother tongue. The literary treasure house filled by men who

wrote with beauty and power has opened doors of inspiration to us also.

"The joy of a fitting word, a well-turned phrase, is difficult to express, but our teachers have unceasingly encouraged us to develop a heart to appreciate them and a mind to create them."

Linda's voice, containing a new depth of earnestness, compelled the audience to listen as she climaxed her address of appreciation.

"In closing, let me tell you how grateful we are for the standards and purposes of Christian education. These standards and purposes have filled our school days here, making them days of consecration and preparation.

"A Christian education prepares one not only for life as it is now, but for the joys of eternal life. So often we pray 'Thy kingdom come,' but it cannot come until we are ready for it.

"Since the aim of true education is to obtain an understanding of truth, each day we have studied the Bible, whose Author is the source of all truth.

"Teachers, we shall always be thankful for the important place you have given this Word, in our classes, our chapel, our prayer bands, and in our daily contacts with you. You have given it to us as life's textbook, and with it as a guiding lamp, our eyes will not lose sight of the path of earthly service that leads to the kingdom of heaven."

As Linda took her seat with the row of gray-gowned graduates, a song of thanksgiving was in my heart for the privilege of living and learning among consecrated Christian instructors and schoolmates. I breathed a prayer that my life would not deny the principles that they have taught me.



May

THE May woods are as colorful as autumn woods except that more delicate shades prevail. Pinks, yellows, lavenders, blues, and bright greens dominate.

Big greenish-yellow flowers, dashed with red, sit erect upon the branches of the tulip tree, one of the largest and most beautiful of our native trees.

Long, green catkins, like fringes of chenille, hang from the shagbark hickory.

The irregular, twisted branches of the locust are hiding beneath the beauty of their leaves and fragrant flowers. The peculiar habit of the leaflets, which fold together at night, led a child to say, "It is not bedtime; the locust tree has not begun to pray."

Pussy-willow trees are shaking forth tiny seeds, each equipped with a fluffy silken parachute.

The flowers of mountain laurel have an interesting device for showering insects with pollen. Let your finger be an insect seeking nectar in the center of the flower and watch how the ten little stamens fly up from their pockets and scatter pollen.

Blue flags raise high their flowers above the tall meadow grasses.

The superb flowers of the stately horse chestnut render it "a sight for gods and men."

May is the time to observe the domestic habits of birds. More than eighty different species are nesting this month.

Bobwhites raise large families. Twelve or more eggs may be found in their grassy nests. The first of their two or three broods is now in incubation.

Many an old flicker's hole contains blind, naked squirrel babies.

The doe has shed her winter coat and donned her sleek spring garment. The middle of the month will find her in some sheltered thicket with her young.

The first of May witnesses the birth of young porcupines. These mammals are unusually big at birth, being larger than newborn black bears.

Pond bottoms, illuminated by rays of the sun, reveal many interesting creatures. Here you may see brown tadpoles with vigorously waving tails, caddis-fly larvae carrying their log houses, and maybe some back swimmers either going down with a supply of air or coming to the surface for more.

Little companies of blue-black whirligig beetles circle on the surfaces of ponds or still pools.

Our amphibian acrobat, the common tree frog, is now splashing about the waters of the ponds, where you may hear his singing mingled with that of the cricket frog.

Nine months of captivity have passed, and now the Polyphemus moth escapes from its silken cocoon, climbs the nearest object, and when thoroughly dried, sails off into the sunshine.

Until October, white and yellow butterflies are numerous everywhere, fluttering over the meadow flowers or gathering around puddles in the country road.

The mourning cloak now lays her eggs in regular, even masses, encircling willow, elm, or poplar twigs. In a few weeks caterpillars will crawl from holes in the tops of the eggs and will arrange themselves in equally regular rows on the leaves.—*Nature Magazine*.



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

One Hundred Years of Philately

IT has been aptly said that the first stamp collector came into existence when the first stamp was issued. While it is of course impossible to prove such a contention, stamp collectors generally look upon their hobby as having existed ever since the first adhesive stamp was produced by Great Britain one hundred years ago.

