

The YOUTH'S Instructor

"There Is Great Reward"

By MARGIT STROM HEPPENSTALL

THE moonlit night was so beautiful that it almost hurt to look at the scene before her, Ellen thought as she pressed her hot forehead against the cool windowpane. Sheets of soft white light lay across the lawn, framed by the black shadows of the pine trees in the driveway. The little glimpse of the river below the hill showed one shining patch of silver, which would disappear and glimmer forth again in new splendor as the clouds played hide-and-seek across the moon. How peaceful everything was—except her own heart. Foolish thing, don't beat so fast! "Oh, if I only knew what to do!" she sighed as she crumpled the letter and straightened it out again for the twentieth time—the fateful letter that must be answered in the morning. And her whole life depended on that answer. Why should she be forced to make such a tremendous decision? Why, oh why, did her conscience keep telling her that the answer she really wanted to give was not the one with which her heavenly Father would be pleased?

When her friendship with Thor began, Ellen never dreamed that it would develop to this point. Why, it was just a relationship of kindred spirits. A common interest in music, poetry, history, travel—yes, and religion, in the aspects of it upon which their viewpoints met—had drawn them together. Parents and ministers always encouraged one to study "the finer things of life"—wasn't that what they called it? Well, there certainly was no flaw in the intellectual harmony between Thor and herself. What wonderful times they had had, she at the piano, he with his violin! On their hikes over the hills they had never lacked subjects for discussion. Many interesting problems which stemmed from their university classes brought spirited arguments which al-

ways ended in perfect peace and contentment as they sat down to rest with the world at their feet. Then Thor would pull from his pocket some worn little volume of German or English or

Swedish poetry, and his low, musical voice would give the words life and warmth.

But what about the spiritual unity? A happy, satisfying marriage calls for that, does it not? They had always respected each other's religious differences in spite of their many rather lively debates on different points of faith. In fact, they had silently acknowledged the unseen wall between them and had taken it for granted that anything beyond friendship should never be mentioned. Until tonight! Thor could not keep quiet any longer! And when (*Turn to page 3*)

Spring Blossoms—Silver
Moonshine — Peace — the
Battle Had Been Fought
and Won



SHIGETA-WRIGHT

Let's Talk It Over

GOOD night—and thirty!" Again and again the news broadcaster said it, as he closed his evening résumé of the happenings of the day.

Whatever could he mean?

And then I discovered that while this cryptic "thirty" may be a mystery to the rank and file of us, it has a very special significance in the mechanical printing world, and to the entire staff of news gatherers and transmitters and editors who have to do with the daily newspapers which we read morning, noon, and night.

"Years ago," so 'tis said, "a press telegraph operator closed his office at 3 A. M. and went home to his well-earned rest. At the bottom of the last sheet of news that he transcribed as it came over his clicking key, he wrote '3 o'clock.' This in time was abbreviated to '3 o'clock,' then to '3 o' and finally to '30.' When the Associated Press inaugurated its service, each subscribing paper was entitled to thirty telegrams a day. The last of the quota was marked '30.'

"At the bottom of a page of copy which comes out of the city editor's office on its way to composing room, '30' indicates the end of the story. When the copy is handwritten, 'X' indicates the end of the sentence, 'XX' the end of the paragraph, and 'XXX' (Roman 30) the end of the article. In linotype composition the longest line until recent years was thirty ems; hence, to every typesetter '30' means the end of the line.

"American journalists have never been able to devise a better symbol in all the companies of the world having telegraph codes. At the end of each night and at the close of each day the conventional '30' traverses the continent from end to end. In time busy editors adopted the sign '30' to inform the staff of the various news departments and the composing room that there would be nothing additional coming for the current issue.

"In the early eighties the New York Newspaper Union used '30' as the heading to the obituary column in their trade organ. And finally for newspapermen everywhere the number '30' has become a symbol of the end of not only their current assignment and of the day's work, but of all things—even life itself. It has spoken its message down through the years to thousands and more thousands of humans, and will doubtless continue to do so until the divine Operator closes His key and writes

the final '30' at the bottom of the last page of earth's history."

"Then shall the end come."

"The end!"

Do we actually realize what these words mean?

When that fateful moment comes, "telegraphs, telephones, linotypes, and presses will stop. There will be no more newsboys shrilling 'Extra' in the early morning hours, no hasty reading of startling headlines in street-cars, in subways, on the elevated, or in commuter's trains. For '30' with God means 'it is finished'—the end of sorrow, of sickness, of death, of sin itself—the beginning of a life of eternal joy and gladness to those who have made their peace with Him."

AS we look out upon a world gone mad, we realize that beyond the shadow of a doubt this last page is being written, right now—today! For above the booming of cannon, the roar of exploding bombs, the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, the thunder of anti-aircraft and long-range artillery, the screech of air-raid-warning sirens, the cracking, rumbling crash of falling buildings and shattered homes, the screams of the injured, the moans of the dying, and the heartbroken sobs of those whose loved ones have been stricken down—above all this clamor and confusion and din, we hear ringing out, clear as a silver bell at eventide, the words of Jesus Christ as He stood on the slope of Olivet, answering the question of His disciples: "Tell us, Master, 'what shall be the sign of Thy coming, and of the end of the world?'"—"Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. . . . For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time. . . . Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

But Satan has a way of camouflaging even this sad, troubled world so that it seems attractive, and—well—

The blissful honeymoon was over, and the bride was doing her first bread-and-butter-and-soap shopping. "You know," she remarked as we waited for the clerk to check our purchases, "I'm so happy! I—I hardly dare say it—but I don't believe I want the Lord to come—not very soon anyway!"

Three years have slipped away, and I remembered that sunny bride and that sunny June morning the other day when a letter came from her—a letter with heartbreak in every line. A busy intersection! A drunken driver! A crash! Jack and dainty, adorable Mary Beth were laid to rest in the selfsame grave. Elaine is the sole survivor of the little family. "Oh, I want the Lord to come," she wails. "I want Him to come soon!"

Really, happiness here is only a foretaste of the happiness which shall be ours in the glad hereafter. Let's be careful lest the best things of earth, which a gracious Father gives, absorb our attention and tempt us to forget for even a moment that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

How will you and I measure up when He writes "30" at the bottom of the last page of our record?

A MINISTER of my acquaintance once met a young man, who remarked in the course of their conversation: "Well, the Lord *may* come sometime, but I don't believe it will be in your day or in mine. My great-grandfather looked for His appearing in 1844. He was disappointed, as thousands of others have been down through the years. Christ seems to have always been coming! But He never comes! So I don't see any need of getting all excited. Things will probably rock along just as they have for a good, long time yet."

The minister opened his Bible to Second Peter and read: "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, . . . saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." And then he said: "If there had been any doubt in my mind about the soon coming of the Lord, it would be gone now, for *you* are a fulfillment of this prophecy; *you* are one of the signs of the times!"

YES, Jesus is coming. Indeed, He is even at the door.

How will it be with you, friend o' mine, when God closes the clicking key of time, and writes:

"Good night—and thirty?"

Lora E. Clement

(Continued from page 1)

he tore asunder the veil that so long had been hiding his innermost feelings, his message became a flaming key that burned open the lock which Ellen had thought so safe and secure. What she then saw inside her own heart started this agonizing conflict between better judgment and what she knew was God's command on one side, and her youthful desire for happiness on the other.

What a life the one which Thor had pictured would be! This position abroad of which he was writing her—travel, adventure, culture, refinement, and romance—why should she not enjoy it with him? Is love not the greatest force in the universe, greater than any "narrow-minded prejudice" against marrying "unbelievers"?

This was different, anyway, because Thor was a Christian, and it surely would be preposterous to call him "an enemy of God"! Oh, yes, she knew the statement by heart, "Unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted, do not unite yourself with one who is an enemy of God." Shadows—? Well, there would be some. Ellen had always been frank with herself. Thor's going to his own church on Sunday, sometimes even speaking from the pulpit, his whole conservative orthodox family, his circle of friends—she examined this pattern as the background for her own Sabbathkeeping, Harvest Ingathering, work in the Missionary Volunteer Society. A number of shadows in that picture! But were they dark enough to obscure the sunshine? There would be much of that, too. "There are shadows even in many Seventh-day Adventist homes," she thought defiantly, "and Thor is a much better Christian and ten times more polished a gentleman than some Adventist young men that I know!" But another voice whispered: "The only fair thing to do is to compare him with the best, not the inferior. In your proud dreams you have never thought that your happiness would be found in a divided home."

Divided home! Ellen shuddered as if to shake herself loose from memories which suddenly flooded her mind. But as she laid her cheek against the soothing coolness of the window glass, her eyes drinking in the taunting peace and loveliness of the night, pictures of the past seemed to rise out of the patches of moonlight on the grass and flit among the shadows of the trees—

Grandmother's garden was a haven of fragrance and sunshine and beauty. The old-fashioned flower beds with their profusion of roses, phlox, bleeding hearts, and quaint lavender held ever new wonders to a lassie of six summers with coronets of daisies on her little yellow head. But most wonderful of all was grandmother herself. With her lace cap, her white

lace shawl, and her mild eyes and gentle ways, she seemed the most gracious woman in the world! Grandmother made the coronets of daisies for Ellen's hair. She told stories and sang the sweetest songs about angels and flowers and heaven above. And—joy of joys!—she let Ellen help her work in the garden. Like that afternoon—

"Here, dear, you turn on the water, and I will hold the watering can. That's right, your fingers are getting stronger every day, girlie! That old garden faucet is rusty, and moves hard. But you know, my roses must drink much this hot weather. Aren't they beautiful? Oh, look at this bud. See how perfect the good Lord made it. Did someone call? Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Johnsen! I am so glad to see you! No, he is not at home this afternoon. Yes, do come into the house and let's have a real visit. I long to hear some more about camp meeting. What a blessed time you must have had! I am hungry for it. Ellen dear, come here."

