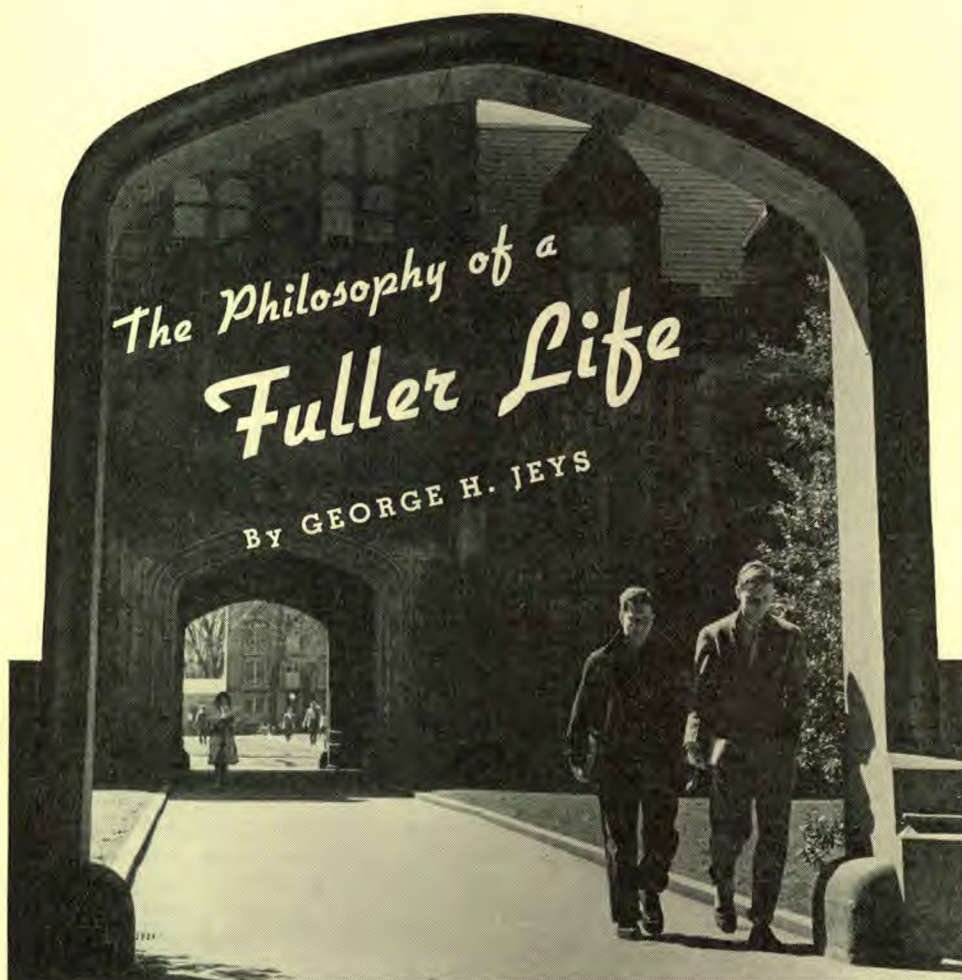


The Youth's Instructor



MONKMEYER

Before the College Student Who Chooses Wisely Lie Rich Possibilities in the Mastery of the Art of Living the Fuller Life

A FEW years ago, it was my good fortune to overhear two of my acquaintances discuss me. It was my good fortune, not because of the nice things they said about me—Oh! quite the contrary. You know, an eavesdropper never hears anything good about himself.

After some remarks which I have forgotten, one of these men said, in an evident attempt to be charitable, "Anyway, he is quite a philosopher." I was not sure whether to be pleased or insulted, and so, I consulted my good friend the dictionary to find out what a philosopher really is. "A man of practical wisdom," I read. Certainly any wisdom I might lay claim to would have to be of the *practical* kind—that merely gained from living—and so, since the emphasis seemed to be on the "practical" rather than the "wisdom," I felt neither elated nor deflated, for practical wisdom comes, as stated,

mostly from much living, and so what my critic really called me was "just an average man," which I realized with a shock, was just what I was, and it set me to thinking. I decided that if I were a philosopher, I should try to be a *good* philosopher. With this idea in mind, I should like to pass on to you some observations that I hope will be helpful to you.

Most of my life has been spent in and around schools, where I have had the opportunity of observing youth come and go and develop into men and women of affairs, or sometimes, I am sorry to say, into mere Gibeonites—just "hewers of wood and drawers of water." I have tried to analyze what it is that makes the difference. I believe it is, more than anything else, what I like to call "The Philosophy of the Fuller Life."

Many of those who read this article will be young people who are in college

or contemplating a college career. There are many different reasons why young people go to college. Some that are plausible are not the best ones.

Some go to learn how to make a living without effort. They are not to be blamed for that. Their parents train them in that philosophy, and their teachers do not discourage it. If they can just get through college—well, then everything will be easy, and they can sit around and watch others do the work. I have heard more than one parent say, "I don't aim for my Johnnie, or my Mary, to have to work as hard as I did. *He*—or she—is going to college."

Now a college education will have a definite effect on our lives, of course, but let me warn you, it will not keep anyone from having to work. However, it should enable us to do our work more efficiently and, therefore, more joyfully, with satisfaction to those we serve and to ourselves. One of the greatest joys of living is in work well done.

Others go to college merely because they are sent. They do not seem to have the energy to resist the will

of their elders, and so they arrive and matriculate. They do not know where they are going, but they are on their way. They are like the insane man's wheelbarrow. You remember—he rolled it around upside down, for fear that if it were turned over, somebody might put something in it! At least that is what the general attitude of these young people says to me.

Some go to college because they want to learn some certain things. They purpose to be a doctor, or a dietitian, or a teacher of Latin in a ladies' seminary! Others seem to go to college merely to escape temporarily the necessity of manual labor. They have their choice between going to college or putting on overalls and going to work; so they choose the college. They seem to have the idea that the old pun about being "college bred" simply meaning "a four-year loaf," is the truth. And some, I believe, have the

Let's Talk It Over

THERE is unusual tension in the air these days. The Congress of the United States has revised the Selective Training and Service Act so that young men of eighteen and nineteen are now eligible for call by their draft boards for immediate induction and assignment to military duty. The majority of these are finishing high school or just starting in college to prepare for their chosen lifework. On every side they are asking:

"What shall I do?"

"Why make any plans for the future?"

"What's the use of going on to school when I'm liable to be 'pulled out' any day?"

"I probably couldn't finish out the school year anyway, so why not get a job—wages are high—and make a little money while I can?"

"Why not just drift along and wait for what's going to happen—well, to happen? The Army'll surely get me sooner or later, and there's nothing anybody can do about it."

No, friend o' mine, I don't suppose there is anything anybody can do, so far as changing the fundamentals of your status in relation to the war effort is concerned. Selective Service Director, Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, puts it this way, speaking of you: "These youngsters want assurance of certainty to figure on. That doesn't fit with the world the way it is now. Nobody knows what will happen next anywhere or who will be needed—not in a war of this type. The boys have just got to take their chances of having plans disrupted any day."

But the combined and personal advice of men of faith and vision—national, educational, and church leaders of youth—is that each one of you "hold steady" just now, in spite of all the confusion and uncertainty, and emulate Columbus, who, out on an uncharted ocean and surrounded by sailors ready to mutiny, made this entry in his log each evening at sunset: "Today we sailed on, as our course lay." For "in general, selective service stands candidly back of the standard advice handed out by the shrewd and boy-wise chief clerk of a local draft board in a famous old campus town: 'Stick around, son. Don't go off the reservation. Get all the education you can in the time available. When we want you, don't think we won't let you know.'"

A CASE in point is Dick, who registered in the summer of 1941

with the twenty-year-olds. He started school last year under protest. He was sure it was a waste of time; that he would be called "within a few weeks at the longest." But the first semester closed, and no word had come from his draft board. It was not worth while to start the second semester—Dick was certain about that. He went out, got a job, and entered a night class in metalworking, both on a temporary basis. Friday evening classes soon ended his proposed craft program. Within a few months his work was shifted and he found himself under superiors who absolutely refused to allow him to be free on the Sabbath. So he arranged to drive a bread-delivery truck. In a few weeks he was ordered to join the union or "quit." He quit. A carpenter took him on as floor finisher—till the job was done. Then he taught swimming at a Y. M. C. A. summer camp. Next he ran a job press in a printing shop. After that he was an electrician's helper for a season—always expecting the summons which has not yet come. He is driving a taxi just now—or was, the last I knew. A whole school year wasted! Frittered away! He could have been well into his predental course if only he had held steady and improved all the opportunities for education that each passing today offered.

A writer in a popular magazine gives this illustration, which is typical, and adds a bit of timely advice: "Tom Jones, a tall, husky lad from upper New York State, has brought a knotty problem to his agricultural college faculty. The folks have written him to drop school and come home. It is February, spring is on the way, hired help is almost impossible to get, and his father feels that his son might just as well be lending a hand with the farm work, so that they can produce to capacity, as to keep on 'wasting his time' on the campus. He is sure that Tom can never finish his course anyway, for he is registered for selective service, and his draft board may call him any day.

"But will it make national or personal sense for Tom to jettison training already acquired, which, added to, will make him a more and more valuable asset to his country? And his call may not come until he is on the home stretch and can apply for deferment to complete the semester and his course. This is not beyond the realm of possibility.

"So Tom is advised to stay in school, to 'sail on' steadily and as long as pos-

sible. The college will try to assist his shortsighted parent in solving the problem of help on the home farm."

NEVER was the Master's injunction, "Occupy till I come," more applicable than now, when uncertainty, restlessness, and instability hold sway. To the youth of this second advent movement it offers a challenge which will prove their mettle. Whatever may happen in this world of men, "nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure." The God we serve is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever." And furthermore, He "knoweth them that are His."

Pray that God will strengthen your faith in the realities of the gospel, and give you stability and courage to walk calmly forward, obtaining the best possible preparation for Christian service in a sin-sick world. True, conditions appear forbidding today, but some tomorrow—if it be God's will—this tragic war will end; barriers of nationalism and prejudice will be broken down; and doors long closed to the gospel will be thrown wide open to those who are prepared to enter them. The knowledge, the skill, the heart preparation, you are now acquiring will all stand you in good stead when that happy day shall dawn.

