

# The Youth's Instructor



## BUBBLES

By Roberta J. Moore

LOOK, Mommie!" I shrieked. And then it vanished—quite suddenly, quite silently, as bubbles do.

"Oh!" I said, realizing too late that bubbles are fragile things, too lovely for enjoyment.

But I dipped the long clay pipe into the suds and blew again—blew so fiercely that a cascade of bubbles tumbled over the bowl of the pipe and swung for one glorious instant in mid-air. After the others were lost in the basin of water, a strange, one-sided bubble laughed back at me, holding a single gleam of borrowed color.

I dipped the pipe once more and blew so slowly that I scarcely felt the breath leave me. The bubble swayed on the end of the pipe, growing larger and more radiant. I could see the reflection of the red-checked tablecloth and the geraniums on the window sill. The bubble caught the light from the windows. Then it broke. I looked quickly, half expecting it to spill a handful of color on the floor, but my lovely bubble was, after all, only a few drops of water that splattered on the sodden newspaper at my feet.

"I'm tired of blowing bubbles," I said, putting down the clay pipe and turning to stare dismally at the window. "They only break—even the biggest, prettiest ones. I wish it would stop raining. Mommie, why do the bubbles always break?"

Mother, too, was looking out into the rain. "I don't know," she said slowly, fingering the red braid on her apron, "but they always do, even the biggest, prettiest ones."

It was ten years before I blew bubbles again.

I stood on tiptoe, reaching tall, knowing love as only a moment of ecstasy. "Oh," I breathed, as the bubble floated past my finger tips.

"But it didn't break," I exulted; "it only disappeared. I know it didn't break!"

It had glowed for one brief moment with none but me to see how fair it was. I wondered where it had gone so suddenly. I was half child and half woman, and while the child had long since ceased to blow bubbles, the woman had yet to learn that "even the biggest, prettiest ones break."

Then I blew other bubbles—bubbles that mirrored the fulfillment of my dreams of a career—a useful life which would leave an afterglow in the hearts of those whose shoulders touched mine. I did not dream of fame; I wanted only some token of recognition among those of my profession, and the friendship of kindred souls. "Such lovely things," I murmured. "They couldn't break—they only disappear."

But they did break—and when I realized that they were broken I felt strangely bereft of ideals and the incentive to reach the heights which my ambition had scaled. There were no shattered fragments to be gathered up and pieced together, for I had not fashioned my dreams of tangible material. I was merely a blower of bubbles, and when my bubbles had broken they were gone forever.

"Why do the bubbles always break?" I questioned, seeing only the gray rain against the windows. "Why?"

Groping for words that would not come, I looked at mother and found her face strangely comforting. I realized suddenly that she, too, was a blower of bubbles and that her courage had not been shattered with her dreams.

"Mother," I said childishly, "tell me why the bubbles always break."

She searched for a moment in her mending basket and thoughtfully threaded her needle before she spoke.

"I wonder," she said, "whether you are still the child who used to stand by the kitchen sink, blowing bubbles and crying when they broke. A child who has become a woman does not throw down her bubble pipe and dig her fists into her eyes whenever a bubble breaks."

She deftly knotted the thread and with skillful fingers set her needle beside a yawning hole in a heavy gray sock. I watched her, remembering how those fingers sometimes lingered on the piano keys as she played the hymns in the worn hymnal during the long evenings. Mother had once dreamed of a career in music.

"But tell me why they break," I said again. (Turn to page 13)



Why Do the Bubbles Always Break? I Questioned, Seeing Only the Gray Rain Against the Windows

EWING GALLOWAY



# Let's Talk It Over

CAN You Bounce Back?" Can you?

A current magazine carries an article under this arresting title, and in it Albert Edward Wiggam repeats a story told by Ben Morton, a business and civic leader in the city of Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Morton family, when Ben was a boy, lived in the hills, and the elder Morton was a country doctor who, in co-operation with several friends, established an academy for mountain children. Young Ben attended this school and lived with one of the professors.

One day there walked into that academy a fifteen-year-old boy who was pale and thin and looked half starved. His name was Bill. He "aimed to git" an education, and planned to "tote his grub."

The teacher with whom Ben lived arranged a little room for the new student over the kitchen. It was not ceiled, and had in it only a small stove and a bed built against the wall. The boy had brought a straw tick to sleep on. Every Sunday he would go home and return with enough food to last for the whole week—such as it was.

Ben Morton soon found that he had a competitor who kept him "digging to stay out of his dust." Frequently the two boys studied together in the cold little room, freezing and burning alternately, as they fired the valiant little stove with corn-cobs. Presently they both graduated; Bill went West and got a job teaching, and Ben went into business in Knoxville. Letters passed between them rarely. Bill, it seemed, had left the teaching profession and had taken up other lines of endeavor.

Later Ben learned that his friend Bill had become a millionaire in oil. Twice he visited Knoxville—once on his way to attend the graduation of his daughter from Smith College, an exclusive girls' school in Massachusetts, and again when he had flown East with his own private plane and pilot. There was small mention of finances during these visits, but the two friends had "a great time" together.

Scarcely six months after the last interview Ben received a letter from Bill which said briefly, "I have lost every dollar I had in the world, including my home. But—watch me bounce back."

"Not a single whimper or excuse, no blaming circumstances or other people—just the one phrase, 'Watch me bounce back,'" says Mr. Morton. "I have found since that he has bounced back in a magnificent way, has built up another fortune, and is one of the influential businessmen in his State. Bill would not let me give you his name for the world, because it has never occurred to him that he has done anything out of the ordinary."

There is not one of us but finds himself now and again laid low by untoward circumstances. To have the heart to "bounce back" again and to have the will and backbone to see it through—these are priceless assets.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER tells of meeting a young man in a United States Army uniform not so long ago, as

he left a train. The porter had called his attention to the youth who was standing on the platform with his bags. He was alone and seemed somewhat bewildered, but there was a broad smile on his face as the clergyman approached and offered to help him up the stairs, and to a cab.

"Oh, that's all right. I think I can make it!" he answered. "I know every inch of this platform. I used to sell newspapers here when I was a boy. I can get a cab myself. Thanks just the same!"

But Mr. Stidger insisted that he would "like to help," and added, "Please let me!" For you see the young man was blind. A long scar which ran from behind his left ear at the hair line clear across his forehead to his left eye told its own sad story, but the boy was bouncing back, and was alertly intent on the task he had set for himself.

To the clergyman's plea he answered, "Okay, but I can make it myself. I've got to learn to do that. I don't want to be pampered, and I don't want to coddle myself." And all the time he was talking he was smiling "wide smile."

Since the two happened to be going the same way, he consented to share Mr. Stidger's cab with, "Okay, okay, my friend!"

As they talked the boy told how in Africa, as the battle lines shifted, a shell fragment had hit him and dented his head just enough to destroy the optical nerve. "The doctor says I'll never be able to see again," he stated matter-of-factly, "but I can take it—if they can."

"They," he explained, were his parents, who did not know that he was coming home just yet, though they knew he was in the hospital, and who did not dream that their boy was blind. "What I mean is, if my mom and dad, my sisters and brothers, my friends—if they can just take it as easily as I can"—he laughed here—"if they will just let me go on my way and work out my own problems and not feel sorry for me, I can get along. I'm not afraid. I'm not dismayed. I'm not down. Thousands of boys got worse than I. Others are dead. At least I'm here, and I have two legs, two arms, and a lot of energy. I gave my sight for my country and I'm satisfied; I can take it!"

"Can you use a typewriter?" asked Mr. Stidger, noticing that one was included in his baggage.

"Can I?" he smiled. "Say, I can play tunes on it. I always could use one before I lost my sight, but since I've been in the convalescent hospital I've learned the touch system."

It was hard for the young man's parents, the clergyman says, as they met him at the door and almost immediately realized his blindness, but when he smiled his own special smile and cried, "I can take it, Mother and Dad! Can you?" they answered, "Yes, son. We can take it if you can! And it's great to have you home again!"

An important thing to remember is that no handicap or set of circumstances can keep you down if you are determined to

"bounce back" and make the best of what you have left.

SHORTLY after Pearl Harbor all Japanese on the Pacific Coast were transferred inland to special internment camps. Homes were broken up, business sacrifices made, and many young people were required to drop their schoolwork right where they were and enter the camps. Hardships? Yes! Disappointments? Oh, yes! Financial loss? Without a doubt! To many of these who were loyal Americans all this came as a great shock. It seemed that the very foundations of life had been completely demolished. But with keen insight they could understand why the Government felt it necessary to take this step in the interest of security, and the spirit in which the large majority of the internees met the whole experience has been an object lesson in bouncing back.

Among the thirteen Japanese students called out of Pacific Union College were two girls who were taking the elementary teacher training course. Several weeks later they were allowed to return to the college for a Sabbath day, and during that visit these girls determined to start a church school in their camp.

In reporting this teaching adventure one of them writes, "I often long for the college and the many friends there, and yet I would not exchange this camp experience for it. I love it here. Do you know why? It is because I am conducting a little church school."

"At first we had an attendance of twelve. None of these children know anything about Jesus; only one boy knew who Jesus is. So this is a real mission field. The children go home and the next day bring more new friends to school with them; so every day we are growing. At present we have thirty pupils. We teach grades one to seven inclusive. It does my heart good to watch the expressions on the children's faces as they listen to the Bible stories and attempt to memorize Bible texts and sing hymns. They are very eager to come to my school. Yesterday after school two little girls came to me and asked me to write a prayer for them to memorize. They are Buddhists. I am glad that I have found this work to do for God."

Now all these young people are placed in Christian schools in other parts of the United States and are able to continue their education unhindered, but when the first opportunity came to leave the camp, five of them chose to stay by their church school and other public services they were able to render to their fellow countrymen.

They might have been discouraged and bitter and altogether down-and-out, for this was a trying experience. But they were able to make good under unfavorable conditions.

HOW about it, friend o' mine? Can you "bounce back"?

Lora E. Clement



# Night Must Fall

By ELLEN MOSSBERGER CAPPS

A DRY leaf scudded fitfully down the quiet street. The edge in the autumn air caused Doctor Day to bury his face deeper in the folds of his muffler. The brisk walk up Poyntz Avenue, with its rows of two-story frame houses, brought pleasant memories to the young doctor. It was past these homes that he had trudged every morning through four years of high school. The fall he entered Kansas State College had meant uncertainty. He never had wanted to be a farmer, but his father had insisted, and that fall in 1929 he had enrolled.

Once, when he was plowing around a steep hillside on his father's Kansas farm, he had said to himself, "The rows are too long, and I am not interested in farming."

He stopped the old horse and sat down to think. It was one of those warm autumn days, and Joe Day crawled into the newly turned furrow and soon fell asleep. Into his dream floated a pretty red-roofed sanatorium that settled itself on the hillside where he had been plowing. A wide path, filled with ever-changing patients, led to the portals of its white walls. He looked closely and saw written over the door, "Day's Sanatorium."

When Joe awakened, his father sat looking at him.

"I can't do it, Pa," said Joe.

"What's that, son?" asked his father.

"I can't farm; I want to be a doctor."

His father looked across the unplowed ground, and there came into his eyes a disappointed sadness. He loved that ground and he could not understand his son, who did not feel the same. Even though the crops had failed two seasons Joe did not care to waste time in the study of agriculture to determine the cause of failure. His heart beat only for a medical career.

"There's no surer way of makin' a livin'," his father had said that evening as they walked toward the barn.

"Pa, you don't know how to measure education; a person has to be interested in

what he does. Of course you're interested in the farm. It's all you know."

Joe did not realize then how he had hurt his father. He had hoped that he would give him fifty dollars, tell him to pack his grip, and let him begin his career. Instead his father said, "When the spring wheat is in and the thrashin' and the corn-huskin' are done, we'll talk about it."

To Joe that meant despair—a year wasted.