In the cool parlor Ellen sat half-asleep on the rug at grandmother's feet and listened to as much as her child mind understood of the conversation. It was all quite hazy to her, for the family never spoke much about grandmother's religion, but she knew it was different from everybody else's, and very strange. Her mother could have told her that grandmother had done the unforgivable thing for a woman in respectable society; namely, left the state church and the religion of her ancestors, her husband, and her children, to join a small sect of poor, ignorant, deluded people who for the most part were from the lower ranks of society. This group believed more in their own ability to interpret the Scriptures than in the authority of learned bishops and ministers of the state church. They even went so far as to worship on a different day of the week—on Saturday! Thus they were branded with a stigma among all other religious sects and were no doubt the worst of them all. Of course Ellen did not know this on that sunny afternoon of her yearly summer visit to the home of her

grandparents, but she did recognize the sadness in grandmother's voice as she said,

"Oh, Mrs. Johnsen, if he only would not be so unrelenting in his bitterness. After these fifteen years there are still days when he does not speak to me at all. And you know that he never allows a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church to enter this house. I have defied his rage all these years and gone to services every Sabbath, thanks to the Lord who gives strength and courage according to our needs, but I crave more fellowship with His children than that. Oh, God surely sent you here today to refresh my thirsty soul."

"Mina, you startle me! What is the trouble?"

The last question was directed to the maid who had rushed into the room, wringing her hands.

"Oh, madam—the director! He is already on the garden walk, coming up to the front door!" Mina knew grandfather's law and his temper.

Grandmother went pale. "I did not expect him yet. Excuse me, Mrs. Johnsen, but you must leave at once, through the kitchen and the back door. There is a gate leading out to the alley at the end of the vegetable garden. Hurry, oh, hurry! He will make a terrible scene if he finds you here."

"Thank you, Mina."

"Good-by, my friend!"

And as the door closed behind the fleeing visitor, grandfather entered the front hall and the parlor, where all was quiet as grandmother sat by the window with the terrified Ellen on her lap. Only a slight flush betrayed the throbbing of her heart, and her husband's cold gray eyes did not discern anything unusual.

What a picture of marriage! It had burned itself deep into the soul of the child, though not quite so deep as the next scene, which took place three years later, when her own mother had followed in grandmother's footsteps. Without realizing it, Ellen put her hand over her eyes. How she wished she could forget! No child should ever have seen such a thing. But on this evening of her own struggle it came back to her as unmercifully clear as the too-bright moonlight outside.

It was a winter evening. The lights were on in the living room, and a cheerful fire was crackling in the big Swedish porcelain stove in the corner. Carl and David and she had been playing tiddlywinks on the dining-room table, wondering, half-frightened, why dad's voice had such a harsh ring as he and mother discussed something in the next room. There had been such a strange atmosphere in the home of late. Dad was cross almost all the time, and mother often looked as though she had been weeping when she came to the breakfast table. Ellen (Turn to page 10)

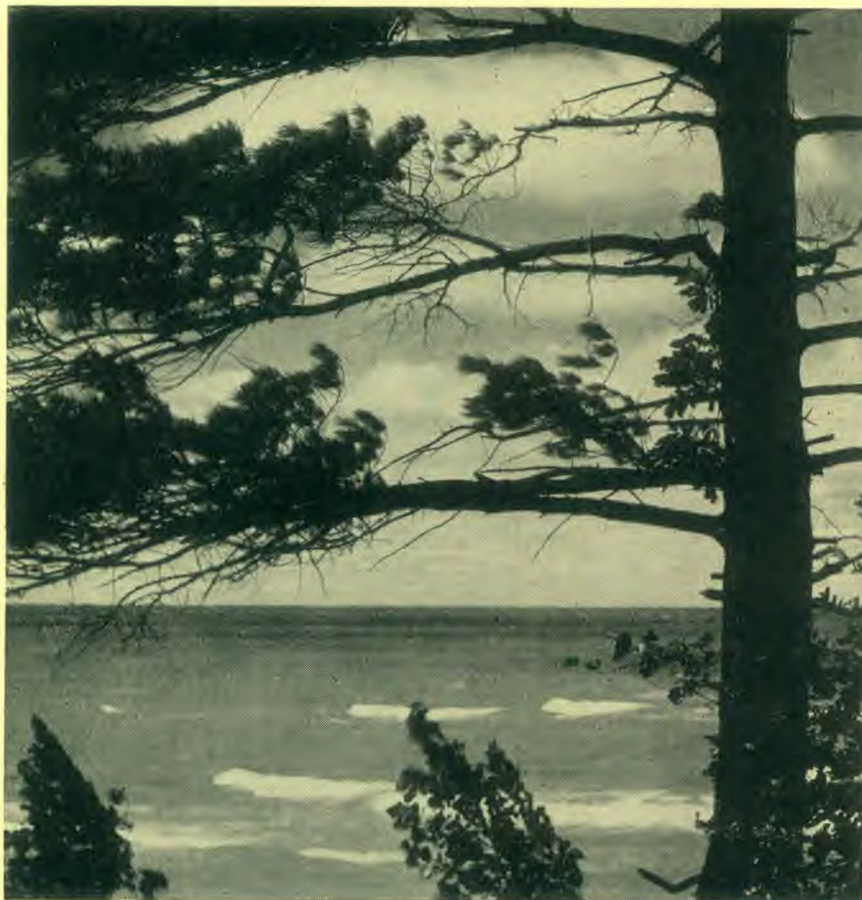
If you live in the neglect of secret prayer, you neglect all the worship of God; for he that prays only when he prays with others, would not pray at all were it not that the eyes of others were upon him; yea, he that would not pray where none but God sees him, manifestly does not pray at all.

—Jonathan Edwards.



"AS A TREE PLANTED"

By W. Martin



KARL E. WIPPERMAN

People and Trees! How Alike They Are as They Are Planted and Grow Day by Day

I WAS looking round the mission garden at Batuna in the Solomon Islands. "Posala," I said, "what kind of tree is this?"

"It's a *kivili*."

"It would be good if it were at the sawmill."

"Yes, but it's too heavy to take to the sea," he replied.

I then began to think about trees. This one was only about one hundred feet high, and about two feet in diameter. What was there about trees that made man appear puny, weak, and insignificant in comparison?

A verse from the first psalm came to my mind. "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

The whole psalm speaks of two classes of people—those who walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, and the ungodly, whose instability is likened to the chaff being blown about by the wind; those who delight in the law of the Lord, and the ungodly who will not stand in the judgment.

The "he," then, refers to the Christian. How can he be likened to a tree? The Christian is contrasted with the ungodly as a tree is contrasted with the chaff—surely a very fitting figure of strength and instability.

But what kind of tree? Gum, peppermint, kauri, jarrah, spruce, ash, fir, oak? That point is not mentioned. Even the cedars of Lebanon are not referred to. No! the providence of God is not limited to any sphere or

nationality. In fulfilling His plan the Christian must be like a tree—any tree. He can have the stability to stand the storms of life through the indwelling Spirit of Jesus, who abides in his heart.

I think of the *buni* tree, which is so common in these islands. This tree grows on the coasts and leans out over the sea, some of its branches resting in the salt water. Its twisted frame reminds me of some poor people whose bodies have been racked and twisted by disease. Yet the *buni* is included. It is a tree. Though apparently very weak and helpless, yet it is most useful. How strongly are some of our mission launches framed with its twisted timbers, and strengthened as perhaps few other trees could strengthen them. Twisted and bent? Yes. But useless? No!

The charm of nature is its variety. The stunted bush and the gnarled mulga are both appreciated after an extended view of a forest of tall timber giants. How uninteresting and monotonous would our world be if it contained only tall, poplarlike trees. But God planned the different species to give variety for the pleasure of man, for whose benefit they were created.

The very differences in their habits are like those in habits of Christians. Our bodies, our natures, our thoughts, our actions, differ, but our aims are one. God gave us those different characteristics that they might be used in the furtherance of His cause. Each nature has its place in the plan of God, just as each tree has its place in the requirements of man.

But the figure is carried further. The Christian must be like a tree that has been planted. The planting symbolizes the entire submission of the tree. It lies in the hand of the planter, ready to be placed just where he sees best. It has no thoughts of its own. It does not struggle; apparently it has no desire to be put in any particular place. The husbandman must do the planting, the tree submits to his will.

God is the master husbandman. He who sees the end from the beginning knows just where we will fit best. He plants some men in Africa, some in Europe, some in Asia, some in the islands of the sea. All He asks is that we shall submit to His will.

I think of one man who wanted to plant himself. God wanted to plant him in Nineveh; he wanted to plant himself in Joppa. After much trouble he submitted himself to God, and his planting resulted in the salvation of many of the Ninevites.

But we must be *planted*. Just a week ago I asked some boys to plant some cuttings of trees. On looking at them yesterday, I found that they had been thrown on the ground in a heap. They were useless, because they had not been planted.

But where must (Turn to page 12)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

The Wheelbarrow

By D. A. OCHS

A WHEELBARROW is one of the most useful implements to the farmer in performing routine work. With this he brings in the vegetables from the garden, the wood from the shed, the milk from the dairy. Why carry boxes, sacks of grain, anything, about the farm if you can push the load before you on that one wheel in less time with less effort?

Useful—that wheelbarrow? Yes, indeed, provided someone is behind it pushing it along. Push! push! push! That is the only way it will ever accomplish anything, get anywhere. How like some people! They are wheelbarrows! Without some dynamic force from behind, always pushing them along life's road, they arrive nowhere. Only those who possess true self-reliance, who are impelled by an inner sanctified force, and who unflinchingly move forward in the fear of God, will accomplish anything.

The world not only admires the man who carries his own pack down the highway of life; it welcomes and makes a place for the self-reliant one who does not lag or lean, but who blazes his own way through the lower, wheelbarrow strata of spineless humanity upward into the ranks of the doers. There is always a vacancy at the top for those who possess within themselves an indomitable driving force. The world has no use for mental, social, and physical parasites.

In every community wheelbarrow men and women complacently sit along life's boulevard with their two handles directed skyward as sort of SOS signals. They hope someone will see and take hold and give them a push. After all, the people of the world are divided into just two classes—the *pushers* and the *pushed*; the *lifters* and the *leaners*; those who generate their own steam and forge ahead, and those who wait for some outside agent to move them; those who carry their own packs, and those who, for a thousand reasons, let others bear the load that should be theirs.