Money? Oh, yes, there are openings on every side and almost without number for those young people who are ambitious to make money. Wages, even for unskilled workmen, were never so high nor required hours so short. But even the United States Government is urging youth to continue their education, because of the great need of trained men, because of the better opportunities which are open to trained men. It says:

Stay by your school until your country calls you.

SO, friend o' mine, improve every opportunity to prepare for the work that you feel God wants you to do.

It will enable you to be a better soldier when the day comes for you to don the uniform of your country's armed services.

Don't allow yourself to become confused, unsettled, and—well, jittery, for these are surely jittery days.

Stay in your school until your country calls you!

Lora E. Clement

idea of being fitted for, and induced into, matrimonial bliss because of their stay in college.

Comparatively few, I fear, go to college to learn the one thing which such an experience is best fitted to teach them—the art of living *more abundantly*. Of the many things my experience has taught me, outstanding is the fact that education is a cumulative thing. All its benefits are not things observed. Let me make this clear. There might not be such a great difference in the appearance and manners of the young man just being graduated from college and a young man who has gone to work and spent the four years in industry or business; but as these two men grow older, the fact that one has an education and the other does not becomes more and more apparent.

I have seen old people. In the last few years I have become especially interested in observing this strange phenomenon of nature. I have seen some who are a benediction to everyone around them; whom everyone seems to respect; who are positively beautiful in their age, and who make one feel that surely to be like them would be an end in itself. Such persons help us to understand that age, as well as youth, has its glories. The Bible says, you know, that a "hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness."

I have seen other old people whose faces told the story of wasted and futile lives, who are shunned by all, who feel themselves poor, old, and in the way. Inevitably the first class of old people are those who have an education. Note, I do not say they have necessarily been to college, but often that, too, is true, while the others have failed to catch the glory of the fuller life.

I should like now to say a few things to you in parables. For human beings are much like *containers*, you know. They are either full or empty. If they are only partly filled, they are worse than empty. You will remember the statement in Scripture about the man who was cleansed of an evil spirit. This spirit went roaming around and finally came back and found his former "house" empty. He then went into partnership with seven others, worse than himself, took them with him into his previous abode, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first." One need not be insane in order to present this empty appearance.

The poet, Anatole France, once said of one of his contemporaries, "I would wish for him,

"A helmless ship,
A houseless street,
A bell, sans tongue,
A saw, sans teeth,
To make his nothingness complete."

To put it in strictly modern English, such people have "missed the boat."

A container, you know, is that which holds within bounds, protects, restrains, shapes, limits. For example,

a man's skull is a container for his brains.

There are many kinds of containers, just as there are many kinds of people. They are all shapes and sizes—I mean the containers. There are bags, from the little striped paper sacks of my boyhood memories, that held a penny's worth of licorice, to the great gas bags we call balloons.

There are *square* containers ranging from tiny pillboxes to barns. There are rough containers, like crates and packing boxes; and there are beautiful containers, like exquisitely carved chests of cedar and camphor wood, and jewel caskets. There are fragile, temporary containers, like the gelatin capsules that hold our cod-liver oil; and there are mighty, impregnable containers, like steel safes and concrete vaults. We do not expect to use one kind of container for everything, any more than one kind of person should be expected to do everything. We

would be foolish to try to make a piano fit into a shoe box, or to try to use a boxcar for a jewel case. But the fact is that we value these containers—no matter how big or little, cheap or valuable, tough or fragile—by how well they do the job they are intended for, and how full we can pack them. And that applies to human beings, too. About the first thing, then, is to find out what we have in the way of a container, and then proceed to fill it with the things it is supposed to hold. That is the practical viewpoint, it seems to me.

Sometimes men take advantage of the fact that a certain kind of container is supposed to have a certain something special in it. For instance, men who make jewelry often seem to want to mislead us as to what is in a package—what kind of watch, or brooch, or pin—by putting it in a fine-appearing, cleverly designed container. We should be on guard against



MISTAKEN!

"Away with prohibition!" shouted the "wets" as they clamored for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1933, when the total consumption of liquor in the United States was fifty-eight million gallons. "Americans will drink less of alcoholic beverages if they can drink them openly and respectably."

Were they right? What is the record of John Barleycorn since repeal? Listen!

"The American people are now drinking liquor at a rate never surpassed in the history of the country," says Drew Pearson, columnist in the Washington "Post." The previous high was during the first World War, when in 1917 consumption hit 167 million gallons. But approximately 171 million gallons is the record for 1942! And this despite a \$6-a-gallon Federal tax!

BEWARE!

Dangerous Propaganda is on your trail. He is a liar and a thief, but he is presenting himself to you in the highest-paid advertising which appears on billboards and in the majority of the best current magazines of today. The "Brewer's Digest" for May of last year says this about **you**. On guard against danger!

"One of the finest things that could have happened to the brewing industry was the insistence of high-ranking officers to make beer available at Army camps. The opportunity presented to the brewing industry by this measure is so obvious that it is superfluous to go into it in detail.

"Here is a chance for brewers to cultivate a taste for beer in millions of young men who will eventually constitute the largest beer-consuming section of our population."

SHARPSHOOTING

"You talk of the man behind the gun,
And the deadly work that he has done,

But much more deadly work by far
Is done by the man behind the bar,"

declares J. A. Clark of Southport, England, in a warning to youth. "Do we have 'bars' here in the United States?" you ask. Reliable authorities tell us that in the city of Chicago alone there are more than **ten thousand** public drinking places where alcoholic liquors are sold!

POISON OF DRAGONS!

A company of military men was inspecting a huge gun that was to be a part of the armor of one of Uncle Sam's warships. "It is perfect!" breathed one.

"Is there—was there ever a more wholesale, sure weapon of destruction and death?" questioned a newspaper man who was noting dimensions and ranges.

"Yes, a distillery," answered a woman who accompanied her officer husband.

Not one word was uttered in reply, for everyone who heard the statement knew that every barrel of liquor scatters broadcast woe and want, shame and sorrow, disease and death.

BEER OR BREAD?

"Since the shortage of Allied shipping makes a choice necessary, the truth is that for months food, clothes, and armaments have been left behind, and Canadian beer has gone overseas instead," declared Dr. E. M. Howse in a sermon recently delivered in Westminster United Church, Winnipeg, Canada. To quote further: "During the course of this war the breweries have secured space on cargo vessels for sufficient beer for a train of boxcars **fifty miles long!** Hong Kong fell to the enemy last year. Do you know that during the very month when essential war supplies for Allied forces there should have gone forward without delay, they were given space on a slow ship, and tons of beer were given space in fast ships in convoy?"

that in human containers, too. Let us be sure that we fill our human containers with honest goods, for the truth about the contents will come out sooner or later.

Not very long ago, I took a group of students to a large paper mill devoted exclusively to the making of containers out of paper fibers. It is surprising what people can do with paper! I saw them rolling endless miles of fiber into corrugated board, from which they make cartons to hold soap, and castor oil, and shoe horns, and raisins, and canned spinach, and salt, and furniture, and carpets, and horse collars, and I may have omitted a few items at that!

The point is to help you see how wonderful it is that just paper fibers can be combined in such a way that they will stand the rough and tumble of our modern transportation methods, and protect their contents.

We saw them making milk bottles, as well as ice-cream cartons, berry boxes, and egg crates, out of paper.

The superintendent of the mill told me they often shipped as many as twenty carloads of cartons from that factory in a single day. And this was only one of a hundred and fifty such factories in the United States alone!

There is romance in containers, too. Take, for example, the lowly gunny sack. It is a plebeian, common-looking thing, but it is really a world traveler. It started in India, like as not, where the jute fiber, from which it is made, is grown. It has taken a long sea voyage in the hold of a mighty ship. It has been to prison, too, sad to tell, for you can go down to San Quentin here in California and in the jute mills see the convicts weaving this strong, brown fiber into the sacks that will later hold our corn and rice, peas and potatoes, lead and fertilizers, sugar and beans. Who would think, just to look at a gunny sack, that it had any romance in it! But you cannot always tell by looks, about either containers or people. Sometimes the most useful and common have in them a fund of

value and interest even greater than the fact that they carry valuable cargo and do worth-while work. I should like to tell you about something that happened just the other day. Driving home from the city, I saw ahead of me in the road a large paper carton. It looked sound, and so I slowed down—partly from natural caution, not wanting to hit a carton containing dynamite, or even one filled with canned corn. But just before I stopped, a vagrant little breeze turned the carton around, and it went careening crazily down the road. I knew then that it was empty! Naturally I did not stop. Who is going to stop for an empty paper carton—or an empty man?

I thought of another carton that had been similarly dropped off a load. But this one was filled, as I happen to know, for the chief of police called me up and said, "There is a carton down here that has been picked up by a firm here in the city and reported to our office. It has your name on it; you can get it by calling at —," (Turn to page 12)



H. M. LAMBERT

Serve Your COMRADES By E. Lester Bond

THE youth of the church have come into a new day, not a new day in which to seek for pleasure, or wealth, or fame, but a new day for witnessing for the Master at home and abroad. As never before, the youth of the church have been scattered abroad as they serve their several countries. Thus new contacts are made; new friendships are formed; and new opportunities for Christian service are afforded.

The church is proud of its sons and daughters who are serving their country, and we honor them for their loyalty to the ideals of the church and for their determination to serve the Master faithfully wherever they may be stationed. But our young comrades of the church who are in the service of the country, along with the four or five million other American youth who

are not aware of the soon coming of Jesus, need all the encouragement and help that the rest of us can give them. Most of them, because of emergency conditions, are deprived of many of the conveniences and other facilities which afford inspiration, fellowship, and pleasure to those of us who remain at home.