Two weeks of the school term were gone, and Joe decided he would not wait for the threshing and cornhusking. From his closet shelf he lifted a worn suitcase and carefully placed in it his new suit and shoes and a few other things, along with some of his books. He then walked into the kitchen where his mother was finishing the supper dishes and told her that he was going out to California to work his way through medical school.

"Why, Joe," she threw up her hands in bewilderment, "whatever do you mean?"

"Maybe you can understand, Mother. I don't want to farm; I don't like it."

Joe's mother had never thought of him other than as an obedient son, and she had supposed that all was well when the school term began. She had somehow overlooked the fact that Joe had other desires, and blindly she realized how stupid his father and she had been to have made the decision of what he should do. They had not smothered his arguments; they had merely forced the situation, since, as they put it, they were footing the bills. And suddenly she was faced with the realization that Joe was a strange, impetuous, and if need be, rebellious son.

"And what is it you want to be?"

It was then that Joe laid his plans before his mother. There was a place out West, in California, where he could work his way with a little help; and if they felt they could not spare any of the savings—then he would try to earn his entire way. He asked only their benediction.

It was far into the night before they consented to send Joe away, but the next morning he left, heading west on the 5:06 train.

He had not returned to the farm home in Kansas until after graduation, and that was the night he had walked up Poyntz Avenue to the fields that lay beyond the town. Thirteen years had brought their changes. The houses were there, older, more settled, and seeming a bit eerie in the quiet night. But he was trudging home with a doctor's degree, and he was happy.

He would forget the anxiety he had endured over that last three-hundred-dollar school debt. It was paid. That was past. He would forget the times he pawned his watch to buy new books. He would try not to think of the nights he fought freezing temperatures with the black smudge pots while fellow students were sleeping. He had his pride, and they had never guessed that he had worked entire nights to earn his education. His art sketches had paid a great deal of his way.

He still carried a scar on his right arm. He called it his victory scar. The first summer he had spent in California it had been difficult to find employment. Thousands of men had been idle, but Joe had discovered a job washing windows in an office building. Somehow the rickety old ladder on which he was working had folded up like a book one day and sent him sprawling through the air to the concrete walk below. The old gentleman who had helped him to his feet, after examining the jagged gash in his arm, had exclaimed, "Boy, you're lucky that arm isn't broken!"

He tried not to think of the two months' strain he had put on one pair of socks by washing them nightly, so that he might save money to buy notebook paper for classes.

With a little bitterness he thought how a few dollars from his father might have aided him in completing his course sooner. But he held nothing against this good man. He had never complained of his hardships. The letters his father had written had been cheerful and full of encouragement, but he had never mentioned anything about the farm. This was puzzling to Joe.

Yes, the years had been hard. But he felt that, like pain, they could be easily forgotten.

Memories flooded in upon him when Fido began to bark. The long lane lay ahead. The haystack to his right loomed high, and the shocks of corn stood out in bold relief against the rising moon. This humble land he loved, in spite of his ambitions.

The lamp was lighted when Joe announced his presence, and his mother cried upon his shoulder while his father clasped his hand. His two young sisters, tall and pretty, dabbed kisses on his cheeks.

Joe was home, but not for long. War had been declared, and already he carried in his pocket orders to report for active duty. He enjoyed three brief days of relaxation, then left for a camp down South; from there he went to a point of embarkation.

As the great ship slipped out of the harbor, something in Joe cried out for the land—the good earth of Kansas—the America that he loved. (Turn to page 12)



U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Long, Uneventful Weeks Passed Before Joe Saw Land Again, and Then a Day Broke Bright and Clear



# Advent Youth in Action

## Southern California Youth's Congress

FEBRUARY 18, 19, 20

THIS is your news broadcaster, Eric B. Hare, giving you a minute-by-minute report of the greatest Missionary Volunteer Youth's Congress ever held in Southern California. For weeks the young people everywhere have been talking of this great gathering. For days W. C. Loveless, the Missionary Volunteer secretary, his associates of the conference office, and the Glendale Academy faculty members have been preparing the new auditorium in Glendale for this grand occasion, and now it is Friday evening, February 18. It is still early, but the hall is well filled with happy, enthusiastic youth. The platform is a picture! A great painting of the New Jerusalem forms the background; above the desk is a motto expressing the purpose of this meeting—"To Seek and Find and Win and Save and Hold and Train for God." Below is the Missionary Volunteer Aim—"The Gospel to All the World in This Generation." To the left, the Missionary Volunteer Pledge, and to the right, Old Glory. On the platform are a grand piano and a Hammond organ. Festoons of spring flowers and beautiful lilies complete the decorations.

"Well, here's President Klooster!" says someone near me.

"Welcome to the congress!" I hear Pastor Loveless say, and a group of singers from Pacific Union College, with Professor Rhodes, follow the college president toward the platform.

Pastor Voth, the president of the Southern California Conference, Pastors Bauer, Breitigam, and Ashbaugh, from the union conference, and many others pass by, moving toward the platform.

Harold Graham, singing evangelist, is opening the song service. Prof. J. T. Porter is at the amplifier control. The organ and piano music is inspiring. The huge auditorium is full. There are twelve hundred youth present. You ought to hear them sing!

The meeting is on. Pastor Voth has just given his official welcome to the young people of Southern California. The Pacific Union College quartet has sung.

While two Glendale Academy trumpeters, dressed in their red coats and white trousers, present a fanfare on the theme, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," two uniformed academy girls unroll a scroll of welcome. It is all very thrilling.

Now a quartet from the Glendale Academy is singing. As they conclude, Pastor Loveless stands to thank everybody who has had a part in making this meeting possible. We learn that Pastor Haining is responsible for the painting and the mottoes.

A. A. Esteb, poet laureate of Southern California, is reading a poem, especially

composed for this occasion. It ends with the challenge—

"Let's keep the charge the Master gave,  
Let's march with feet well shod,  
Let's seek and find and win and save  
And hold and train for God."

A chorus from the Glendale Academy and a girls' sextet from Lynwood give us further delight. Then the speaker for the evening is announced—the union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary.

His text is Smith's translation of Psalms 110:3, "Your people will volunteer freely on your day of war. In holy array, . . . the dew of your youth is yours." He proves by experiences of Seventh-day Adventist pioneers and stories of Missionary Volunteers in all the world that Adventist youth have always been ready and willing to serve when the cause of Christ has needed them.

Now comes his challenge—"This is the great day of Christ's war. God is calling for young men and women who are strong and active in mind and body. He desires them to bring into the conflict against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, their fresh, healthy powers of brain, bone, and muscle. What is your response?" Without a second's hesitation the huge congregation rises as one man. Preachers respond with fervent Amens. All join in repeating the Missionary Volunteer Pledge. What an inspiration! Twelve hundred young people repeating the Missionary Volunteer Pledge in unison!

Another quartet, and the first meeting of the congress is over. Few want to go. They shake hands, meet new friends, gather around the displays from La Sierra College, Pacific Union College, and the Book and Bible House. They linger, reluctant to leave the place where they have met with God, till one by one, with the promise, "I'll see you again tomorrow," the congregation melts away.

It is 8:45 Sabbath morning. Already a group is assembled near the front of the hall. After a few remarks by Pastor Breitigam, union conference Sabbath school secretary, we join in a season of prayer, asking God's special blessing on this great day of the feast.

The sun is shining brightly—it is one of those lovely early spring days. Stepping outside you can see cars approaching from all directions and groups of young people walking up the hill.

Pastor J. C. Nixon, Missionary Volunteer secretary from our neighboring Southeastern California Conference, has just come in with a group from La Sierra.

Pastor C. H. Lauda, Missionary Volunteer secretary from the Central California Conference, is also here with a group. A sprinkling of uniforms shows that our young men in service have come in from the near-by camps.

Harold Graham is opening the song service. You ought to hear the group sing. There is nothing like it! The hall is fast filling.

Pastor W. J. Harris, Sabbath school secretary for the Southern California Conference, leads a group to the platform, and Sabbath school is on. What a program! A solo, a prayer, a quartet, the secretary's report—all timed to the minute. And now the mission story by Dr. Charles Dale, recently repatriated on the *Gripsholm*, from Shanghai. The congregation hangs breathlessly on his words as he tells of a friendship which sprang up between Japanese guards and the son of the Bible teacher who was cut off from our school in Shanghai, and how the Japanese guards, one by one, gave passes and brought the family step by step back into Shanghai and to this work.

All too soon the review by Prof. Paul Limerick and the lesson study by Pastor F. W. Detamore are over. The La Sierra quartet sings. Pastor A. A. Esteb takes the youth's missionary period, and Sabbath school is over.

By this time almost every seat is occupied. What an inspiring sight to look out over a sea of happy Adventist faces! There is a short song service. The ministers file out on the platform, and the eleven o'clock service is under way.

Miss Frances Hill sings "I Made of My Heart a Temple." All the special music is so inspiring that it is impossible to say which is the best, but this song moves us all. It is followed by prayer. Then the Voice of Prophecy quartet sings "You Must Fight or Die!" and Pastor L. K. Dickson, president of the Pacific Union Conference, steps to the pulpit to speak on "The Challenge of This Mighty Hour." He presents the need of strengthening the church; the need of finishing the work in the great mission fields; the need of standing true to God in the home, in the school, on the job; and concludes with these words: "The hour is come when the Son of man should be glorified. God is calling the youth to arise and finish the work of glorifying the Son of man. What is your answer to the challenge of this mighty hour? What do you intend to do with your life, which rightfully belongs to Him?"

A second passes; then twenty-two servicemen stand in a group, determined to give their all to God.

While the congregation softly sings "All to Jesus I Surrender," thirty-three others stand to give their lives to God for the first time. Then in response to a general call, the whole congregation stand to give their entire lives to the great work of glorifying the Son of God.

After the prayer of consecration Mr. Graham appropriately sings "Is Your All on the Altar of Sacrifice Laid?" and the noon service of our congress is over.



During the noon hour clouds obscure the sky—thick, angry-looking clouds. In fact, they say there is a drop or two of rain, but it matters little.

It is 2:15. The song service has commenced. The hall is crowded. Young people are standing in the aisles and in the doorway. Hundreds more are on the steps and standing near by where the amplifier still makes it possible for them to hear. The parking places are solid with cars.

What a feast of music!

The combined male quartets from La Sierra College, Pacific Union College, and the Voice of Prophecy have just sung "My Anchor Holds." As they leave the platform the Glendale Academy chorus comes on. They delight us with the anthem, "I Will Bless the Lord." The combined men's quartets are brought on again. They sing "Shall I Crucify My Saviour?" You can hear a pin drop. Pastor Loveless asks, "How many are glad that they are Seventh-day Adventist youth?" Every hand goes up. He comments on the superior talent God has given to our young people. You can feel the determination filling each heart to develop that talent.

A quartet of junior accordion players comes next and then the trumpet fanfare, and the unrolling of the official welcome to the congress.

Another solo, a sextet, and then all eyes turn to a group of the boys and girls of yesterday—the young people of thirty-seven years ago who were present on that auspicious occasion when the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, in 1907. There are Professor Frederick Griggs, Pastor and Mrs. E. K. Slade, Pastor F. J. Wilbur, Dr. W. J. Venen, Mrs. Rebecca Secor Rockwell, Mrs. Deborah Johns, and Pastor and Mrs. R. F. Cottrell. What a thrill it is for us to see them and be able to honor them. What a thrill it is for them to look out on a sea of two thousand faces—those who are following in their steps.

It is thrilling to everybody but Satan. He evidently does not like our Adventist

enthusiasm and decides to dampen it if possible. Down comes the rain—big, heavy drops of rain. With sighs of real regret, those who cannot get inside the auditorium reluctantly get into their cars and go home.

It is raining, but the amplifier is working perfectly. Professor A. C. Nelson is speaking, with a great chart hung up at his left picturing the growth pattern of the youth. He is emphasizing the three major steps in life—all of which take place within the ten years between thirteen and twenty-three years of age—the decision to serve God, the choosing of a lifework, the choosing of a life companion.