One brief, significant statement found in the life record of that vigorous personality, Theodore Roosevelt, is a whole biography in itself. It is said that in his traveling over rough and hard trails in remote corners of earth he always insisted on carrying his own pack. The world abounds in men and women who are waiting to

be pushed, "boosted," helped. They spend their time talking about what they are going to accomplish—some day when they have a chance. The present does not seem to exist in their pattern of thought. How many in every walk of life are doomed to failure because they wait for a lift, a "boost," a push—call it what you will.

In every realm of human endeavor those wheelbarrow natures are very much in evidence.

In the *mental* realm you find them. Never do they "gird up the loins" of their minds. No wonder they cannot think through even a simple problem. To concentrate, to marshal their mental powers into active, aggressive, creative thinking is far too strenuous. Never do they form an opinion for themselves. Never do they give birth to a conviction without first consulting others, to say nothing about translating a conviction or an opinion into independent action. They possess only one ambition—to reap the benefit of the creative thinking of others. If a classmate has solved a problem in algebra, they want to copy it. If someone else has written a synopsis of the history review, they are ready to "borrow" it.

Ellen G. White refers to these mental leaners thus: "They have too long trusted one man to plan for them, and to do the thinking which they are highly capable of doing themselves in the interest of the cause of God. Mental deficiencies meet us at every

point. Men who are content to let others plan and do their thinking for them are not fully developed."

In the *physical* realm you find victims of wheelbarrow-itis. I don't mean to say that they are physically incapacitated. Far from it! To the contrary, they may be physically fit, and yet never exert themselves physically. Indolence, laziness, and lack of self-reliance are their outstanding characteristics. They stay clear of any physical strain. They put forth a real effort to avoid work. Muscle strain is too taxing, and so they depend upon someone else to do the lifting, the tugging, the pushing.

Aptly it has been stated: "One of the most disgusting sights in this world is that young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds or more of good bone and muscles, standing with hands in his pockets, longing for help."

Then there are the *social* wheelbarrow natures. Day in and day out they stick to the old social rut—association with the same old crowd. Never do they make new contacts. If they ever widen their circle of friends, these wheelbarrow people must be pushed. They enjoy social "get togethers," music, play, and games. Oh, yes. But will they turn a hand in planning and directing such affairs? No!

In the *recreational* realm, wheelbarrows are found also. Never will they put themselves to the task of exploring the many and intriguing avenues of recreational possibilities for themselves. If they are to have recreational outlets, others must do the planning and promoting—the pushing. Apart from others they are utterly helpless. They lack the ability to create.

Not only are there wheelbarrow people found in the temporal domain, but in the religious world as well. Here, perhaps, we should speak of them more gently as wheelbarrow



"Wheelbarrows Are Strange Contraptions; So Are Wheelbarrow People"

saints. They have every desire to belong to the household of faith. In their lack of religious fervor, impelling love, and sanctified self-reliance, these helpless souls parallel the wheelbarrow in three distinct respects:

First, they are dependent on their fellow Christians to push them along in their experience. At all times they rely upon others for spiritual refreshment. If this help is not forthcoming, they remain stationary in their experience. They just do not seem to realize that on the way to heaven there are no "thumbers," no "hitchhikers," no wheelbarrow travelers. No one can expect to ride into the kingdom on the merits of another's Christian experience. Thus "God invites us to prove for ourselves the reality of His word, the truth of His promises. He bids us 'taste and see that the Lord is good.' Instead of depending upon the word of another, we are to taste for ourselves." "Though . . . Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it [the land], they should deliver but their own souls."

Second, wheelbarrowlike, when these Christians fall, they usually spill all their contents—all their religion—if any they ever possessed. Recently a young man told me that no one took any interest in him, that he was overlooked in his journey heavenward, that no one helped him. "Thus," quoting his own words, "I have lost all the religion I ever had." Just think, this poor soul literally fell by the way and spilled his hope of eternal life because someone in the church did not push him! Now I do not mean to imply that a Christian should not be ready to give a lift to a discouraged soul, or that discouraged souls should not expect a lift, but I do mean to state that it is too bad that the wheelbarrow disposition cannot ever get anywhere, religiously, without the push and direction of someone else. What would such people have done in Joseph's place down in the land of Egypt, or in Daniel's place in Babylon? They stood alone, they resisted alone, they triumphed alone, not because someone else did the pushing. They "purposed" in their hearts to be true to God at any cost.

Third, wheelbarrowlike, when such Christians fall and spill all they have, they usually remain down and out until someone comes along, picks them up, loads in their religion, and pushes them back into line with God's plan for their lives and into line with the requirements of the church. They just do not seem to be able to bestir themselves and by faith lay hold upon God's promises. In their lack of religious fervor and spiritual drive, these wheelbarrow saints may accomplish things for the Lord only as they are pushed into His service and then pushed to keep going in that service.

The pages of religious history record many such wheelbarrow natures who would not remain true to God's

requirements or venture upon service for the King of heaven without being pushed along by someone else.

The children of Israel were in trouble. The record says, They "did evil in the sight of the Lord." Now note this—"When Ehud was dead!" Wheelbarrowlike, Israel needed this hero pusher to keep them going straight. Too bad he had to die, for without his presence, his influence, his admonition and counsel, his push, they fell by the way, "they did evil." What was the result? They were

"sold . . . into the hand of Jabin king of Canaan." For twenty long years they were oppressed, until Deborah, the prophetess, came on the scene to give them a lift out of their sad predicament. The very first thing she did was to send for Barak. To him she said, "Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go . . . and take with thee ten thousand men. . . . And I will deliver him [Sisera, Jabin's captain] into thine hand." Now notice Barak's reply: "If thou wilt go with me, (Turn to page 12)



JUST A WORD

By PEARL WAGGONER HOWARD

JUST a word for Jesus, who has loved you so—
Just a word, that others, too, His love may know!
Will you not then speak it? Will you still be dumb,
When one word might help some other soul to come?

How you love to talk of friends beloved on earth!
Do you then account this Friend of lesser worth?
How will those who're strangers learn to love Him, too,
If you never mention what He's done for you?

Should you see a person in some danger grave,
And you had the knowledge which a life would save,
How your heart at once would be with pity stirred!
Never would you pass without the helping word.

Yet 'tis more than life—it is a soul at stake;
Might be helped by just a word for Jesus' sake.
Have you then no courage? Is your love so weak,
That for Him, your best Friend, you're afraid to speak?

Children of the King, ambassadors on earth,
Are you speaking that which shows your royal birth?
By your conversation have your neighbors guessed
Whose you are, whom you serve, whom you love the best?

Just a word for Jesus! Lo, th' angelic throng
Wait to see you show on whose side you belong.
With earth's transient baubles are you so engrossed
You forget to follow Him who seeks the lost?

Just a word for Jesus! 'Tis so small a thing;
Yet its echo through eternity will ring;
For 'twill be continued on the heavenly shore,
In the song of one it helped—saved for evermore!



ALLEN AND SON

There Is a Dearth of Skilled Mechanics in the Work-a-Day World

How to Choose the Most *Suitable Occupation*

PART I

By PROFESSOR THOMAS W. STEEN

ALTHOUGH the right choice of a vocation is certainly one of life's supreme decisions, it is nevertheless a fact that in the majority of cases this decision is made with so little regard to the factors involved that failure is almost inevitable. One reason for this is, of course, that there are so many wrong ways of choosing a vocation and only one right way.

Some of the greatest mistakes are made by persons who attempt to be scientific, but unhappily become the victims of the so-called sciences—astrology, phrenology, physiognomy, graphology, and the like. Few of our Adventist youth are so foolish as to attempt this kind of solution of their problems, but a word of warning may be helpful to some.

Astrology is of course the most absurd of all so-called sciences today. No one should be so unscientific as to believe that the position of the stars at the time of one's birth should have any influence on the selection of his vocation. Phrenology, on the other hand, often makes a definite appeal to those whose educational advantages have been limited. This false science

is based on the assumption that the various mental traits and abilities, such as musical ability, aggressiveness, etc., are located in small areas in the brain, and that the amount of each of these traits may be discovered by noting depressions and bumps on the skull. This theory has been entirely discredited by recent studies in the fields of anatomy, neurology, psychology, etc.

Physiognomy pretends to read character and thus be able to predict the most suitable vocation by means of facial features and outward appearance. Almost everyone believes in this to a slight extent. Blondness, for example, is supposed by some to indicate aggressiveness and inconstancy. Many believe that they can recognize at sight an "honest face." The truth is that there is no one who can even separate criminals from Congressmen by their photographs, unless he happens to recognize their identity. Space does not permit a further discussion of these false sciences other than to say that no honest vocational counselor today would think of making use of any of them.

Another wrong way of choosing a

vocation is much more frequent among our own youth, and that is taking the advice of some roommate or friend, or even of a relative, who has made no study of the situation and whose advice is therefore usually entirely unreliable. Many others make a somewhat similar mistake by deciding to follow the vocation of some person whom they greatly admire, without any critical investigation of the appropriateness of the vocation. But there is no virtue in discussing wrong ways, other than to warn against making these mistakes.

In contrast with the many wrong ways in which vocational decisions are made, there is only one right way. This is so exceedingly important and so simple that it should be thoroughly understood and continually kept in mind by every youth confronted by this problem. It may be stated very briefly as follows: Learn all you can about several possible occupations, and at the same time learn a great deal about yourself. We shall devote the rest of this article to a discussion of the two parts of this method.

However, there is one question that is often of great importance which must be answered by each youth before he takes up a study of either vocations or his own talents and aptitudes. It is this: Would you rather be near the bottom in a very difficult occupation, or at or near the top in a less difficult field? For example, suppose you knew that if you attempted to be an editor you would always be a very inefficient one, whereas, if you trained as a linotype operator, you would stand very high in that group. Which would you rather be, a mediocre editor or an efficient linotype operator? Your answer to this question is very important, and will have much to do with your final selection of a vocation.