British stamp collectors, and the post office department, too, had been planning on something unusual in stamp celebrations for this year 1940. But the war made it impossible to carry out their plans. Some of the material which would have been exhibited in London is being sent to this country. A Postage Stamp Centennial Exhibition is being put on in the National Museum in Wash-

ington, D.C., in May. And a large section of the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair is being given over for a mammoth stamp exhibit during the 1940 season.

At this writing the philatelic news writers around Washington are straining to catch the first official suggestion that the United States will issue a commemorative to honor the one hundredth anniversary of Great Britain's "Penny Black," philately's number one stamp. Great Britain was to have issued such a commemorative, probably a reprint of the original stamp; but plans have been changed.

Collectors, along with other people, must suffer when war comes. They are regretting keenly the circumstances which have combined to rob them of many of the special features of the one hundredth anniversary of the first postage stamp.

STUDY YOUR HOBBY.—Here is a booklet on stamp collecting that will tell you just the things you want to know about stamp manufacture, printing methods, stamp identification, approved methods of mounting, albums, etc. "Stamp Collecting," by Henry Renouf, 25 cents, postpaid. Order of the Stamp Corner.

STAMP HINGES.—High-grade peelable hinges in packages of 1,000, at 10 cents, postpaid. Order of the Stamp Corner.

God's Eternal Memorial

(Continued from page 9)

not from midnight to midnight, but from sunset to sunset. When the sun goes down, the day is ended and the new day begins. The evening is the beginning of the day. "The evening and the morning were the first day." Gen. 1:5. That is, the evening, or dark part of the day, comes first, and is followed by the morning, or light part.

The instruction of God is, "From even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." Lev. 23:32.

The "even" begins at sunset. "At even, at the going down of the sun." Deut. 16:6. "At even, when the sun did set." Mark 1:32.

When, therefore, the sun goes down on the evening of the sixth day of the week, that marks the beginning of God's Sabbath. Friday night at sunset is the dividing line between secular and sacred time. The hours between sunset on Friday and sunset on Saturday are holy time. "The Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:11.

It is this sacred time that we are commanded to "remember" in order "to keep it holy." God made it holy; He commands man to keep it holy.

To keep the Sabbath holy is to use it for the purpose for which it was appointed. It was designed to be a day for public worship as well as private devotion. "The seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, a holy convocation." Lev. 23:3. We have the example of Christ Himself in attending public worship on the Sabbath. "As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Luke 4:16.

Preparation for proper Sabbathkeeping includes the cooking of food and the preparation of all other things that may be needful in order to be ready to cease from secular, earthly employment when the Sabbath is beginning, and devote ourselves to sacred, heavenly things. Ex. 16:22, 23; Luke 23:54.

The Sabbath is not a day for ordinary labor, for idleness, for amusement. It is for rest, spiritual as well as physical, for meditation, for worship, private as

well as public, for holy joy, and for mutual helpfulness. It was designed to be, and may be made to be, the happiest, brightest, and best day of all the seven.

It is one of two survivals of Edenic life which have persisted since the fall, the other being the marriage institution; and it is, therefore, fundamental to Edenic ideals. This day of rest comes weekly, in order to keep always before us the fact of God's rest at the close of creation week. We are to remember God every day, but the Sabbath comes to us weekly, bringing larger opportunities for rest, meditation, and communion with the Creator. Before the blessed and precious effects of one such day of holy rest have been lost, the approach of another Sabbath renews its hallowing influence. Thus the rest day sweetens all days, and extends its blessing to all our time, as we "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

The Man Who Swallowed Himself

(Continued from page 4)

gulp, and this promising student is no more. He has swallowed himself.

This carnivorous habit is not always confined to students or school days. We find it in connection with church life. We have seen accomplished men and women who were doing efficient work in their local church and apparently enjoying a wonderful Christian experience, swallow themselves. God for some reason chooses to place another person in the office they have been filling. Perhaps a change is for the good of the individual concerned, or of the church in general. It may be that the one who has filled the office for years needs more time for personal work; the Lord sees in His servant not only a shepherd, but a fisherman. So He releases him from one office that he may better fill the other.

