The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N.Y.

Dick Donned His Mackinaw, Shouldered His Papers, and Went Out Into Woodward Avenue

Red Letter Day

By JOSEPH MOSSBERGER

DRIZZLE and sleet. Rows of high buildings fading up into gloomy murk. Streetcars grating by on Woodward Avenue. Red lights. Green lights. Automobiles starting and stopping, squeaking and tooting with rhythmic accents to the watery music of the tires rolling over the pavement. People under umbrellas—rushing. People holding hats—rushing. Large polychrome neon signs.

A little purple neon sign that blinked "Antonio's Place." A cracked plate-glass window and behind it a saucer of doughnuts, a lemon-meringue pie, a bowl of spaghetti, wilted sandwiches. A heavy door with a brass handle. Tables. Booths. A long counter. A glass case stuffed with Hersheys, Beechies, Snickers, Baby Ruths.

Revolving stools—all vacant.

Except one.

And upward from this particular stool was outlined the top portion of oversized trousers, a pair of green suspenders, a jersey sweater with heavy black hair spilling over the collar, and a battered felt hat that looked better from behind than from any other angle. Directly in front of this hat and a little under it was the face of Dick Lombardi. The eyes of Dick were the most remarkable features in his rather dashing ensemble—black, piercing eyes that glared ferociously at a cut of raisin pie across the counter. Except for his hair, which resembled a storm on an ebony sea, the rest of him was normal for a boy of thirteen. A fresh bundle of the evening *Press* lay by his right elbow. At a convenient distance was a platter being rapidly emptied of spaghetti.

Dick rolled the last lengths of spaghetti around his fork, gingerly hoisted the last cracker with his left hand, and concluded his dinner with the finesse of a top-rate epicure. He glared again at the raisin pie, and drew from his shirt pocket a roll of six one-dollar bills and a nickel.

Wish that nickel was a dime! thought Dick, as he took another long squint at the pie.

Six dollars and a nickel. That was all! The nickel was to go for the crackers and spaghetti. The six dollars—ah, at last the six dollars! Saved penny at a time; and to buy the beautiful harmonica in the jeweler's window—the silvery one with the sharps and flats and all that. Dick caressed the six dollars thoughtfully, shuffled them through his fingers. His eyes caught a glimpse of the calendar, a greasy-looking little calendar, above the counter mirror.

"Twenty-fourth!" mumbled Dick. "Twenty-five" was in red figures. "Playin' in the quartet tomorrow—Christmas carols—with the Beauty, maybe—on the radio someday—p'raps a solo—"

He reached unconsciously for the fifteen-cent harmonica in his hip pocket. From the little instrument soon floated out strains of Dick's favorite aria. He cupped his hands, trembled those long notes and petted them as he would a baby.

"Na-na-na-na-na-an-an-n-n-n-n-n-NO!" A high white hat and a Latin face appeared in the peephole of the kitchen. 'Da high one—da leetla one—he ees wrecked—keeled—murdered. Pulla heem! You pusha heem—maybe blow heem fulla da spaghett—like thees, see, ah-h-h-h-h—"

And Dick paused to get another lesson on his Italian aria. But ever as he lifted his eyes while reaching for the "leetla note" they fell on the dirty calendar and the red letters. And Dick thought of the dingy apartment and his grandmother who had cared for him ever since he could remember. Except for each other and the sunless rooms and the paltry earnings at paper selling, Dick and his grandmother had nothing in the world.

"She needs the slippers," sighed Dick, "really needs (*Turn to page 3*)

[NOTE.—Sometimes it is stimulating and heart quickening for those of us who enjoy more favored circumstances to catch a glimpse of how "the other half" lives. Lest you question, we assure you that this really happened, and that these are real people, who really talk just this way! EDITOR.]

LET'S TALK IT OVER

YOU can get along with a wooden leg, but you can't get along with a wooden head," declared Dr. Charles Mayo, one of the famous brother surgeons of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. *"It is the brain that counts!"*

This brain is without doubt the most marvelous machine in the universe, and compared with it, man's most highly lauded and complicated mechanisms seem crude and inefficient. For the brain is the wonderful, self-repairing, three-pound engine behind the forehead with which we do our thinking.

Physically speaking, it is composed of millions of cells, of which nobody uses more than a small fraction. Though some of the most learned and able scientists have spent long years in intensive study and research in an effort to solve the mysteries of this amazing mechanism, they have been able to discover but little about its actual operation.

Mentally speaking, it may be many things—a seat of government, a cathedral of worship, a workshop, a mint of ideas, a library of facts, a treasure house of memories, a place of order and harmony, or an unkempt, disordered place where unbridled thoughts run riot.

The mind, so scientists tell us, is continually undergoing construction and reconstruction. Each one of us is his own architect and is in absolute control of his mind building. We may build carefully, according to a definite, well-drawn plan, or we may leave this important construction project largely to chance, in which case the rooms of our mind-house will be added haphazard, and the edifice will be highly unsatisfactory as the dwelling place of orderly, worth-while thoughts.

What are *you* doing with *your* brain? For you have one, you know! And the use to which you put it will decide whether you succeed or fail in life.

A QUEER, almost uncanny machine is this intricate unexplainable brain of ours. It is so delicate and finely fashioned that it can be easily disarranged; yet, when trained and painstakingly developed, it is a mighty force, stronger than the strongest thing that man has ever made.

Men and women with seemingly hopeless handicaps have made their mark in the world. But no one has ever really succeeded who did not have a strong, sound mind.

Consider Philip Snowden, for instance. In the British Parliament there has never been through all the years a more heroic figure high lighted by self-conquest.

One day, while riding a bicycle over the hills and dales of his native Yorkshire, he had a slip and a fall. At that moment the modest career upon which he was just starting collapsed in ruin, for he was carried home to his bed, a cripple for life.

But his mind was still his own, and Snowden set about to salvage what he could. He determined to so train and strengthen this mind that it would help him to rise above physical infirmities. His biographer declares that he established over it the rule of an absolute dictator. "Day after day, for two years, he read up on socialism, economics, and politics. It was a graduation more exacting than any academic course of study. He was his own professor, his own tutor, and his degree was himself. With the will mastering the mind, the mind asserted again its mastery over body." And the well-equipped Snowden of our day not only held his place in Parliament as a champion of the common people, but in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer triumphantly, and hindered but slightly by his misfortune.

THE wisest man who ever lived declares that as a person "thinketh in his heart, so is he," and this point of the influence of the mind upon our physical being is well illustrated by a current experience which is being told in Army-Navy circles.

It seems that a group of Navy men, on a visit to friends in the Army Air Service, accepted with delight the invitation to ride in a plane. The Army hosts gave their guests "the works" —loops, tailspins, barrel rolls, Immelmann turns. When they landed, the Navy men, dizzy and pale, but duly appreciative, invited their friends to visit them and take a dive in a submarine.

From below decks the guests and their hosts heard the commands which sent the submarine to the diving area. Soon the guests noticed an anxious interest obviously centered on the depth gauge.

"These boats are designed to stand 200-feet pressure, but they can probably stand as much as 300," the skipper encouragingly assured his guests. But at 200 feet the collision alarm shrieked through the silence. In the erie gloom of the emergency lamps, escape lungs and instructions for their use were hurriedly given the guests. The needle now registered 260 feet—obviously the boat was in imminent peril. Then miraculously the gauge steadied, and with exasperating slowness the boat began to rise. The visitors' eyes remained riveted on the needle. At last, it indicated "surface," and the hatches were thrown open. They clambered joyously to the deck. The vessel was still quietly moored to the dock; *it had not moved an inch!*

If you allow yourself to think that you *can't* do a thing, you probably can't! But if you decide that you *can* do this or that, you have taken a long and sure step toward its accomplishment.

Hal Reynolds had a "C" average in his first two years of high school. His trouble was that he was convinced that he could not memorize, and when he came up against anything requiring memory exercise, he regarded it with a negative, halfhearted attitude as something beyond him.

One day one of his older friends made a remark about baseball. Hal was all attention, for he knew the batting averages of most of the big-league players, the standing of the teams and their records for several years back. When the visit ended, his friend remarked: "You have a wonderful memory, Hal."

"I—I always thought I had a poor memory," he stammered.

His friend laughed. "If you can remember abstract things like baseball percentages, nothing you have to memorize in school should bother you."

For the first time Hal considered the possibility that he might have as good a memory as the other fellows. He was slightly stunned by this new idea, but he went at the problem of studying in a positive instead of negative frame of mind.

Today Hal is an outstanding man of affairs in his chosen profession, with facts and figures in astonishing array at his mental finger tips, and a mind that is well trained and keenly alert.

WHAT are *you* doing with *your* mind, friend o' mine? Are you building a one-story intellect? a two-story intellect? or a three-story intellect with a skylight that will let in the sun of success and achievement?

Whoever coined the epigram, "The greatest undiscovered territory lies just under your hat," dropped a hint that each one of us would do well to consider personal—*don't you think?*

Lora E. Clement

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'em. But they're two dollars. That'll crimp my finances no end. Besides, it took two whole months to save these half-dozen greenies—yes-sir-ree! The big Beauty's same as mine. Wait'll I clamp my breathers around that 'un!"

With this thought Dick blended his last note into silence, while Tony, whose hat was knocked askew by the top of the peephole, grimaced savagely. "Da leetla one—da high one—" he garbled. Dick flipped him the nickel, donned his mackinaw, shouldered his papers, and went out to Woodward Avenue.

He headed into the street, yelling the while his papers, as slickers and galoshes swished past him. Right up to Larry's cubbyhole swaggered Dick. He halted, clicked his heels, saluted.

"Hi, Cap'n!"

"Hi, Sarj!"

"Nice day!"

"Yep!"

Dick sidled into the tiny hole in the wall that was dignified with the business of Larry McClanahan. It was Dick's wont often to watch Larry's business while this gentleman scooted up to Tony's for the famous nickel plate of spaghetti and crackers. Scooting was a bit faster with Larry than walking was with most persons. From the pedestal behind his magazine rack he swung himself with his powerful arms onto the improvised scooter and started paddling toward Tony's. "Oh, me, oh, my," he panted, "me stumps is achin'."

Dick watched the legless man navigate his way through the stream of pedestrians. "Poor fellow," murmured he, "wonder how he's doin'." Pulling out the box in which Larry kept his change, he counted one dollar forty-seven cents. "Hm-m-m-m-m, he'll never make it! Them pads is costin' a whale of a lot of money. Special-made 'uns—he said. Not much more'n he had here coupla days ago. Them ole pads he's wearin' is jist about goners, too!"

Dick glanced in the direction of Larry, who, by this time, was lost in the crowd and the drizzle. "I wonder —" mused Dick. He scraped up the money in the box, dropped it into his mackinaw pocket. Drawing the cubbyhole doors together, he listened for the click and withdrew the key.