The more you know about vocations, the easier it will be for you to select the right one, for, of course, while you are investigating each vocation, you will be thinking about that occupation in terms of yourself. Among the facts that you will want to obtain at once concerning each vocation are the following: Is it suitable for Adventists? That is, as we discussed in a previous article, will it permit you to keep the Sabbath and participate in the work of the church, and is it an occupation that is socially desirable? What is the nature of the work to be performed? That is, is it physical or mental? Is it work with people, or work with books, materials, or machines? Is it work in which the same activities are repeated over and over, or does it constantly present new problems that must be solved?

The importance of this kind of information can hardly be overestimated. If you are the kind of individual who is most happy when working with people, you are not going to be content in a job which means that

you will be working alone, or with machines or materials. If you like to be out-of-doors, you may be unhappy if you choose an occupation which necessitates your being indoors. If you like to solve problems, you are not going to be satisfied in a job which is monotonous, such as tending a machine all day.

Again, you will want to know whether the occupation that you are considering is one that is growing in importance, as for example, air conditioning, or one that is becoming more limited, as blacksmithing, harness making, etc. Likewise you will want to learn whether it is an overcrowded occupation, as is generally true of high-school teaching, for example, or whether it is less crowded, as dentistry seems to be just now. It

is well to remember that during these recent years in which there has been so much unemployment in many of the clerical and other "white collar" jobs, there still persists a shortage of really competent workers in some fields. For example, there seems to exist an actual shortage today of highly skilled machinists and really competent stenographers and salesmen, and, as we all know to our sorrow, the number of really competent auto mechanics in the country is tragically limited. In the case of our own denominational professions, sometimes our students choose their vocations without any regard to the number of probable openings.

But there are many other facts of equal importance about occupations which you will need to know. You

will want to know, for example, the amount of training that is required, and how and where this training can be obtained. You will want to know what the opportunities for advancement are, whether the work is healthful, etc.

Now, since there are some 17,450 distinct occupations in the United States, it is clearly impossible for you to obtain a large amount of information concerning them all. This, however, is not necessary, for most of these occupations can be arranged in a few large groups. It is very unfortunate for one to get the idea that there is only one occupation in which he could be happy. Suppose, for example, that one likes mechanical work. There are literally hundreds of occupations which (Turn to page 13)

Young People Gather in Florence

By ROBERT GERBER

AT the present time, it is not always easy to decide what should be done. Unexpected and sudden changes take place, and it is difficult to know what new developments are likely to set in from one day to another over war-swept Europe.

A gathering of our Italian Seventh-day Adventist young people was planned for May 21 of this year in Florence, Italy. We were wondering whether, on account of the political situation, such a meeting could be held. All thought, however, that we must stick to the plan and carry it out if it was at all possible. Therefore, the gathering took place, the first of the kind in that country.

Florence! A beautiful name and a beautiful city! I had been there many

times before, and had enjoyed each visit, but its superb location and lovely surroundings had never appealed so strongly to me as they did on this occasion. Gorgeous flowers met the eye in the spacious gardens of the many villas situated in the suburbs. The near-by Cascine Park was even more exquisite and restful than ever.

Florence is highly interesting from a historical standpoint. At every step one meets reminders of the past. It is impossible not to think of Savonarola, the intrepid youth of the fifteenth century. On the square where he was burned in 1498, in front of the old palace, there is a tablet marking the exact spot of his martyrdom. Perhaps it is intended in part to atone for the unjust sentence against a courageous man.

The old bridge over the Arno, and the walks along the river, also connect the present with the past. As you turn a corner, you almost imagine meeting the great

Dante. If he came back to this world at the present time, he would have the surprise of his life, and would have to admit that in his "Inferno" he fell short by far of describing the horrors of modern warfare.

Then in Florence there are also many old monuments and art galleries in which are some of the most famous masterpieces. As you go about, you are reminded of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and other Italian masters of the past, and of the good and the evil influences of the great Medici family.

However, all these interesting things were not all-important to us. We are much more interested in Florence as it has to do with God's people and God's work. We have had there, since many years ago, the headquarters of our Seventh-day Adventist work in Italy. At first the offices were in rented quarters. Later, a lot was bought, and a building was put up in Via Trieste, a street located near the city limits. In that building, the union and the publishing house had their offices, and there were also two apartments. Last year, another building was secured in Via San Gallo, in the center of the city. It was a former Protestant chapel. And since there is ample room, we now have moved the publishing house and the union offices there, while we use its beautiful hall for the meetings of the church. The previous headquarters are to be used as a training school for our Italian young people as soon as we can secure equipment.

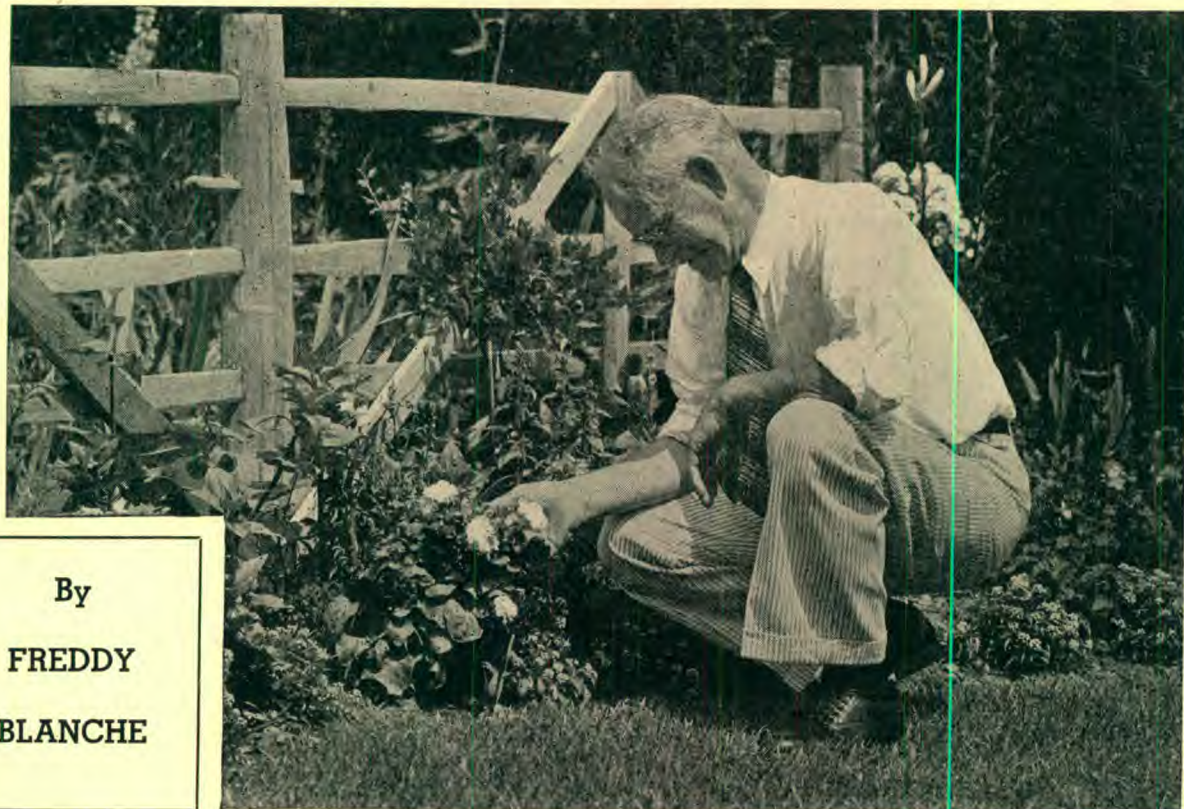
The meetings of the youth's gathering were not held in our church, but in a hall near our former headquarters in Via Trieste. This hall is located on a hill and is connected with a school. The whole property belongs to another Protestant denomination. When we left this meeting place at night, myriads of fireflies lighted our way through the garden to the street.

About one hundred young people were present. (Turn to page 13)



A Group of Those in Attendance at the Youth's Gathering and Italian Union Session in Florence

He Saw No Difference



By
**FREDDY
BLANCHE**

H. M. LAMBERT

Mr. Gardener Spent Much Time and Hard Labor on His Flowers, and They Were Beautiful!

IN a small town in southern Michigan there lived a drygoods merchant. He spent most of his time in his store looking after his business, but his heart was in his garden. How he loved flowers—especially his beautiful field of gladioli, in which he spent every spare moment and grew many bulbs each year. His fields were among the most beautiful in the country—full of lovely colors and delightful fragrance. Waves of soft red, golden yellow, pure white, gorgeous shades of purple and violet, stood out in striking contrast to the green grass and the black dirt of the fields. It was a rare sight to see, and many people visited his gardens simply to enjoy their loveliness.

But Mr. Gardener's ambition was to raise some rare bulbs and be the first to introduce them to the market. He negotiated with several firms and persons in Europe, and finally found a man in Holland who had originated a rare variety of gladiolus. But this man wanted them for himself, and was determined not to let them go. Mr. Gardener, however, kept urging him for months, and offered him fabulous prices. The man at last sold him three of the coveted bulbs for an enormous sum. Mr. Gardener then set about to improve his regular stock and increase his supply of this treasure.

Years passed. The small-town bulb grower had spent much time and hard labor propagating and developing the plants to perfection. The flowers were the most beautiful he had ever seen or dreamed of seeing. He released a few of his precious bulbs to seed companies at fancy prices, for he did not wish to be selfish and keep them all for himself.

One autumn day he hired a young man to dig the bulbs. He carefully instructed him to reserve in separate piles the two rows of his most valuable and rare variety. After making sure that the youth understood what was to be done, Mr. Gardener went back to his work in town, trusting him to carry out instructions.

The young man, left to himself, proceeded to dig the bulbs. As he dug them he placed them in a pile at the end of the field. The day wore on. Late in the afternoon he dug the rare bulbs, and, as he walked to the edge of the field, he decided that it made no real difference just *where* he put them.