But instead of going out to save the lost and develop new gifts, and enlarging his field of usefulness as God intended, he loses interest in everyone but himself. He begins that terrible work of self-destruction. His lips begin to feed on himself. But tasty as he may be to himself, somehow the food sours him. This indigestible, putrifying mass of self he has swallowed sets up an auto-intoxication, and the man becomes deluded. He imagines that the church members, the elder, the deacons, the conference workers, even the conference president, are feeding on him! As a matter of fact, they are trying to save him from an inevitable fate for which he alone is responsible. But all in vain. He has swallowed himself—a terrible thing! He is now of no uplifting value to his home, church, or community. Everything and everybody else is in the wrong. His eyes for seeing good are on the inside. He sees only self.

Yes, the lips of a fool can "swallow up himself." Cannibalism in any form is a horrible thing. Pray, do not be a self-consuming cannibal!

Answers

1. Joshua in Jordan as a memorial of God's deliverance. Joshua 4:9. 2. The prophet Nahum's. Nahum 3. 3. Shebna. Isa. 22:15-18. 4. Because they served idols and forsook the commandments of their God. 2 Kings 17:7, 23. 5. A man of Gath. 2 Sam. 21:20. 6. Simeon. Luke 2:25-27. 7. Seventy souls. Jacob and his family. Gen. 46:27. 8. Six hundred thousand besides the children. Ex. 12:37. 9. Josiah. 2 Chron. 34:1, 8, 14, 18. 10. Belshazzar. Dan. 5:30, 31.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

VII—The Final Restitution

(May 18)

MEMORY VERSE: I Corinthians 2:9.

LESSON HELPS: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 722-733; "The Great Controversy," pp. 674-678 (new ed., pp. 757-762).

THE LESSON

1. To what great family does Paul refer in his letter to the Ephesians? Eph. 3:14, 15.

2. What has caused separation of this great family from God? Isa. 59:1, 2.

NOTE.—"The Lord's hand is never shortened so that it cannot save. If God therefore has the power to save and help us and does not do so, it is because our sins hinder Him from doing what He otherwise might do. We should search our hearts carefully to see if we are really willing to be saved from sin, for we cannot be saved in sin. Sin means separation—separation from God and man. . . . Always sin means separation from that which is good. And at last it will mean eternal separation from loved ones, from life, from God."—*Isaiah, the Gospel Prophet*, Vol. III, p. 47.

3. When separated from God, how are members of this family brought back? Eph. 2:12, 13.

NOTE.—"In Christ Jesus, although once far off, they [members of family] are now made nigh. He stands for them, and they are seen in Him—reconciled by His death, washed white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Studies in Ephesians*, p. 49.

4. What promise has Christ made of His second return? John 14:3.

NOTE.—Christ "will come in His own glory and in the glory of His Father, and all the angelic host will escort Him on His way. Thus will be fulfilled Christ's promise to His disciples, 'I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.' Those who have loved Him and waited for Him, He will crown with glory and honor and immortality. The righteous dead will come forth from their graves, and those who are alive will be caught up with them to meet the Lord in the air."—*Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 33, 34.

5. With whom will God have His dwelling place? Rev. 21:3.

The New Earth State

6. How great reward has God promised those who love Him? 1 Cor. 2:9, 10.

NOTE.—"Human language is inadequate to describe the reward of the righteous. It will be known only to those who behold it. No finite mind can comprehend the glory of the Paradise of God."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 675.

"Even in this life we may catch glimpses of His presence, and may taste the joy of communion with heaven; but the fullness of its joy and blessing will be reached in the hereafter. Eternity alone can reveal the glorious destiny to which man, restored to God's image, may attain."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 602.