Again on Woodward Avenue, this time without his papers, he half ran, half slid to catch the car that was just then clanging toward the downtown district. A whole seven cents, and Larry's money at that, Dick deposited in the conductor's glass compartment. With his conscience snarling at him and the passengers jostling him he was only too glad to disembark at Third and Grant. He raced to the store that had lettered on its big windows "Surgical and Orthopedic Appliances" —whatever that meant—and accosted a clerk immediately.

"Le's see 'em, mister, the ones for McClanahan!" Dick used the direct approach. "They're horse hide, padded special in back, springs on the bottom; an' he's got nine whole dollars paid on 'em! He tole me."

By this time the salesman had found the devices which had been made to fit Larry's stumps. He scrutinized the ticket on one of the straps. "Twenty-one dollars due," it read.

"Why did you want to see these things?" queried the salesman.

"Jist wondered—er, ah-h-h-h—jist wondered, maybe, I could p'raps finish payin' em up. I saved a awful lotta money!"

"And how much did you save?" The clerk became interested.

"Six dollars—an' two of 'em go fer granny's slippers, an' four of 'em go—er, ah-h-h-h—" Dick forgot himself. The jeweler's window and the beautiful harmonica with the sharps and the flats floated through his mind. "Yeh-h-h-h-h—" Dick's eyes kept talking, but his mouth had stopped. Finally he gulped, "Yeh-h-h, that's right, mister, four of 'em go—go fer Larry's stump shoes, I figger. If'n it's enough—" Dick felt for the dollar forty. Surely there was plenty of reserve. "I ah-h-h could go as high as ah-h-h—"

But the clerk had already stepped to the back part of the room and was speaking quietly to a gray-haired man behind a desk. Coming back after several minutes, he tore off the ticket, wrapped the leather articles, and shoved them toward Dick. "Funny, isn't it?" grinned the clerk. "Four dollars is the exact amount due!"

Minus his four hard-earned dollar notes, but with a heavy package and a heart not quite so heavy, Dick found himself back on the (*Turn to page 13*)

Our Refuge

By LUCILE HARMER-SHETLER

THE ocean seemed angry tonight. The roaring, rumbling waves crashed against the great rocks of the shore, making the ground tremble with their violence. Each swell seemed to gather force as it rolled in and became a billow more and more fierce until it seemed that they would leap over the rocks, catch us in their icy hands, and rush with us back to the dark, silent depths of the ocean. But each time the heaving mass was stopped at a certain point; each time the rushing waters were checked, and with an angry snarling and churning they returned again to the inky blackness from whence they came.

As we stood silently watching the turbulent scene, each of our hearts breathed a prayer of thankfulness for the hand that "hath compassed the waters with bounds." And it was sweet to know that our Father in heaven was watching over us.

It was a wild night in the mountains; the wind tore savagely through the trees; our way was illumined only by the flashes of lightning that cast an eery light on all the woods; the pounding of the rain and the rumbling of the thunder deafened our ears to each other's voices. Yes, it was a wild night to say the least, and as we stumbled along it seemed that the storm became worse and worse.

Suddenly, through the dripping, bowing trees we saw the dim light of our cabin. Joyfully we hastened on with it as our guide, and soon we were inside a cheery room, drying by a crackling fire, safe from the whistling wind and the pouring rain, sheltered from the storm.

Even so is our heavenly Father a shelter to us from the storms of life. "The eternal God is thy refuge," is a promise given to each of us. The admonition of Isaiah, a man who tried and proved God, is, "Trust ye in the Lord forever." The psalmist has said, "He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

A wonderful privilege is ours in accepting the promises so lovingly given and seeking shelter in Him who is the Master of all things, the Lord of earth and sea and sky, and our Saviour!

Happiness

By JOHN Z. HOTTEL

H. M. LAMBERT

Phillips Brooks Said That "Happiness Is the Flower of Duty"

HAPPINESS is the pleasurable experience that springs from the possession of inner satisfaction. It is more complete than comfort, enjoyment, or satisfaction. It is more rational and serene than pleasure. It is as much a duty to possess a cheerful and happy disposition as it is to pray. Such a disposition is one of the greatest assets to an individual at any time, and especially at this time when there are so many conditions in the world of a depressing nature. All of us should strive for the possession of happiness, and it is possible for all of us to have it.

Many books have been written on the quest of happiness. A recent one that came to my observation was written by a minister. He, like most other writers and speakers, emphasizes pleasure, wealth, social functions, and intellectual pursuits as the main sources of happiness, but we know that these pursuits have fixed their limits. David also wrote on the same subject: "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Yes, true happiness comes by having Christ in the heart and rendering loving service for Him.

A Hindu trader once asked a missionary, "What medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?" The missionary replied, "We use no medicine on our faces." "Yes, you must," said the trader. "I saw the missionaries in the various towns that I visited, and with no exception all their faces shone alike." The missionary then explained to the heathen that these happy faces were made possible by the happiness in the heart.

Phillips Brooks has said that "happiness is the flower of duty."

"While I sought happiness—she fled
Before me constantly.
Weary, I turned to duty's path,
And happiness sought me,
Saying, 'I walk the road today,
I'll bear thee company.'"

What do we need for happiness? Do riches bring happiness? The highest percentage of suicide occurs among the wealthy. A few dollars can go a long way if spent properly. We should train our senses to obtain much enjoyment from the common things around us. The sense of beauty is cheap. There is no cost to a sunset, no charge for looking at a tree, no tax for sitting by a river, no expense to listening to the birds. We should derive great pleasure from the small things of life, those things which God ordained in the beginning for the enjoyment of man. A tasty meal, a good deed done, friendship, a worthwhile book, a wholesome game—these should be sources of joy. During the past summer I have received no greater enjoyment than that derived from the eight families of birds that built nests in the trees and shrubbery around our home, especially the two wren families living in the gaily painted hanging gourds. I looked forward to the day of their return. They were so cheerful and happy to find their homes here, cleaned and painted and ready for them. The father wren sang untiringly while the mother hatched the young, and then on a certain morning the tiny bits of fluffy feathers made their debut one by one from the tiny hole of the gourd. We should simplify our tastes. Earl Musselman was born blind, but later received his sight. He was perplexed to find people oblivious to the beauties around them, such as colors, flowers, trees, fields, rivers, mountains, skies, sunsets, moonlight, and the sea. He speaks of the blindness of the soul with regard to these things. Yes, it is our duty to train our souls to appreciate the ordinary things in our daily lives.

Helen Keller says that it is a pleasure, in one sense, to be stricken blind, deaf, and dumb. Her friend tells how after a long walk in the woods, she would feel the symmetry of a leaf, the smooth skin of a silver birch, the shaggy bark of a pine. She would search for a bud, or feel the quiver of a bird on a small tree. These things brought her much inspiration and satisfaction.

A certain man was asked what he would do and see if he had only three days of sight left to him. He replied that the first day he would visit his friends and enjoy their kindness and companionship. He would look into their hearts. He (*Turn to page 13*)

"NOTHING SACRED"

By H. B. Lundquist

AS a friend who was motoring rounded a sharp curve on a wide highway, there suddenly leaped out at him from a roadside sign these two words: "NOTHING SACRED." It is beside the point, and yet not quite, that it was an advertisement for a current movie. Although the author of the play, without a doubt, would deny its obvious implication, yet there it stood as a waymark on the smooth causeway over which the world is traveling, indicating at least the unspoken thought of many who hurtle along aimlessly toward to them an unknown, and—certainly, if they could know—an undesired, destination.

Another way of phrasing that cynical thought would be, "Nothing really matters. God knows my heart, and whom does it harm if I stay away from church? There are too many hypocrites among those who go to church, and most of those who attend will not notice whether I am there or not." If I reason thus, I miss the point entirely that church attendance is an appointment with God in the keeping of which the coming and going of others is an incidental and entirely secondary consideration.

Or perhaps the ignoble query thrusts itself upon me when I am evaluating the pros and cons of a question, "If I do this or that, what benefit will accrue to me? What is there in it for me?" and ruthlessly insists on an answer, even though it involve the rights of others. For others are involved in everything that affects me, and they have the same rights that I have.

Among the rights of others which certainly must be considered in all my personal decisions are their conscientious convictions. In this mechanized, regimented age, it would almost appear that the individual had been submerged; but a high military authority recently wrote that if in other wars morale was ten times more important, in this one it was twenty times more important.

Some years ago when a leading New York financier was testifying before a Congressional committee, he was asked what collateral security he exacted of a certain man who had secured a loan. When he intimated that he had required none, he was pinned down to a more exact declaration. He then made this surprising declaration: "If that man came to me tomorrow and asked for two million dollars, even though his pledged word were the only security he offered, I would give it to him; for I know he would pay it back."

The greatest thing in the world is still man; and the greatest thing in man is his conscience. A man with a good conscience is a great man in the true sense of the word. And, all the armaments and military machines and regimented governments to the contrary notwithstanding, such a man will continue to be the foundation and cornerstone of society to the end of time. So, let us safeguard and respect this treasure of others whenever we are in a position to do them good or evil.

After all is said and done, the things worth living for are imponderable. They cannot be weighed or measured with ordinary scales and measures; for they are too valuable and extensive. Earth's instruments do not have digits enough to comprehend them.

Liberty, friendship, peace of mind, loyalty, confidence, faith in God, health, work, service—what a galaxy of things desirable, and how utterly impossible to imagine a world in which they do not exist! And yet, they cannot be purchased or sold. They are a good man's imperishable heritage, and their enjoyment is not dependent on political loyalty or geographical location. They can be enjoyed equally by the humble, homespun Peruvian Indian and the inhabitant of a metropolitan penthouse, by the young man serving his God under the withering hail of shot and shell on the battlefield and by his more favored brother on farm or in shop or office. What a hideous thing life becomes when these intangibles disappear, or are eclipsed by their counterfeits—license, self-love, unbelief, disloyalty, and love of ease!

"Nothing Sacred" leads inevitably and inexorably to another equally deplorable dead end; namely, There is nothing worth standing for. Naturally if there is no one to cherish, no one to whom to be loyal, no one for whom to labor, no principle worth striving to attain, then there is nothing for which to stand. Life has ceased to have any meaning, and becomes a burden, and death is looked forward to as a sweet release, the *summum bonum*, the only desirable end to existence. Without a doubt the mere expression of this concept causes us to recoil with horror from it. It is the real Trojan horse, the real fifth column, that we must fear. The subtle poison of aimlessness and purposelessness will swiftly and surely destroy the one who indulges it.