It was evening. Mr. Gardener and his wife went out to inspect the crop. When they reached the field, they looked for the piles of most precious bulbs, but they saw none. The young man had mingled the rare bulbs with the common ones! It was too late!

Like the thoughtless lad of the gar-

den, who did not comprehend that, sheathed within those onionlike bulbs were hidden the most gorgeous ruffled blooms, so unlike the yellow and red of the ordinary gladioli, there are many people who do not realize that there is concealed in the Sabbath the blessing of God, which is entirely lacking in the common day, Sunday.

I think of a woman in my home town. She had a beautiful home and all that goes with wealth. Through one source or another, she heard the wonderful Bible truths and joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. But she was a very busy woman, and was always bustling about in anticipation of guests or some coming social event. She used this as an excuse for having her hair shampooed and waved every Friday evening. It was her only opportunity, she argued. She insisted that it made no difference, but she did not gain the strength and blessings that are derived from true Sabbath observance.

Years passed, but she still harbored this weakness in her heart. It had robbed her of keen discernment in other matters. Once she was heard to say that really she "saw no difference" between Christian young people and the young people of the world.

She had been a Seventh-day Adventist for many years when her granddaughter, Dorothy, came to live

with her. Dorothy was a beautiful child with black hair and clear blue eyes. Her grandmother set about to mature and improve the girl's rare qualities. She spent much time and thought on her training. She taught her to pray to the heavenly Father, and every day she taught her from the Bible. Soon Dorothy's inward beauty began to blossom forth. Her sweet face and sunny disposition never failed to leave a trace of cheer. On Sabbath afternoons she often went with the sunshine band to the home for the aged and the sick. And she always took bouquets of flowers from her grandmother's beautiful garden. She also worked enthusiastically for Sabbath school Investment. I remember how one day she and I, who were friends in church school, gathered together all the discarded clothes of our parents and friends and took them to the poorer section of town, where, under an old oak tree, we had a rummage sale. That day we made ten dollars. But more than that, we felt especially happy when we saw some person wearing an article of clothing which he could not have enjoyed had it not been for our little sale. Dorothy was, in general, a good girl, and the busy woman of the great estate was happy because of her granddaughter's faithfulness.

The summer after Dorothy was graduated from the church school, she made fifty dollars selling the *Watchman Magazine*. Although she knew that her grandmother could well afford to send her to a Seventh-day Adventist academy, she wanted to do all that she could to help pay her own expenses. However, when it came time for school to open, there was uncertainty as to where she should attend school for the next four years. Her grandmother wanted her to stay at home and attend the public high school. She argued that she would be very lonely without her, and that Dorothy's friends were all there—and anyway it would not make much difference where she went to school. So it was finally decided that she should stay at home.

All Dorothy's church-school friends went away to the nearest Seventh-day Adventist academy. Still her grandmother was not concerned. Dorothy, being very friendly, soon made many friends among the high-school students. She was invited to all the parties and picnics. In fact, she became one of the most popular girls in the school. But, it became obvious that her Christian experience was declining.

One Friday night she asked her grandmother if she might go to a party. Her grandmother reasoned that there was no difference, just so long as Dorothy was not rowdy, and returned early enough to get sufficient rest before time for Sabbath school in the morning. After this first occasion of breaking the Sabbath, Dorothy went out on Friday evenings again and again, and did the things which under proper influence she would not have done. Before long she ceased to attend church. She continued to attend Sabbath school, however, but she had no time now to study the lesson. Unknown to her grandmother, she frequented questionable places of amusement. She often stayed out all night under the pretense of spending the night with a girl friend. Why explain, she reasoned, since her grandmother "saw no difference"? The busy woman of the great estate was happy because of the popularity of her granddaughter.

But! Dorothy married a man who was not a Christian—did not even believe in God. Soon she herself forgot God. She was no longer interested in religious things.

Her grandmother realized, too late, that it did make a difference.

It was evening. God and His Son came to inspect the harvest. They looked

for the precious daughter, but they found her not. She had mingled with the world until now, alas, nevermore would they be separated! It was too late!

"There Is Great Reward"

(Continued from page 3)

did not understand it, but she had a chilly little feeling that something was terribly wrong somewhere.

After the game, she ran upstairs to put her dolls to bed. Then she skipped merrily down to the living room, a care-free little girl of nine who was to grow so much older in the next few seconds. When she heard mother scream, she knew that something awful had happened. And what she saw next made her heart jump up in her throat and feel like a lump of ice. There was dad grasping mother round the waist, trying to pull her out of the room, while Carl and David, poor little fellows, were holding on to her for dear life, pulling the other way as she clung to a chair for protection! Her own daddy throwing her own mother out of the house! Ellen rushed to help the boys hold on to their beloved mother, as the tears streamed down her face. The commotion called the maid in from the kitchen, and, tearing her hair in horror, she cried out,

"Oh, Colonel, Colonel, you can't do that! You can't throw madam out of the house on a cold winter night! Oh, madam, poor madam! Shall I phone for somebody?"

Ellen did not know what happened next, but that night mamma slept with her, and the next day dad left for winter army maneuvers—so they were told. Be-

fore Christmas mother and the children left their own home and went to live with grandmother and grandfather. And that was the end of that chapter of Ellen's life. As she grew older she learned how extreme religious intolerance seemed to have possessed dad with an evil spirit, and how a broken home was the result.

She trembled a little as she tore herself loose from the shadows of the past and faced the present again. Then, realizing her need as never before, she dropped to her knees and poured out her heart in a prayer for light and guidance. Then in the silence as she knelt there waiting on God, a small but persistent voice kept whispering to her,

"Are you going to repeat the picture in the third generation? You, the one who has the privilege of free choice? Are you, with open eyes, going to enter into a relationship that the dear ones who went before you were forced to suffer? Don't you understand that when God gives laws, even those that we do not like or comprehend, it is because of His infinite wisdom and love? He only wants you to give up what will make you unhappy in the long run. It may hurt now, but if you are faithful, He will give you something much better someday. Obey Him, and He will bless you! Do you dare to love anything or anybody more than Jesus? And has He not said, 'Be ye not unequally yoked together?'"

"So this is your answer, Lord," murmured Ellen as she rose from her prayer. "It is hard to say 'Thy will, not mine, be done!' but I do it now. Help me to be true to my first love!"

She went quietly into the next room, where her mother was reading in bed.

"Why, not asleep yet, moms?" she asked, as she stooped and kissed the gray hair.

"I couldn't rest, dear. You know why."

"Well, there is nothing to worry about any more, mother. I have the right answer now. God is always right. He has promised, too, that if I do as He says, He will give me something much better in the future. I remember that is what you told me, too. I am going to try it out, and prove Him!"

Ellen told me her story herself some years after this experience as I sat in her cozy living room one bright autumn day. Her eyes were as full of sunshine as the sky itself while she told me of the wonderful happiness which had become hers in a Christian marriage and a completely united home.

"I see so clearly now," she said enthusiastically, "that there is no such thing as sacrifice in obeying God's commands. It is just a glorious opportunity for testing His promises, and He has fulfilled them to me in the fullest measure that you could imagine. I am the first woman in our family in sixty years to have a perfectly happy home, a home where the shadows are *always* lifted, thanks to heaven's and love's perpetual sunshine."

Some old and well-tried texts kept coming to my mind after our visit.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord," I mused, "and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass." "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: . . . and in keeping of them there is great reward."

BETTER to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

"It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at."

15 MINUTES a day

READ WITH PROFIT

In the reading of pages 201 to 216 of "Ministry of Healing," did you discover the test by which Christ proves the genuineness of our love for Him?

Supply the missing words in the following sentences.

1. "In a special sense, Christ has laid upon His church the duty of caring for the _____ among its own members."
2. "The _____ and _____ ones He commits to His followers as a precious trust."
3. "Those whose hold on life is weakening need the benefit of contact with the hopefulness and buoyancy of _____."
4. "Economy is consistent with the broadest _____."
5. "It is wrong to waste our time, wrong to waste our _____."
6. "God will _____ men who occupy responsible places, men of intellect and influence."

In the following sentences can you explain the significance of the italicized words:

1. "The *cup* most difficult to carry is not the *cup* that is empty, but the *cup* that is full to the brim."
2. "It requires moral courage for *these men* to take their position with the lowly ones."
3. "Because of *it* many are led to doubt the reality of religion and to harden their hearts against the gospel."
4. "Instead of giving attention to pets, lavishing affection upon dumb animals, let *them* given attention to little children."
5. "Let *them* worship among those whom they have known and loved."
6. "Let there be small *institutions* in different places."



Easy Money

By ARTHUR THIELE

EASY money!" These words rang in Joe's ears as he slowly sauntered home from school on that day in early spring. The old rowboat that he and Dave had was all right just to paddle around in, but it was too slow for exploring the river as they wanted to. If they only had a motorboat! But to build a motorboat would take money, and there are not many ways in which a boy of fifteen can make money in a town as small as Freeport. They spent that evening trying to figure out some way to earn the money, but had just about given up in despair when Joe got an idea.

"Say, Dave, you know your key and my key will open many of the lockers at school. Well, why not open them and take some of the fountain pens and anything else we can find that is worth money? We could sell what we get to the man down at the pawnshop."

"But that would be stealing," protested Dave.

"Nobody'll ever find it out. Besides, some of the boys and girls forget to lock their lockers," replied Joe, all excited.

In the next few weeks several valuable fountain pens were missing at school. The losses were reported to the principal, of course, but the pens were never found.

Dave found a watch lying on the window sill in the gymnasium one day. He brought it to Joe, who took the things to the pawnshop. After that Dave seemed to be dreaming in most of his classes. He would jump and appear startled every time the teachers asked him a question.

Finally one day, after he had appeared especially bothered, the English teacher, who was also the principal, asked him to come to his office that afternoon. After class Dave told Joe about it, and they were both worried.

"If he asks you about the watch, you had better not mention my name," ordered Joe. "If you mention me, I'll deny it and tell him about the other things you've taken."

"All right, don't get angry; I won't say a thing about you," Dave hurriedly assured him. "I can take what's coming to me."