The United States Government and many private organizations, our own church among them, are doing all they can to provide as much as possible in wholesome entertainment, good libraries, and homelike service quarters, where the men and women in any branch of the service may go freely and feel at home. At the Autumn Council, held at Cincinnati in October of 1942, an action was passed which makes provision for the purchase and distribution of two thousand sets of the follow-

ing ten standard books and five leading periodicals:

"The Desire of Ages"
"In the Beginning—God"
"David Dare"
"How Men Are Saved"
"Steps to Christ"
"Dragon Tales"
"Life Begins With God"
"Mount of Blessing"
"Fighting Africa's Black Magic"
(Tenth book to be decided)

Signs of the Times
Watchman Magazine
Youth's Instructor
Message Magazine
Signs of the Times (Canadian)

These publications are to be placed in the libraries of all the Army training camps, the USO, and other military service and recreation centers, as well as on the larger vessels of the Navy. It is also planned that part of the fund shall be used to supply literature for war prisoners in overseas countries, wherever possible. The cost of the undertaking will be approximately \$25,000, and it is planned for all the members of the church, old and young, to have a part in raising the money. The date for the offering to be taken in all the churches of the North American Division is Sabbath, February 20. It may be that your Missionary Volunteer Society will desire to take a special offering for this purpose at its meeting on that day to add to that which is received at the regular church service. In harmony with the deep interest the youth of the church have in our servicemen, let all contribute freely to this fund and thus convey blessing and pleasure to those who bear the heat of the battle for us all.

Let's Write a Poem

By JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

Note

The writer of these articles cannot undertake to criticize individual work, or to suggest markets for particular poems. We will, however, be glad to answer questions about source material or any points not made clear in the articles. But we can do this only if request is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Our last article will be in the form of a Question Box, in which we will try to answer the more interesting of these questions.

Part V

DID you ever walk along a riverbank just as a white moon was rising, with only the evening star for handmaiden, and notice how the bright reflections—broken by ripples and dark sedge grass—floated like bits of beaten silver upon the water? And didn't you wish you might keep the picture—always?

There is a little French pattern for a poem such as this, a poem that is only a delicate miniature, a light and fragile little song. This pattern, or form, is called the *triolet*. If you look in your dictionary, which I hope you have handy, you will find a brief definition of "triolet," and its proper pronunciation. It is "a stanza of eight lines on two rhymes, the first line repeated as the fourth and seventh, and the second as the eighth." This accounts for five of the eight lines. Of the remaining three, two rhyme with the first line, and the other with the second line. Best results are achieved by giving a slightly different twist to the meaning of the refrains, or repeated lines, on each repetition. This may be accomplished by change of punctuation or by approach through the preceding line. The clever writer, by such word play, may vary the meaning with each repetition, to infer a bit of irony or comedy perhaps, which adaptability moves one poet to term the triolet a "playfully sly" bit of verse. The following rhyme pattern is used for this form:

a b a a a b a b.

I believe we promised to use a new poetic foot for this effort. Let's talk about that briefly before we begin the poem. We have found that the most popular poetic foot is the iambus, or iambic foot. The second most popular, or commonly used, is the *trochee*, or *trochaic foot*. The trochee is just the opposite of the iambus. It has two

syllables, like the iambus, but we accent the first instead of the second. Some examples of the trochee are: *murmur*, *anger*, *favor*, *praise him*, *schoolboy*.

And now for our triolet. Let's look again at the picture we wish to put into this small lyric frame: a high white moon and one lone star, and below them the river, winding in and out among the marshy grasses, with moonlight silvering the ripples. First, we will take our location, *where the river idly wanders*, and will scan the line to see whether it divides evenly into trochaic feet:

Where' the | riv' er | i' dly | wan' ders

In our first poem we used iambic pentameter as the meter, or measure, of each line; which means that each line had five poetic feet of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable of each foot. In the foregoing line we have used *trochaic tetrameter*;

this measure has four poetic feet to the line, of two syllables each, but with the accent on the first syllable of each foot.

Suppose we compare this line with the line with which we started our first poem, so that you may see the difference in the two poetic feet we have used:

The car' | di nal' | is whis' | tling in' | the oak'

Read these lines over several times until you get the "feel" of the rhythm, until your ear is able to distinguish the difference. As the ear becomes more and more sensitive to rhythms, you will often be able to recognize "rough spots" in your work even before scanning it.

Our first line of the triolet has given us one rhyme word, *wanders*. This sets the rhyme sound for five of our lines; and it is a feminine rhyme. Our first poem used masculine rhyme. And now for our second line. *Where* does the river wander? *In and out among the sedges!* And that gives us a second line, and also a new rhyme word. Let us scan it:

In' and | out' a | mong' the | sedg' es

Notice how the accents fall naturally, just where they would if this were only a line of prose, in no way connected with a poem. Occasionally we see poems in which a word, or words, must



PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

In Frugal, Carefully Molded Lines of Poetry
the Memory of Beauty Finds an
Enduring Record

be mispronounced in order to make a proper rhyme. This is called "forcing" a rhyme, and should never be done. It is poor workmanship, and looks as though the author were too indolent to hunt for a suitable word to fit the place, one which could be accented naturally. Let us diligently apply the old adage, "Anything worth doing is worth doing well," to our verse writing, as to all other endeavors.

We now have the background, or shadows, for our picture. Let's put in the high lights! These, of course, are the lone star and the white moon. Suppose we take the star first, and say

Where the river idly wanders
In and out among the sedges,
One lone star looks down, and ponders

Scanning it, we find

One' lone | star' looks | down,' and |
pon' ders

We come now to the place where we must repeat our first line, and we must also tell what it is the lone star is pondering. Our first use of the line identifies the place. Can we give it a slightly different meaning in this instance? I believe so. We can make it the question our star is pondering. It will still identify place, but it will be the place about which the star is pondering, rather than the place upon which it looks down. In other words the star is wondering *where* the river wanders. So we will make the line a question this time:

Where' the | riv' er, | i' dly, | wan' ders.

This gives us one half of our triolet:

Where the river idly wanders
In and out among the sedges,

One lone star looks down, and ponders
Where the river, idly, wanders.

We will devote the second half to the moon. The moon is prodigal with her lovely light; so, in a little poem of this type, we might say that she *squanders* it. That would also give us the final rhyme word for the five lines which have similar rhyme sounds.

And' the | white' moon | light' ly |
squan' ders

What does she squander? Things most commonly squandered are time and money, or treasure, which is a more poetical word. Treasure is usually thought of in terms of metal—silver, gold, copper. Which of these is most apt as a simile for the white light of the moon? Silver, certainly. The moon, then, squanders silver; not in a single shining sheet, nor in identical disks like coins, but in irregular fragments, owing to the rippling water and the dark sedge grass. The imagination readily conceives the image of bits, or wedges, of beaten silver. *Wedges* is an ideal rhyme word for *sedges*, and that, too, is something we need. Putting these ideas together, we produce our sixth line:

Sil' ver | in bright,' | beat' en | wedg' es

No, we haven't made a mistake in scanning! But we are glad you noticed it just the same. We have substituted an iambic for a trochaic foot. This is permissible and often advisable. Like the thought which occasionally runs over into the following line, the substitution of a different type of foot frequently saves a poem from monotony.

But when the exception to the rule is indulged, when a different poetic foot is introduced, it must not cause the line to halt or stumble. The rhythm must still move smoothly; the slight difference in accent must never annoy the ear, but must come as a welcome diversion which adds to rather than detracts from, the beauty of the poem. In this particular instance, *bright* is the more important of the two words in this foot, the one which we would naturally accent, were the line a prose line. Sufficient accent is placed on *in*, because of the pause after *silver*, to save the general rhythm of the line.

A long poem may become very monotonous if such devices for varying the rhythm are not occasionally used. We cannot be too emphatic, however, in insisting that these devices be used intentionally and intelligently and that they contribute something to the poem that improves the general effect. A button is a useful object, but sewed just anywhere on a coat or dress, it could be very unattractive and out of place. Yet that same button, sewed in a spot where it would be decorative, or useful, or both, could be used to add finish and charm. We should use the same careful discrimination in fashioning our verses.

The final lines for this dainty little poetic vehicle are repetitions of the first two. It will not be necessary to scan them again. Here is our complete triolet:

NOCTURNE

Where the river idly wanders
In and out among the sedges,
One lone star looks down, and ponders
Where the river, idly, wanders.
And the white moon lightly squanders
Silver, in bright, beaten wedges—
Where the river idly wanders
In and out—among the sedges.

Before we consider the title, let us look at the triolet as a whole, with special attention to the repeated lines. In the first line the focus, or emphasis, is on the river itself, as the location on which the star looks. When we use this same line as our fourth, the focus shifts, as the star ponders, or wonders, *where* the river idly wanders. In the final repetition, the seventh line, the focus is removed entirely from the river itself and its wanderings, and becomes centered on the sedges among which the moon's bright silver is squandered.

In the second line of the stanza the sedges are subordinate to the river in the first line, and the star in the third; but when this line is repeated, as the eighth, the sedges take precedence—as the place where the "bright, beaten wedges" float, the climax, of the entire poem. You will see, by this little explanation, why the point and success of the triolet "lies in its grace, and skillful turn of phrase," as one writer puts it; and why it "is not adapted for any profound emotion." Another calls it a "tiny trill of epigrammatic melody turning simply on its own axis."

At this point it (Turn to page 13)

Slips That Pass

By CHARLES E. WENIGER

WE talk about political economy, household economy, and other kinds of economy, but when it comes to our pronunciation we are far from economical. We add sounds to some words in a way that would make the resources of a dictionary editor seem niggardly in comparison.

Sometimes we add a single consonant, as when we make **attack** sound like **attackt**, and **drown** like **drownd**; or when we insert an extra sound that converts **overalls** into **overhalls**, **reforestation** into **reforesitration**, and **statistics** into **statististics**.^{*} Practice saying these words as their simple spelling suggests—don't waste extra consonants.

And sometimes we make similar blunders by attaching an extra syllable to a word, or inserting another syllable within a word, so that **attacked** (correctly pronounced **attackt**) is mispronounced **attackedt**, and **drowned** (correctly pronounced **drownd**) is mispronounced **drownded**; and **compulsory** becomes **compulsorary**, **farthest** is stretched to **fartherest**, and **incidents** is drawn out to sound like **incidentses**. Let's say **compulsory**, and **farthest**, and **incidents** as their spelling suggests.

^{*} P. S. Can you really say **statistics** correctly without fumbling? I think that it is about the hardest commonly used word in the English language for most of us to pronounce glibly without apparent effort. Try saying **sta-tis-tics** over and over again till you can say it easily without stuttering.

Vreneli

By MAY COLE KUHN

PART THREE LIGHT AHEAD



S. M. HARLAN

The Necessary Preparation Finished, Vreneli Entered Nurses' Training at Equal Advantage With Her Classmates

SINCE Vreneli could not go back to Switzerland, she decided to try to find work in Philadelphia. Of course she must keep the Sabbath, and she thought that this might make it difficult for her to secure employment; but faithful helpers are hard to find, and Vreneli was soon busy in a home belonging to one of the Quaker City's four hundred. Here at first she assisted with the housekeeping, but later was given the position as head cook. All the while she was learning more of the English language at its best, and was becoming accustomed to the more cultivated American ways and customs.