He is followed by the union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, who presents the Crusader plan for the coming year—a plan to enlist and train twenty thousand Crusaders for Christ in 1944.

He is followed by Pastor C. L. Bauer, secretary of the Pacific Union Conference. He speaks on the devotional life of our young people, emphasizing prayer and Bible study as essentials to a happy Christian life, no matter who we are or where we are. As Pastor Bauer takes his chair, there is a rustle of robes, and the Sweet Chariot Hour radio choir files out on the platform.

It is four o'clock. Ordinarily people would be becoming weary. But it is still raining. We cannot take a recess, and now with our colored friends on the platform everyone is interested.

They are singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Pastor Troy steps to the microphone, and while the choir hums the chorus, he explains the program that our colored youth are helping him put over the air. Then for twenty minutes they sing spirituals and quartets—"I'll Tell You What You've Got to Do," "Breathe on Me," "Have You Got Good Religion?" "Oh, Brother, Don't You Want to Go to Heaven?" "The Old Ark's Moving," and "Daniel in the Lions' Den."

Nobody is tired any more. Everyone looks as though he does want to go to heaven. They would like to express their

appreciation with hearty applause, but since that would not be appropriate, everybody just says, "Amen!"

Now the La Sierra College group comes to the platform. A violin trio, "Oh, Sweet Celestial Music," holds everyone enraptured. Thomas Blincoe talks on "The Hour of Character"; Ralph Larsen talks on "The Hour for Service"; and President Rasmussen looks very proud of his ministerial students. We all are. The La Sierra ladies' trio conclude their part of the program with "I Would Like to Tell You What I Think of Jesus," and if they always sing it just like that, they will always have crowds of people to listen to them.

The junior choir from the Central Church is announced, and junior boys and girls dressed in white circle around their leader. They are singing "The Lord's Prayer" and "Fairest Lord Jesus." The sound of their retreating footsteps is drowned with a chorus of amens and not a few are wiping tears of joy from their faces.

After a saxophone solo the Pacific Union College group is announced. It is five o'clock now. It is still raining, and scores are still standing. They have been on their feet three hours, but they do not want to miss one minute of the feast. "I'd rather stay in bed all day tomorrow than miss anything on this program," I hear one say near by, and scores smile their assent.

The Pacific Union College male quartet is singing "The Prodigal Son." President Klooster follows with a stirring address on the days of Christian education and their influence on character. Their silver tenor sings "Others."

Is this the end of the program? No, no, not yet. Pastor F. G. Ashbaugh and his servicemen are preparing for the closing part of this tremendous program. While they are assembling, Pastor R. R. Breitigam, Sabbath school secretary for the Pacific Union Conference, gives one of his characteristic talks on the joy of Sabbath-keeping.

Now the boys in uniform are marching onto the platform. There are more than twenty of them. Hundreds in the audience wonder whether their boys look like that. Pastor Ashbaugh speaks a few words, expressing appreciation of the way the very great majority of our boys are proving faithful to their God and their church on all the front lines of the great war. Then one by one the boys march by the microphone, giving their names and the names of their home churches.

What a grand day it has been!

Harold Graham sings a patriotic hymn. Pastor Loveless announces the evening session to commence at 7:15, and then requests the congregation, if they are able, to rise for dismissal. With much apparent effort they rise. The benediction is pronounced, and the four-hour meeting is over.

It is still raining.

It is 7:15. The hall is crowded in spite of the inclement weather. On the platform the members of the Glendale Academy band in their colorful red and white uniforms. Professor Trubey enters, the audience applauds, he raises his baton, and the band plays—and how they play! Marches, solos, an air (*Turn to page 14*)



Eleven o' Clock Sabbath Service—Restricted to Young People—Pastor L. K. Dickson Speaking



**D**URING the time when the Turks harassed the southern European nations, Serbians especially were oppressed, tortured, and robbed by them. For over two centuries Serbia had groaned under her oppressors. It happened quite frequently that *Cometas*, or self-appointed soldiers of Serbia, out of love and loyalty toward their country, lived a life of revenge and were continually lying in ambush to attack the Turkish merchants, to recapture the stolen gold, and even to take their lives whenever possible.

Milashin was one of those self-appointed *Cometas*. Because the Turks were on his track, his government helped him to flee from his country in order to preserve his life. He established his home in Austria. His son John, an intelligent young man who spoke seven languages, wished to be overseer of a large forest. Before he could get this position he had to prove himself first fearless and then able. One day when he saw the duke's carriage coming along a country road, he ran out, halted the horses, and made his request. The duke was convinced of his ability and fulfilled his desire.

It was on a crisp, cold winter day when the forest had changed its deep green attire to glaring white that the infant son of John was taken by horses and sleigh through the deep snow to the nearest Greek Orthodox church for christening. Mirko grew to be a happy, sturdy lad. His father was proud of his cleverness. One day when the priest made his yearly visit to their home to purify it by sprinkling it with holy water, Mirko watched the procedure; nothing escaped his observing eyes. After the ceremony, when he saw his father handing the priest a goodly sum of money, he remarked, "Father, what has the priest sold you for all that money?" The more John hushed his little son, the more challenging he became. The punishment he received made him more defiant against his father's religion. Nevertheless, as he grew up he loved and feared God and tried to live a good life.

When Mirko served in the Austrian army, he met a Protestant young man whom he frequently saw reading his Bible. Impressed by the young man's life, Mirko inquired about his friend's religion, and after his release from the army, became a member of his church. The Lord prospered him materially as well as spiritually. To his church he became indispensable; and the little home on the banks of the Danube, where he lived with his wife and children, was his joy. In addition to this, the income from his vineyard, where the choicest grapes grew, permitted him to live a carefree life.

Every morning before daybreak Mirko tasted the blessings and the joy of meeting his appointment with the Lord in the study of His Word and in communion with his heavenly Father. His heart burned within him as he studied the Holy Book, and his greatest desire was to live according to God's will. The most perplexing problem to him was the fourth commandment, which said that the seventh day is the Sabbath. If this had been changed, as he had been taught, he wanted to understand how it had been done. With this in mind he gave himself three months in which to

search the Bible through for the answer to this most perplexing and important question. If he could not find a record of the change, he was determined to keep the fourth as well as he was keeping the other commandments. When he presented the thought to his wife, she remarked, "How could you do that! No Christian on earth observes the seventh day."

Replying he said, "If everyone would jump into the Danube, that does not mean that I should do so, too."

Angels who record every deed and action were swift in carrying out the desire of a man who was willing to live by every principle the Lord has intended for mankind. Never does God permit one earnest soul to remain in darkness when he searches with all his mind for truth. Angels are "sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

The next day when Mirko went to his neighbor's home to borrow a tool, his eyes fell on two pamphlets, *Which Day and Why?* and *The Millennium, When Is It?* Just as if he had been electrified, he demanded to know where those pamphlets came from. He was told that a blind man led by a little boy had just left the house, and immediately he hurried after them and soon overtook them. Realizing that this was a truth-seeking soul, the blind colporteur promised to send Mirko all the literature about the Bible Sabbath which was at that time printed in Serbian, Hungarian, and German.

As Mirko studied these pamphlets and others which presented kindred truths, he accepted every ray of light with a glad heart; but his wife could not see why he had to dispose of all the lard, hams, and

Sabbath school lessons. There must be some good in that religion, she reasoned, even though her people accused Mirko of all kinds of evil deeds. As she thoughtfully considered the matter she felt that she could not agree with them.

One year passed. Every Saturday Mirko was seen with his children in their best attire, walking to the railroad station, taking the train to join the advent believers, whom he learned to love so dearly, in worship. While his children looked out of the window and chattered happily, his thoughts wandered back to his wife. He loved her more than ever, and how he yearned for her to accept this wonderful hope of a soon-coming Saviour. He had left literature and books around the home for her to read, but he could not urge her. It would be better for her to find the beauty of this truth herself. Sometimes his faith faltered a little, and he wondered whether God took an interest in his prayers. His patience was severely tried during those days when he learned that relatives had accused him of sins he never thought of. These words came clearly to his mind, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake." With a prayer of praise on his lips for the comforting promises, and confident that his wife would soon be united with him in worship, he responded to the children's reminder that the train was pulling into the city.

As the weeks passed, Julia began to read his books, especially the underlined statements. She soon discovered that her husband was in the right, but how could she tell him? Oh, what a year! Finally, on this Sabbath day she was fully decided that never again would she listen to the words of her relatives against Mirko. She, too, would keep the true Sabbath. What a joy awaited the return of her loved ones, when the wife and mother confessed that she was convinced of the advent message!

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Satan could not see a happy family live in harmony, united in love for their Maker. One day little Angelina came home crying, heart-

broken, while the two older boys vowed never to go to school again. The priest, during the religious hour, wanted to christen them; and he threatened them by saying that if they were not willing, he would have to call them by their mother's maiden name. When Mirko was called to court, he was asked whether he would consent to the christening of his children; otherwise his marriage would be declared illegal, because he had not been married in the Catholic church. Firmly he stated that he could never go against his conscience and would rather die than to see his children christened. Consequently his marriage was pronounced void. But that did not discourage Mirko, even though he had to part with his children; he was willing to send them to a Jewish boarding school where they could observe God's Sabbath.

The years came and went. The record of this family was one of persecution, struggles with poverty, unswerving loyalty to God. The separation from the children was trying, but Mirko and his noble wife were deter- (Turn to page 14)

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## "IF THOU SEEK HIM, He Will Be Found of Thee"

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By PAULA LAMNEK

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sausages. Furthermore, she was not willing to leave her church. Her brothers and sisters and friends, who were prominent church members, advised her to take her three children and leave her husband, since he must have lost his mind.

Julia, however, could not see anything insane in her husband; it is true he had disposed of the perfectly good meat which was from swine, and had strictly forbidden his children to eat any more of it; but he seemed more kind than ever. He did not touch the wine. Even though he never had been intoxicated, yet he never had let a meal pass without partaking of that beverage. She had often expressed the desire that he should leave it entirely alone, but he had not heeded her admonition. And the children, what possessed them? They talked all the week about father's Sabbath school which they had attended, even though it was held fifteen kilometers from their home! She watched her husband gather the children every morning and evening for a worship hour when, full of enthusiasm, they studied the





James White—One of the Three Founders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church

A YOUNG schoolteacher, on coming home at the close of the school year 1840-41, was invited by his mother to attend some meetings on the second coming of Christ in which she had become interested. He had heard of the advent movement but thought it was foolishness. He went to the meeting with his mother, believed, and reconsecrated his life to God. That young teacher was James White. He was born at Palmyra, Maine, August 4, 1821, and was reared on a rocky Maine farm. As a lad his health was poor. He was cross-eyed, very nervous, and had fits. Until he was sixteen years old, on account of his weak eyes, he was not able to read so much as a single verse in the Bible without resting his eyes. This deprived him entirely of formal elementary schooling. And yet by hard work, perseverance, and will power he was able to carry the work and was granted a certificate to teach after he had gone to the academy only twelve weeks.

When he went to the academy he took a week's food from home and walked five miles to school on Monday morning. His chief food was raw apples and corn-meal mush. After attending academy twenty-nine weeks in all, his schooling came to an end. He thus went into the world's work with less than one year of formal preparation.

At fifteen he had been baptized and had joined the Christian Church, but by the time he was twenty he was so successful in teaching and so ambitious for further education that he loved the world more than Christ. Now after accepting the message of the second coming of Christ he felt the call of God to go to the district school where he had taught the past year, and was to teach the next term, and labor for the salvation of his pupils. This was

He had no horse, saddle, or money. He had used all his small earnings in attending camp meetings and buying literature and some clothes. His father lent him a horse for the winter. A minister gave him an old saddle with the pads off and some pieces of an old bridle. He placed the saddle on a log and nailed the pieces together, patched up the bridle, and, fortifying himself with advent literature, began his work as a lay minister. He was uniformly successful, and, learning of a community a hundred miles away which had never heard the advent message, he started out on horseback in the midst of winter to preach. While there he was nearly mobbed by a crowd of rowdies one night, but so eloquently did he talk to them that their spirit was changed. In the spring of 1843 the Christian Church ordained him to the ministry.