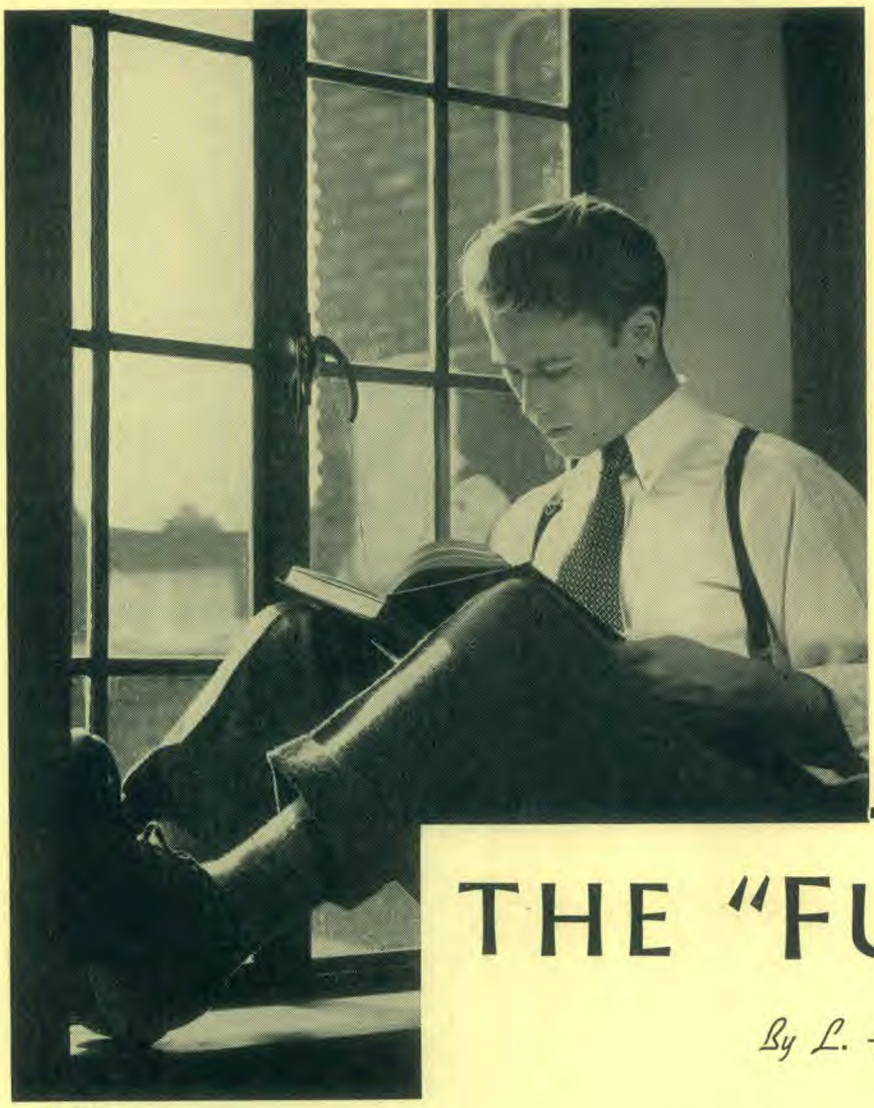
The concept that there is nothing sacred is not pagan; for even the pagan has deities. It is not atheistic; for even the atheist has moral standards. It is just plain degeneracy in all its naked deformity, the negation of everything man has striven and stood for since the dawn of history. And while it would be difficult to find anyone who will admit that it is a trend, it is, and a very noticeable one. And we are unconsciously affected by current trends unless we put a decided resistance up against them.

Yes, things do matter, and so much so that in order to maintain these priceless treasures, we should be willing to suffer death as did those Christains for whom the fires of Smithfield were kindled, or for whom the wild-beast dens beneath the ancient Colosseum were opened.

There is something decidedly worse than dying at the stake; for there is a resurrection day for the martyrs of

Jesus. But for those who stifle the still small voice struggling to keep alive the things that the great majority are trying to live without, there is only the horror of final destruction.

Some time ago when an ancient building was being demolished in the Levant, the skeleton of a human being was found in the foundation. And in some way, the story of how this came to pass has come down to us. A Spanish slave boy, when he arrived at manhood's estate, took his stand for the hated Christ. The Moors were so enraged by this demonstration of "perfidy" that they offered him as the only alternative to a renunciation of his Saviour, the horrible fate of being buried alive. The mute testimony of his skeleton indicates how he decided that momentous question. The word "martyr" in the beginning meant "witness;" for to (*Turn to page 12*)



H. M. LAMBERT

Won't You Make a Covenant With Your Eyes and With Your God Now—Today?

THE "FUNNIES"

By L. A. Wilcox

IS it wrong to read the funny paper?" I knew how she wanted me to answer the question by the way she asked it. And I might have answered her in the way she hoped I would; my answer would have been pleasing, but it would not have been right. Because I believed it was an honest question, I gave it an honest answer. And because you may be interested in the same question, I pass my answer on to you. I am sure it is the right answer. I do not see how there can be any other.

I appreciated her coming to me with such a question. I know, of course, just as you do, that a great many of our young people, perhaps the majority of them, are reading weekly, if not daily, the comic strip, not thinking that it is wrong, or just not thinking. You would be surprised how few people think—or want to think. Her question evidenced thinking, and a conscience. I wish I knew that more young Adventists were asking, "Is it wrong to read the funny paper?"

If you knew it was wrong, would you do it? If I prove to you that it is wrong, will you continue to do it?

I maintain that it is wrong. Why? I offer, in proof of my convictions, fourteen points:

1. It is *useless.* Isn't it? If it isn't, of what use is it? Mental relaxation? Is there no more refined type? Humor? Is there no higher, cleaner type? I must confess to a sense of humor. But when I laugh, I want something to laugh at. I want something that is really funny. I want something worth my while for my looking or listening. I have discussed this subject with many a person, but never yet have I heard a single one contend that this practice was useful. No, not even the most purposeless addict. He may fall back on the old saw that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." The "funnies" are nonsense, I admit, but they are silly and disgusting rather than amusing.

2. It is a *waste of time.* Isn't it? If it is useless, it certainly is. Time is talent, a gift from God, to be put to the exchangers. Time is precious, for it can never be recalled. Time is priceless, for there is little of it left. Next time your eyes turn toward the comic section, may some good angel flash before your vision the Spirit's warning, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."

3. It is *cheapening,* because the "funnies" are cheap. There is humor that teaches a moral. There are pictures that interest as well as edify. But where is there any idealism in the funny paper? Where will you find any intellectual or aesthetic pretext, to say nothing of any Christian excuse, for reading them? But supposing there is a hidden moral. Why search for gold in a tar bucket when you may find it in the running streams? Why admit by the practice of perusing the "funnies" that your sense of humor is a ten-year-old's?

4. It is *worldly.* Isn't it? Did anyone ever claim anything else for it? "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." 1 John 2:15-17. Think *that* over!

5. It is *wrong,* because by beholding, we become changed. We become like what we look at, think about. Unconsciously, subconsciously, we are the sum total of all we have taken into our minds by the avenue of any of the five senses. I know small boys who have got into sad, sore trouble by attempting to re-enact the scenes of the comic section in real life. I believe that the magazine section of the Sunday newspaper and the comic strip are worse influences upon a good many minds than the cheap unillustrated story, for the simple psychological reason that it is usually easier to remember pictures already made for us than pictures which our own imagination must conceive.

6. It *is wrong,* too, because its perusal may easily lead us unconsciously into the use of the rough language employed by its heroes and heroines. Because nearly everyone reads the funny paper, just as nearly everyone listens in to Amos and Andy and certain other radio entertainers, we come to feel that we must be up to date on the latest phrases, allusions, and wisecracks. "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil." "Let your speech be alway with grace."

7. It is *questionable.* Else why do people ask if it is wrong to read it? The wise Christian will play safe. The Christian will give God the benefit of the doubt. (*Turn to page 12*)

DEATH *in the Quicksand*

By MARENUS H. JENSEN

NUT-GATHERING time had arrived, and the old covered wagon was being fitted out for the seventy-mile trip up into the hills, where we planned to spend several weeks gathering nuts for market. This was an exciting time for us boys. We were eager to be on our way. We understood that we would be miles from the nearest town and that houses were few and far between. And that is not all. We were familiar with the fact that the hills were infested with large timber wolves and that mountain lions were there also. This trip was to be a real adventure.

However, all this did not seem to disturb our minds or dampen our enthusiasm in any way—at least not till the campfire stories were finished the first night out. (These were not Missionary Volunteer campfire stories.) As I now recall some of the hair-raising, bloodcurdling wolf, panther, and Indian tales, I rather surmise that they were not calculated to ease our minds before we crawled under the wagon to sleep—or to attempt to sleep. We were keyed to such a high pitch of excitement that every sound had ominous meaning. We welcomed the glow in the east.

At the end of a slow, rough, and hazardous journey, we were fortunate in finding a beautiful camping place. Our camp was located between two rather large mountains, where a clear mountain stream emptied into the Colorado River. However, our first night there was not very pleasant. The mosquitoes were plentiful and vicious. The night was so warm and sultry that it was difficult to protect ourselves under cover. There was plenty of action in the camp that night. Those mosquitoes caused more real difficulty than the wolves, panthers, and Indians all combined.

About midnight a welcome sound was heard—a breeze that seemed to be taking on the proportions of a gale. The relief was so welcome that none of us were even anxious about the pending storm. Soon the entire camp was fanned into a cool, comfortable sleep. All was quiet. Each one was making the most of the sudden drop in temperature.

Imagine our surprise when we awoke next morning to find that our cooling breeze was only the roar of a waterfall made audible by the sudden lowering of the river, which had been on a rise! And I might add that since that night I have been a firm believer in the power of suggestion.

But to come more directly to the quicksand tragedy:

After breakfast one of the old-timers called us boys together and took us down to the edge of the stream. In front of us was a field of almost snow-white sand. He said, "That is quicksand. While it appears dry on top, it's full of water. And if you venture out on it, there's danger of your sinking. There's death in that sand, and don't forget it."

Pointing across the stream to where there appeared to be an old abandoned road, he told us of a pioneer who attempted a crossing at that particular point. He thought the sand would be safe, and did not stop to investigate. But he did not make the crossing. Somewhere down in that quicksand were the man, his wife, his children, and his team. They had all gone down to a slow and terrible death. Our friend counseled us to stay off that stretch of sand.

The horrors of death in quicksand were not unknown to us. One man had lost his life, and another had almost lost his, in the endeavor to put in a bridge only a few hundred yards from our home. We knew how harmless quicksand appears to be—how one does not seem to be sinking at first, but the longer he dabbles in it, the more dangerous it becomes. We knew that to be in only ankle-deep is to be in dangerously deep. We knew that it was almost impossible to save a person once he had started down. Yes, we boys knew all this.