After a year or two in this home she decided that she wished to be more definitely connected with denominational endeavor of Seventh-day Adventists. With a cousin, she decided to go back to the Middle West to do colporteur work.

"I know I can sell books to the people on those farms," she said. Accordingly, the two girls started west, where a convention of literature workers was being held.

On their arrival, however, they found to their dismay that for some reason young women were not being encouraged to enter the canvassing work at that time. Now they were in a quandary!

"I am going to look for work," asserted Vreneli. "I can work as well in one place as in another." Now it just happened at that time that the sanitarium in that State was sadly in need of competent helpers. The matron at once gave work to both girls, and they entered into the settled, wholesome atmosphere of a prosperous, well-directed Seventh-day Adventist hospital. Vreneli was soon initiated into the mysteries of healthful living, health foods, fomentations, treatments, and general sanitarium life; and she loved it.

"I want to be a nurse," she decided; but her grades were a little short of the required standard. Then, too, she could not stop earning and go to school, for she must still care for the little mother back in the Alps.

One day there catapulted into the sanitarium a doctor, a man with an electric personality, who told of a sanitarium, the Cedardale Sanitarium, where young men and women could work, go on with the necessary studies preparatory to taking the nurses' course, and could enter nurses' training as soon as they were ready.

After the lecture Vreneli edged up toward the doctor.

"Don't go," whispered her cousin; "he will never take you."

But Vreneli followed the crowd and spoke to the man whose words had inspired her with a determination to take definite steps toward her goal.

"I want to come to your hospital—" she began.

"Write to me! Write to me about it," he ejaculated, and went on to talk to the next in order.

Crestfallen, Vreneli returned to her room; but she wrote! Had she known the doctor, she would have realized

that he had already stored her away in his active mind, planning for her a place in his busy regime. She did not know, but she worked on and hoped and prayed, for she had learned the efficacy of prayer.

"They will never accept you," observed her cousin frequently. Then one day the postman brought her an envelope, a blue envelope.

"Come!" was the message it contained. But that was enough. Vreneli again packed her belongings and sped eastward to Cedardale.

There she found a cordial welcome, as well as congenial friends and classmates. To polish off her English, she studied at the academy, and each day her vocabulary increased in color and scope, until in a very short time she spoke fluently and beautifully.

The necessary preparation finished, she entered nurses' training at equal advantage with her classmates.

Now she redoubled her efforts, for her savings were slowly melting away, and some money must still go to mother each month. She began to worry lest her funds should vanish before she could finish her course. Yet she knew that God's hand is never shortened, nor His storehouse bare.

Early one morning she was called to the office of the superintendent of nurses.

"Vreneli," said the superintendent, "there is a patient here who sometimes helps our students. We want you to meet her."

Vreneli, bewildered because she was unaccustomed to having or needing help from anyone, followed the superintendent to the patient's room.

After customary introductions and a few pertinent questions, the patient said, "Now, Vreneli, I am placing some money in the sanitarium office for you. Use it as you need and when you desire. It is yours."

Vreneli, still bewildered, but grateful, uttered some words of thanks, but she determined that she would not use the money unless driven to it.

However, to have that little ready cash in the office as a resource eased the worry out of her heart. Could she have looked ahead, she would have seen that God was providing for an emergency. Thus He does with His children. "Before (Turn to page 13)

Eyes Right!

A Page Devoted to
Your Personal Problems



You Wonder Whether You Should
Marry the One Girl Before You
Go, and Her Urging Makes It
Harder Yet, Doesn't It?

Marriage Now?

QUESTION: "I am a young man, aged twenty-two, and was just starting in business for myself when I was called to Army service by Uncle Sam. In another three months I shall probably be sent overseas. My girl friend is anxious that we be married before I go. I feel that we should wait until (if and when) I return to take this step which will mean so much to both of us. What would be your counsel in this matter?"

ANSWER: It seems to me you have done very well, indeed, to be ready to go into business for yourself when your Uncle Sam needed your services. I can easily understand that it has been quite a jolt to lay aside your own plans and look after his business; but, as a matter of fact, it is our business too, and we cannot ignore it. We do better, therefore, if we make it our first interest as well as in fact.

Then there is this question whether you should marry the *one* girl before you go, and it is *she* who urges the matter—a complication which makes it harder yet, doesn't it? I wish I could know this *one* girl; perhaps I could help her a bit. As a matter of fact, my sympathies are all with her. You see, when a girl feels as if she must marry

her mate before he goes away to the war, it is Nature who is urging her, and Nature thinks not of the individual, but of the race. She is always urging the need of the race; she cares nothing for the individual; and just now she is making the *one* girl feel that her mate is so dear and precious that she must prove her love for him beyond all doubt; so she wants to give him herself—the finest gift she has to give. No wonder she longs for this. I understand her perfectly. I should feel just as she does if I were in her place; but if I were, I hope I would have the courage to think the whole matter through.

We have to look the problem in the face. A man may not return, or he may return so disabled or mutilated as to make marriage to his best beloved a lifelong tragedy to both of them. The child he may have given her would be a comfort, but it would also be a handicap to her, in self-support as well as in remarriage. Statistics support this statement.

Sometimes people argue that marriage has a steadying influence upon a man, as well as on the wife, while he is away. That is true. We hold on to life more tenaciously. We have more to live for, but the possessiveness

Have you ever longed for the privilege of sitting down with some man or woman of good sense and experience, and asking counsel about the perplexities which you are meeting in the day-by-day effort to live a worthy, satisfactory life? We are offering you that privilege. Send in your questions. They will be answered frankly, sympathetically, and helpfully by those whom the INSTRUCTOR editors consider qualified to give advice on the subject, those who have had experience in dealing with young people and are sympathetic with their problems. Each answer will appear over the signature of an individual, but in no case is any reply to be taken as a denominational pronouncement. Rather each answer will reflect the personal convictions of the writer, though it will be in harmony with accepted principles and practices of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Please sign your questions with your full name and address, but we assure you that neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and that every confidence will be fully respected. Send all communications to Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

of marriage emotionalizes us until we are less able to endure—as good soldiers must. I should like to ask your girl if she thinks the thought of her in need or want, perhaps, or ill, would strengthen you to endure? Or would it weaken your spirit just when you needed strength most?

Then, too, marriage changes the nature of both man and woman, puts increased demands upon both so that for either, life, apart from the other, becomes harder to bear than it would have been before marriage. We have to be practical. A girl sometimes thinks the status and prestige that marriage would give her will make marriage worth while, whatever the drawbacks. These motives are natural, but they are low motives of the weaker soul. We must guard against shortsightedness and weakness. It is the "last fling psychology," and with it comes the letdown of responsibility. You will not find the Army urging war marriages. They know well that such a marriage softens a man and makes it harder for him to throw himself into his work. These are days of quickened emotions, and we need to test our motives. Let us be sure we do what we do, not just because it is the easier way, but because it is the braver, stronger way.

Not many months ago I read a letter a sister had received from her brother. He was in the service and wrote home his love for each of the dear ones. He wrote of his girl, how he had thought of marriage but had turned away from it. "No," he wrote in closing, "there are too many orphans and widows now. It isn't fair and I am not for it. There's no marrying for me until it is all over and I come home to stay!"

Before they saw him again, the boy had died in a military hospital in Cairo. Among the personal effects his people received from the authorities was a locket taken from his body that contained the girl's picture. He had denied himself his dearest wish, because he thought it right. I count him a brave man and honor him for his decision.

God bless you and the one girl, my boy, and give you His wisdom and His strength—we cannot meet life without both.

AGNES CAVINESS,
Instructor in Home Relations,
Pacific Union College.



said of the men of the twelfth century, that they had the minds and emotional reactions of children. It has been declared also that the noontide of the Papacy was the world's midnight.

After the Crusades, Europe began slowly to wake out of her sleep. The Moors, bringing Arabian culture and learning, pushed into Spain. Schools were started, and with this stimulation the people began to think again. Some here and there became courageous enough to say what they believed to be right, regardless of consequences.

With Córdoba, Paris, and London as centers of this new learning, universities were established and schools flourished. These schools were primitive enough, with little equipment and only straw-covered ground for floors. Aristotle was the authority for the students of natural history and Galen was the only textbook for medicine. The educators felt there was really nothing new under the sun, for had not these two men discovered all knowledge? Why question further? All the teach-

MANY years after the passing of Hippocrates, Galen, and Aristotle, the famous Grecian scientists, came the Roman conquests. Since the Romans had no use for Greek culture and had nothing to give in return, the world gradually lost sight of the finer things of life. With the rise of the papal church, science and, in fact, all learning, died—seemingly. It was as if a giant spider had spun his web over the minds of men and left them in darkness concerning the world about them. Schools were closed, for all the knowledge which was necessary for life was in the hands of the church fathers, who were the sole interpreters of religion and the science of living. Inasmuch as no one dared to delve into the mysteries of astronomy, this science, with its marvelous revelations, came to be regarded as nothing but a foolish superstition through which men could make money by telling the fortunes of poor, ignorant men and women. The practice of medicine, which had made such wonderful strides, reverted to the level of the dark days before Hippocrates. Sickness was looked upon as a curse from God. It was considered a sin to attempt a cure or even to question the cause. No one was allowed to read the writings of the Greek thinkers, and as time went on, this language was forgotten by the common people. A country without schools and other requirements of education might appeal to the youth today for a short while, but centuries of this finally plunged the world into the darkest age of its history.

There were no ideas of sanitation or hygiene in those dark times. Scourge after scourge afflicted city and country-

side, and left millions of dead and dying in their wake. Absolution from sin was offered to those who would will their property to the church or make pilgrimages to Rome. Charms and amulets were sold to the people, with the promise that wearing them would keep sickness and the plague away from their doors. Diphtheria took its toll of the young; tuberculosis killed off entire families; typhoid and dysentery were always raging. It is recorded that, in one city alone, during the worst siege of the plague, people died at the rate of ten thousand a day and that, in one year, out of the 1,200,000 pilgrims who journeyed to Rome, scarcely ten per cent lived to return to their homes. Because it was considered beneath the dignity of the physician to do surgery, the butchers and barbers took the field, using whatever instruments they might have at hand. There was, of course, no anesthesia to deaden pain.