He attended the Exeter camp meeting, where the message of the "tenth day of the seventh month" was proclaimed. He with the others was bitterly disappointed when Christ did not return to earth October 22, 1844. But after the great disappointment he joined forces with Joseph Bates and Ellen G. Harmon. These three became the founders of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Joseph Bates brought the Sabbath to the other two, and Ellen Harmon brought the Spirit of prophecy message.

In 1846 James White and Ellen Harmon were married. Two years later Mrs. White had a vision directing her husband to publish a paper. He began publication, in 1849, of a little paper called *Present Truth*. This was the beginning of Seventh-day Adventist periodicals. This soon developed into *The Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*. The first number was published in 1850. On one or two

a heavy cross to bear, and at first he rebelled at the idea and went and enrolled in the academy. The call of duty followed him there, however, and he could not rest until he had gone to speak with his pupils about their salvation. He was well received and did much good. He then tried preaching, but was not very successful. He attended a meeting in the great tent that summer and another camp meeting at Exeter, New Hampshire, and, securing a chart and other necessary materials, started out to preach.

occasions James White decided to quit publishing the paper, but each time his wife brought to him a message from God directing that he should continue. The Whites published from various points in New England and New York until 1851, when they moved to Rochester, New York, bought their own press, and established the first Seventh-day Adventist publishing house. The publishing house workers—there were fifteen—lived in a large house of which James and Ellen White were in charge. In 1852 James White began to publish the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. While traveling from church to church in a buggy he would allow his horse to graze at noon and, after eating, he would use his lunch box for a desk. On it he wrote the first Sabbath school lessons for children and published them in the *INSTRUCTOR*.

In 1855 the *Review and Herald Publishing House* was moved to Battle Creek, and with it went James White and his wife. In Battle Creek the brethren bought a house for the White family, and for the first time they had a real home of their own.

During the fifties the advent believers felt that they should not organize a church, for the church was Babylon to their way of thinking. But now they found it difficult to do their work without organization. What was the church? Who had a right to preach and to be called a member of the advent band? At first the ministers carried a card signed by Joseph Bates and James White, stating that the bearer was in good standing. By 1857 some churches had chosen elders and deacons. Yet there was no real organization. There was no name and no legal body to hold property. A woman wanted to lend "the cause" a hundred dollars. When a promissory note was sent to her signed "Advent Review and Sabbath Herald Office," she returned it insisting that she would not lend the money unless James White would sign it. He refused to be responsible for all borrowed funds. The church in Battle Creek was deeded to Stephen Belden because there was no organization to hold it.

James White continually urged organization. The Adventists at Parkville, Michigan, organized the first local church and called themselves the "Parkville Church of Christ's Second Advent." Finally in 1862 the Michigan Conference was organized, and in May, 1863, the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists was organized. It was about this time that Joseph Bates was laying down the burden of leadership, and James White was selected president of the new General Conference. He declined to serve for several reasons. People might feel that he had been actively urging organization because he wanted to be presi- (Turn to page 13)

# JAMES WHITE

Founder of the Publishing Work

By Everett Dick

Dean of Union College





A Student Teacher Individually Aids a First Grader by Means of a Reading Readiness Test

SIXTY miles east from the city of Los Angeles, and twenty miles from Loma Linda, set on a gentle slope of low hills, with higher ranges and finally snow-covered peaks of the Southern Sierras towering in the distance, stands La Sierra College—"The School of the Friendly Spirit."

Twenty-one years ago the campus site was an arid, wind-swept garden of water-melon vines. Today buildings are grouped on a large, green, attractively landscaped campus, overlooking the world-famous symphony of green citrus and walnut groves, and stately palms that border the wide boulevards which are so characteristic of Southern California. La Sierra College is truly in God's great out-of-doors and is beautiful for situation.

The story of the founding of the school and its remarkable growth and advancement to its present status is one that arouses a feeling of respect for its founders and their vision.

Among the many curricula offered at La Sierra College is that of teacher training. The objectives of true education are both fundamental and inclusive. The home, the church, and the school must work together if these high aims are ever to be realized, and upon the Christian school rests a highly significant share of the work. In the light of this fact the responsibility of promoting the real purpose of education rests upon the teacher.

In an effort to train for this important service, the department of education at La Sierra College is organized and equipped to give prospective teachers a thorough preparation for their future work—the "harmonious development" of the young.

The building which serves both as a school for the children of the community and as a demonstration and laboratory center for the college students enrolled in teacher-training courses, is an attractive stucco structure with cheerful surroundings, ample playground, and school garden facilities. There are four large elementary classrooms with their adjoining laboratory rooms, furnished with modern movable equipment, which may be adapted to a large variety of learning situations. An adequate library and instructional materials and supplies facilitate desirable educational outcomes. A college classroom, with two offices that face the patio, occupies the center of the unit. One of the offices is furnished with books, manuals, magazines, and needed source materials for the use of the student teacher. A set of "Childcraft" and a typewriter have recently been added. The fine influence of a

# They That Be TEACHERS

*Presented by* MAYBEL JENSEN

Director, Elementary Teacher Training  
La Sierra College



Raising the Stars and Stripes and the California State Flag

good physical plant is needed in the daily growth experiences of happy children and youth.

The student teacher soon learns that teaching is a serious and important work, but not serious in the sense that it should not be a joyous, happy occupation. An attempt is made to make the classroom a place of joyfulness for the little folk and a place of happy, though responsible, living for the older pupils. It must not be thought, however, that a happy schoolroom atmosphere and a sympathetic, friendly teacher are synonymous with weak and ineffective organization.

A congenial relationship between teacher and pupils is essential in getting them to learn and work. Understanding children is basic to all principles of teacher-pupil relationship. There are two kinds of understanding of children: factual understanding gathered from the study of books, and sympathetic understanding which comes from the heart. The successful teacher must have both, and the latter is far more difficult to acquire. Fortunate is the prospective teacher who has the gift of liking children. However, if this quality of mind and heart is not present, it can be cultivated. Teachers are made as well as born.

It is the objective of La Sierra College to furnish a functional teacher-training program. Children and teachers live, plan, work, and play together. Much opportunity is

given for firsthand observation of children. The work is concerned with the whole child. His physical, mental, aesthetic, emotional, spiritual, and social needs must all be recognized and met by a balanced program of school experiences.

The many professional and psychology courses reveal to a prospective teacher something of the nature of children—their capacities, individual differences, characteristics of different ages, peculiar characteristics of personalities, inner motives, causes of peculiar attitudes, and problems of general training. Living with boys and girls through the medium of student teaching makes it possible to know their minds, their aspirations and ideals, their strong points, their weak points—wherein they need help. Such a personal relationship exerts a directive influence on growth and experience.

Of the many challenges found in a teacher-training curriculum, a firsthand knowledge of children and adolescence involves a fascination that soon surpasses all



Music Group Showing the A B C of Musical Instruments





Mrs. Ably  
Training  
and Preparing  
Teachers for  
Service



Present Arms! A Group of Junior Medical Cadets



others. Not many years ago the prospective primary teacher was taught that her first responsibility would be to teach Mary and Johnnie to read. Now she learns that it is important to know Mary and Johnnie as a means of teaching them. New discoveries are made daily in the fields of invisible, untried capacities and potentialities, with the hope that boys and girls may go home at the end of the school day a little stronger, a little truer, a little taller, a little more spiritual, and a little nearer their goals. The would-be teachers are daily faced by challenge and gifted with opportunity.

The preparation period for teaching is weighted heavily in terms of insights, appreciations, and attitudes. True education should add much to the enjoyment of life. The ability to enjoy a beautiful picture, an artistically decorated schoolroom, harmonious clothing, a piece of well-made furniture, a well-planned vegetable or flower garden means the possibility of added pleasure. Acquaintance with the best in art, music, and books embodies much that is essential in education. The best way to develop appreciation is to associate with those who genuinely appreciate. No one can teach others to enjoy that which he does not enjoy. A teacher should have unlimited powers to appreciate. A teacher who is familiar with the work of great musicians, the method by which their compositions were built, and appreciates this means as a type of expression, will have no fear of dull music classes. Much is realized in power of appreciation by providing opportunity for children to do creative work. The groups that compose a song and write the music that fits the spirit of the words will find that music means more than time, pitch, notes of different value, and the like. A phonograph with a wide selection of good records, carefully selected pictures, attractive books on a table or desk, a bulletin board that invites and holds attention, an artistic flower arrangement in harmony with the color scheme of the classroom—all are excellent teachers of appreciation.

Top: Selling Products From Their Victory Gardens

Center: A Bar of Soap and a Knife Stimulate Creative Work

Left: Boys and Girls Doing Their Bit to Help the War Effort

Below: A "Unit on Trees" Provides Wholesome and Interesting Study of Nature for These Fourth Graders

Step into the classroom and see one of the student teachers at work. The value and power of words are being discussed. The fine differences in the meaning of words are noted. References are made to quaint wording in certain bits of verse. Suggestive lists of picture words are written on the board, followed by a few original sentences. The fact that there are "tall-stemmed purple violets in a crystal bubble bowl" is more effective than "violets in a bowl." Several short poems are read by the teacher on a like subject. A friendly, sympathetic, and appreciative attitude toward the work of others is manifested in her manner and voice. The background of appreciation and comprehension causes a spark of latent power to kindle among a few in the group as they decide to make a "poem" all their own. One step has been taken in the direction of self-expression, creative writing. As an observer that day, I shared the feelings of the one that penned the following lines:

"An angel paused in his onward flight  
With a seed of love and truth and light,  
And asked, 'Oh, where must this seed be sown,  
That it yield most fruit when fully grown?'  
The Saviour heard, and He said as He smiled,  
'Place it for Me in the heart of a child.'"

Rich though the environment of the classroom may be, it is but a part of a larger environment which extends beyond the walls of the school plant. Even though children are keen observers and inveterate collectors, all the objective material needed cannot always be brought into the classroom. Many challenging questions born in a classroom send the teachers and students out into a strange and fascinating world for new data, which may open up a whole new field for thought and study. Many times it is not necessary to go far; one may explore firsthand living and growing things—grasses, plants, leaves, insects, butterflies, birds, and the like—to bring new interests into the classroom. To meet the teeming life of the community—farm, store, shop, factory, office, orchard, grove, and hillside—all these and many others supply a richness of experience and a wealth of unsolved problems mingled with the kind of wonder expressed in Sara Teasdale's beautiful lines—

"Children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup."

Present trends in education emphasize the organization of instruction in such a way that the school may stimulate and share life outside the classroom.

After the learner, which in the whole educational program is the most important factor to be understood, the student teacher must know the subject matter that is to be taught. The weak places must be made strong. Much new (*Turn to page 12*)

Below: "Books Are Friends." This Cozy Reading Corner Is Always Popular





# Our First Balloon

We Prove That Modern Youth Can Do It

By Lawrence and Mervyn Maxwell

THE smell of new paint, the sight of all the bottles and glassware on the shelves, the new bench, and an indefinable anticipation of things to come, seemed to make the very atmosphere heavy with hope.

The walls, smartly uniformed in new paint, seemed to beam out an "Aye-aye, sir" as we came in. The stove on the left stood up proudly to salute, while the bench bowed down like a camel, waiting humbly to be used. We could fairly feel the water in the faucets and the electricity in our new plugs bursting with delight and pressing on the outlets like caged animals.

Many times our father had told us that as a boy he had tried again and again to fill a balloon with hydrogen or in some way to make a lighter-than-air craft. He had not had much success, and so he challenged us to "pick up the torch where he had laid it down," promising us a dollar apiece if we were successful. Since we were (naturally) very eager to collect the money (and also to prove that the modern generation can do some things that the past generation could not), we set to work.