Yet it was not long before we were curious. Just what would it be like to get out on that sand? Of course it would take some courage to venture out. So we began to dare one another to try it. We were so foolish as to think it cowardly not to take a dare, and clever, smart, and brave to disregard all counsel, advice, and warning.

Of course we took only a step or two at first, but it was not long till the most venturesome of the group was making a circle several feet out. The sand was soon worked up to a gelatinlike loblolly. Water was boiling out in hundreds of miniature volcanoes. With every step we took, the sand grabbed and held tight. But what a thrill! When one of the boys ventured out just a few steps farther and it took all the energy and strength he could muster to get back to the bank, a cheer went up from the rest of us, "Bravo, bravo." And as soon as the hero (?) could catch

How Foolish to Risk the Peace, Joy, and Happiness of Even This Life by Tampering With Sin!

his wind and stand up, his chest would swell with pride. He was no coward. What he had done was nothing. Just wait till he got his wind again, and he would really show us something.

We kept this up day after day in spite of the mosquito attacks we endured at night. As we would try to sleep, we would imagine ourselves going down in the sand. First only one foot to the ankle. But by the time that foot was out, the other would be in halfway to the knee. And as we would struggle frantically to get that one out, the other one would sink even deeper. Soon we were in up to our waists, and then to our shoulders, and breathing would become difficult. Our hearts would pound. With every breath we took, the sand seemed to tighten around us. We were sinking. Each struggle was carrying us down. Soon the water and sand were trickling into our mouths. We could no longer call for help. Then we were snuffing it up our noses. We could look to the bank only a few feet away, but could not move, speak, or even breathe, and we were extremely conscious of the fact that we were doomed to die.

By this time we were worked up to such a nervous frenzy that we were ready to leap out of our covers and give vent to our feeling in screams, for such is death in the quicksand, and we knew it.

But the next day we would be out playing in the sand as usual, daring each other to go *just a little farther.* Finally we came to feel that we knew all there was to know about quicksand. No one could tell us anything. We knew how fast one must walk through this treacherous sand to keep from sinking and just how many trips it was safe to make. In short, we knew all there was to know. We deeply resented having anyone speak to us about our danger. We were perfectly able to take care of ourselves. We had sought no advice, and cared for none.

One day we located a bee tree, and another lad and I decided we would not gather nuts that day, but would get some honey for the camp. That morning the rest of the campers went about three and a half miles down the river to work, and we prepared to cut the bee tree.

Now this tree was on the opposite side of the bed of quicksand. However, we could have gone up the stream a quarter of a mile and crossed on the rocks. But, no, we knew all the tricks of the sand. So we started straight across. All went well until we were about halfway over. Then we suddenly realized that we were sinking. We tried going faster, but with each step we sank deeper. The sand was gripping our feet tighter. Soon we could go no farther. The horrible realization then dawned upon us that we were going down in quicksand. We struggled frantically to get one foot out, only to have the other go even deeper. Soon we were in to our knees. We were losing in the struggle!

The nearest town was about twenty or thirty miles distant, and the nearest house about eight or ten. Our nearest help was the pecan pickers, and they were three and a half miles down the river, and would not be back for several hours. They could not hear us call; and even if they could, at the rate we were sinking it was doubtful if they could get there before we were gone. And what could they do to help us even though they could get there? If they attempted to come out to us, they would only become additional victims of the vicious sand. We had already sunk so deep that we could not be pulled out with a rope or anything else thrown to us from the bank. But all these maybe's and might be's were useless!

Thoughts were going through our minds at a rapid pace. Not only did the past come up for review, but we considered the immediate future. What would father and mother think or do? By the time they came into camp, not a track or a trace would be left of us. How fast we were sinking! The water and sand were now running into our pockets. The sand was tightening around us.

The thought of death in the quicksand was driving us frantic. Our minds were becoming flighty, reason was slipping, for every attempt to escape not only was futile, but seemed to make bad matters worse. The slightest move car- (*Turn to page 12*)

OUR reading should not be done in haphazard fashion. Each year we should select certain courses or departments of reading such as poetry, history, essays, travel, biography, or philosophy. Then in each department we should make specific choice, such as English poetry, limiting our authors to the number we might easily cover during the year; Roman history; American essays; and so on. Then one can read according to his mood and still keep within the selected course; that is, if he feels like reading poetry, he will read English poetry, if history—Roman history, if essays—American. By following a plan of this sort one gives liberty to his mood and unity to his reading.

Books need loving and reading—that is what THEY most need. We need to love them and read them —that is what WE need. They lure us away from ourselves and the tasks we are everlastingly at. They teach us the humanities, and show us what other folks need and what we can do to help them.

The value of your reading will be increased manyfold if you will keep a topical index or concordance of the best ideas and comments you find in books. Let me suggest that you freely underscore or otherwise mark your own books as you read them, regardless of the fact that you have always been taught to keep them immaculately clean. If you think the thoughts you are finding on the printed pages may later be used to advantage when you wish to prepare an address, write an essay, or teach a class, do not hesitate to indicate it by some form of marking.

In addition to the underscorings write over in the margin the name of the topic, or subject on which the lines you have marked seem to have the most direct bearing or possible application, such as "love," "truth," "success," education," etc. Next provide yourself with a small loose-leaf notebook with index. Under "B" list all the books in your library both by name and number, that is, all the books you expect to keep permanently. I advise this for two reasons. The concordance you are about to make can be abbreviated by using numbers instead of titles, and in case a volume should be lost from your collection, you can turn to this list and find the name of the missing book. Borrowed books and books that you have taken from the public library to read, will not be so listed, and when building up your concordance, you will need to refer to them by name rather than by number.

Part Six

How Flora Lost God

"And pity them as angels do
Men who have never seen God's face."

FLORA had anticipated, with great satisfaction, having a home of her own. Now she and Gene were housekeeping in an upstairs apartment in the home of Fuller Atherton, Gene's married brother. A cozy, comfortable place it grew to be, too, for Flora's fingers were clever at arranging touches of loveliness. All day long she softly sang old Gaelic ballads and the hymns she had learned in her childhood. Then, too, she knew a more modern repertoire that had been sung at John Gough's lectures. These melodies made the hours beautiful, and Flora was content to stay at home just being happy while Gene worked away at his place of business; though, truth to tell, he did not care for either the history, biography, or anatomy of shoes. He preferred to stay at home, sitting by the warm fire or working in the orchard or the garden; but his pet pastime consisted of sitting on a stone wall and watching his game fowl strut about their enclosure. He loved his colorful brood better than he did shoes or garden or orchard, though he did train and prune the flowers and the trees. So there was a promise of happiness for Gene and Flora both. Gene was exceedingly proud of his golden-haired, rosy-cheeked wife, and showed kindness and thoughtfulness about the home, at first.

The days and months of summer passed, lingering here and there in long twilights, with Gene outside, whistling, and Flora in the house, sitting by the lamp, sewing. When autumn came, Gene revealed a plan that had obsessed him for some time.

"Flora," he said, "I am buying some Malay game fowl. We must keep them segregated from the Brahmas and the brown Leghorns, or there won't be any Brahmas and Leghorns. These Malays may bring us a good deal of money later."

Game fowls meant nothing to Flora. She knew that Gene was an authority on breeds and habits of all kinds of chickens, for fowl fanciers came from distances to consult him, but the use and destiny of these fowl meant nothing to her. They were all alike, just chickens.

"All right," she replied. "I shall see that they are kept apart."

Next morning a new addition to the chicken yard contained a dozen new hens and two varicolored cocks, each of which proclaimed himself leader. They finally faced each other and began the usual motions preliminary to pugilistic action, whereupon Flora shut one of them in a chicken house, where it remained until Gene came home.

"These are beautiful fowl," Flora remarked. "Are they good producers?"

Gene laughed. "They produce, all right," he answered, "and we can use the eggs this fall and winter, but in the spring we must save them for setting."

When Flora told him about the quarrel in the poultry yard, Gene told her that he would have to build a fence to keep the two cocks apart. "I don't want them to fight until they are ready," he added.

"Why, what do you mean, Gene?" questioned Flora.

"Don't you know these are fighting fowl?" asked Gene, looking at her in surprise. Flora shook her head. She had never come in contact with game fighting.

"Why! I—I don't believe I like that!" she ejaculated. "You don't mean that these birds will fight each other?"

Gene nodded. "Lots of money in it," he answered, and went back to his newspaper.

Somehow after that Flora could not enjoy the beautiful, colorful fowl any more. The thought of their being trained to fight was repulsive to her. She turned to her household duties with a heavy heart. Sometimes Gene would find her eyes fixed upon him with a strange, interrogating expression, and it irritated him.

After discussions which lasted intermittently for several days and ended in unpleasantness, Flora finally accepted the situation as part of the everyday, but she refused to have anything to do with the newcomers in the chicken yard.

Excepting for this circumstance, Flora's life was moving along evenly, and she began to adjust herself in the staid, clannish family with more or less success. She was contented with her roses and pansies, and the few friends who happened her way. She avoided religious discussions, for she had already learned that to mention God or prayer or heaven simply aroused a deep-seated antagonism, which flowered into ridicule or impatient words.

Now and then her thoughts would turn back toward the home she had left—how many years ago? Five, six?

Jean wrote often, and sometimes a letter would come from Cassie Macqueen. A great tenderness seemed to have awakened in her mother's heart toward Flora, the one who was "far awa'." Flora treasured Cassie's letters.

"I wish I could see mother, now that I know she cares something about me!" Flora thought to herself. Somehow she had not succeeded in getting very close to Mother Atherton.

Since Gene did not go to church, and since Sunday was the big day at Mother Atherton's, Flora soon gave up religious meetings. These Sunday gatherings at Gene's mother's tended to draw the various family memberships closer together in pleasant association, but Flora felt that she needed spiritual fellowship, which was almost wholly lacking. She realized that a line of division separated her from her husband's relatives. Try as she would, she could not bridge the chasm between her and them.

One day she was kneeling by the bed, praying. Disappointment, unsatisfied longing, heart hunger, had been eroding her Christian experience. She needed help for her soul, and there was no one to whom she could turn.

"After all," she whispered to herself, "I am still a stranger in a strange land," and she turned to the God of her girlhood for help. As she knelt there, Gene came into the room. The sight of the kneeling figure filled

him with rage and resentment. Lifting his foot, he kicked savagely at the woman he had promised to love and cherish.

"Get up!" he exclaimed ferociously. "You hypocrite!"

Flora rose from her knees and looked at him. "Very well," she said. "I will give up religion, and we shall see what will come of it. You have asked for it —demanded it—now, abide by the results!"

Gene never saw her on her knees again. A few weeks later her little girl was born. In her bitterness she called her baby Marah.

"For I have eaten bitter waters," she said.

For a few years Flora stayed quietly in her home, caring for her little girl. She taught the child to pray when Gene was absent, and Marah understood that this was something in which her father had no part and of which he would not approve.