"Sit down, David," invited Professor Jones when Dave entered the office. "I'd like to know if something is troubling you. You seem so inattentive during classes, and you jump every time you are asked a question. Your grades have been very low the last few weeks, too. I know that you can do better."

"I'm all right," hastily replied Dave. "Must be the spring weather."

"Maybe it is," said the principal kindly; "but I would like to see you get down to studying your lessons."

"I'll try," said Dave. Then he hurried away, feeling very much relieved.

He met Joe in the hall and told him that the trouble had been his grades. Nevertheless, the boys had received a scare, and after that reports of missing belongings around the school became fewer; in fact, the stealing stopped almost altogether.

One afternoon, a few weeks later, when the boys were out in their "old tub," as they called it, they saw a boat lying beside a summer cottage. It was just the kind of boat they needed.

"Isn't that a fine boat!" exclaimed Dave as he rowed closer to the bank to get a better look at it.

"If we could only get that boat," sighed Joe. And as he looked at the boat, an idea was forming in his mind.

"Say, why don't we come back here tonight and get this boat?" he suggested as they started to row out into the river again.

"What do you mean?" gasped Dave. "Steal it?"

"It wouldn't exactly be stealing," explained Joe. "We could push it out into the river and let it drift until it caught in a snag; then tomorrow we could come back and get it. If anyone asks us about it, we could say that we found it floating in the river."

Dave was not quite over the scare he had had the day the principal called him in, but after much persuasion and planning on Joe's part, he gave in and agreed to help.

That night after supper they met at their boat dock. It seemed to Dave as if someone were watching him. However, Joe was not afraid, apparently; so he mustered his courage and refused to listen to his conscience.

The boat was there just as they had left it in the afternoon. As they lifted it, a dog barked. Dave was so startled that he dropped his end of the boat and started toward their "tub," which was pulled up on the shore.

"It's only a dog," said Joe. "Besides, the folk who own this boat won't be back till summer." Joe tried to push it into the river alone, but he could not budge it.

Finally, his nerves somewhat settled again, Dave helped him push the boat into the water. As they started drifting downstream with it, they planned how they would let it drift until it caught in a snag, and come back to get it the next afternoon after school. Then they would take it to the dock which they had built for their "old tub." Painting and remodeling it into a motorboat was going to be easy. Nobody would ever know it was the same boat.

Just then a light flashed around the house. "We're caught," groaned Dave, as a picture of himself in a cell with bars in the windows came to him.

"Not yet," determined Joe. "Row closer to the bank, where they can't see us so easily."

The light seemed to be flashing along the river, as if someone were looking for them.

"Let's leave the boat here till tomorrow, and go out to the road," suggested Joe. Even he was beginning to get frightened now. They tied their boat to a tree stump, jumped to the bank, and ran for the road.

"There's a car turning out from that house," whispered Dave. "Someone must have seen us." They jumped into the ditch and hid until the car had gone by.

"Let's go across the old railroad bridge," was Dave's suggestion. "We can get away easier and reach home quicker, too."

The bridge had not been used for years; therefore many of the ties were nearly rotted through. Careful as they were, they stumbled and nearly fell through time after time. About halfway over, Dave noticed something.

"They're at the other end of the bridge waiting for us; what'll we do?"

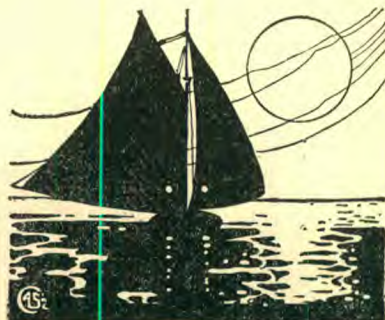
As they started back again, a car drove up and cut off their retreat.

"What'll my mother say when she hears about me being caught doing something like this?" wailed Dave. "If I ever get out of this, I'll never touch other people's things again." And Joe agreed that what they had been doing was all wrong.

They stopped and held a hurried counsel of war. "Straight ahead and take the consequences," was the decision.

As they slowly neared the other end of the bridge, all the flashlights Dave had seen turned out to be the streetlights of the town.

"Nothing but scares in this kind of business," Dave mused. "I'm going to return all the things I've stolen if it takes a year, and I'm going to find some other way to make my money after this, some way that'll leave my conscience clear." And Joe agreed with him again.





September

THE young rubythroats, along with their parents, have been enjoying the blossoms of the trumpet vine and the jewel weed.

September 23 marks the beginning of autumn in this hemisphere and the beginning of spring in the Southern Hemisphere.

Autumn winds are sowing the spores of puffballs, mushrooms, toadstools, and other fungus growths.

Flocks of wild ducks, going southward, pass high overhead.

One of the last orchids of the season, the lady's-tresses, is now in bloom. It depends on bees for fertilization.

During this month and later, muskrats may often be seen traveling cross country as much as one or two miles from water.

Already many insect-eating birds are starting south, seeking their food supply at its source of greatest abundance. By the middle of the month the kingbirds will have left, perhaps for Bolivia.

It is ballooning time for young spiders (*Lycosidae*). On silken threads, which they spin out upon the breeze, they sail off until their airy conveyance becomes entangled in the grasses or shrubs of distant fields.

Nature's mighty sower, the wind, is scattering winged seeds in countless numbers.

The business of making winter quarters now concerns the larvae of many

moths and butterflies. Some of them already are snugly spun into silken cocoons.

The brown leaves of the woodland thickets and undergrowths rustle and stir with flocks of sparrows, juncos, and towhees.

A walk afield makes one a seed bearer. Burrs and sticktight need very little, if any, persuasion to hook a ride.

Wild gardens are featuring goldenrods and asters with striking prominence.

The sweet, plaintive call of the fall minstrel, the white-throated sparrow, is a delight to hear.

Autumn tints are staining the foliage. Poison ivy is among the first plants to assume attractive, brilliant colors.

Overhead at night you may hear the loud, metallic calls of olive-backed thrushes as they migrate southward.

Young mule deer have donned their unspotted bluish-gray coats. Although weaned, they stay close to their mothers.

Mother Coon now gives up hunting frogs and leads her Mayborn youngsters into the fields for a taste of corn.

Such of the Pacific salmon as have escaped the seals and sea lions at the river mouths and the fisheries farther up are laying their eggs hundreds of miles from the ocean. Spawning in some places will continue until December.

At this time of year many a roadside or waste place is brightened by the "heavenly hue" of the succory, or chicory, one of the most beautiful blues in nature.

The spicebush is now a lunch counter for many birds. The birds also like the brilliant fruit of the pokeweed.

Mother Black Bear, with one or two roly-poly cubs, has been feasting on blueberries and hunting bee trees. They are now looking forward to the wild grapes.

The full moon nearest the fall equinox is the harvest moon. It rises each evening only eighteen to twenty-five minutes later than the day before, thus making long evenings in which to finish the harvesting.

The two stars, one blue and the other gold, which make up the double star Albireo at the foot of the Northern Cross, can be easily seen through a small telescope.—*Nature Magazine*.

is cumulative, culminating in the grand climax—the prosperity of the true servant of God. The promise is conditional. He must be strong like a tree. He must be planted by God. He must be planted where God's blessings can flow to him without interruption. All these will cause him to bring forth fruit. His life will be such that he will be protected daily by God, and will be prosperous and successful in the work to which God has called him.



1. When Jesus gave His disciples instructions before He sent them forth to preach and teach, who did He say would be man's most bitter foes?

2. Jesus also told the disciples that they would be delivered up to kings and rulers, but that they should take no thought how or what they should speak. What reason was given for this?

3. What is promised to the pure in heart?

4. What promise is made to the poor in spirit?

5. Both John the Baptist and Jesus preached the same message. What was it?

6. Who shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven?

7. What is said of those who make a great public demonstration when they worship or pray in order to be seen of men?

8. Why should we refrain from judging our fellow men?

9. Why is it important that we be very careful of our speech?

10. How is every man to be rewarded when judgment is meted out?

(Answers on page 13)

"As a Tree Planted"

(Continued from page 4)

the Christian be planted? "By the rivers of water." A few years ago, during the course of my work, I had to cross one of our rivers in Australia. Day after day, week after week, year after year, its waters passed beneath the city bridges. I often thought of those thousands of tons of water that were emptied every day into the sea. The river never seemed to be the poorer for all its giving. What a fitting representation of the blessings of God poured out upon His people, day after day, without any apparent diminution of the supply. But the Christian must be planted where the river of God's blessings can flow to him without interruption. These blessings will give strength and power to his service.

I think again of one of those twisted *buni* trees. It grows on the island of Choiseul, at the foot of a steep hill, its big, strong roots twined round the big rocks on the hillside. How like the Christian with his feet firmly planted on the Rock Christ Jesus. While the tree maintains its hold on the rocks it lives. If ever it loosens its hold on those rocks, it will crash headlong into the turbulent sea beneath. So with the Christian. While his feet are planted on the Rock Christ Jesus, he stands firm and strong.

When he loses his hold on that Rock, he crashes headlong into the turbulent sea of sin.

What is the result of this planting? The tree "bringeth forth his fruit in his season." It is not planted merely to stand. It must bring forth fruit. If the tree bears no fruit, it does not fulfill the purpose for which it was planted. If the Christian bears no fruit, he does not fulfill the purpose for which God has planted him. The stars in the crowns of the redeemed will reveal the fruitfulness of those who receive them. Though all will not have the same opportunity, yet all those worthy of a place in the glorious new earth will have given proof of their ministry in the salvation of men.

Quite close to my home there stands another tall tree. For many years it has been the home of numerous birds and other creatures of the bush. Within its friendly branches they found shade from the tropical sun, and protection from the stormy, tropical winds. But now all is changed. A sudden flash of lightning, a terrific crash of thunder, and the life of that giant was snuffed out. Its leaves now litter the surrounding country. But the Christian is promised protection from the blasts of sin. "His leaf . . . shall not wither," no matter how severe the temptations and trials may be.

"And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." The whole thought of the verse

The Wheelbarrow

(Continued from page 6)

then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go." A mere wheelbarrow!