With all these afflictions and without impetus for learning, is it a wonder that the people degenerated into creatures entirely lacking in curiosity, knowledge, or desire for culture? It is

ers were called masters, and the textbooks covered the subjects of theology and the seven liberal arts. The students, required to learn the questions and answers in the books by rote, were to ask no questions. All inquiry was discouraged, and even the use of the mind was not considered necessary.

When Roger Bacon was born in the year 1214, the streets of London, which had no paving, were filled with mud and filth. The poorer classes lived in mere hovels; and the homes of the better classes, to which this boy belonged, had no conveniences, although they could boast of beautifully carved furnishings and rich decorations.

Roger, a bright boy, had all the advantages of the schooling then in vogue. He finished at Oxford when quite young and then went to Paris for further study. In those days the students in the universities wore caps and gowns. When not attending lectures, they could be found in the villages drinking and quarreling with those who were not interested in study. When barely nineteen, Roger won the degree of Doctor of Theology. While

Heroes of Science

By HELEN E. SPICER

Roger Bacon

he was in Paris, some scientific Arabian writings fell into his hands, and he devoured them eagerly. These papers fired him with new enthusiasm to find out every fact available about the natural world. He had no patience with the current methods of teaching, with the general lack of curiosity, and with the complacency of students and teachers. He was curious and anxious to know, and he proceeded to ask questions and experiment until he found out facts. He was a sincere young man. Since he was loyal to the church, he became a monk, of the Franciscan order.

After several years Bacon returned to Oxford and went on the lecture platform, but the customary religious subjects were not the topics of his lectures. In an attempt to arouse the people to the point of thinking for themselves, instead of allowing the church to do their thinking for them, he began firing accusations at the educators and at their methods of teaching. His fame began to spread abroad, and the annoyed religious leaders decided that something must be done to stop this "mad monk" from "ruining the people" by putting new and strange ideas into their heads. He wanted his hearers to learn to think! This was considered a crime. He pleaded for scientific methods of research and experimentation.

To illustrate what a spell the ancient writers held over the people for centuries, we have the following anecdote. Galen had said hundreds of years before that the thighbone was curved. Sylvius (1478-1555), one of the anatomists teaching at the university in Paris, was asked by his students about this statement, for anyone could see by just a glance that this was not the truth. The teacher immediately answered that if Galen had said that the bone was curved, it must have been curved in the days of Galen, and that probably the tightness of the trousers worn by the men during the years since his time and theirs had caused the bones to straighten! It never seemed to enter men's minds to question the ancient writers, for they had been assured that these venerable scholars could never be wrong.

When Roger Bacon was not lecturing, he could have been found hidden away in some out-of-the-way place, feverishly experimenting with this or that piece of machinery. He had no chemistry manual or physics book to guide him—only a determination to prove all the theories which were going through his mind. He had never heard of, much less seen, a steam engine, but five hundred years before Watt made his steam engine, Roger Bacon constructed his model in great secrecy. Perhaps the hissing of the steam or the noise of the pounding led his fellow monks to his workshop. For a long time they had been suspicious of this strange young man. When they finally found this monstrous piece of machinery, they demolished it, fully convinced that he was a witch and should be put out of the way before he bewitched them all.

Orders were sent to him to leave London immediately and return to Paris. Being an honest man, Bacon thought that he should obey the summons of his superiors. Consequently, he left for Paris, where he was placed under the ban of the church. Some authorities claim that he was thrown into prison, but perhaps he was just kept in the monastery, where his only companions were ignorant monks who had no use for one with such never-before-heard-of ideas. He was not allowed to have any books, instruments for experimentation, or writing materials. Instead of brooding over his sins, he spent his time thinking, studying, trying desperately to remember all he had learned about science and the



Christian Salesmanship a Great Profession

BY J. J. STRAHLE,

Associate Secretary, General Conference Publishing Department

IF ever there was a fit time for presenting a knowledge of present truth to the people, it is now. In fact, we have an unrivaled opportunity to reach the unsaved, judgment-bound multitudes with God's message, which alone gives sure hope at this time of universal distress and despair. This message is the only real light in the world's blackout.

People are anxious about the meaning of the world-shaking events of our day, and wonder what will come next. Dr. Roy L. Smith, one of the leading clergymen in America, says: "We are desperately in need of a new perspective. We need an interpreter and an interpretation. If men will not think now, they will never think again."

Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State, in speaking to a group of students at Yale, said recently: "You will find great masses of men without illusion, seeking and struggling for an idea of life which gives them hope."

Their only true hope is the gospel of Christ, and how gladly many of them will hear and accept "the blessed hope" when it is offered to them. Are we ready to make the most of this opportunity? We may be if we are willing to pay the



spiritual and intellectual price. But what can anyone do well if he does not know the best way to accomplish it?

The people of the world, as we have said, are ready to listen to God's message. Any young person can attract prospects to listen, but his success depends to a great extent on his knowing how to make the right appeal.

In your "Master Comrade Manual" is given information on Christian salesmanship that will be a guide to you in learning the great art of persuading men. Many of our young people are preparing themselves to qualify for a Master Comrade emblem in Christian salesmanship.

One of our Master Comrades related this outstanding experience: "I am happy to say that my work has borne fruit. Over fifty persons have been brought to a knowledge of the third angel's message through my knock at their doors. At present I am in touch with six more families who are being wooed, and I pray may be won, for the Master."

What a wonderful opportunity we have, as workers for God, to study the different methods that arouse the interest of the people and finally lead them to make the decision to become followers of Christ and to keep the commandments of God!

natural phenomena around him. At the end of about eight years a friend, who became head of the Franciscan order, released him and requested that he write a book on all the sciences. This book was to be written in a few months, and no reference material was supplied him. Roger Bacon wrote and wrote unceasingly, fervently, until by the end of the eighteen-month period, he had written enough to fill three volumes.

His insight into the future reads almost like an uncanny forecast, especially when one considers the level of thought and the ideas of the people in his day. He claimed that someday instruments of navigation would be made that would do away with the necessity for rowers, and that large ships would be built which could be guided by one man and go with great speed. He also wrote of the possibility of a western route to India. It is said that Christopher Columbus quoted from this passage in a letter to Ferdinand of Spain when he was trying to persuade the king to give financial backing for his trip to discover the New World. In the days when the owner of four oxen was looked upon as one belonging to royalty and due great homage, Roger Bacon said that carriages could be built that would move without the aid of animals to draw them and would go with unbelievable speed. Nor was he content to leave people on the ground; in his imagination he saw flying machines in the air in which a man would sit and turn ingenious devices which would guide the wings and cause them to move in the air like the wings of a bird. For the workman, he pictured a machine which could be built so compactly that it would be able to raise and lower tremendous weights. Sometime there would also be machines enabling men to walk even to the bottom of the sea without danger, said this "madman." There is no record that he had a telescope, but he wrote on the principles of lens adjustment and told how to cause things far away to seem close by. Everyone had seen a rainbow, yes; but evidently no one had been curious enough to find out what made its beautiful coloring. Bacon figured it out and gave a clear explanation.

He also maintained that all true wisdom was contained in the Scriptures, and that the true end of philosophy was to rise from the imperfect knowledge of created things to a knowledge of the Creator. The ancient philosophers, who did not have the Scriptures, must have received direct illumination from God, he declared, or they could not have written as they did. He thus seemed to grasp that statement in the Bible which says, "Because that which is known of God is manifest in them; for God manifested it unto them. For the invisible things of Him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity."

Soon after Bacon's book was completed, it fell into the hands of another churchman in authority, who was not his friend and who was immediately certain that the world would be better off without such a heretic with his black magic. Once again this poor, honest, sincere man, whose only crime was that of too much learning, was thrust back into prison. This time he was held for fourteen long years. When he was released, he was an old man, broken in health. Two years later he died with these words on his lips, "I repent me now that I have given myself so much trouble for the love of science."

So passed a life dedicated to a search for scientific truth. Roger Bacon spent twenty-four years under the ban of the church. His crime? Too much knowledge, for he was living centuries ahead of his time.



PHOTOS BY ROBERTS. YOSEMITE PARK AND CURRY CO., J. C. ALLEN

Just an Empty

GUN BARREL

By Virginia Richards

HAROLD and Kenneth were always getting into mischief! No matter how much father and mother warned them that they would surely come to grief, they still got "bright ideas." At Sabbath school their teacher tried to impress them with the importance of obeying their parents in everything, but the lesson never seemed really to sink in. Their mother and father had tried by various methods to teach them obedience, but it seemed that they would have to learn this lesson in the hard school of experience.

The old Colorado homestead was buzzing more than usual this particular morning. Father had been away preaching, but today he was coming home! Father was a busy man. He was gone most of the time, but the boys always anticipated his home-coming. In their excitement they forgot the warnings he had given them about the danger of playing with fire and meddling with gunpowder. There were hours to pass before his train would arrive, and mother was busy in the kitchen. She mentioned that they might help her, but work did not appeal to them at all. Out the back door they scampered.

"Floyd, O Floyd," they called to their playmate, "come on out! Let's go exploring." And away they went down the bank to the old dry ditch to see what ancient relic they could find. Kicking through the rocks and sticks, Harold's toe hit something hard. He bent over to investigate; then he called to the other boys, "Look, an old gun barrel! Say, I've an idea!"

With the rusty relic the three boys made a beeline for the big red home barn. The haymow looked inviting; so with leaps and bounds the three mischief-loving lads hurried up the nearest ladder to the loft. Harold's idea was a good one they thought. Those pigeons that perched on the barn roof were a nuisance anyway.

The gun barrel which Harold had found was part of an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading shotgun, which, judging

by the amount of rust on it, had been there in the ditch for perhaps twenty years. It was loaded by putting in a pinch or so of powder and then pounding it down tight with a ramrod. This, of course, was a very slow process, but it was the only known way to load a shotgun in those days. The boys decided that they would make a cannon out of the old gun barrel by mounting it on large stones and then filling the barrel with ammunition. Running here and there, they gathered some big stones and found a piece of string with which they fastened the gun barrel securely to the stones.