Next door to the Athertons lived Grandfather and Grandmother Glidden. These two kindly old people were interested in Flora, and they loved Marah. As soon as the little one was old enough, they began to take her to church with them, and Marah loved it all! She would sit quietly through the long church service, watching the colors and the pictures in the stained-glass windows. Then she would listen to the choir, as it sang words which would remain with her through life.

In the children's department she learned the songs that the Sunday school teacher taught the children; and she heard the sweet old stories that have kept the world happy and hopeful through the ages. The one she loved best was the story of the little Child who was born in a manger. These stories gripped Marah's heart as she listened, and they put something into her life that would develop into woman's faith in God by and by, as it was flowering to child faith now.

Sometimes she would hear her mother sing when Gene was away, but the sound of hymns grew less frequent, for Flora was going into the world "for all there is in it," she asserted.

As soon as Marah began to attend school, Flora left her in the care of Fuller Atherton's wife and took up her profession, for Gene's business became less and less remunerative. He did not object to Flora's leaving home. In fact, it was somewhat of a relief to him. Much of the time he was not well, and he turned his attention more and more to his chickens. Finally, he gave up his other work, excepting for those sporadic periods when Flora happened to be at home.

Even when Flora was at home, Gene did not see much of her, for her time was occupied with her bridge-playing friends.

Then Fuller, Gene's brother, became ill and went back to live with his mother. The house was disposed of, and Gene and Flora moved into a place by themselves. Fuller's wife went into business, and Marah—well, Marah became a problem.

Flora began to think about taking her little girl back to Cassie MacQueen. "As she is the only granddaughter, Cassie would love her," thought Flora. "I cannot give her the attention she needs, and I do want her to grow up nicely. Gene's people—well, they have their own problems; and I want her to be a Christian. Perhaps I had better take her back to Cape Breton." A sudden longing for the old home swept over Flora. The cleanness, the innocence, the purity, of it all!

Then the word came that Cassie MacQueen had died, suddenly, as had Malcolm years before. Jean wished to come to the States to live with Flora. Flora, though glad that her problem was solved, grieved for her mother, and turned again to the world for comfort.

It was about this time that Fuller Atherton died and was buried with Protestant ceremonies, in spite of the family prejudice against religion. In death, if not in life, they had respect to God!

Flora welcomed Jean with open heart and arms. Marah looked at her tall aunt, and listened curiously to the soft Scotch burr. She sat for hours while the two sisters eagerly discussed old times and friends in a language she could not understand, for they would be speaking the old Gaelic tongue.

Jean had followed the religion of her parents, and was a strict churchwoman. Now, sometimes she persuaded Flora to attend church.

"Flora," she would say, "your life will be ruined if you do not change your ways. In time you will surely be disillusioned; things are not as you planned and hoped they would be, but that is no reason for throwing away *all* good." But Flora ignored Jean's advice and lived bitterly and cynically.

"Life has cheated me," she averred. "Life has not been fair to me."

"Have you been fair to life, Flora?" questioned Jean.

"I married a man who is not a Christian," replied Flora, "and now I am paying for it. Gene isn't a bad man, but he hates religion. He believes in being honest and upright, but he hates Christianity. We don't agree on anything any more. Religion is the only basis for happy home life."

Jean cared for Marah efficiently. She brought a calm, even atmosphere into the home, and she and her brother-in-law were congenial, though she kept an old-fashioned barrier of austerity between them.

Although Flora had thrown away her religious convictions, conditions between her and the Athertons grew first cold, and then intolerable. She was now associating with people who had dropped the conservatism which the Athertons regarded so highly. Finally, she stopped going to Mother Atherton's "Sundays."

"I'm busy, and tired," her excuse would be. So the breach widened between her and her husband's people, and between her and God!

(To be continued)

COUNSEL CORNER

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

A social which I recently attended has raised a question regarding the proper songs for Christians to sing. We are in the habit of singing such songs as "Juanita," "There's a Long, Long Trail," and others. What about Stephen Foster songs and cowboy ballads? It seems to me that some of the Negro spirituals, when sung by white persons, can be definitely sacrilegious. Is it not possible also to render the unobjectionable songs in such a way as to make them inappropriate for a Christian gathering? Is it proper at one of our gatherings to sing at the top of our voices in a fast tempo with the accompaniment of a banjo-uke?

Music exerts a very definite influence upon the lives of those who participate in its use, either by playing it, by singing it, or by listening to others render musical numbers. Because of this definite influence, Christians will choose only that type of music which will exert an influence for good. This does not mean necessarily that one will never participate in the use of any music other than sacred numbers. On page 392 of the book "Messages to Young People" we read: "It is not essential to our salvation, nor for the glory of God, to keep the mind laboring constantly and excessively, even upon religious themes." I would conclude from this that it is proper for us to use secular music of the right kind, and I believe that such numbers as you have suggested in your letter, "Juanita," "There's a Long, Long Trail," etc., are proper for us to use at one of our social gatherings.

As suggested in your question, a great deal depends upon the way in which these proper songs are rendered. It is an easy thing to participate in and cultivate a spirit of levity and frivolity, which grieves the Spirit of God and separates us from Him. This may be done even in the use of sacred numbers. Much depends upon the conduct and the attitudes of the young people who participate in our socials. I believe that God wants us to have a good time, but He wants us to have a good time doing good and being good and cultivating a taste for the things which are edifying and uplifting, whether they be sacred or secular. Thus our Christian experience will be much firmer and more progressive.

I believe with you that often the way Stephen Foster's songs are played and sung is sacrilegious. There is a tendency today to resort to swing and jazz music, which has become so extremely syncopated that many of the very worth-while compositions are taken completely out of their original setting and serve only the purpose of the devil. Christian young people will surely refrain from participating in such usage, and will play and sing these fine secular songs and spirituals in their original setting and with the spirit injected into them by the composer. There is no room in the life of a sincere Christian for jazz or swing music.

It seems to me that there is a real need to exercise care in the use of cowboy ballads, which are becoming so very popular. The sentiment of many of these ballads is almost vulgar, and the words are so cheap that they can only result in degrading those who sing them or who listen to them. There are a few, however, that are in no sense sentimental or low, and these may be used, I believe, with safety. We must learn to exercise the same discretion in the use of music as in our selection of reading, and to choose that which will help us to be a blessing to our fellows and an honor to God.

I do not know that we should condemn the use of the banjo-uke. It is not the instrument which is at fault, but the way it is often played. The majority of people who use such instruments only strum chords on them and follow a certain rhythm which savors of cheap jazz music. It is possible, however, for one who studies the use of such instruments to acquire an ability to play the melody with an accompaniment, so that the music is very beautiful and elevating.

Let us in all that we do in connection with our societies, endeavor to uphold high ideals that will serve as a guide to our young people in making their individual choices in life. In this way our social gatherings will be made "social to save."

C. LESTER BOND.

PHOTO BY H. A. ROBERTS

Juniors

The West Window

By AVA M. COVINGTON

HALLIE was born on a farm in Vermont, during the summer of 1876. As she grew up there on the hillside, she became accustomed to the beauty of maple woods, hilly pastureland watered by cascading brooks, winding, shaded roads, and, over across the Connecticut River to the east and to the south, far vistas of the green New Hampshire hills.

Hers being a New England home, it naturally would be industrious. Not that other sections of our land of freedom are not industrious, but somehow, industry and frugality have become synonymous with New England. But Hallie's home was industrious by necessity as well as by choice. And long hours of labor never seemed to make the family less appreciative of the beauty that surrounded them or unmindful of the Giver of all the good things of life or of the opportunities that lay ahead. If sometimes there were griefs, and sometimes the disappointments of effort spent for nought, there was always love to heal the wounds, and always there was courage for new endeavor.

It was habitual for those who were at home to gather in the evenings for the hour together that, more than anything else, makes the family circle what it should be. And no matter what the difficulties of the day might have been, that hour seemed to bring a remedy for them all.

One of the memories that Hallie treasured most was of the times spent at what was then and ever after to her the West Window. On Friday evenings especially, the work all done, father away "holding an effort," the little group would gather at this one special window to watch the sunset, Mother in her rocking chair with Hallie on one side in hers and Brother standing on the other, and little Mamie, who didn't stay with them very long, in her crib near by. As they watched the changing colors, Mother would tell of the glories of the eternal city, with its gates of pearl and its foundations of precious stones, and how, if they were faithful, they would all be there together, not only with Father, who was away from home so much of the time, but also with Freddie, who had died before they knew him, but whom they loved because their mother loved him and talked of him so much.

Then there were the evening worships when Father was at home, when each one sat with his hymnbook—"Better Than Pearls," it was—and they sang the songs that were as dear to them as their hopes were vivid and real. Father would tell of Ellen G. White and her testimonies that not only were being given to the people, but were being printed so that everyone could read them. The "cause," the work, South Lancaster Academy, Battle Creek College, the sanitarium—all became household words with them, and the ideals those words stood for, in so far as children could understand, came to be a part and parcel of their being.

It is on memories and associations such as these that lives of devotion are built. Hallie cherished them all her life. There might be a thousand beautiful sunsets afterward, but there could be only one West Window from which to view them, and that was "back on the farm," where, through the eyes of a devoted and deeply religious mother, she saw God so thinly veiled.

Grandmother, who lived in the home until her death when Hallie was five, was one of the first Sabbathkeepers in that section of the State. Hallie's parents were closely associated with some of those who had pioneered the work of the third angel's message in New England. Before becoming a Seventh-day Adventist minister, her father had been a teacher and superintendent of schools, and her mother had taught school for several years. So, by background and association, and the atmosphere of the home, Hallie was directed into those activities that she later followed.

But do not think that there was not plenty of fun and frolic to be had. In winter a gentle slope near the house made a wonderful place to slide; and a near-by spring spilled its waters over the ground for skating, although the older folk called it just wearing out shoes. Then such great caverns could be dug into the snowdrifts—drifts that reached the second-story windows when the wind was right. And it was fun to all get into the sleigh, and drive through the fields, right over the fence tops if the crust was strong, and into the new fairy world of glistening white bushes and trees that surrounded the little farm.

In spring there were lambs to pet—and to butt you over as they outgrew you; colts and mother horses that put their soft noses through the bars to be caressed; flowers and strawberries to be gathered. And down in the lower pasture, under the two elms, was a great pile of stones, where, with a board or two, such a fine store could be kept where one could buy and sell the most wonderful merchandise in the world.

There was a whole family of dolls—Mary Mitter and Tina Tinkham heading the list—to be dressed and fed and tended to.