Hydrogen is a very interesting gas and is not at all difficult to make. It was identified in 1766 when Cavendish threw a few chips of metal into an acid. Little bubbles of hydrogen came out of the acid and floated to the surface. Cavendish thought that originally it came out of the metal, but actually it comes out of the acid.

You see, all acids are chemical compounds of the gas hydrogen and some other element. All chemical compounds are made up of ultramicroscopic particles called molecules, which are simply groups of next-to-nothingnesses called atoms—"the building blocks of nature." While compounds are made up of molecules (groups of different kinds of atoms), elements are made up entirely of similar atoms. Household lye, for instance, is a compound made up of molecules of sodium, hydrogen, and oxygen; while silver, on the other hand, is an element made up of silver atoms only.

Hydrochloric acid is a compound of hydrogen, a light, colorless gas, and chlorine, a poisonous, heavy, yellow gas. Perhaps it seems strange that two gases can, when mixed together, make a liquid which is altogether different from either gas, but that is just what happens. Think of it this way: When a group of men get together, their actions, conversation, and dress are of one kind, different, perhaps, from that which prevails when there are women present. The same is true when women get together apart from men. But when the two are mixed, the resultant behavior is different yet.

Let us consider the hydrogen and chlorine atoms as being male and female respectively, each having magnetic personalities. (Actually, all atoms are electro-magnetic in a sense.) Just for fun, consider them to be in love and getting on well. Then along comes a metal, also a male. He is

much better looking than Hydrogen, and is much more active—has more personality. He completely captivates Chlorine, and drives Hydrogen away in disgust. That is just the way in which hydrogen is driven out of the hydrochloric acid molecule.

To make our hydrogen we mixed hydrochloric acid and zinc in the little milk bottle (see Figure A) and allowed the resulting hydrogen to go glub-glub up inside the gallon bottle, which was full of water—like a chicken fountain. As it went in, the water came out, filled the pot, and ran all over the table.

To fill the balloon we inverted the hydrogen-filled bottle, and reversed the process (see Figure B). Soon the balloon was bobbing upward, impatiently, "rarin'" to go.

We collected the two dollars.

Since then we have improved our technique, as Figure C shows. We also have heard of a much simpler method which anyone can do anywhere. No fuss, no muss, no bother.

All you need is a pop bottle, the balloon, and the chemicals. First, drink the pop; next, drop the zinc into the bottle, add some water, and then, with the balloon all ready—have someone else hold it if possible—pour in quite a lot of acid and pull on the balloon as fast as you can. Be

sure you don't get any acid on the rubber. It is best to tie the filled balloon with a silk thread, but cotton will do. Then write a message on it, let it fly "way up in the sky," and wait till someone finds it miles away, and drops you a post card.

All we had to do when we had finished our next experiment was to turn on a switch, and whoosh! a ring of solid aluminum jumped up into the air. There were no springs, motors, levers, or cams—just a coil of wire, a bundle of iron rods, the ring, and a switch.

In a physics book which we borrowed from the school library we found the recipe for this rather spectacular toy, and with much advice from our ever-sympathetic teacher, we managed to make it. Our finished product did not look a great deal like the picture in the book, but it probably worked just as well—and who cares about looks anyway? It called for a coil of two hundred turns of Number 14 copper wire, a bundle of iron rods to form the core, and a ring of aluminum.

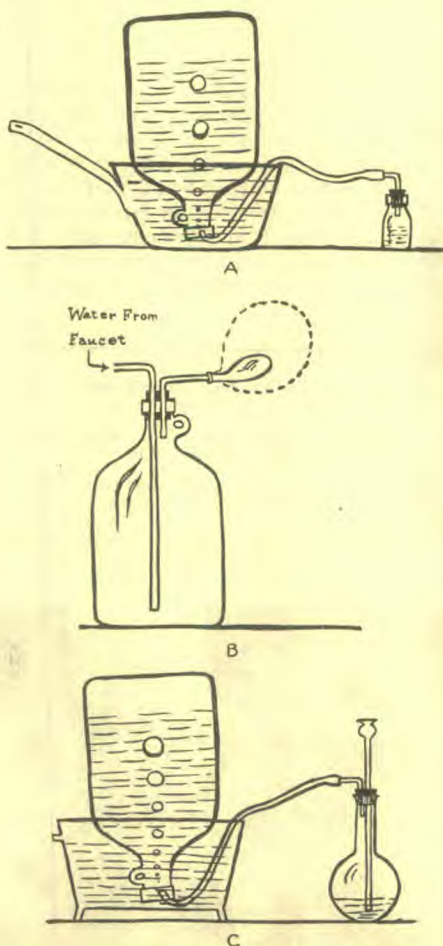
It was easy enough at the time to obtain several lengths of quarter-inch iron rods and to cut them up into foot-long pieces. After binding friction tape around a cluster of sixty-four of them, we mounted them on a wooden base.

But winding the coil was a different matter altogether. Our uncle, who happened to be staying with us at the time, helped us. He was superintendent of the Kenya Mission in East Africa, and we wonder whether sometimes he asked himself the question: Are not the African natives much more sensible than white fellows? He was asked to hold the tin can we used as a spool, first this way, and then that. He saw the same partly wound coil unwound and rewound time after time. He stood—and laughed!—as the wire, so carefully and painstakingly laid, suddenly jumped up mischievously at us. When completed, this coil, which stood about four inches high, fitted loosely around the base of the iron core.

We then made a ring from three thicknesses of sheet aluminum, held together with aluminum wire, and slipped it down over the iron core to rest on the coil.

The very instant that we turned on the 110-volt current, that ring stretched its wings and flew several feet into the air like a rocket. When we tried to hold it down with our hands, it got unpleasantly warm and buzzed in our hands. When our friends tried to hold it down, they usually screamed and let go as soon as we turned on the switch!

These experiments were only two of quite a number which we have performed. In the next two weeks we shall tell of several others.



DRAWINGS BY ALICE STANSBURY

These Drawings Show the Various Steps in Our Balloon Experience. Note in Figure C How We Improved Our Technique. More Recently We Have Heard of a Simpler Method Which Anyone Can Use Anywhere





# Juniors

U. S. DEPT. OF INTERIOR

## A Lesson Never Forgotten

By JOELLE BARNES

"Hi, Jack," said Dave as he ran into Jack's yard, "what are we going to do today? It's such a perfect day; we can't let it pass without doing something special."

"I know what we can do," suggested Dave. "Let's get Chuck, and the three of us go up to the lake and swim. Chuck doesn't know how to swim too well, but we can teach him."

"Sure," Jack agreed; "then when we get tired of swimming we can rent a boat and go boating for a while."

"Oh, I just remembered," exclaimed Dave. "Isn't Chuck one of those Seventh-day Adventists who don't do anything like that on Saturday?"

"That's right, he is," Jack remembered, but added, "I don't see any harm in asking him anyway. Maybe he will go with us just this one time. It's such a perfect day."

As the two boys walked along on their way to Chuck's house, they were both wondering about the same thing, although neither was aware of it until Jack spoke.

"Do you think we should ask Chuck to go today?" he inquired of his pal.

"That's just what I was wondering," Dave acknowledged. "He probably won't go, but I don't see any harm in asking him."

Chuck happened to be looking out the window when the two boys turned up the path leading to his home. "What could they be wanting of me today?" he asked himself. "Have they forgotten that today is the Sabbath?"

But before they had reached the door, Chuck was out on the porch to meet them.

"Hi, Jack and Dave, what are you doing today?"

"Oh," Dave explained, "we are on our way to the lake for some swimming and boating, and thought maybe you'd like to come along with us. It's such a perfect day. We just had to do something."

"Well," said Chuck thoughtfully, "I'd sure love to, but you—"

"Yes, we know this is your Sabbath," broke in Dave, "but we thought that maybe just this once it wouldn't matter."

"But I really have never done anything like that on Sabbath," Chuck told the boys. "You know my folks are very particular about what I do on God's day."

"But you're not going to sit at home on a day like this and just let it go to waste, are you?" asked Jack.

"Couldn't we go swimming tomorrow just as well?" suggested Chuck.

"But by tomorrow it may be cold and cloudy. And besides, this is *this* afternoon!"

"I'll tell you, as long as my parents have gone to visit some sick friends maybe I'll go, if we can be back by four o'clock sure. Father and mother won't be back before that."

"Oh, we'll be back before that," Jack assured him.

Chuck ran into the house to change his clothes and get his swimming trunks, but he did not feel very happy about it. He kept thinking, Suppose something should happen so my folks would find out? But he assured himself that it would be all right to do what he was doing "just this once," and in ten minutes all was ready.

The boys finally reached the lake. It was a beautiful sight. The water was deep crystal blue, and on it were three white sailboats.

"Let's see who can be the first one in," cried Dave, when they were ready, as he ran toward the water. *Splash!* and all three of them went in at once. Jack and Dave swam out around one of the floats, but Chuck stayed rather close to shore. They were having a great time—that is, all except Chuck. He pretended he was having fun, but down inside he had a sort of queer, sick feeling.

After a while he suggested that they go boating. He would feel easier doing that, because all he would have to do would be just to sit and ride along. A speedboat almost runs itself.

Time went faster than they realized. But Chuck reached home before his folks did. Well, he thought, that was pretty slick. I really had a good time and didn't get caught either.

The following week went by quite rapidly. Then came another beautiful Sabbath morning. Chuck thought about the last Sabbath and what fun he had had.

He had a feeling that Jack and Dave would come as they had done the week before, and ask him to go somewhere with them. So he told his mother that he did not feel very well and that he wanted to stay home from Sabbath school.

Just a short time after the family had gone to church, sure enough Dave and Jack arrived. This time Chuck was out to meet them before they turned up the path.

"Hi, Jack and Dave," Chuck shouted, "what do you have on your collective mind today?"

"We thought maybe you'd like to come boating with us. We didn't get to ride very long last week."

"I'd love to," admitted Chuck. "My folks are at church, and since they are going to my sister's house for dinner, they won't be home till midafternoon anyway."

It was much easier for Chuck to agree to go with the boys this time. In fact, he did not have the inside qualms that had bothered him the week before.

Again the lake was beautiful and again the day was just as perfect. They rented their speedboat and set off for a good long ride.

"This is what I call fun," remarked Dave, as he sat back in his seat to enjoy the cool wind blowing in his face.

Chuck and Jack agreed with him. They were having a wonderful time, entirely unaware of another speedboat coming toward them. All of a sudden Jack looked up. But it was too late to do anything about it. The two boats hit with a big crash! Once in the water, Jack and Dave swam for the shore, all forgetful that Chuck did not know how to swim very well. Arrived there, however, they remembered.

"Jack!" Dave gasped, "where's Chuck?"

"Let's swim out again quick and see if we can find him," Jack gasped, and he was on his way almost before he had spoken the last word.

As they approached the wreck they could see that Chuck was trying his best to keep hold of a piece of board that had broken off the boat. But just as they almost reached him he slipped off and sank out of sight.

"Quick," ordered Jack, "swim down under him, Dave, and give him a push up."

Dave did his best, and Chuck came up to the top. Jack grabbed him, and after a hard struggle the two boys finally managed to drag him to shore. Then they discovered that he was unconscious.

Terrified, Jack, who once had seen a nearly drowned man being brought to consciousness by artificial respiration, went to work, as he thought he remembered the movements.

In the meantime Dave ran to get help from two fishermen. Luckily they had a boat large enough to take the three boys back across the lake. Before they reached the other bank, Chuck had regained consciousness but could not move.

When they were ashore they found that he was able to walk a little, and with the help of Jack and Dave he finally reached home. His shocked parents put him to bed; then Jack and Dave told them all that had happened.