Many a cold winter night Harold and Kenneth had invited Floyd over to supper; and after the table was cleared and the dishes done, they had curled up in

a big armchair and read history books filled with stories of great wars in which guns and powder and excitement played a prominent part. They loved to listen, too, to stories that their father told about great fighters of history, and they dreamed of being someday great generals in command of huge armies marching to meet a foe. Just such a dream came true when Harold stumbled on the old gun barrel. They would really have a war against the pigeons on the barn roof!

Floyd, who knew where he could get plenty of gunpowder, ran home after a supply from a large can which his father kept in the barn to use for blasting stumps from land he was clearing. He filled his pockets with powder, helped himself to a piece of fuse to put in the touchhole, so they might be at a safe distance from the old barrel when the charge exploded, and hurried back to join Harold and Kenneth.

The old gun muzzle was arranged to point directly at the top of the barn, and the firing cock was open. Instead of putting only a pinch of powder into the barrel, Harold put in six or seven inches of the deadly stuff. This would surely get those pigeons! After the powder, he dropped in bullets, stones, nails, bolts, and every small thing within reach, till the barrel was filled up to the muzzle.

When they were all ready to light the fuse, Harold turned and looked down the dusty dirt road to make sure no one was watching them. Imagine his disappointment when he saw his father coming, laden down with heavy suitcases. Now after all that work, they couldn't fire the charge! But Harold had never wanted to do anything so badly. Reaching deep down into his pocket, he fumbled among the assortment of odds and ends stored there and finally produced a match. He struck it on a near-by hitching post and touched the flame directly to the gunpowder.

BOOM! Junk of every description filled the air. Harold lay flat on the ground with his hands to his eyes shouting, "I can't see light, I can't see light!" As the sound of the explosion died away, Floyd ran toward home as fast as he could. The preacher father dropped his baggage and rushed to Harold. Mother came out of the house to see what had happened and began to weep for fear that Harold's sight had been destroyed. What a home-coming for father!

The old gunmaker must have made that barrel strong, because the explosion came out of the touchhole almost as violently as it did out of the muzzle; yet the barrel itself did not explode. That was a wonder, for it was a real antique.

With the help of frightened Kenneth, father hitched Nell to the buggy. Harold was helped to a seat between his parents in the front while Kenneth jumped in behind. It was a long way to

Some Mother's Boy

By Mina E. Carpenter

Some mother's boy has gone astray,
Living a life of sin today,
Thoughtless and careless along life's way.
My boy—don't let it be YOU!

Some mother's heart is bleeding and torn,
Crushed by sorrow and pressed by thorn,
Hoping and longing, though faint and worn.
My boy—oh, won't YOU be true?

Some mother's boy is straight and strong,
Pure and noble and filled with song,
Striving for right and shunning the wrong.
My boy—God grant it be YOU!

town and the bumpy road made the going slow. Harold thought they would never get there. He longed to sprout wings and fly, for his eyes hurt so terribly. Oh, if only he had heeded the wise counsel of his father to let matches and gunpowder alone!

There was only one good surgeon in that little country town. Fortunately, he was in his office when the distressed family arrived. After placing Harold flat on his back on a straight, hard table, the doctor took a pair of tweezers and went to work picking out the burned pieces of powder, one by one, from Harold's eyes. My, how it did hurt! It was a long and tedious task as the doctor kept hunting, picking, and hunting some more for stray powder. He got out all that he could, but some were left that it was not possible to remove. Most of them were not in the direct line of vision, but they greatly impaired Harold's sight. Not only the victim of this accident, but Kenneth and Floyd also, learned from this unhappy experience a lesson that they have never forgotten.

Now as Harold, a grown man, turns the pages of his radio script while giving his coast-to-coast broadcast, he wishes that he had heeded his father's caution, "Harold, never play with gunpowder, and always obey your parents."

Looking for Work

* * *

IT was in the early spring of 1913. The building "boom" that had lasted for several years, overbuilding residential "additions" and business blocks alike in the city of San Diego, California, was experiencing a sharp decline. Hundreds of men walked the streets, going from job to job inquiring for work.

Everett, the chief person of this monograph, was among the multitude who, on a particular day in that year, sought employment.

Equipped with an excellent training by a father of the "old school" of builders, and possessing a respect for the customary courtesies of life, taught him by a godly mother, Everett set out on a Friday morning in search of much-needed work.

He first approached a new job, where, to all appearances, a small group of houses would soon be under construction. A garage was completed and was in use as a temporary shop and tool shed. A sign board bore the name, "Kirby and Carnahan, Real Estate." Two men were at work in the shop.

Without slackening his pace or changing his businesslike attitude of mind, Everett stepped up to the workmen, and the following conversation took place:

"Please, gentlemen, which of you is the foreman on this job?"

"I am, sir," answered Mr. Carnahan. "What can I do for you?"

"Can you use another man?"

"No, sir!" said the foreman frankly, noting the youthfulness of the applicant.

"Thank you, friend," smiled Everett as he turned on his heel and Everett for the next prospective place of employment. But he was scarcely off the lot when he was abruptly recalled.

"Come around next Monday," directed Mr. Carnahan.

"Thank you, sir, I shall be here," agreed the young man. There was no further conversation or delay, and he wondered why there had been such a change of mind on the part of the building foreman, as he hurried home, inwardly thanking the Lord for a prayer answered.

A month passed. Christian principles found application in conscientious workmanship. One morning the foreman abruptly said:

"Everett."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know why I hired you a month ago?"

"No, sir."

"When a man who is looking for work has a businesslike attitude of mind," observed Mr. Carnahan, "a bodily activity which demonstrates that he wishes and expects to find what he is looking for; and, when and if he is turned down at one place, he loses no time in seeking another opportunity, I am sure that he is the man I am looking for. He'll make friends, and many of them, for the firm."

"Thank you, Mr. Carnahan," said Everett humbly.

The Philosophy of a Fuller Life

(Continued from page 4)

and he gave me a certain address. That carton was temporarily in trouble, too; but it was filled with something, and had a label on it that showed where it was intended to go. And so kind hands helped it (for it was helpless) on its way, simply because we all respect a full container trying to do its job. But if that carton could have talked, it might have said something about the hard time it was having, what a disappointment it was to be there in the middle of the road when it was supposed to be at its destination. It was still a valuable carton. Though it did not reach its destination by the route it was intended to travel, it got there all right. And its contents were even more carefully checked and more appreciated than if it had arrived in the routine manner.

I remember an old Quaker who told me the story of a young man just being graduated from a theological seminary. Part of his examination was to preach a sermon from a text handed him just as he went into the pulpit. What was the astonishment of the young man when he was handed the cryptic statement, "Nine and twenty knives." What would you do under similar circumstances? Well, the story goes that the young man preached a creditable sermon. He told how God honors faithfulness and honesty, citing this text as proof. Here was, said he, a fine proof of the systematic and meticulous care of one of God's servants, and the reason, beyond a doubt, that the name of Sheshbazzar has been preserved in the immortal pages of Holy Writ; for it was he that set down, among other things that King Cyrus sent back to Jerusalem, the entry of the "nine and twenty knives." What a satisfaction to that young man that he knew the first chapter of Ezra well enough to preach that sermon! The verse is the ninth.

Just here I am reminded of another old story. 'Tis said that the Greek orator, Demosthenes, had gathered around him, as was the custom of the Greek philosophers, a group of admiring students. One of these is purported to have said, "Master, how may I, too, become a great orator?" The old man turned to the youth and, pointing to a large cask used to contain drinking water, said, "Son, fill up the cask!"

Now to carry water was the work of slaves and women, and it was no small test of the young man's devotion to his instructor to be required to do such a menial service. But so great was his respect for and confidence in the wisdom of the sage that he shouldered an earthen waterpot, and after many tiresome trips through the burning sun, was able to report, "Master, the cask is full."

Turning to the youth, Demosthenes then said, "You wish to become a great orator, and you say the cask is full? Very well, now, wherever you tap the cask you will get a stream."

The GUIDEBOOK



Sin originated with the devil, or Satan.

"The devil sinneth from the beginning." 1 John 3:8.

He was a murderer and a liar.

"He was a murderer from the beginning. . . . He is a liar, and the father of it." John 8:44.

Satan, known in heaven as Lucifer, was not created sinful.

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee." Eze. 28:15.

As an angel in heaven he was "the covering cherub" and next to Christ in power.

"Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so." Eze. 28:14.

Pride and selfishness led to Lucifer's sin and rebellion against God.

"Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty." Eze. 28:17.

"Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; . . . I will be like the Most High." Isa. 14:13, 14.

This resulted in war in heaven.

"There was war in heaven: Michael and His angels fought against the dragon [Satan]; and the dragon fought and his angels." Rev. 12:7.

Satan and his rebel angels were cast out of heaven.

"The great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Rev. 12:9.

In the form of a serpent he visited Eden and led Adam and Eve to disobey God's express command in eating of the fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil."

"The serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. . . . And . . . the woman . . . took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." Gen. 3:4-6.

As a consequence of this sin, our first parents were driven from their Eden home.

"Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the Garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken." Gen. 3:23.

But even though man had sinned, God still loved him and promised him a Saviour.

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

That is still excellent advice. Let us waste no opportunity to "fill up the cask," not with a heterogeneous mass, but with the clear pure water from the river of life—and wherever we tap the cask, we will get a stream.

The Scripture puts it this way, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Matt. 12:34.

It is possible, I warn you, to study incessantly and yet not live the fuller life as a result. I know many men who have studied, who are, in truth, little more than educated fools. I think of one young man who got plausible grades in college. He was graduated, ready for a job. But none seemed ready for him; he had a hard time. Hoping to cheer him up, I went to see him. I found him reading a cheap, yellow-backed novel. Oh yes! *his* cask was full—but of what? The last I heard of him, he was working as a farm hand. He says a college degree is worthless—and he is right. It is—to him and those of his ilk.

I remember another story—that of an ancient king who gathered in his palace a wonderful collection of jewel caskets. He delighted to show them to certain of his guests. They were made of the rarest materials and in cunning manner, but they were all closed. On being urged, however, the king consented to open them. The guests were thrilled.

Surely, here would be rich jewels—diamonds and pearls to delight the eye. But what was the surprise and embarrassment of the guests to find that the caskets contained nothing but sand. “So,” said the king, “is the heart of a man who forgets his duty to his fellow men and lives only for himself.” And as it was in that ancient time, so is it today.