And, best of all, there were books—books full of "pieces" to be learned, books that told you of other countries where people wore strange hats and ate with sticks, or lived in ice houses, dressed all in furs, and drove about on sledges drawn by dogs. One book told Hallie of David, and Daniel, and John on the Isle of Patmos, and of many other interesting people in the Bible. There were several thin, paper-covered books called "Golden Grains," and the green ones called "Sabbath Readings," and after a while the big one full of pictures, called "Sunshine at Home."

Hallie liked nothing better than to conscript her small brother and any other children who might be about, place them and all her dolls on rows of chairs, like the desks in Father's schoolroom, and teach them as much of the three "R's" as they could absorb, along with a goodly quantity of precepts on the philosophy and conduct of life. There is still preserved a register of one of these play schools.

An intimate personal friend of Hallie's was a little French girl who helped her a bit with her language study which she had begun on her own initiative. A newsboy on a train had shown a small, paper-covered self-instructor in French. Father had purchased it, and nine-year-old Hallie was wearing it dog-eared. Among her papers is a half page on which she wrote in imperfect French: *"Je aimer a va l'ecole."* Perhaps it was her French friend who corrected this just below so that it read *"J'aime à aller à l'ècole"*—I like to go to school.

In time the family moved to Indiana, where, during an evangelistic effort, Hallie's father left her mother alone to support and educate her children. His going was deeply mourned, but no time could be wasted when she had two precious children who needed her. There were times when the living was more meager than it should have been for a growing girl, and partly because of this, no doubt, Hallie became frail and was threatened with serious illness. That was outgrown in time, and she was graduated from church school and then from Battle Creek College. In her graduating class were men and women who have been outstanding educators in the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. Others became leading workers.

When she was just eighteen Hallie began teaching in a college, her subjects being Latin and Spanish, piano being added to these two during the next few years. Later she connected with the English department in that same college. Soon she went to a foreign field, giving faithful service, encouraging boys and girls, young men and young women, as her mother and her teachers had en-

couraged her. Returning home, she again took up teaching in the same college where she began. Her final effort, and her last bit of failing health, were given to another college, in which contact with her students evidenced the same faithfulness and the same desire to serve that characterized her everywhere she went.

Hallie as a child, as she tried to say once in schoolgirl French, loved to study and to go to school. Hallie grown older still loved to study, and still loved to go to school. But even more, she found enjoyment in helping others to achieve lives of success and usefulness. Could she express a wish now for some kindly remembrance, it would be the hope that her students might remember her as a friend as well as a teacher, and as one who every moment of every day did her very best for them. When discouragements and sorrows came to her, as they come to everyone, Hallie sought help and comfort from the Source from which she learned to draw strength as she studied at the West Window.

The "Funnies"

(*Continued from page 6*)

For the questioner, "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." Rom. 14:23. And so the Christian, knowing that "he who hesitates is lost," casts it aside without looking at it. Why should he parley with that which, on its very face, declares its source?

8. It is *foolish.* And "the thought of foolishness is *sin,*" says the wise man. Prov. 24:9. And a wiser than Solomon indited those words. If they are true, pray God you have read your last funny paper. For the sin of God's people crucified the Son of God nineteen hundred years ago, and the sin of God's people crucifies Him afresh today. We look upon foolishness as harmless as a cream puff. Inspiration endows it with the poisonous venom of a serpent.

9. It is *more than foolish.* "Fools make a mock at sin." Prov. 14:9. Deceit, domestic difficulty, marital infelicity, and many other things which are positively wrong are made sport of in the comic section. Those who perpetrate that mockery and those who join in it by pleasant observation of it, God says are "fools." Are you willing for God to call *you* a fool?

10. It is a *thing accursed.* "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Ps. 1:1. If refraining from such things brings blessings, the opposite must bring a curse.

11. It is *tempting the tempter.* "Abstain from all appearance of evil," says the Spirit. 1 Thess. 5:22. Don't even look at it. "Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints; neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not befitting." Eph. 5:3, 4, A. R. V. Come down just for once to answer and emulate it? Oh, no! "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?"

12. It *bars the gate to heaven.* "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He . . . who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity." Ps. 24:3, 4. And I will not barter that inheritance for all the vanities, no matter how amusing, of the comic strip. Will you?

13. *What would Jesus do?* If you were in His presence would you be reading the funny paper? Can you read it in His name? "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31. Does it increase your taste for Bible study? for prayer? for meditation upon holy things? Does it quicken your conscience? Does it inspire you to nobler aspirations and endeavors? Does it refresh you and invigorate your highest mental and spiritual powers? Ask yourself, "What would Jesus do?" and you will have the answer of your relation to the funny papers.

14. "Finally, b r e t h r e n, whatsoever things are *true,* whatsoever things are *honest,* whatsoever things are *just,* whatsoever things are *pure,* whatsoever things are *lovely,* whatsoever things are of *good report;* if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, *think on these things.*"

Now, before you lay down this paper, won't you do what you know you ought to do? Won't you do what hundreds of other people—old and young—have done after having their attention called to these facts? Won't you "make a covenant" with your eyes, and with your God, never to read another comic strip?

And then won't you pass on these reasons to someone else?

1. **"Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."**
2. **"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."**
3. **"We can never be the better for our religion if our neighbor is the worse for it."**
4. **"Manners are the happy ways of doing things."**
5. **"Some defeats are only installments to victory."**
6. **"The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do."**
7. **"To see the right and not do it is cowardice."**
8. **"Not failure but low aim is crime."**
9. **"The best sort of bravery is the courage to do right."**
10. **"Search thine own heart—what paineth thee**
    In others, in thyself may be.
    All dust is frail, and all flesh is weak;
    Be thou the true man thou dost seek."

(*Answers on page 14*)

Death in the Quicksand

(*Continued from page 8*)

ried us just a little farther down. An irresistible force was drawing us deeper. Death seemed only minutes away. We were helpless, and so frightened that neither of us was giving much heed to the fate of the other.

But while I was losing the struggle, my companion was slowly, inch by inch, making his way to a near-by granite boulder which protruded several feet above the sand and water. He succeeded in reaching it, and after considerable struggling was able to extricate himself from the sand. This gave me courage; and after a desperate struggle, I was near enough for him to grasp my hand.

He lay flat on the rock, and a real tug between life and death followed. I strained every fiber of my being in an endeavor to reach the rock. What a relief and sense of security came when I succeeded. If it be possible for human fingers to indent stone, then I am confident my fingerprints still remain in that granite. At any rate, two happy lads leaped from that boulder and dashed across the remaining strip of sand to safety on the opposite bank of the stream.

Now, the question arises—after this harrowing experience did we heed the counsel and warning, and stay off the sand? Common sense should have led us to do so, but as a matter of fact, this experience held us in check for only a short time. In a few days we were back with the other boys playing on the sand, and were even more daring than we had been before our near tragedy.

I fancy some are saying, "How perfectly senseless and foolish! I fail to see anything smart or daring in ignoring such a warning!" With all this I agree, and as I look back, our attitude does seem stupid.

But I have seen hundreds of young people who, when tampering with sin, were possibly no worse, but certainly no better, than we boys. They have been warned again and again, by parents, pastor, and friends of the danger of venturing out on the quicksands of sin; they have been urged to take no chances. But the evil one has deluded them into thinking that it is smart and daring to venture out just a few steps, "just this once." Only ankle-deep. Soon they feel that they are worldly wise, and resent having anyone speak to them by way of warning. They are not asking advice, and resent any that is offered.

It is hard to refrain from speaking a word of warning when one realizes that there is death in the sand over which youth is so carelessly treading. Yet it is sad indeed to note how seldom that word of warning is heeded. If there seems to be any inclination to heed the good counsel given by friends to stay off the sand, someone in the crowd is always ready to cry, "Coward!" But the moment one is ready to turn a deaf ear to all counsel, advice, and warning, is willing to risk this life and eternity in some foolish act, the same group is ready to extol his bravery in loud shouts of praise. How foolish to risk the peace, joy, and happiness of even this life by tampering with sin!

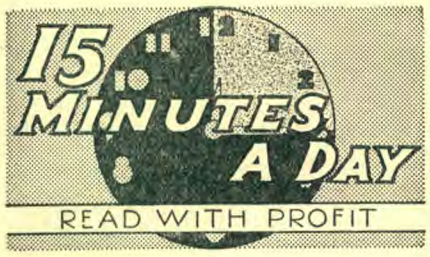
Dear reader, if you find that you have ventured out on these treacherous sands, and if you are slowly but surely sinking, yet long to be saved from eternal death, remember that the hand of a Friend is ever extended to you, that a Rock of safety is still within your reach.

"Nothing Sacred"

(*Continued from page 5*)

witness for Jesus meant to suffer, and, in many cases, even die, for Him.

Stephen, Polycarp, Justin, Huss, Jerome, Lady Jane Grey, and thousands of others have preferred to die rather than to recant. Jesus and Paul and Peter lived and died for those eternal verities we mentioned at the beginning of this article. Many more will be willing to follow their example rather than that of the vulgar majority; for the real aristocracy, God's select men and women, will be willing to suffer to uphold the principles of righteousness of His eternal kingdom. And Seventh-day Adventist young people may be found among that fortunate company. Will you be there?



All through the ages Satan's delusions have been a test to God's children, but the loving heavenly Father will never cast away a truly repentant soul. This thought is emphasized in the week's assignment—"Patriarchs and Prophets," chapters 67 to 71.

1. **What two things show that the message of the witch of Endor was an enemy of God?**
2. **What subtle practice forms the cornerstone of heathen idolatry?**
3. **By what name is this practice of communication with the supposed spirits of the dead known today?**
4. **What barriers erected by God are broken down by Spiritualism?**
5. **What was the nature of David's grief at the death of Saul?**
6. **What was one of the first acts of David after he ascended the throne?**
7. **As soon as David was established he located his capital at (*a*) Hebron; (*b*) Jerusalem; (*c*) Bethel.**
8. **Before the capital could be located in that place, the Hebrews had to (*a*) buy the land; (*b*) dispossess the Canaanites.**
9. **As soon as David had freed the land from invaders, he turned to the accomplishment of what cherished purpose?**
10. **"God can —— no partial ——, no lax way of treating His ——."**
11. **Why was David not permitted to build the temple?**
12. **David's life story is a forcible illustration of what three things?**

Red Letter Day

(*Continued from page 3*)

streetcar; pushed and jammed by the crowd; off the streetcar; again by the door of the little cubbyhole. The key clicked. He cast a furtive glance toward the purple neon blinker. No sign of Larry. Dick poured one dollar thirty-three cents into the change box. He closed it, placed the big package on top. Then, heaving a long sigh, he began once more the yell of his evening papers.

Meanwhile, in Antonio's place, Larry sat on his aching stumps as Tony himself in his high white hat gesticulated in front of him.