7. In the new earth, what will God first do for the redeemed? Rev. 21:4.

8. In whom will He take great joy? Isa. 65:19, first part.

9. How is life on the new earth described by Isaiah? Isa. 35: 65:17-25.

NOTE.—"In the earth made new, the redeemed will engage in the occupations and pleasures that brought happiness to Adam and Eve in the beginning. The Eden life will be lived, the life in garden and field. . . . There every power will be developed, every capability increased. The grandest enterprises will be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations will be reached, the highest ambitions realized. And still there will appear new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects of study to call forth

the powers of body and mind and soul."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 730, 731.

10. When Christ comes a second time, how completely will all things be restored? Acts 3:20, 21; Micah 4:8.

NOTE.—"In the final restitution, when there shall be 'a new heaven and a new earth,' it [Eden] is to be restored more gloriously adorned than at the beginning."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 62.

The restitution of all things, the Eden home, the tree of life, open communion with God and the angels, the pleasant occupations in garden and field—all that made life joyful to our first parents—this is the hope held out to us.

11. Of what will the overcomer partake in the new earth? Rev. 22:2; 2:7.

12. What will the saints do in the new earth? How long will they dwell there? Isa. 65:21, 22; 66:22.

JUNIOR

VII—Sermon on the Mount; The Father's Care for His Children

(May 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matthew 6:19-34.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Luke 11:34-36; 12:22-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

STUDY HELPS: "Mount of Blessing," pp. 133-150; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 312, 313.

PLACE: The mountainside, near the Sea of Galilee.

PERSONS: Jesus; the twelve disciples; the multitude.

Setting of the Lesson

The rich and the poor, the high and the low, among men, were in the company that listened to Jesus as He sat upon the mount. It is said that "the love of money was the ruling passion of the Jewish age." So it is now.

The songsters of the air, the flowers brightening the hillside, objects visible and familiar to all, were chosen by the Saviour to illustrate the precious lesson of love and trust which He wished to teach.

QUESTIONS

1. What does Jesus say about laying up treasures upon earth? What may happen to treasures which are stored away? Matt. 6:19.

2. Where may we find a safe place for our treasures? For whom do we lay up these treasures? Verse 20.

3. What great truth did Jesus state concerning the heart? Verse 21.

NOTE.—Jesus does not forbid our having treasures, but He warns us to put them in a safe place. "In every effort to benefit others, we benefit ourselves. He who gives money or time for spreading the gospel, enlists his own interest and prayers for the work, and for the souls to be reached through it; his affections go out to others, and he is stimulated to greater devotion to God, that he may be enabled to do them the greatest good."

4. What is the light of the body? What only is necessary to have the whole body full of light? Verse 22.

5. What will be the condition of the body if the eye is fixed upon evil things? Verse 23.

NOTE.—The direction of the eye shows the purpose of the man, as the laying up of treasures shows the affections of the heart. He who has a single purpose to do God's will, who steadfastly looks to God, will be guided and filled with the light of God. He whose purpose is turned upon the low, dark ambition of selfishness, worldliness, and sin, will become a body of darkness. And if he who has known the light turns to the darkness, how great is that darkness!

6. Why can no one serve two masters? What two masters are mentioned? Verse 24.

NOTE.—The term "mammon" means wealth or riches.

7. When we are serving God, about what would He not have us grow anxious? What is more important than food and raiment? Verse 25.

8. What comforting lesson did Jesus draw from the birds? Verse 26.

9. However anxiously we may take thought, what can we not do for ourselves? Verse 27.

10. What beautiful reference to the lilies did Jesus make to encourage us not to worry over what we should wear? With all his caretaking, who was not arrayed like one of these? Verses 28, 29.

NOTE.—"Consider, says Jesus, how the lilies grow; how, springing from the cold, dark earth, or from the mud of the river bed, the plants unfold in loveliness and fragrance. Who would dream of the possibilities of beauty in the rough brown bulb of the lily? But when the life of God, hidden therein, unfolds at His call in the rain and the sunshine, men marvel at the vision of grace and loveliness. Even so will the life of God unfold in every human soul that will yield itself to the ministry of His grace, which, free as the rain and the sunshine, comes with its benediction to all. It is the word of God that creates the flowers, and the same word will produce in you the graces of His Spirit."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 144.