No real, satisfying filling ever comes to him who gets only to hold. “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty,” says the wise man again. So we must not only be careful to fill our lives with worth-while things, but also be thoughtful in regard to *why* we fill them, else we shall be like the caskets full of sand, or like the dead sea, full but useless.

Sometimes we make the filling of our lives too remote a task. You will remember the allegory penned by Bunyan in Bedford jail. The particular incident that impresses me most in “Pilgrim’s Progress” is that of the old muckraker, who toiled with his ancient rake in the mire, raking futilely amidst the filth of this world, while all the time an angel hovered just above him, holding in his hands a crown of glory, which the poor old man might have had just by looking up. It is impossible to rake up all the muck and dirt in the world. If we attempt to do so, it will fill our lives, yes—but not for more abundant living. It is too hard a task. Let’s not do it. Rather let us look up and behold the beauty of the golden crown which we may wear if we will but do so. Then by beholding, we will become changed into the image of our Lord and King.

Some there are who are dull of perception, who do not recognize real worth when they see it.

You have doubtless heard the story of the poor farmer in South Africa, who worked so hard and had so little. His children played with certain bright stones they picked up in the yard, but the farmer did not recognize them for the diamonds they were until a stranger, wise in the way of precious stones, came and bought the farm, and left him disheartened because another found wealth where he found only poverty.

Would we be great explorers and travel to the ends of the earth? Are we passing without notice the diamonds under our feet? Would we see great scenery and beautiful vistas? Men come from all over the earth to look at and admire our native hills. Would we have great wealth? I tell you of a surety, there is no greater wealth than the riches of abundant health; yet what are we doing to fill our lives with this treasure that we may not only have it, but pass its blessings on to others? We are too busy to do this or that? The most industrious of us waste more time than we would need to “fill up the cask.” Check up honestly on yourself, and you will see that this is true. There is truth in the oft-repeated saying that if you want anything done, go to a busy man, and he will have time to do it for you. Certainly! The busy man has learned to use time profitably. Furthermore he has “filled the cask;” he has but to tap it, and behold—a stream!

Do you wonder what you should study, what graces you should cultivate, what arts you should master, to live this fuller life? You will find these questions fully answered in the sermon on the mount, preached by the greatest Preacher this world has ever known. Read the first eleven verses as written in the fifth chapter of Matthew’s Gospel, not as a sermon but as the foundation of a life philosophy, and I am sure you will find new joy in living, new reason for pressing courageously on into the dark days ahead of us.

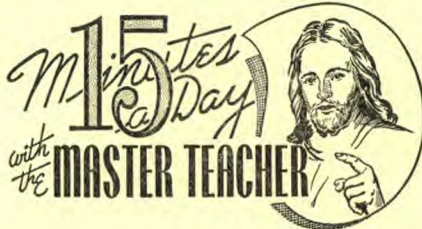
Let’s Write a Poem

(Continued from page 6)

may not be amiss to call your attention to the fact that even a bit of verse of only eight lines requires some exercise of the gray matter, and depends on something more than so-called “inspiration” for success. Quarrying a block of granite may require a certain amount of physical strength, but it can be done with reasonable dispatch and a minimum of mental effort. But turning that block of granite into a sculptured vision of loveliness takes infinite patience and thought and perseverance.

There are many titles from which we could have chosen a name for this brief stanza: Moonlight, Moon Silver, Moon Magic, or one which might include the word “star,” or “river.” *Nocturne*, our dictionary tells us, means “night scene;” and that is just what this miniature word picture is—even though it isn’t much more than a thumbnail sketch.

For our next venture in verse making we will study one of the more popular of the fixed forms, or patterns—the sonnet. We found the triolet to be French. The sonnet is Italian, having originated with the Italian poet, Petrarch. The original pattern still bears his name, the Pe-



“Education,” Pages 123-140

	Pages
Sunday	123-125
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THINK ON THESE THINGS

“The Bible contains all the principles that men need to understand in order to be fitted either for this life or for the life to come.”—“Education,” p. 123.

“No one with a spirit to appreciate its teaching can read a single passage from the Bible without gaining from it some helpful thought.”—*Ibid.*

“In searching out the various parts and studying their relationship, the highest faculties of the human mind are called into intense activity. No one can engage in such study without developing mental power.”—*Id.*, p. 124.

“The mind occupied with commonplace matters only, becomes dwarfed and enfeebled. If never tasked to comprehend grand and far-reaching truths, it after a time loses the power of growth.”—*Ibid.*

“As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books combined.”—*Ibid.*

“He who with sincere and teachable spirit studies God’s word, seeking to comprehend its truths, will be brought in touch with its Author; and, except by his own choice, there is no limit to the possibilities of his development.”—*Id.*, p. 125.

trarchan sonnet, although the majority of poets have employed the form successfully, and have even made certain variations in the pattern to suit individual taste and convenience. Modern poets have taken even more liberties with the original design. Nevertheless, many critics recognize as a true sonnet only that form which still bears the name of Petrarch. This is the form we shall study.

Meanwhile, it would be worth your time and effort to do a little individual research on this pattern, since it is a favorite with most editors, as well as with poets.

Vreneli

(Continued from page 7)

the scar is made, the wound is healed.”

A few months later a message came from Switzerland urging her to return at once. Mother was very ill.

War was still raging in Europe. Travel was not safe by sea or land after one left American shores. Vreneli talked it over with the Swiss consul.

“I know it is an almost impossible thing I ask,” she argued, “but I want to go to Europe if possible.”

“You can go,” he replied; “it can easily be arranged.”

“But how?” she interrogated. “The steamship line refuses me a ticket.”

“You shall go,” he replied, “as a missionary. I know all about Cedardale. It is preparing nurses for service at home and abroad. You are going abroad.”

The morning she left Cedardale, the consul was at the station. As she boarded the train, he gave her an envelope. “A present from your country,” he said. It contained a Pullman ticket for first-class accommodations to the Atlantic seaboard.

With the money that had been placed to her credit, she had enough for her expenses to Switzerland. As she left, she made up her mind to two courses of action. She must go home, for she had a message for her loved ones; but she must come back to finish her nurses’ course.

Over the war-ridden ocean she passed safely. Occasionally a submarine or a destroyer bubbled along the surface of the sea, but for the most part of the voyage there was little disturbance.

One morning Vreneli again walked up the path toward the old home, and the glad mountains closed about her while she sat once more in the nook by the fire and talked life over with mother.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

VII—Re-Creation Through Redemption

(February 13)

MEMORY VERSE: Ephesians 2:10.

LESSON HELPS: “Patriarchs and Prophets,” pp. 63-70; “Christ’s Object Lessons,” pp. 307-319 (new edition, pp. 313-325).

THE LESSON

1. With what must Adam have been impressed as he saw the changes going on about him? 2 Peter 2:19, last part.

NOTE.—“Not only man but the earth had by sin come under the power of the wicked one, and was to be restored by the plan of redemption. At his creation, Adam was placed in dominion over the earth. But by yielding to temptation, he was brought under the power of Satan. ‘Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage.’—‘Patriarchs and Prophets,’ p. 67.

2. What was the first intimation given to man that he would be redeemed? Gen. 3:15.

NOTE.—In this prophecy, Adam was given the assurance of the coming of the Redeemer. Since this announcement, “Satan had known that he did not hold absolute sway over the world. There was seen in men the working of a power that withstood his dominion. With intense interest he watched the sacrifices offered by Adam and his sons. In these ceremonies he discerned a symbol of communion between earth and heaven.”—‘The Desire of Ages,’ p. 115.

3. What system was ordained of God by which man was to show faith in a coming Saviour? Gen. 4:4; Heb. 11:4.

4. Since man had fallen, by whom only could he be brought back to God? John 3:16.

5. How could the dominion lost by Adam be restored? Micah 4:8.

NOTE.—“When man became Satan’s captive, the dominion which he held, passed to his conqueror. Thus Satan became ‘the god of this world.’ He had usurped that dominion over the earth which had been originally given to Adam. But Christ, by His sacrifice paying the penalty of sin, would not only redeem man, but recover the dominion which he had forfeited. All that was lost by the first Adam will be restored by the second. . . . That purpose will be fulfilled, when, renewed by the power of God, and freed from sin and sorrow, it shall become the eternal abode of the redeemed.”—‘Patriarchs and Prophets,’ p. 67.

6. What did the angels sing when Jesus was born? Luke 2:13, 14.

7. What broke the heart of Jesus when He came to carry out the plan of salvation? John 1:11.

NOTE.—Jesus “came to the Jews, and they refused to accept Him as the Messiah; they fell over Him as one would fall over a stone in his path. They were not looking for a Saviour to come to the world. In fact, they felt no need of a Saviour; for they reckoned that they were already the people of God. True, they were expecting the Messiah, but they had not thought that He would give His life as a sacrifice that they might be saved. They were looking for One who would recognize them as the elect, who would establish His kingdom over them, and restore to them the lost dominion that had been taken from them by the Romans.”—‘The Way to Christ,’ p. 44.

8. After Christ had paid the price of redemption, how was He welcomed by the heavenly host at His ascension? Ps. 24:7-10.

NOTE.—“All heaven was waiting the hour of triumph when Jesus should ascend to His Father. Angels came to receive the King of glory, and to escort Him triumphantly to heaven. . . . The heavenly train passed into the city of God. Then all the heavenly host surrounded their majestic Commander, and with the deepest adoration bowed before Him, and cast their glittering crowns at His feet. And then they touched their golden harps, and in sweet, melodious strains, filled all heaven with rich music and songs to the Lamb who was slain, yet lives again in majesty and glory.”—‘Early Writings,’ pp. 190, 191.

9. Who will inherit the earth after its restoration? Ps. 37:29; Matt. 5:5.

10. What two acts are involved in the restoration of the earth? 2 Peter 3:10; Isa. 65:17.

11. What vision of the restored kingdom was given to John, the revelator? Rev. 21:1.

12. What blessed hope has filled the hearts of the righteous since the Saviour left the earth? John 14:1-3.

13. How will the redeemed rejoice when they have been “safely gathered into the heavenly Canaan”? Isa. 35:10.

NOTE.—“When the ransomed of the Lord shall have been safely gathered into the heavenly Canaan,—forever delivered from

the bondage of the curse, under which ‘the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now,’—they will rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Christ’s great work of atonement for men will then have been completed, and their sins will have been forever blotted out.”—‘Patriarchs and Prophets,’ p. 542.