He would not even venture out on God's business, though he had a direct message from heaven, without making sure that Deborah would push him along!

Finally he gathered his army, "and he went up with ten thousand men at his feet." Of course, "Deborah went up with him." The time came for the charge. Would he move? Not until Deborah pushed him into the fray. "Up," she shouted; "for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand." Then "Barak pursued . . . and all the host of Sisera fell."

After all was over, and Deborah and Barak returned, the victory was celebrated in song. It was a duet. The record says, "Then sang Deborah and Barak." You would think that under the circumstances Barak would have withdrawn politely and left Deborah to sing the triumphal song as a praise solo. But not so!

Wheelbarrows are strange contraptions.

So are wheelbarrow people!

Young People Gather in Florence

(Continued from page 8)

They came from different parts of Italy and Sicily. The young man who is our colporteur in Sardinia was also present. When we think of the modest circumstances in which most of these young people live, and consider that the expenses connected with attending such a meeting called for a real sacrifice for most of them, we can only marvel at their deep interest. As the union conference session followed immediately after the youth's gathering, some of those present were workers, colporteurs, or appointed delegates who had their expenses paid, in part at least. But about fifty Missionary Volunteers were there at their own expense, and in some cases they came from great distances. Some of these made the journey on their bicycles.

We believe that the meetings held were a real blessing to all. The fundamental needs and problems of our young people were considered by experienced workers. The Southern European Division president, A. V. Olson, was present, and his talks and appeals were helpful and much appreciated. He remembered the youth not only as he talked to them during the special day of their gathering, but also in a marked way in most of his studies during the days of the union session, which most of them stayed to attend. A solemn appeal was made at the Sabbath service for all present to give their hearts anew to the Master. Some young people not yet baptized took their stand for God.

The young people were shown clearly that the advent message satisfies fully all the aspirations and ambitions of youth; that God is pleased by a full and harmonious development of all the powers given to youth, whether physical, intellectual, or spiritual; that they are bidden to turn away from the world, which pretends to open such bright prospects before them, but does not keep its promises; that, on the other hand, the advent message offers to ambitious, far-seeing youth all opportunities that can reasonably be expected.

Our Italian young people are real missionaries. Opportunity was given them to relate their experiences. They could have spoken for many hours on how they have witnessed while in military service, or as colporteurs, or as students in high school; and on how God has worked for them and, at times, has miraculously opened the doors before them, as they were determined to be faithful to Him at all cost. Some have gone through real hardships and trials as they stood firm and true to principle.

While they were happy and joyful, as young people generally are, all realized the solemnity of the times, and there

was a feeling of uncertainty as to what might soon be the decision of Italy concerning the war. The young men knew what entrance into the conflict would mean to them. Many of them have since been called to the colors, but we know that the meetings of this young people's gathering and union session in Florence brought a great blessing to all who attended, and strengthened in their hearts the determination to live in all circumstances as citizens of the heavenly kingdom, and to be loyal to the third angel's message, as well as to their country.

Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Is attendance at Sabbath school and church services necessary to salvation, if there is nothing to interfere with such attendance?

If there is nothing—legitimate things, such as sickness, distance, weather, etc.—to keep one from attending, why not attend? Surely you need the blessing which such church gatherings impart. Moreover, your fellow believers need the help and courage which you impart by your presence.

No, I do not concede that such attendance assures salvation to anyone. Salvation is not thus merited, but comes only through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. However, those who accept Christ and His atoning sacrifice by faith will heed for their own good and for the sake of their influence on others the significant injunction, "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching." Heb. 10:25.

Sincerely seeking for the essential heart preparation to meet Him, God's children will sense the absolute necessity of availing themselves of the blessings made possible by such church fellowship. They will follow Christ's example. You remember He entered, "as His custom was, . . . into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Luke 4:16. "Those who appreciate the words of Christ will not turn aside from the prayer meeting, or from the meeting where the Lord's messenger has been sent to tell them concerning things of eternal interest."—"Messages to Young People," pp. 140, 141. D. A. Ochs.

How to Choose the Most Suitable Occupation

(Continued from page 8)

have to do with machines and mechanical work, and often the same individual could be equally successful and happy in any one of a number of different kinds of mechanical work. Even in the more difficult professions occasionally the same individual has been almost equally happy as minister, teacher, or even physician.

There are several ways in which information about occupations may be obtained. One of the very best plans is as follows: First, choose the two or three occupations in which you think you are the most interested. Then start to find out about these occupations by: reading the books and articles descriptive of these occupations, talking with individuals who have had experience in them about the details of their work, visiting

the places where the occupation is actually in progress, and finding an opportunity, if possible, to get some experience.

Perhaps you think you would like to be a nurse. There are plenty of books and articles available that describe this profession. In any community you will have an opportunity to talk with nurses and physicians and others who can tell you about the work of nurses. You will find it helpful to visit the hospitals or sanitariums near by and get acquainted with the duties of nurses. You may also be able to get some actual experience in taking care of sick people for a while.

There are hundreds of books, pamphlets, and articles now available that are very helpful in learning about vocations. Almost every library has recently secured a number of these publications. The Federal and State governments, city boards of education, and almost all educational institutions also have material which may be obtained free or with very little expense.

This is the fourth of a series of six articles on Vocational Guidance prepared by Professor Steen. The fifth will appear next week.



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

Exchange

Use Commemoratives on Your Exchange Letters

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

Johnny Koning, 1323 Santa Fe Avenue, Berkeley, California, (junior, 2,500 stamps), would like to correspond with collectors who have stamps from New Zealand, Martinique, Danzig, and Liberia. He offers stamps from Canada, Germany, England, France, Brazil, Austria, Australia, Hungary, and Japan.

Betty Kaupke, Box 224, Bisbee, Arizona, (senior, 3,000 stamps), would like to hear from people all over the world and to receive stamps from South American and African colonies and all islands. She offers stamps from Panama, Denmark, Malaya, Belgium, India, Yugoslavia, Philippines, Italy, Switzerland, Canada, Canal Zone, Argentina, Australia, Dominicana, and many United States commemoratives.

Seymour Kaufman, 17 Robinson Street, Providence, Rhode Island (junior, 650 stamps), has stamps from Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, China, Japan, Denmark, Latvia, Mexico, Straits Settlements, and United States.

THANKS! To Cub McIlwain, Culver, Indiana; Leora Bates, Merced, California; and Melwood Underhill, for the stamps sent to the Stamp Corner.

WHEN you get right down to the root of the meaning of the word "succeed," you find that it simply means to follow through.—F. W. Nichol.

Answers

Treasure Trove:

1. "They of his own household." Matt. 10:36. 2. "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak. For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Matt. 10:19, 20. 3. "They shall see God." Matt. 5:8. 4. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:3. 5. "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Matt. 4:17; 3:2. 6. Whosoever keeps the commandments of God and teaches them. Matt. 5:19. 7. "They have their reward." Matt. 6:5. 8. "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." Matt. 7:1. 9. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12:37. 10. "According to his works." Matt. 16:27.

Sabbath School Lessons

SENIOR YOUTH

XIII—Confidence in the Prophetic Gift

(September 28)

MEMORY VERSE: 2 Chronicles 20:20.

LESSON HELP: "The Great Controversy," pp. 603-607, 613-623 (new ed., pp. 681-686, 693-704); "Prophecy and Kings," pp. 722-733.

THE LESSON

Importance of Heeding God's Messages

1. For what is all Scripture profitable to the individual? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

2. To what is the sure word of prophecy compared? How are we admonished concerning it? 2 Peter 1:19.

NOTE.—Every fulfillment of prophecy is a confirmation of the truthfulness and reliability of prophecy.

3. By what words are messages of the prophets oftentimes introduced? 2 Kings 20:16; Isa. 55:3; 48:12.

Israel's Opportunity and Failure

4. What appeal did Isaiah make to God's rebellious people? Isa. 1:19, 20.

5. How did the people respond to God's counsel through the prophets? What was the result? Jer. 29:19, 18.

6. How did God express His sorrow over the failure of the people to follow His counsel? Isa. 48:17, 18.

NOTE.—"That which God purposed to do for the world through Israel, the chosen nation, He will finally accomplish through His church on earth today. . . . Today the church of God is free to carry forward to completion the divine plan for the salvation of a lost race. . . . To spiritual Israel have been restored the privileges accorded the people of God at the time of their deliverance from Babylon."—"Prophecy and Kings," pp. 713, 714.

The Remnant Church in Prophecy

7. How is the future glory of the church pictured? Isa. 60:1-3; Rev. 18:1.

8. With what solemn announcement does the investigative judgment close? Rev. 22:11, 12.

NOTE.—"When the third angel's message closes, mercy no longer pleads for the guilty inhabitants of the earth. The people of God have accomplished their work. . . . Angels are hastening to and fro in heaven. An angel returning from the earth announces that his work is done; the final test has been brought upon the world, and all who have proved themselves loyal to the divine precepts have received 'the seal of the living God.' Then Jesus ceases His intercession in the sanctuary above. . . . All the angelic host lay off their crowns as He makes the solemn announcement [in Rev. 22:11, 12]. . . . Every case has been decided for life or death."—"The Great Controversy," p. 613.

9. Through what will the people of the world pass when the conflict between good and evil is ended? What promise is made to followers of Christ? Dan. 12:1.

NOTE.—"When Christ shall cease His work as mediator in man's behalf, then this time of trouble will begin. Then the case of every soul will have been decided, and there will be no atoning blood to cleanse from sin."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 201.

10. What will be the joyful experience of those who remain faithful through test and trial? Rev. 14:1-5; 15:2, 3.

NOTE.—"These are they that stand upon Mount Zion with the Lamb, having the Father's name written in their foreheads. They sing the new song before the throne, that song which no man can learn save the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. . . . Christ is revealed as the redeemer and deliverer of His people. Now indeed are the remnant 'men wondered at,' as the tears and humiliation of their pilgrimage give place to joy and honor in the presence

of God and the Lamb."—"Testimonies," Vol. V, p. 476.