11. How did Jesus repeat the lesson of loving care? Verse 30.

NOTE.—"All who have chosen God's service are to rest in His care. Christ pointed to the birds flying in the heavens, to the flowers of the field, and bade His hearers consider these objects of God's creation. 'Are ye not of much more value than they?' He said. The measure of divine attention bestowed on any object is proportionate to its rank in the scale of being. The little brown sparrow is watched over by Providence. The flowers of the field, the grass that carpets the earth, share the notice and care of our heavenly Father. The great Master Artist has taken thought for the lilies, making them so beautiful that they outshine the glory of Solomon. How much more does He care for man, who is the image and glory of God. He longs to see His children reveal a character after His similitude. As the sunbeam imparts to the flowers their varied and delicate tints, so does God impart to the soul the beauty of His own character."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 313.

12. About what things should we take no anxious thought? Verse 31.

13. Who spends much time in seeking these things? What does the heavenly Father know? Verse 32.

14. On what condition may we claim the promise that the necessary things of life shall be given us? Verse 33.

15. How did Jesus sum up the whole matter? Verse 34.

16. What example do we have of the power of God to supply food to one of His children? 1 Kings 17:1-6.

Something to Think About

What are "treasures upon earth"? What are "treasures in heaven"? Read Romans 6:16, and note what verse in the lesson is made more clear by it.

The YOUTH'S Instructor

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LORA E. CLEMENT - EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND
J. E. WEAVER

S. A. WELLMAN
FREDERICK LEE

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The Listening Post

★ ACCORDING to sports leaders, Finland expects to stage the Olympic games in Helsinki this summer as scheduled.

★ THE Kirghiz people of Asiatic Russia believe that sweet milk is unfit for use and wait until it sours before drinking it.

★ THE Greeks tattooed secret messages on the shaved head of a slave, waited for the hair to grow and hide it, and then sent the slave to the recipient of the message.

★ BEFORE anyone can open a new store in the Netherlands, he must pass an examination in retail-store management and demonstrate that he has enough capital to carry on a successful business.

★ THE word "calculate" originates from an old Roman custom. The Romans used pebbles, called "calculi" in Latin, to help them count, and it is from this name that we have our present word.

★ MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, of radio fame, recently gave his ten-acre estate at Laurel Hill, Westchester County, New York, to the Atlantic district of the Missouri synod of the Lutheran Church, for use as a retreat center. The estate has everything that could be desired to house such a center and was accompanied by a substantial check to help prepare it for its new use.

★ THE longest conveyer belt in history is being manufactured by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. The belt, to be used in building Shasta Dam in California, will require twenty miles of belting weighing one and one half million pounds. Designed to transport ten million tons of material from gravel pits to the dam site during the next four years, the belt will be a composition of one million pounds of rubber and one thousand bales of cotton.

★ EDWIN MARKHAM, author of the famous poem, "The Man With the Hoe," died recently at his home in New York. It was to this poem that he owed his fame as a poet, for he had lived in obscurity as shepherd, farmer, blacksmith, cowboy, school teacher, and dabbler in poetry until its publication in a Sunday newspaper in 1899. Jean Francois Millet's painting, "The Man With the Hoe," furnished the inspiration for this great poem, and it is quite likely that Markham had in mind the hardships of his own early life when he penned the lines which were to be translated into thirty languages and win for him the title, "Poet Laureate of Labor."

★ A CARPET that glows in the dark has been developed for theaters, sleeping cars, and poorly illuminated places. Certain dyes which absorb invisible ultraviolet light and reflect it as visible light are used to treat the wool of the carpet before it is woven. Not only the carpet is visible, but the details of the pattern stand out very strikingly. No elaborate equipment is necessary to make such a floor covering. Special lamps are fitted with filters that allow only the invisible ultraviolet rays of light to pass. These rays are of a higher wave length than those produced by sun-tan lamps. In theaters and other public places the lamps will be hidden in the ceiling and the walls, and patrons will not be aware of their existence.