Chuck was in bed for five weeks with



pneumonia. At times even the doctor despaired of his life, but he finally pulled through. He was really sorry for what he had done, and promised the Lord that if He would forgive him and restore him to health, he would give his life to Him and try never to displease Him again. The kind, loving heavenly Father, who loves His children and is always willing to forgive, if they are really and sincerely sorry, answered this prayer. And Chuck learned a lesson from this experience that he has never forgotten.

## Night Must Fall

(Continued from page 3)

Long, uneventful weeks passed before Joe saw land again. That day dawned bright and clear. The sun, a mighty ball of fire, climbed higher as its rays beat down upon white miles of shifting sand. He stood beside the rail of the ship, weary with the voyage, and recalled having heard mention of the Polish refugee camp.

Before him on the beach stood a long line of empty trucks waiting to carry the men and supplies to their future station.

"So this is Iran!" exclaimed Joe to a fellow officer.

"Yes, the old kingdom of Persia! Cyrus, Darius, Alexander, and Genghis Khan fought through its mountains and burned beneath its suns."

Far to the north lay the Caucasus and to his west lay Egypt. He had always thought of them as ancient and dead, with their histories of fallen empires wrapped in the silence of the past. But the modern docks, which but a few years ago had known chiefly piracy and slave running, were now floating large convoys of explosives, food, airplane engines, and other materials to Russia.

Joe watched the swift work of the men as they loaded the trucks with sugar, boots, steel, and medical supplies. And, all too soon, he cast a farewell glance toward the ocean, his last link with Western civilization, as the convoy began to move away toward the hills.

The "Jockeys," the slang label given their drivers, were a group of young men from New York. The one beside whom Joe sat besieged him with a barrage of questions about America. He did not try to conceal the fact that he was homesick for his home in Albany. Before the black tents of the nomads and mud huts of the villagers had faded in the distance, Joe found himself hankering to turn back before he was swallowed up in the vastness of the strange Old World.

By evening they were racing through a deep, dark mountain pass—so narrow that the peaks seemed to close above them. Shortly thereafter Joe saw the twinkling stars, and dozed off. Some time later he awoke and realized he was cold. What he saw made him shudder—his bones turn to water. The caravan churned along in chains at a few miles an hour with snow-banks truck high on one side and a canyon yawning death on the other.

The driver, crouched over his wheel, labored against the frost and snow that blinded his view. Icy arms of fear reached out to enfold the men who sat paralyzed in their seats. Suffocation and smothering clutched at Joe's throat as he fought panic. This was madness. The darkness was a wall, impenetrable and secret, and the blackness and wind in the canyon were as a pack of wolves besieging the tiny convoy.

"Fewer people die of burns than of falls," remarked the driver.

For a little while the significance of the statement did not make sense to Joe. He drew his coat closer about him, trying to dispel the mortal cold that held him.

"A truck fell into the canyon on one of the trips," continued the driver, "and when the searching party came upon it later, all the occupants were dead."

Shudders continued to besiege Joe. He bit his tongue and pressed his hand against his jaw to stop the chattering of his teeth. The salty taste of blood in his mouth steadied him. He tried to force himself to be rational; yet the knowledge that he was imprisoned in a truck that might at any moment plunge into an ugly canyon kept beating at his nerves like a flail.

He had never conquered the fear of falling. He remembered the night in San Francisco, when his friend's car had stalled on the steep hill that led to the Mark Hopkins Hotel. He had been seated between the driver and another boy and in his fright had screamed to get out before the car fell backward down the hill. His friends had been amused, but his fear had been very real; he had felt that he would suffocate should he remain another moment imprisoned within the car.

Now a sudden new panic invaded him. The door! Suppose it should come open and the wind reach in, tear him from his seat, and hurl him onto the rocks below! He crouched there, shaking. It was as if the jaws of a great trap had closed upon him—on one side the wall of snow and icy road, on the other the silence of the canyon. He was caught between them—help-

## They That Be Teachers

(Continued from page 9)

knowledge is gained from the college courses in Bible, English, speech, social science, natural science, health, and practical and fine arts.

Various professional classes make possible a survey of the work of the elementary school. These include the study of activities, of materials, and of methods of instruction. Success in teaching is measured by what the pupil has received. Instruction should improve the *how* and *what* that the pupil believes, thinks, and does. There is no satisfaction which can compare with the joy of witnessing physical, intellectual, social, and spiritual growth in children.

Thus in the very heart and life of the training school the student teacher daily reaps rich dividends as he grows in personal experience and power. There is much in the profession to invite one who desires to become skilled in the things of heart and brain, that the principles of true education may continue to burn.

"Because I would be wise and wisdom find  
From millions gone before whose torch I pass,  
Still burning bright to light the paths that wind  
So steep and rugged, for each lad and lass  
Slow-climbing to the unrevealed above,  
I teach.

"Because in passing on the living flame  
That ever brighter burns the ages through,  
I have done service that is worth the name  
Can I but say, 'The flame of knowledge grew  
A little brighter in the hands I taught,'  
I teach.

"Because I know that when life's end I reach  
And thence pass through the gate so wide and deep  
To what I do not know, save what men teach,  
That the remembrance of me men will keep  
Is what I've done; and what I have is naught,  
I teach."

less. As if to accent his helplessness, the wind set up a howl that echoed back and forth through the walls of the lower canyon. To divert his thoughts he looked at his watch. The time was half past one.

It was a little before dawn when the convoy stopped on a level country road and the men removed the tire chains. The speed increased after that, and as the sun rose the men marveled at the beauty of the flower-strewn mountains. The jutting snow-covered peaks with their ice and treachery lay far behind.

Around midday the lead truck drew to a stop before a low-roofed camp that sprawled over a large area of ground. Thinly clad, undernourished children played in little groups.

Women huddled together, fright and anxiety filling their eyes as they followed each newcomer in his descent to the ground. Here and there a crippled man hobbled toward the fence to rest upon his cane and watch. Joe took one glance and saw represented here the whole sad era of Poland.

For many weeks, in off-duty hours, he sat and listened to the tragic stories of these people. One picture—unfriendly and evil, and painted like a huge landscape—formed in his mind and seemed to grow as each patient or refugee added one more touch of pathos. Most of the men, women, and children at the camp were civilians who had suddenly found themselves homeless in their own land and helpless before an invading army.

Their own men were in the field battling with unsurpassed heroism, disputing all claims for their beloved ground when enemy air fleets swept overhead and attacked the populous city of Warsaw. Not only did they strike at the city of Warsaw, but dive bombers swept down on the villages and hamlets, setting them on fire as the stricken inhabitants ran from their homes to take shelter in the forests, which in turn were set afire.

The doctor understood the fear and sadness in their pale faces. He knew now why women wept and children stood rigid when the purr of a motor sounded in the distance. Yes, they, too, loved a land, just as he loved his homeland—his America.

One evening as the hot Iranian sun sank to a level with the sands, Joe paused in his work long enough to glance from the tiny laboratory window. He saw a little cloud of dust in the distance. His eyes ached with the glare of sunshine and the oven heat. For a moment he closed them and dared to think of the green Kansas fields in early spring. When he opened them the dust cloud had grown larger. Preceding the cloud was a large cattle truck. Joe watched with interest. As it neared the main entrance he noted that its cargo was human.

He could not remove his eyes from the strange sight. The first to jump from the rear of the truck was a tall, lanky boy. His clothes hung like bags from his youthful shoulders. The lad lifted a long board from the bed of the truck and placed it ramplike for the descent of the men. Joe watched him as he assisted the men, who were lying on the floor of the truck, toward the board. Each in his turn managed to get down the plank to the ground and scramble out of the way to make room for those following him. Some of the men he noted were young. Others were older. All seemed to be suffering from injuries. Women crowded near by, weeping and helping as best they could.



The last to descend the plank was a young father with his six-year-old son. The man held his hand to his left side. When he stepped off the plank he collapsed with a scream that tore through Joe's heart and sent a chill along his spine. The little boy muttered something in the man's ear and then buried his face upon the painful bosom. Joe grabbed his medicine kit and hurried to the scene. He administered a sedative to relieve the pain which he had no power to alleviate, then stood aside as he realized with despair his helplessness.

"Come with me," he said to the six-year-old, but the child only stared at him with frightened eyes. He took the little hand in his and spoke as kindly as he knew how. Nothing would move the child.

The evening hours were long, and as darkness drew near, the man breathed harder. His caressing of the child finally ceased and his hand was still. When again the doctor reasoned with the child, his grief knew no bounds. He clung wildly to the still warm hands of the dead man, and with no amount of persuasion could he be induced to relinquish his hold. So piteous was the sight of the weeping child that Joe could not watch him without entering into his sorrow. He walked away toward his room and tried to forget the scene he had just witnessed: a little lad, robbed of everything he prized, whose mouth stood wide open, crying for food—for father—for mother—like a young bird begging to be fed. Of course the attendants would carry him away. He closed his eyes to the picture of that open mouth emitting its mute cry for help, but he knew that child would forever come walking up his lane—the lane of his memory.

That simplehearted little boy with his haunting cries was the outpouring of his own home longing, which he recognized as something akin to the loneliness of far-off horizons and a sense of tragedy. Deeper still, it was a moving expression of that nostalgia of the soul all human beings feel. It was a cry for Jesus, a divine Father, who understands the meaning of a broken heart—the only One who can soothe sorrow when all else fails.

It was then that Joe sought solace in prayer for help to lead that little child to Jesus, and to a hope of someday being reunited with his father and mother in a better land.

When he returned to the scene the child was asleep. Tenderly he lifted the wasted little body in his arms and carried him to his own bed. The night bore down upon the camp. Pain, uneasiness, and worry hung like a pall. Joe felt the clouds of oppression roll over and cover him, and then somehow he was again in Kansas, dreaming of a red-roofed sanatorium with its ever-changing line of suffering patients.

The child stirred and Joe pulled the blanket about his shoulders. The moonlight came through the tiny window and Joe glanced out. He heard the hum of a motor and in the distance saw the outline of another truck. Another truck was coming—another load of broken homes and broken hearts.

## James White, Founder of the Publishing Work

(Continued from page 7)

dent. His health was not very good. Then, too, he had his hands full with the *Review*. John Byington was then elected president. The organization of the church stands as a monument to the vision of the

pioneers. James White bore an important and noble part in this work.

This man was an incessant worker. His motto was: "Better Wear Out Than Rust Out." That was a mistaken motto, however, for a man of his ambition and temperament. More moderation probably would have saved him to his family and to the cause for many more years than he lived. He and Ellen White traveled much during all kinds of weather and in all manner of conveyances. They were completely worn out.

It is no wonder that his health gave way. Finally he was stricken with apoplexy and was taken to a hydrotherapy institution at Dansville, New York. As a result of this contact he urged the founding of Battle Creek Sanitarium, our first health institution. He played an even greater part in the beginning of our denomination's first college. For two years he urged the establishment of such a college. Battle Creek College opened its doors in 1874. The third angel's message had been carried to California, and in 1874 James and Ellen White went out there. That year he started the *Signs of the Times* at Oakland. It is still our leading paper on the Pacific Coast.

In the seventies when the membership grew larger, visiting camp meetings became a heavy burden to Brother and Sister White. They traveled for days and then were kept in committee meetings or business sessions week after week all camp meeting season. At that time arrangements were not made for visiting ministers. In the *Review* of March, 1877, James White wrote of the tiring grind of camp meetings:

"We have gone from meeting to meeting four weeks at a time without stepping over a threshold, only that of the railroad depot. . . . We live in our trunks nearly one third of the year. We take our tent with us in a trunk. Could lumber be in reserve on the ground for us, someone be appointed to take us and our baggage directly to the ground, and persons ready to assist in putting up our tent, and we be visited by only those who should come to our tent to assist and cheer us, and none come in the confusion of breaking up, and packing for the cars, to bid us good-by, very much of the dreaded part of camp meeting life would be removed."

By the time he was sixty this courageous pioneer was worn out. He had deprived himself of sleep by riding on the train night after night and holding long meetings in the daytime. For years he wrote his editorial between eight and twelve at night after a hard day of toil. He had no rest even on the Sabbath, for often he preached two or three times on that day.