"See, eet ees thees way; I say to heem, I say, 'Da leetla note, eet near driva me craze; eet busta my ear—I can no—'"

"Now, lis'n here, pardner"—Larry snapped viciously at a cracker—"that's all the little feller's got. An', he's sure doin' a better job at it 'an what some of them there hifalutin tooters do. An' I ain't a-mind to lettin' you stan' there an' talk agin him that-a-way. Up on top o'that, some o' yer own burblin' ain't fittin fer nobody to lis'n at—Now, brew me up anither cup o' coffee, an' quit a-babblin' an' a-snivelin'—now, git to wigglin.'"

Tony pressed his hands against his head in apparent acute pain and turned toward the percolator. "Eet ees troo-oo-oo—but dee ahreeah—she ees ruined—da leetla, softa note."

"Say, you"—Larry pushed another cracker into his mouth—"mebbe he needs a new insterment. Anything like that ever trickle through yer thinkin' machinery? Mebbe them high sounds is sprung, er sump'n. Now, lis'n 'ere, Tony; you're a purty smart feller—"

The stodgy gentleman in the high white hat turned round.

"I say, lis'n 'ere: I jest made a payment on me spankin' new kickers, but I still got a dollar er so. How about you matchin' it, say, two to one—er, ah-h-h, five to one, mebbe." Larry remembered Dick's statements about the superb six-dollar harmonica.

"What thees, you say?"

"You heard me fust time!" Larry clamped down on a forkful of spaghetti. "How 'bout you a-diggin' down through about five layers o' that roll bulgin' out'n yer hip an' chip in fer a fittin' mouth organ fer the lad to blow on? Mebbe then he could reach up there an' pull down them fancy do-jiggers you're havin' conniption fits about. Now, come on, an' don't keep me 'ere a-talkin'. Come on—come on—fork 'em over, an' I'll sally up to the jeweler's an' get it."

"Enyt'ing, enyt'ing," sighed the stodgy one as he peeled the required amount from his wallet. "Playenta enyt'ing, jus' so sayeva da leetla, softa note!"

Larry manipulated himself off the revolving stool. Pocketing the five, he tossed a dime to Tony and scooted out the door.

The harmonica that fitted Dick's description was still in the jeweler's window. "Good!" grunted Larry as he reached for the money wadded in his pocket. After flattening out all six bills in front of the jeweler and depositing the little package under his vest, he slid as fast as the roller-skate wheels could carry him to the rooms that Dick called "home." Embarrassed by the wrinkled Italian grandmother's expression of thanks in profuse, broken English, Larry finally bowed himself away from her and hastened toward his cubbyhole.

"Well, here he comes!" Dick watched Larry's short form glide along close to the sides of the buildings. "Sure glad he didn't beat me back. I'd a had some tall explainin' to do." Dick pushed the package back under the rack a little farther out of sight. "Well—guess I better get granny's slippers now. She'll be tickled pink! I'll get her one of them ten-cent stockin's of candy, too."

Stimulated by this decision, Dick flung the sack of papers over his shoulder and moved slowly toward Larry. "What gets me," Dick furrowed his brow, "is why it took him so long to eat his dinner. Won't be long now till suppertime. Guess he jist got to talkin' with Tony." He crumbled the two bills in his hand and squeezed the old fifteen-cent harmonica. "It's okay, pal; we're playin', you an' me, in the Super Harmonica Quartet. We're playin' anyway; tomorrow—those purty carols. We'll play like nobody's business, ole pal, you an' me! But," Dick gritted his teeth, "I'm gonna get that Beauty someday. Yes, sir, someday!"

Larry's frazzled pads were soaked from the slush. Well, he almost thought aloud, I'll get me pads next month awright if me business holds out. Besides, 'sfunny—somehow me stumps ain't achin' no more.

Larry saluted Dick as the two passed each other.

"Hi, Sarj!"

"Hi, Cap'n!"

"Nice day!"

"Yep!"

Drizzle and sleet. Streetcars grated by on Woodward Avenue. A purple neon sign blinked "Antonio's Place." A stodgy gentleman in a high white hat looked up and smiled a Latin smile at a dirty little calendar.

"Ah-h-h-h—tomarr-r-r, eet ees da tweenty-feefht—mayeba da reda-letter day for da leetla, softa note!"

Happiness

(*Continued from page 4*)

would look again into the face of a baby; he would look into the eyes of his dog. He would take a long walk into the woods and pray for a colorful sunset. That night he would not be able to sleep. On the second day he would rise with the dawn, see the sun appear, then would go to the museum and see the pageant of man's progress, the sculpture of the Egyptians, the might of the Athenian warriors. He would probe into the soul of man through his arts. The third day he would spend in the workaday world. He would go to the city and walk down the main avenue. He would smile and be happy, see determination to succeed and be proud, see suffering and be compassionate. He would go to the slums, factories, and parks where children play. He would visit the stay-at-homes. In all this he would see happiness and misery, so as to add to his understanding of people.

What would you do and see during such a period of three days? I am sure you would be led through such an experience to a new appreciation and enjoyment that comes to us from the everyday things of life.

How may we mar our happiness? By being wrapped up in our own interests, brooding over unhappy experiences, contending for our own rights, fretting over financial troubles, looking for some great work to do and overlooking present blessings, transgressing nature's laws and thus impairing our health, disrespecting our parents, idling away our precious time, developing a spirit of pride, and continually seeking excitement.

But our chief interest is in how happiness may be obtained. Let us consider well these means: By being repentant and confessing our sins, by having unwavering faith in Christ and His willingness to forgive, by submitting to His yoke, by ministering to others, by appreciating the loveliness of nature, by developing meekness of soul which makes its own songs of happiness, by performing cheerfully and faithfully duties assigned and especially by being faithful in the little things, by being content with the simple things of life, by developing a healthy action of body and mind, by thinking only of the good, by having a forgiving spirit and a willingness to surrender our own rights, and finally by properly regarding all the light that God has caused to shine upon the path of life.

These three simple rules for daily living will prove a great help as we strive to develop a more cheerful nature: (1) Look for something good or lovely in each day. (2) Store away in the mind some helpful thought each day. (3) Perform at least one kindly, unselfish deed each day.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

XII—Confidence and Assurance Unto Victory

(December 20)

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 10:38.

LESSON HELP: "The Great Controversy," pp. 616-621 (new ed., pp. 697-702).

THE LESSON

1. While waiting for the coming of Christ, what are God's people exhorted to do? Heb. 10:35-37.

NOTE.—"Christians may have the joy of communion with Christ; they may have the light of His love, the perpetual comfort of His presence. Every step in life may bring us closer to Jesus, may give us a deeper experience of His love, and may bring us one step nearer to the blessed home of peace. Then let us not cast away our confidence, but have firm assurance, firmer than ever before."—*"Steps to Christ," p. 130.*

2. What will come to the child of God as a result of quietness and confidence? Isa. 30:15.

3. How did John the Baptist and Jesus express confidence in their divine call? John 1:23; Luke 4:16-21.

4. Why should those who give the judgment-hour message possess the same confidence? Rev. 7:1-4; 14:6, 7.

NOTE.—It seems certain that those who give the judgment-hour message and who receive the seal of the living God will know the times and the seasons, and share the assurance that their message is heaven born, issuing forth from God Himself. This confidence will sustain them through seeming delays, in times of perplexity, through disappointment and trial, and make them conquerors over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

5. How may God's people maintain their Christian integrity? 2 Chron. 20:20, last part.

6. Before Christ's appearing, how must His followers live? Heb. 10:38.

NOTE.—"By *faith* you became Christ's, and by faith you are to grow up in Him,—by giving and taking. You are to *give* all,—your heart, your will, your service,—give yourself to Him to obey all His requirements; and you must *take* all,—Christ, the fullness of all blessing, to abide in your heart, to be your strength, your righteousness, your everlasting helper,—to give you power to obey."—*Id., p. 74.*

7. By what is one saved? Eph. 2:8.

NOTE.—"That simple faith which takes God at His word should be encouraged. God's people must have that faith which will lay hold of divine power; 'for by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.' Those who believe that God for Christ's sake has forgiven their sins, should not, through temptation, fail to press on to fight the good fight of faith. Their faith should grow stronger until their Christian life, as well as their words, shall declare, 'The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin.' "—*"Gospel Workers," p. 161.*

8. State how faith comes. Rom. 10:17.

NOTE.—"The Scriptures are the great agency in the transformation of character. Christ prayed, 'Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth.' If studied and obeyed, the word of God works in the heart, subduing every unholy attribute. The Holy Spirit comes to convict of sin, and the faith that springs up in the heart works by love to Christ, conforming us in body, soul, and spirit, to His own image."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 100.*

9. Of what is faith a fruit? Gal. 5:22.

10. By what have God's children been sustained through all ages? Hebrews 11; Ps. 37:39, 40.

11. How will the final victory be gained? 1 John 5:4; Heb. 3:6.

12. What made Enoch's translation possible? Heb. 11:5.

NOTE.—"By faith Enoch 'was translated that he should not see death, . . . for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.' In the midst of a world by its iniquity doomed to destruction, Enoch lived a life of such close communion with God that he was not permitted to fall under the power of death. The godly character of this prophet represents the state of holiness which must be attained by those who shall be 'redeemed from the earth' at the time of Christ's second advent."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 88, 89.*

JUNIOR

XII—The Conversion of Saul

(December 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 9:1-22.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Acts 9:6.

LESSON HELPS: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 112-122; "Early Writings," pp. 200-202.

PLACES: Jerusalem; on the road to Damascus; Damascus, the most ancient city still existing, about one hundred forty miles northeast of Jerusalem; a street in Damascus called Straight; synagogues.

PERSONS: Saul and the men journeying with him; Judas, Ananias, disciples, and Jews.

Setting of the Lesson

Saul had taken a prominent part in bringing about the death of Stephen. He was deeply impressed with the words and the manner of Stephen, and began to fear that he was doing wrong in persecuting the followers of Jesus. "In his perplexity he appealed to those in whose wisdom and judgment he had full confidence. The arguments of the priests and rulers finally convinced him that Stephen was a blasphemer, that the Christ whom the martyred disciple had preached was an impostor, and that those ministering in holy office must be right.

"Not without severe trial did Saul come to this conclusion. But in the end, his education and prejudices, his respect for his former teachers, and his pride of popularity, braced him to rebel against the voice of conscience and the grace of God. And having fully decided that the priests and scribes were right, Saul became very bitter in his opposition to the doctrines taught by the disciples of Jesus."—*"Acts of the Apostles," p. 113.*

QUESTIONS

1. In what connection has Saul been previously mentioned? Acts 7:58; 8:1-3.

2. What new step did Saul's earnestness lead him to take? What was his plan? Acts 9:1, 2.

NOTE.—The expression "the way" came to be commonly used to designate the Christian religion. Jesus had said, "I am the way;" that is, the way into life, the only way to salvation.