JUNIOR

VII—The Tower of Babel

(February 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 11:1-9.

MEMORY VERSE: “Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.” James 3:16.

STUDY HELP: “Patriarchs and Prophets,” pp. 117-124.

QUESTIONS

1. From whose sons came all the people of the earth? Gen. 9:18, 19.

NOTE.—The three sons of Noah were men of very different characters. Shem and Japheth respected their father, and revered God. Ham became an evil-minded, wicked man.

The descendants of Noah forgot God, who had saved their father in the ark, and began to worship idols made of wood and stone, silver and gold, as the people did before the flood. Then Nimrod gathered these wicked people together, and went with them to a beautiful fertile plain in a land called Shinar. Nimrod was a grandson of Ham, and a great-grandson of Noah. The Bible tells us that he was a mighty hunter, and that he became famous in the earth.

2. How closely are all men related? Acts 17:26.

3. How long did Noah live after the flood? How old was he when he died? Gen. 9:28, 29.

4. How many languages were spoken at this time? Gen. 11:1.

5. As some of the people journeyed, to what land did they come? Verse 2.

NOTE.—“For a time, the descendants of Noah continued to dwell among the mountains where the ark had rested. As their numbers increased, apostasy soon led to division. Those who desired to forget their Creator, and to cast off the restraint of His law, felt a constant annoyance from the teaching and example of their God-fearing associates; and after a time they decided to separate from the worshipers of God. Accordingly they journeyed to the plain of Shinar, on the banks of the river Euphrates. They were attracted by the beauty of the situation and the fertility of the soil; and upon this plain they determined to make their home.”—‘Patriarchs and Prophets,’ p. 118.

6. What did they say to one another? What was their plan? What did they wish to make for themselves? Verses 3, 4.

7. What reasons were in their minds for trying to build such a tower?

Answer.—“The dwellers on the plain of Shinar disbelieved God’s covenant that He would not again bring a flood upon the earth. Many of them denied the existence of God, and attributed the flood to the operation of natural causes. Others believed in a Supreme Being, and that it was He who had destroyed the antediluvian world; and their hearts, like that of Cain, rose up in rebellion against Him. One object before them in the erection of the tower was to secure their own safety in case of another deluge. By carrying the structure to a much greater height than was reached by the waters of the flood, they thought to place themselves beyond all possibility of danger. And as they would be able to ascend to the region of the clouds, they hoped to ascertain the cause of the flood. The whole undertaking was designed to exalt still further the pride of its projectors, and to turn the minds of future generations away from God, and lead them into idolatry.”—*Id.*, p. 119.

8. Who visited the tower as it was being built? Verse 5.

9. What did the Lord say? By what means was the work stopped? Verses 6, 7.

10. Did the people succeed in making themselves a name?

Answer.—Yes, they succeeded in making their name known. Wherever the word of God is read, the foolishness of the Babel builders is revealed. They are the class described in these words: “When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools.” Rom. 1:21, 22.

11. How did the building of the city and the tower end? Verse 8.

12. What name was given to it? What is the meaning of the name? Verse 9, margin.

13. What is connected with confusion? Memory verse.

14. What was God’s purpose in the beginning? What lesson may we learn from this experience?

Answer.—“It was God’s purpose in the beginning that men should scatter abroad and people the earth. . . . Satan thought to defeat this plan by centering the people in one place where he could more successfully influence them against God. Had these people under his direction gone on unchecked, a mighty power would have been exerted to banish peace, happiness, and safety from the earth. It is the same principle that Satan tried to carry out in heaven; and for the good of all concerned, God in mercy brought their efforts to an end.

“Through calamity, God worked for their good, hoping that when separated from one another, they would reflect on the course they were taking, and see how foolish it was. He sent angels to impress their hearts with the need of the Saviour and to encourage them to forsake their evil ways. And so even in our waywardness and folly and sin, God still loves us and longs to help us. Even trouble and disaster are permitted that we may see our need of Jesus.”—‘Bible Lessons,’ Peck, Eighth Grade, p. 84.

Something Interesting

According to a clay tablet discovered in 1876 in the ruins near Babylon, the tower of Babel was built in seven stages.

	Feet Square	Feet High
First stage	300	110
Second stage	260	60
Third stage	200	20
Fourth stage	170	20
Fifth stage	140	20
Sixth stage	100	20
Seventh stage	80	50

The Youth's Instructor

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✱ **ACCIDENTS** cause the death or injury of 9,400,000 people in the United States in one year. These accidents, together with property damage, cost the nation an estimated \$4,000,000,000 a year.

✱ **THE** exact age of a turquoise mine near Santa Fe, New Mexico, is unknown, since it was operated by the Indians centuries before the conquistadors arrived in 1540, but it is believed to be the oldest mine in America still being worked.

✱ **THE** Army Influenza Commission is conducting tests of a new vaccine on 2,000 Cornell University students and teachers. Small-scale experiments have already shown that vaccination with the new substance provides protection against the disease.

✱ **THE** new chaplain of the United States Senate is Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, pastor of the Foundry Methodist Church in Washington, D. C., where President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill attended services during the Prime Minister's visit to this country.

✱ **A** LITTLE thoroughbred Boston terrier serves his totally deaf mistress in a manner similar to the assistance rendered the blind by the Seeing-Eye dogs. Whenever the doorbell rings or there is any other noise about the house, the dog runs to the deaf woman and notifies her of the fact by pawing her hand.

✱ **THE** Macmillan Petroleum Company has developed a fiber, plastic-lined can which will carry oil satisfactorily and which will make it possible to ship more oil in each freight carload, since the new cans are ten per cent lighter. It is expected that other liquids will also be packaged in the new container, which is made of "corn, grains, flaxseed, tallow, animal tissues, bone, clay, straw, and wastepaper."

✱ **DEHYDRATED** foods, such as milk and eggs, processed in America, are reaching such scattered outposts as Gibraltar, Malta, Colombo (Ceylon), Darwin (Australia), Freetown (Sierra Leone), and a weather data station in Siberia, besides Yugoslav prisoners of war in German and Italian concentration camps and Russian armies in the Caucasus.

✱ **A** NEW simplified process for extracting natural dyes from the root of the sassafras tree points the way to an industry which may replace the manufacture of synthetic coal dyes, now scarce because of a shortage of chemicals used in their preparation. Colors obtained by the new method are tan, several shades of brown, and pearl gray.

✱ **A** TEST group of hay-fever sufferers showed marked improvement after taking daily doses of vitamin C, ranging from 100 to 500 milligrams. The ordinary daily requirement of a normal adult is 75 milligrams.

✱ **SEVENTEEN** tons of synthetic vitamin C were produced in the United States in 1940. The production rate is being stepped up rapidly and is expected to reach one hundred tons a year in the near future.

✱ **DU PONT** has a substitute for kapok called "bubblfil" made of cellulose and air. There are enthusiastic predictions that it will permanently replace materials formerly used in mattresses.

✱ **THE** various meanings of the word "set" fill fifty-five columns in the Oxford Dictionary. It is undoubtedly the most versatile word in the English language.

✱ **BEDSPRINGS** are now being made of paper. The springs are formed into a vulcanized fiber by compressing and treating paper pulp.

✱ **THE** American Bible Society increased its publication of Bibles to 10,000 copies a day for the last half of 1942.

✱ **OHIO** has more factories engaged in war production than any other State in the United States.

✱ **FLIGHT** speed as high as 180 miles an hour has been recorded for the duck hawk.

✱ **SOLDIERS** eat about twenty-five per cent more than they did as civilians.

✱ **MADRID**, Spain, has a newly opened theater for deaf-mutes in which the actors give their lines in sign language.

✱ **A** FORTY-FOOT ocean wave is considered by seamen well above average, but there are well-authenticated reports of waves as high as eighty feet during hurricanes.

✱ **THE** Red Cross textbook, which has become familiar to millions of Americans, is to be translated into Spanish and Portuguese and made available to all the Latin-American countries.

✱ **BOTH** motor and home accidents exceed occupational ones in number. Of the various occupational groups, statistics put agricultural pursuits at the head of the danger list, while factory workers killed or injured are in fiftieth place on the list.

✱ **A** NEW plastic made from resin taken from Southern pine is so hard, dense, and stiff, without being brittle, that in many instances it can be used as a substitute for steel and other metals. From it, one company is making three-inch pipe, to replace steel pipe used in oil fields.

✱ **IN** order to co-operate with the orders for a dim-out along the Atlantic seacoast, stores in Eastern cities are hanging in their display windows a sheer black dim-out fabric which permits shoppers to see objects placed in the windows, but does away with much of the light which normally shines out into the street.

✱ **WITH** metals on the priority list, bone diverted to war uses, and ivory no longer being imported, the solution of the perplexing problem of what to do for buttons has been found in the tagua nut from Ecuador's tagua palm forests. The product made from these nuts is commonly known as a vegetable-ivory button.

✱ **A** NEW surgeon's knife for use in skin grafting for severe burns is now being manufactured, five years after Dr. Edgar Poth, an American surgeon, invented it. Two of the principal disadvantages of other knives—the difficulty of getting them resharpened except in large cities where the facilities were available and the great skill required to use them—have been overcome in this instrument, whose cutting edge is supplied by safety razors, easily obtainable, and whose cutting depth is mechanically set by means of a screw.

✱ **FURRIERS**, designers, and fashion experts gathered in New York for the recent showing of six rare minks with fur a "silver-blue platinum" instead of the usual brown. The new strain is the result of years of careful breeding of a color mutation discovered independently by two men in Wisconsin who raised minks as a hobby. Each set about breeding a new color type from silvery baby minks discovered among litters of brown ones. After generations of careful breeding there are 2,000 of the platinum minks, but there are only enough pelts available to make a single wrap. They are to be made into a coat by a top-rank designer, which, after being displayed in a New York department store, will be sold at auction for the benefit of some wartime charity. It will be several years before the pelts are available in any quantity.

What's Your Problem?

Are you enjoying our new Discussion Page, appearing under the title "Eyes Right" in the first issue of the **Instructor** for each month? This is not designed to take the place of our old friend, The Council Corner, but will deal with the larger and more fundamental questions which have to do with "this business of living" in which we are all engaged. Your questions will be welcomed and given every consideration.

See page 9 of this issue for the second of these "Eyes Right" features.