★ IT was recently announced by Admiral Leo Otis Colbert, chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the United States Department of Commerce, that a submarine mountain has been discovered in the Pacific Ocean about 130 miles west of Cape Mendocino and 275 miles northwest of San Francisco. The peak towers 10,500 feet above the surrounding ocean bed, but the top is 4,500 feet beneath the surface of the water. It is on the Great Circle route traveled by vessels between California and the Orient. Apparently it is an extension of San Andreas Fault which moves out to sea at Cape Mendocino.

★ THE governor of Pennsylvania has already announced that the last Thursday in November will be celebrated as Thanksgiving Day by that State this year. The announcement was made early, the governor said, "in order to avoid any confusion" in the coming months. The traditional date was favored by an overwhelming number of those who expressed their opinion on the subject.

★ PHYSICIANS have found that blood serum, the colorless liquid part of blood, is an effective substitute for whole blood in transfusions. While overcoming all effects of hemorrhage save the loss of red blood corpuscles, which may be extensive before it becomes serious, serum has the advantage of not requiring "typing" and can be stored without refrigeration.

★ THE original tea company whose merchandise was tossed into the sea at the Boston Tea Party in 1773 is still doing business at its old location at Creechchurch Street in London.

★ THE bill for electric lighting in the United States is more than one billion dollars a year.

★ IN Budapest it is against the law for a merchant to haggle with a customer over the price of goods.

★ AN estimate based on military information from Helsinki places Finland's monetary loss during the recent war at \$400,000,000.

★ TO cover the three million miles of United States highways an individual would have to drive at the rate of forty miles an hour for eight hours every day over a period of twenty-six years.

★ BRITISH baking specialists have found that dough subjected to ultraviolet radiation during mixing makes a loaf of better color, and that the treatment causes a definite improvement in fermentation.

★ IT has been the custom of foreigners who have had occasion to speak with Mussolini, the Italian dictator, to address him as "Your Excellency." Recently, however, official orders decreed that this was bad form. Henceforth he should be addressed in writing as "Duce of Fascism," in speaking, he is just "Duce."

★ RADIUM is commonly supposed to be the rarest and most valuable of elements, but there is another element that is even more rare. It is known as protoactinium. A chemist in Chicago succeeded in isolating one tenth of a gram of it, and this was the only supply in the possession of mankind. But one day in 1936, while the scientist was experimenting with it, it suddenly flew into irretrievable bits.

★ A RADIO broadcast can travel entirely around the world almost instantaneously, but it is not possible to receive a television broadcast more than two hundred miles from the point of origin. This is due to the fact that radio waves follow the surface of the earth, while television lines travel in a straight line, and the curvature of the earth's surface makes it impossible to receive the program more than a very short distance from the sending station.

★ THERE will be no royal courts in England this year, and about one thousand British society girls who looked forward to being presented to the queen as debutantes are dressing up in uniforms instead of feathers and trains, and doing war work as air-raid precaution volunteers, farm girls, drivers, and helpers at comfort depots. To the tradesmen of Mayfair, these girls who would have been debutantes represented an estimated turnover of at least \$1,000,000 during the three months of the London season.

★ IT is a well-known fact that ships gain or lose a day in the Pacific Ocean when they cross 180 degrees west longitude; but word from the two ships, the "North Star" and the "Bear," carrying Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his men on their Antarctic Expedition, tells of some unusual experiences with this international date line. On a Monday, the "North Star" approached the date line from the west and sailed southward on it. This immediately plunged one side of the vessel back to Sunday. The "Bear" crossed the 180th meridian in February, and since this meant turning the ship's calendar back a full day in a leap year, those aboard had a February of thirty days.



'Tis not the dying for
a faith that's hard; 'tis
the living up to it that
is difficult.

—Thackeray.