3. Relate what Saul himself said at a later time, of what he did. Acts 26:10, 11.

4. What strange thing occurred as Saul neared Damascus? Acts 9:3.

NOTE.—By caravan road, Damascus was about one hundred and forty miles from Jerusalem, and six days were required to make the journey. The vision took place when Saul and his company were approaching Damascus.

Saul was probably riding on an ass or a mule, and no doubt some of his followers were mounted and some on foot, as caravans travel now. In the clear atmosphere of the East, the sun is exceedingly bright; yet there fell about Saul a light from heaven brighter than the sun at noonday.

5. How was Saul affected by the light? What did he hear? Verse 4.

NOTE.—"Filled with fear, and almost blinded by the intensity of the light, the companions of Saul heard a voice, but saw no man. But Saul understood the words that were spoken; and to him was clearly revealed the One who spoke—even the Son of God. In the glorious Being who stood before him, he saw the crucified One. Upon the soul of the stricken Jew the image of the Saviour's countenance was imprinted forever."—*Id., p. 115.*

6. What question did Saul ask? Who answered him? What did Jesus say? Verse 5.

NOTE.—"To kick against the pricks," is an expression bringing to mind the picture of oxen vainly struggling against the pricks of the goads with which they were driven. If the ox resisted and kicked against the prick, he wounded himself severely. Thus Jesus would have Saul understand how useless and how injurious to himself was his fighting against God.

7. What was Saul's next question? What reply was given? Verse 6.

8. How were the men with Saul affected by what had taken place? Verse 7.

9. What was Saul's further experience? Verses 8, 9.

NOTE.—"When the glory was withdrawn, and Saul arose from the ground, he found himself totally deprived of sight. The brightness of Christ's glory had been too intense for his mortal eyes; and when it was removed, the blackness of night settled upon his vision. He believed that this blindness was a punishment from God for his cruel persecution of the followers of Jesus. . . . How unlike his anticipations was his entrance into the city! Stricken with blindness, helpless, tortured by remorse, knowing not what further judgment might be in store for him, he sought out the home of the disciple Judas, where, in solitude, he had ample opportunity for reflection and prayer."—*Id., pp. 117, 118.*

10. Name a disciple who lived in Damascus. What was made known to him in a vision? What had also been shown to Saul? Verses 10-12.

NOTE.—"During the long hours when Saul was shut in with God alone, he recalled many of the passages of Scripture referring to the first advent of Christ. Carefully he traced down the prophecies, with a memory sharpened by the conviction that had taken possession of his mind. . . . As Saul yielded himself fully to the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, he saw the mistakes of his life, and recognized the far-reaching claims of the law of God. He who had been a proud Pharisee, confident that he was justified by his good works, now bowed before God with the humility and simplicity of a little child, confessing his own unworthiness, and pleading the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour. Saul longed to come into full harmony and communion with the Father and the Son; and in the intensity of his desire for pardon and acceptance, he offered up fervent supplications to the throne of grace."—*Id., pp. 119, 120.*

11. What reason did Ananias give for not wanting to visit Saul? Verses 13, 14.

12. What did the Lord again bid Ananias do? What did He say further of Saul? Verse 15.

13. What did the Lord propose to show him? Verse 16.

14. What did Ananias then do? How did he address Saul, who had so wickedly persecuted the people of God? Who did he say had sent him? for what purpose? Verse 17.

15. What immediately took place? How did Saul show that he was truly converted? Verse 18.

16. Where did Saul remain for a time? What work did he immediately begin? Verses 19, 20.

NOTE.—Paul used the power which the Spirit gave him in the very places where he had intended to oppose Christ, and before the very persons who had been his allies. This is a lesson to all young believers. Be bold to bear witness before your associates.

17. What was said by those who heard him? Verse 21.

18. What is said of Saul's work in Damascus? Verse 22.

Answers to Who Said

1. Franklin. 2. Solomon, Prov. 4:23. 3. William Penn. 4. Emerson. 5. Jacob A. Riis. 6. James M. Barrie. 7. Confucius. 8. Lowell. 9. Louisa M. Alcott. 10. Lowell.

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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✪ THE United States was once dependent on Europe for its quicksilver needs of about 30,000 flasks a year, but now it is producing 50,000 flasks a year.

✪ LAST year 870,000 bales of cotton, or about 16 per cent of all domestic consumption, was used by the rubber industry in tires and other products.

✪ AN up-to-the-minute birthday cake plays "Happy birthday to you" when it is cut. A little music box, which plays the tune about a dozen times, is baked inside the cake. It is equipped with tiny levers which, when they are struck by the cutting knife, start the box to playing.

✪ THE Coca-Cola Company has done its share for National Defense by turning over to the U. S. Treasury its choicest billboard location—the 14-115 sign, said to be "the biggest painted illuminated bulletin in the world"—at Fourth Avenue and Astor Place, New York City. It is now advertising defense bonds.

✪ ACCORDING to vision experts, the human eye is ten times more alert than the ear, and thirty times more alert than the nose. "The eye can detect an increase of one per cent in visual brightness, but tone intensity must be increased ten per cent before the ear notices any change in sound; and an odor must be increased a third before the nose is aware of change."

✪ WILLIAM PRICE, who made the first white-side-wall tire for U. S. Rubber, worked on the last one to be manufactured by U. S. recently. A facsimile in rubber of the OPM order signed by E. R. Stettinius, discontinuing production of these tires, was vulcanized into the white side wall. It takes about two pounds more crude rubber to make a white-side-wall tire than it does to make a regular black one. It is estimated that this OPM order will save more than 6,000 tons of crude rubber a year.

✪ A NATIONAL defense program for girls, aimed to prepare them for almost any civilian emergency, is in full swing at Russell Sage College, Troy, New York. If needed, girls who take the training will be able to perform a variety of tasks, ranging from running radio programs and public forums to repairing automobiles and putting the household plumbing in order. The course includes training in elementary nursing and food preparation. On the physical side, the girls shovel off the campus walks and chop wood in order to get and keep in trim.

✪ DENVER, Colorado, has a new open-air amphitheater carved by nature out of the mountains, in the Park of the Red Rocks, fourteen miles southwest of the city in the foothills of the Rockies. A slope, in a natural horseshoe between two of the great crags, Creation Rock and Ship Rock, descends to another crag that lies athwart its foot. The weathered condition of this, eroded as it is and shaped like some gigantic marine shell, softens sound and sends it swelling in golden notes up the slope. At the base of this great natural soundboard a giant stage has been built, and up the slope have been constructed seats for 10,000 people —so wide apart that 20,000 can be seated by bringing in camp chairs between them. The amphitheater is a CCC project, and it took four years to do the work.

✪ AN invention that will gladden the heart of home dressmakers is an exact dummy-double of the sewer's own figure, "including every curve and angle." The new "stand-in" can be made in thirty minutes, of thermoplastic material which is said to be unaffected by the weather, is odorless, noninflammable, nontoxic, and inexpensive.

✪ THERE is no significance to the yellow fringe appearing on many American flags. The use of fringe has been a long-debated question. However, the United States War Department states that no law or regulation prohibits the placing of a yellow fringe on the flag of the United States.

✪ IF pie eating ever becomes an Olympic sport, no doubt the champion "eater" will come from Connecticut. Each year more pies per family are eaten in this State than in any other in the United States. The fewest pies are eaten in South Carolina.

✪ A NEW YORK manufacturer has brought out air-cushioned rubber heels, and we may now "walk on air." The shoes are built on the principle of the balloon tire and rely on the compressed air to absorb the jolts.

✪ To show that they have not been "imbibing," motorists in Springfield, Missouri, go through such novel tests as reading a page of fine print and picking up coins from the floor.

✪ THE corner where New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado join is the only point in the United States at which four States so meet.

✪ THE Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company has 9,000 stores. They are located mostly east of the Mississippi River.

✪ To construct Howard Field, the United States Army's newest air base in Panama, 10,000 acres of jungle have been cleared.

✪ MAN travels as fast as 600 miles an hour—or ten miles a minute—in airplane dives.

✪ IT requires approximately eight acres of farmland to feed the average American.

ATTENTION . . . STAMP COLLECTORS!

THE INSTRUCTOR Stamp Corner has been on vacation for the last six months, but it will be back with us again with the New Year, to bring you news of current interest, and to help you beginners with your collection problems.

Send all questions and orders to INSTRUCTOR Stamp Corner, Takoma Park, D. C.

✪ LAFAYETTE lies buried in France in earth taken from Bunker Hill.

✪ THE highest of high hats are feathered ceremonial masks worn by men in New Guinea—14 to 19 feet high.

✪ PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE is using a chemistry laboratory on wheels to travel to centers in the State where the college is training high school graduates for technical defense work.

✪ THE vice-president of the Owens-Corning Fiberglass Corporation announces the perfection of awnings made of glass-fiber yarn. The awnings are fireproof, rotproof, mildewproof, are easily washed, and are double the strength of the standard cotton product.

✪ THE population of the Philippines is 16,003,303, with a foreign population of 166,977, or about one per cent. The largest foreign element is Chinese, with 117,461 registered. Japanese come second, with 29,262. Americans number only 8,739, exclusive of military personnel and and their families.

✪ WITHIN one week after they had lost all their instruments in the bombing of Queen's Hall, the London Philharmonic Orchestra received offers of violins, trombones, harps, and flutes sufficient to re-equip them five times over. The instruments destroyed were valued at nearly £4,000. Those which sympathizers were willing to give, lend, or sell were worth about £10,000.

✪ AN emergency call for 50,000 well-educated young men to begin training this autumn for professional nursing careers "to avert serious damage to the nation's health," has been issued by Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service. "An acute shortage of nurses exists today," said Dr. Parran, "and should the country declare war at any time in the future, the need for more registered nurses would mount astronomically."

✪ WAR conditions are forcing the California Fruit Growers Exchange into the orange-juice business. Heretofore Sunkist has been unenthusiastic about juice, claiming it to be unprofitable. But shipping space to England is now too limited for bulk shipment of oranges; so concentrated orange juice—one seventh its normal volume—is the answer. By the juicing process a carload of fresh oranges (500 boxes) is reduced to 200-one-gallon cans containing, says Sunkist, all the vitamin and other dietary requisites of the fresh fruit, along with most of the flavor.

✪ A NEW rotproofing treatment for fabrics, expected to be useful in defense as well as peacetime applications, has been invented by Helen M. Robinson, a woman chemist in the United States Department of Agriculture. Her process is covered by a public-service patent, so that it may be used freely by anyone. It consists of immersing the fabric first in a solution of a copper or cadmium salt, then in a solution of morpholine, which is a complex organic compound. The reaction takes place within the fibers of the fabric itself, thoroughly impregnating it and discouraging the growth of mildew and other rot-causing fungi. The goods is stiff at first, but regains its pliability upon drying. Color and textures are not affected.