11. How will the remnant church relate itself to the Spirit of prophecy? Rev. 12:17.

NOTE.—The apostle Paul in 1 Thessalonians 5:21, says, "Hold fast that which is good." The word which is translated "hold fast" in the Greek is the same as that rendered "have" in Revelation 12:17. Thus the Revised Version reads, "keep the commandments of God, and 'hold' the testimony of Jesus." The similarity of these two passages of Scripture in setting forth the proper attitude toward "prophecies" or "the testimony of Jesus," leads to the inference that there will be in the remnant church a manifestation of the Spirit of prophecy; and further, that in harmony with the counsel of Paul, it will not be despised, but proved, by being brought to the tests of Scripture.

12. What is said will result from belief in the words of the prophets? 2 Chron. 20:20.

JUNIOR

XIII—The Review

(September 28)

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter.

QUESTIONS

Five Parables. Matt. 13:31-35, 44-53

How is the kingdom of heaven like a mustard seed? like leaven? like a hidden treasure? like a rare pearl? like a fisherman's net?

Stilling the Tempest; The Demoniacs of Gadara. Luke 8:22-40; Matt. 8:23-34

What occurred when Jesus and His disciples were crossing the lake?

How did the disciples show a lack of faith?

How were they saved?

Who met Jesus when He and the disciples landed at Gadara?

What was the condition of the men?

What request did they make? What was the result?

What did the people of the city do?

What request of one of the healed men did Jesus deny?

The Daughter of Jairus. Mark 5:21-43

What request did Jairus make?

Under what circumstances was his request granted?

How was a woman in the throng healed of her infirmity?

Blind Men Healed; Dumb Spirit Cast Out. Matt. 9:27-38

How were two blind men healed?

What explanation did the Pharisees make when Jesus cast the evil spirit out of a dumb man?

What did Jesus say of the harvest?

The Twelve Sent Forth. Matthew 10

Name the twelve disciples.

What did Jesus send them forth to do?

What dangers might they expect?

Feeding the Multitude. Mark 6:34-44; 8:1-9

On what two occasions did Jesus work a miracle to supply the physical needs of the people?

How much food did they have at hand each time?

How many people were fed?

How many baskets of fragments were saved?

The Bread of Life. John 6:22-71

Whom did Jesus say He was?

What lesson did He teach from the miracle of the loaves?

Jesus Walks on the Sea. Matt. 14:22-33

In what dangerous situation were the disciples one time when they were crossing the lake?

How did Jesus come to them?

What experience did Peter have on that occasion?

The Syrophenician Woman. Mark 7:24-30

What longer journey than usual did Jesus once take?

How did Jesus test the faith of a heathen woman?

What lesson should the disciples have learned from this incident?

The Transfiguration. Matt. 17:1-9

What took place upon the mount when Jesus and three disciples went there to pray?

Of what was this event a representation?

Healing the Demoniac. Mark 9:14-29

What had been the experience of the disciples who were left at the foot of the mount of transfiguration?

How did Jesus relieve the distressing situation?

Why could not the disciples cast out the evil spirit?

Memory Test

Who Said These Words? To Whom Were They Said?

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net."

"Master, carest Thou not that we perish?"

"Suffer us to go away into the herd of swine."

"Who touched Me?"

"Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses."

"There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves."

"Will ye also go away?"

"The dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs."

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

"Let us make here three tabernacles."

"Why could not we cast him out?"

MEMORY VERSES

1. "So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just." Matt. 13:49.

2. "He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him." Luke 8:25.

3. "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole." Matt. 9:22.

4. "Then touched He their eyes, saying, According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9:29.

5. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

6. "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matt. 10:42.

7. "Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Matt. 14:27.

8. "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger." John 6:35.

9. "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Matt. 15:28.

10. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Mark 8:36.

11. "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Matt. 17:5.

12. "Why could not we cast him out? And Jesus said unto them, Because of your unbelief." Matt. 17:19, 20.

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The Listening Post

★ PENGUINS have popularly come to symbolize Antarctica, but they are not limited to the South Polar regions. There are seventeen known varieties, only two of which live in Antarctica. Others are found in the Falkland Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and other parts of the Southern Hemisphere.

★ AT his death in 1935 Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes left "to the United States of America" the sum of \$265,000. It has been decided to use the money to preserve Holmes' writings in a specially edited volume. Also, a small memorial park directly behind the Supreme Court building in Washington, D.C., is tentatively planned.

★ FARMERS, too, have their worries because of the styles in women's dresses. Short skirts mean a slump in the sale of cotton, because it takes less cotton to make a short skirt than to make a long one. Dieting also is lamented by the farmer, for every time a fat person diets off a pound of surplus flesh it means less money for the man who raises foodstuff and produces raw material for clothing.

★ JULIUS CAESAR had a method of disguising messages, and when his enemies succeeded in intercepting one of his written documents supposed to set out plans and instructions to his generals, they found it to be a jumble of unintelligible doggerel. The cipher he used seems ridiculously simple in comparison with the almost foolproof codes of today, but in those days when secret writing was unheard of, it was very successful.

★ A NEW hydraulic monster, powerful enough to flatten a locomotive boiler, and yet so gentle that it can crack a watch crystal without harming the works, was recently displayed by industrial research workers. Called the Templan precision metal-working machine, it is capable of exerting a force of 3,000,000 pounds in compression (pushing) and 1,000,000 pounds in tension (pulling); yet it is so delicately balanced it will record the pressure required to crack an egg. The three-story monster stands more than 40 feet high and 16 feet wide. In a demonstration before a group of army and navy officials, industrialists, and scientists, it ripped apart a riveted metal joint as easily as a child tears paper.

★ FROM June to October visitors to Carlsbad Caverns National Park in New Mexico behold one of the strangest natural wonders which America has to offer—the bat spectacle. Each evening at dusk throughout the summer, millions of bats stream upward from the caverns in a twisting, smokelike spiral which finally disintegrates as each bat goes its own way. The flight outward lasts for three hours. The bats make their nightly foray upon the desert insects, and by morning they have all returned; the tourist going through the caves during daytime hours will never suspect their presence. It has been estimated that during the summer months the bats consume a total of eleven and a half tons of insects nightly. The bat cave, in which naturalists say some three million bats spend the summer, is 180 feet below the surface and is kept closed to visitors.

★ HAVE you ever wondered how the Southern part of the United States came to be known as Dixie Land? The name originated with ten-dollar bills which were issued by the prosperous Citizens Bank of Louisiana before the Civil War. These bills were printed half in English and half in French, with the word "ten" on one side and the word "dix" on the other, "dix" being the French for "ten." At the time the ten-dollar notes of Louisiana's bank were the only bills that were not almost worthless, and so they spread throughout the South, where people soon began calling them "dixies." So, the land of the "dixies" finally came to be known as Dixie Land.

★ SINCE Germany has become so very practical, her few universities that are still open must renounce their old ideals of scholarship. The report comes from Heidelberg that the German Hotel Association has converted the local Schloss Hotel into a training school for hotel-keepers and is operating it in connection with the famous university. Degrees will be given to those who complete the course.

★ THE total philatelic value of all stamps in the possession of collectors and dealers in the world is estimated by Mauritz Hallgren in his recently published book, "All About Stamps," to be about \$900,000,000. He believes the value of those held by United States collectors and dealers alone to be at least \$225,000,000.

★ THE famous Soviet Institute of Experimental Medicine in Moscow, has announced a new treatment for carbon-dioxide poisoning. The sufferer's blood is extracted, cleansed of the poison, then reintroduced by transfusion. A successful experiment on a dog cleansed its blood in four minutes, fifty-five seconds.

★ PYRIDINE is the material from which scientists extract sulfapyridine, the "wonder drug" to fight pneumonia, and until recently it was considered merely an annoying waste product of steel-mill coke ovens.

★ WHEN the British Wool Control Board investigated a shortage of hand-knitting wools, they discovered that British women, knitting garments for the armed forces, had been overenthusiastic. In four months they consumed enough wool to equip an army of 5,000,000 men.

★ A PROCESS has been developed which speeds up 11,000 times the extraction of U-235, the element recently discovered by a Swedish scientist, which possesses 5,000,000 times the power output of coal. This new process promises to revolutionize methods of power production and to place in the hands of nations the most powerful fuel ever to be discovered.

★ A PORTRAIT of George Washington in Masonic regalia was recently discovered beneath a commonplace picture of medals purchased twenty years ago in a Philadelphia junk shop. The painting, which was purchased by Mrs. Helen L. Clark, an artist, because of its gold-leaf frame, gathered dust in an attic until several years ago when Mrs. Clark had need for the wooden stretcher that came with the frame. In removing the top canvas, she found that two layers of canvas were beneath the painting of medals, the center one being so dirty that its subject could not be recognized. As the layers of dust and dirt were removed, the portrait of the first President of the United States was revealed.

★ TELEVISION pictures have been projected on a screen $4\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 feet by reversing the same optical arrangement that astronomers employ in a star camera to discover exploding stars. Called the Schmidt camera, after a German astronomer who invented it a little more than ten years ago, it is, in a sense a combination of the reflecting and refracting telescopes, since it employs both a mirror and a lens. Doctor Schmidt found that by using, in front of a spherical mirror, a special lens of peculiar shape, partly convex and partly concave, the light rays are bent before they strike the mirror and in such a way that all are focused at the same point. The result is a camera of very high speed which covers a wide area of the sky.

★ THE Harry Ginsburg Memorial Prize was recently awarded to Sidney Smith, Jr., of Chicago, for the development of a method of blood-vessel surgery which, scientists believe, promises to simplify an extremely difficult operation. It is similar to the method employed by a housewife when she uses a "darning egg" in darning a torn sock. With Doctor Smith's new surgical technique, the two ends of the artery are threaded onto a slender rod of sugar coated with a thin film of bland oil to support the tissues. Held together in this way, the two ends can be sewn with "over-and-over" stitches, and when the clamps have been removed, the blood flow is resumed, which dissolves the sugar rod in ten to fifteen seconds. Different-size rods are prepared for different-size arteries. Doctor Smith was graduated from Rush Medical College in June.

ARE YOU Availing Yourself of the VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE HELP

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