These incessant labors finally broke down the health of the none-too-robust leader, and while at the Michigan camp meeting at Charlotte in 1881, he contracted a cold which prostrated him. Mrs. White was ill, too, and they were tenderly placed on a mattress in a hack, where for the last time in life they lay side by side. Three days later the frail thread which held James White to life was severed (August 6, 1881). His faithful wife comforted him in his last hours, and his associate for thirty years as editor of the *Review*, Uriah Smith, preached his funeral sermon. The whole city of Battle Creek honored him, and the members of the Adventist Church paid tribute to James White, pioneer publisher, builder, organizer, and leader.

See *Founders of the Message*, by the author, for a fuller account of this pioneer's life.

## Bubbles

(Continued from page 1)

"The beauty of bubbles is more breathtaking because it cannot last," she said slowly. "A dream fulfilled may be quite a commonplace experience. The bubbles you used to blow did not reflect the drabness of the kitchen; they only caught the gleams of color, and as you looked into them you saw your surroundings glorified."

The thread snarled, and mother stopped for a moment, her mouth puckering thoughtfully as she smoothed the heel of the sock over the stocking ball.

"Because you were a child and had not learned to accept reality, you were disappointed when the bubbles broke and you saw the worn paint and the cracked ceiling. The color was still there, but you did not see it, because you had not learned to look for it."

The cat came yawning from beneath the stove and rubbed against mother's ankles as one who is sure of a welcome.

"Our dreams gather up the bits of color and fashion them into a beautiful picture. The color is intensified, but it is the same color as that in our surroundings. Be glad for the dreams, but when they have gone look carefully for the color that made them so beautiful."

I thought of the bubbles she had blown—of the dreams of a musical career and of the service she was giving when she went every Friday to the one-room schoolhouse a mile down the road, to lead the children in singing. I thought, too, of the hours she had spent with the redheaded farmhand who had come from the next township, bringing a cheap "git-tar," and asking for help in "l'arnin' some chords."

"You ask me why they break, these bubbles we blow. It is best for us that they should break. Life is not all color and glamour; we must live with reality, and when the bubbles have shown us a bit of color, they must break. They have accomplished their purpose if we can see both a glowing red geranium and a window drenched in rain."

When she was through speaking, she reached up and raised the window shade a little higher, and I knew that she was seeing beauty in the flecks of silver rain that beat against the glass.

"You mean—?" I asked after a minute.

"You think you have failed," she answered thoughtfully, "but you have not failed unless you do not look for the color that makes your bubbles beautiful. Love is not all romance and glamour, as you saw it in the bubble that broke; love is companionship and faith and unselfish sharing, glorified by the same richness of color which made your dream beautiful."

"And the other bubble?" I questioned.

Mother had finished her mending and was polishing a needle in a satin Dinah filled with emery. She looked at me, smiling a little as she spoke.

"You are young," she said, "and there will be other bubbles." She stuck the needle into a bristling pincushion and closed her mending basket. "The talent you had thought to put into a career is not lost because the dream is shattered. It is up to you to search for the colors and to weave them into your life, making it radiant with beauty instead of drab and useless."

As she stood up, she plucked a yellow leaf from the geranium in the window. "I was just thinking," she said, "it seems



as though the geraniums have never done so well or blossomed so heavily as they have this winter."

## Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 5)

with variations on "Grandfather's Clock"—it is all very wonderful.

Now Professor Porter, educational secretary for the Southern California Conference, takes over to present a motion picture, "Stanley Finds Livingstone." As we follow the young news reporter into the jungles and see him amazed at Livingstone's spirit, then won to Christ and service by the sacrifice and the need that he saw, all hearts are moved. Old experienced missionaries, torn from their fields of labor by sickness or war, weep as they relive their experiences while filling the furrow of the world's great need.

Again the huge crowd is dismissed. It is raining.

It rains all night.

It is now 9:30 Sunday morning. In spite of the fact that the streets are like rivers and some covered from curb to curb with turbulent water, over one hundred society officers are present for the round-table discussions.

After the devotional study by Pastor F. G. Ashbaugh, the subjects of worldly association and practical missionary work are presented.

The platform is being cleared. What is next? We look on our programs—"Recreation Demonstration," and sure enough, Professor Geier and some of his physical education boys take the floor. They tumble, show muscle-developing exercises, perform on the horizontal bars, on the swinging rings. We marvel, we hold our breath, we clap, we applaud. It is wonderful!

It is lunch time and still the rain pours down!

But it is announced that, rain or no rain, we will carry on with the program. At three o'clock we are back again. The medical cadets are on parade. The audience is seated around the ring. The platoons are called to attention and told to prepare for inspection. There are about one hundred in uniform. There is a Junior Medical Cadet Corps from La Sierra, with a little twelve-year-old lady sergeant, that promises to outshine them all. There is a fine mixed Medical Cadet Corps from Lynwood—the girls look attractive in their blue skirts and white blouses. There is another corps from Glendale, and another made up of medical cadets from every other place you can think of. The inspection is as impressive as inspections usually are. The march past the reviewing stand is magnificent. Cadet Colonel Ashbaugh takes the salute; the sergeants call "Eyes right!" The color guard moves back to position, and we all salute as Old Glory goes past.

As if to add color to our parade, outside the lightning flashes, the thunder growls, and the rain pelts down in a deafening roar. We are having a storm!

The Junior medical cadets are on parade—watch them! Thirty-six of them in perfect step, that little lady sergeant giving her commands like a trooper—"First squad, to the rear, march!" (O-ho, away goes one line.) "Second squad, to the rear, march!" (Away goes another—now she's headed for trouble!) "Third squad,

to the rear, march!" (They're all over the place now.) "Fourth squad, to the rear, march!" (Well, they are all headed the same way at least.) "First squad, to the rear, march!" (O-ho, now what?) "Second squad, to the rear, march!" (How could she time it? She has two squads together again!) "Third squad, to the rear, march!" (There are three of them together! The crowd are on their feet, expectantly.) "Fourth squad, to the rear, march!" (All back together again!) It is wonderful—marvelous—the crowd applauds with tremendous clapping. For a moment we cannot hear the rain pouring down. The little lady sergeant calls, "Halt!" and they take a bow.

"Who ever could dream—" "How could she—" "Never seen anything like it—" The voices all blend around me.

The Lynwood corps takes the floor, then the Glendale corps, then the general corps. There is a call for the officers to demonstrate, and all the cadet colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants fall in. Cadet Major Whitsett calls the commands. They can do it! They have not forgotten. They column left, right flank, left flank, to the rear march. Now and then one *doesn't* hear the command clearly and causes a traffic jam. The crowd smiles. The commands increase in tempo. The mistakes cause greater confusion and greater merriment, but on the whole the commissioned cadet officers have done well, and earn their applause.

Outside the lightning increases in its dazzling brightness. The thunder—"It's snowing," someone shouts. Some rush to the windows. "It's not snow, it's hail!"—and about two inches of it. Who ever heard of holding a youth's congress while it hailed in sunny Southern California!

However, that's what we are doing.

All cadets are called for a "march down." While one of the officers shouts the orders, the others examine critically the position of feet, hands, and thumbs of the cadets. They are a particular lot, and they are disqualifying cadets right and left. "Thumb shouldn't stick out like that at salute. Cadet—fall out!" "You didn't wait for the numbers, Cadet—fall out!" The line thins down. There are only two left, a cadet and a "noncom" officer. They are called to the front and center, where they are joined by the lady cadet who stood longest in the test, and they are presented with their honors.

Now a grand march for all is called. We have music. Everyone keeps step. This is a great march! See them go! "Two each way"—"Four down the center"—"Four each way"—"Figure X"—Old and young are thrilled alike. They march. They march. It rains! It rains!

Suppertime is announced.

The rain doesn't matter now! We are all used to it! We have found our umbrellas, overcoats, and galoshes. And through the water up the streets they come. The meeting is opened and turned over to Cadet Colonel Ashbaugh. The platform is cleared. Out comes a squad of medical cadets. They demonstrate litter drill. They pick up; they carry; they carry over obstacles waist high, shoulder high; they improvise a stretcher without poles, another without a blanket. It is all very fascinating. Cadet Major Hare now tells how the Medical Cadet Corps training helped him during the battle of Rangoon, as an ambulance driver.

Pastor Loveless stands to announce the only change in the program, caused by the

rain. Instead of the parade of one hundred missionaries in their colorful costumes and the accompanying inspiring missionary symposium, it was felt best to put in some more physical education demonstrations, so that the missionary pageant could be held at a later date and be enjoyed by a capacity audience.

So the boys in the physical education class of Glendale Academy prepare their paraphernalia and give us another marvelous demonstration of skill and strength.

Time is called.

A few words of appreciation are spoken.

The benediction is pronounced.

The meeting dismisses. It rains.

The headlines in the paper the next day read, "Southern California Lashed by Greatest Storm in Years."

The next day the headlines read, "Southern California Soaked in Greatest Storm. Los Angeles Deluged With Nine Inches of Rain."

It might have been the greatest storm in years, but however that may be, we know we had the *greatest Youth's Congress* ever held in California.

## "If Thou Seek Him, He Will Be Found of Thee"

(Continued from page 6)

mined to give them a Christian education. When Angelina reached the age of seventeen, it was with heavy hearts that the parents bade her farewell as she left for America to continue in school. She little realized when she bade her beloved parents farewell that she would never see them again. A year later her mother was laid to rest. Mirko, who had suffered a stroke a short time before this, was completely paralyzed. Two years later he closed his eyes with an undimmed faith in Jesus.

When the last trumpet sounds and the dead in Christ are raised, then we shall learn that there were many Jobs whose lives were never recorded in volumes, but who lived faithful, unselfish lives which bore abundant fruit for the Master. Mirko, like the patriarchs of old, had sown the seed of truth at every opportunity, and many of these seeds were to spring forth into trees of righteousness.

And in America, Angelina is showing the same fervid devotion her parents showed in the giving of the third angel's message. Many will be the stars in her crown as a result of her witnessing.

## Don't Quit

FIGHT, and the crowd stays with you;  
Quit, and you're out of the race;  
For he who quits goes down and out,  
And he who fights slips into his place.

Dig, and you reach rock bottom;  
Quit, and you find only sand;  
For the treasure is for the digger;  
For the quitter, the rifled land.

Plow, and you turn a smooth furrow;  
Quit, and your tools gather rust;  
Root, and you soon learn to burrow;  
Keep striving and pay you it must.

The world lays its coin on a winner;  
For the shirk it has no use at all;  
So up with you, and wrestle, you sinner!  
Or don't howl if you go to the wall.

—Author Unknown.



# Sabbath School Lessons

## SENIOR YOUTH

### V—The Mantle of Elijah

(April 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 2 Kings 1, 2.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Thessalonians 4:16-18.

LESSON HELP: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 207-234.

1. When Ahaziah the king of Israel fell and was injured, of whom did he inquire concerning his recovery? Because of this transgression, what message from the Lord did Elijah bring to Ahaziah's messengers? 2 Kings 1:1-4.

NOTE.—Ahaziah, the son of Ahab, had been a worshiper of Baal, as had his mother and father. For him to apply to Baal-zebub for help in his affliction was a violation of the law of God, which declared that those turning to familiar spirits or wizards should be cut off from among the people of Israel. (Lev. 20:6.)

2. What did the messengers report to King Ahaziah? When they described the man they had met, whom did Ahaziah recognize? Verses 5-8.

NOTE.—"It was Christ that bade Elijah speak these words [verse 6] to the apostate king. Jehovah Immanuel had cause to be greatly displeased at Ahaziah's impiety. What had Christ not done to win the hearts of sinners, and to inspire them with unwavering confidence in Himself? For ages He had visited His people with manifestations of the most condescending kindness and unexampled love. . . . Yet Israel had revolted from God, and turned for help to the Lord's worst enemy."—*Testimonies, Vol. V*, pp. 195, 196.

3. What did Ahaziah make three attempts to do? With what results? What did the Lord finally instruct Elijah to do? Verses 9-15.

4. What message did Elijah bring to Ahaziah? How fully was the word of the Lord fulfilled? Verses 16, 17.

5. What was revealed to Elijah concerning himself? Who was with him? What had occurred on a previous occasion? 2 Kings 2:1; 1 Kings 19:19-21.

6. At Gilgal, what did Elijah tell Elisha to do? How did Elisha reply? 2 Kings 2:2.

NOTE.—"At Gilgal, and again at Bethel and Jericho, he was invited by the prophet to turn back. 'Tarry here, I pray thee,' Elijah said; 'for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel.' But in his early labor of guiding the plow, Elisha had learned not to fail or to become discouraged; and now that he had set his hand to the plow in another line of duty, he would not be diverted from his purpose. He would not be parted from his master, so long as opportunity remained for gaining a further fitting up for service."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 225.

7. When they reached Bethel, who came to Elisha? What had been revealed to them? How was this experience again repeated? Verses 3-6.

NOTE.—"Unknown to Elijah, the revelation that he was to be translated had been made known to his disciples in the schools of the prophets, and in particular to Elisha."—*Id.*, pp. 225, 226.

8. When Elijah and Elisha stood at the crossing of Jordan, who watched in the distance? What did Elijah do? With what results? Verses 7, 8.

9. When they had gone over the Jordan, what request did Elisha make of Elijah? What reply was received? Verses 9, 10.

NOTE.—"Thou hast asked a hard thing." It was hard because it was a spiritual gift, the hardest of all things to impart to another. It was hard because it depended on the fitness of the receiver. It was hard because it was the greatest of gifts, worth more than riches or thrones. It was hard because the granting of this request was not in Elijah's power to give, and he knew not yet if God meant to bestow it."—*Peloubet's Select Notes*.

10. As the two men walked and talked, what took place? What did Elisha cry out? What did he do? Verses 11, 12.

11. What evidence did Elisha have that his request had been granted? How did the sons of the prophets recognize him as the successor to Elijah? Verses 13-15.

NOTE.—"When the Lord in His providence sees fit to remove from His work those to whom He has given wisdom, He helps and strengthens their successors, if they will look to Him for aid and will

walk in His ways. They may be even wiser than their predecessors; for they may profit by their experience and learn wisdom from their mistakes."

—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 228.

12. What further miracle witnessed to the fact that Elijah's spirit rested on Elisha? Verses 19-22.

13. Of what was Elijah's translation illustrative? 1 Thess. 4:16-18.

NOTE.—"Elijah was a type of the saints who will be living on the earth at the time of the second advent of Christ, and who will be 'changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump,' without tasting of death. It was as a representative of those who shall be thus translated, that Elijah, near the close of Christ's earthly ministry, was permitted to stand with Moses by the side of the Saviour on the mount of transfiguration."—*Id.*, p. 227.

## JUNIOR

### V—Elijah's Mantle

(April 29)

LESSON TEXT: 2 Kings 1, 2; Psalms 68:17.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." Ps. 32:8.

#### Guiding Thought

God's guiding care for us.

"Precious promise God has given  
To the weary passer-by,  
On the way from earth to heaven,  
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'"

"When temptations almost win thee,  
And thy trusted watchers fly,  
Let this promise ring within thee,  
'I will guide thee with Mine eye.'"

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read 2 Kings 1, 2; Psalms 68:17.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### God's Message to Ahaziah

Read 2 Kings 1:2-17.

1. When injured by a fall, of whom did King Ahaziah inquire whether he would recover? 2 Kings 1:2.

NOTE.—Baal-zebub was the god of flies—one who was believed to have the power to prevent their existence.

2. What did Elijah tell Ahaziah's messengers when he met them? Verses 3-6.

3. How did Ahaziah know who sent this message? Verses 7, 8.

NOTE.—Ahaziah did not like this message from God, and he determined to take Elijah prisoner. Verses 9-12.

4. When the first and second captains had been destroyed, what did the third captain request of Elijah? Why did Elijah go with them? Verses 13-15.

5. Why was Ahaziah to die at this time? Verses 16, 17.

Study the memory verse. How did God guide Elijah with His "eye" this time?

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### The Lord Sends Elijah to Jordan

Read 2 Kings 2:1-12.

6. When Elijah's work on earth was almost done, where were he and Elisha? What did Elijah wish Elisha to do? How did Elisha reply? Verses 1, 2.

NOTE.—The three schools of the prophets were at Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho. Elijah was visiting them for the last time.

7. What questions did the students at Bethel ask Elisha? What was his answer? Verse 3.

8. Where did the Lord send Elijah next? What did Elijah tell Elisha? Again, how did Elisha answer? Verse 4.

9. What did the students at Jericho tell Elisha about Elijah? How did Elisha again answer Elijah? Verses 5, 6.

NOTE.—Elijah and Elisha went on to the Jordan River about three miles away from the school at Jericho. The air is so clear in Palestine that the young men, who climbed the hill to watch, could see them as they walked together. Verse 7.

10. How did Elijah and Elisha cross the river? Verse 8.

NOTE.—You remember Elijah wore a mantle of sheepskin. He "wrapped it together," or rolled it so it was long and round like a walking stick.

11. When they had crossed the Jordan what did Elijah tell Elisha? For what did Elisha ask? On what condition would he receive what he wanted? Verses 9-12.

NOTE.—Elijah represents those who will live to see Jesus coming. 1 Thess. 4:16-18. Read *Prophets and Kings*, page 227.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### Elisha Returns to Jericho

Read 2 Kings 2:13-18.

The mantle of sheepskin that Elijah had worn so long fell at Elisha's feet as Elijah disappeared into heaven. It was the sign that God, who had guided and cared for Elijah, would now guide and care for him. Here, as he picked up the mantle, was the beginning of Elisha's work. His first act was at the Jordan.

We shall trace Elisha's many journeys in blue. Begin just a little east of the Jordan River and a little north of the Dead Sea. Trace from here to the school at Jericho, where he stayed for a short time.

12. How did Elisha use the mantle? Verses 13, 14.

13. What did the watching students say about Elisha? Verse 15.

14. When they met him, what useless request did they make? How long did they continue the search? With what result? What did Elisha tell them? Verses 16-18.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### Elisha's First Work

Read 2 Kings 2:19-25.

15. What was pointed out to Elisha by the men of Jericho? What was done about the lack of water? Verses 19-22.

NOTE.—Now read verse 15, the second part, again. God's power was with Elisha as it had been with Elijah.

16. What occurred on the way to Bethel? What punishment came as the result of mocking God's prophet? Verses 23, 24.

17. Where else did Elisha go? Verse 25.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

On your map locate Carmel, Jericho, Jordan, Bethel, and Gilgal. Trace the beginning of Elisha's journeys from east of Jordan to Jericho, to Bethel, to Mt. Carmel, to Samaria.

The part I like best about this lesson is \_\_\_\_\_.

Read carefully the Guiding Thought.

Study the memory verse.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Who said it? To whom was it said? When and where was it said?

"Go down with him: be not afraid of him." 2 Kings 1:15.

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." 2 Kings 2:2.

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." 2 Kings 2:12.

"Go up, thou bald head." 2 Kings 2:23.

Review the memory verse.

Repeat the first four memory verses of this quarter without looking them up. If you fail, restudy and memorize them.



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#### ARE YOU MOVING?

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# The Listening Post

▶ ABOUT 350,000 city high school boys and girls helped work on farms last summer.

▶ ALL rights to sell or use products or goods in the Belgian Congo have been placed under government control.

▶ IN a Sicilian olive grove has been placed a stone marking the spot where the armistice with Italy was signed on September 3, 1943.

▶ MANY large sugar companies in Cuba are installing distilleries at their mills for the production of alcohol to be shipped to the United States.

▶ THE United States Government has taken over the famous resort at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, for United States war wounded. The resort includes 7,000 acres of mountains and lakes.

▶ A NEW lightweight waterproof exposure suit for all men flying over water has been recommended for adoption by the United States and Canadian air-sea forces. The suits protect their wearers from the sometimes fatal shock of immersion in icy waters.

▶ CALIFORNIA motorists are saved the trouble of removing rusted-on license plates in order to apply their new tags. They merely display the old tags and paste a new sticker on the windshield. The label denotes payment of license fees and represents the ultimate in this particular type of metal conservation begun two years ago with the substitution of yearly strips for the usual full-sized plates.

▶ WRITING on postoperative care in *Archives of Surgery*, Dr. D. J. Leithauser advocated that "twenty-four hours is long enough to stay in bed following a surgical operation. After this, healing is promoted and complications minimized if the patient will get up and walk around." This radical reversal of common practice, by no means generally observed as yet, appears to be winning acceptance by surgeons slowly but surely.

▶ "FUR-BEARING animals might well receive a Selective Service classification of 3-F, for they are contributing fur, fat, and food in the battle against the . . . [enemy]," Philip F. Allan, Soil Conservation Service biologist, says. An estimated 16,000,000 pelts came from muskrat, opossum, skunk, raccoon, mink, and other fur-bearing animals in the United States during 1943. The Merchant Marine, ski troops, high-altitude fliers, and civilians working in arctic climates or high altitudes appreciate the warmth these pelts provide in linings for gloves, hoods, vests, and other clothing.

▶ A REPORT by the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reveals that civilians may soon be able to obtain a substitute for pure penicillin in the form of surgical dressings inoculated with the healing mold. The surgical dressings are made by using six layers of gauze placed in a solution and then inoculated with penicillin-forming bacteria. After two days of incubation at room temperature the dressings are treated with a sterile human plasma which aids in its application to the open wound. Clinical tests support the theory that dressings thus prepared give promise in treating certain types of acute and chronic surface infections. The new dressings are recommended only as an emergency measure until pure penicillin is on the market for civilians. The fact has been disclosed by the American Chemical Society that current production of penicillin has increased to such an extent—almost 100 per cent each month—that it is highly probable that the "miracle" drug may be available for civilian use during 1944.

▶ TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Sergeant John M. Webb, top turret gunner in a Flying Fortress, tells a unique story of bailing out from a plane and landing safely astride a farm horse. He was forced to jump from his plane when it burst into flames near its base after an attack. To avoid entanglement with telephone wires as his parachute floated earthward, he quickly yanked his shroud lines to deflect his course, and drifted over a field where a horse was grazing. "I yelled at the horse several times," he related later, "but the old feller went right on chewing and didn't move at all—until I came down directly on his back. Then he shied away and reared up, and I tumbled off." Webb is technical sergeant in the United States Army Air Forces, and is stationed "somewhere in Britain."

▶ SIMPLE thanksgiving services marked the 850th anniversary of the consecration of Harrow-on-the-Hill Parish Church in Middlesex, London, recently. The original church was started during the reign of William the Conqueror by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was completed and consecrated in 1094. The building, atop Harrow Hill, is in excellent condition, and its spire is visible for many miles.

▶ A SIGNIFICANT report comes from Lisbon, Portugal, through the Religious News Service, indicating that European Roman Catholics are becoming much interested in the study of Spiritualism. To quote: "A chair of Spiritualism for the study of psychic phenomena will shortly be established at the Catholic Institute, Paris, France."

▶ SCARCELY a single pound of food was lost last year in California because of lack of labor to harvest it, reports the California Farm Bureau Federation. Co-operative self-help saved the day.

▶ THE four-horned antelope, one of the smaller hoofed animals of India and Burma, is the only living wild animal with four horns.

▶ A CHEMICAL, now used by the Army, that is not lost in washing may be available for civilian use after the war, to treat material so that it will resist water, stains, and spots.

▶ FORMERLY the threads in our paper currency were made of silk. Later they were changed to nylon. Now dyed cotton is used.

▶ ABOUT 3,000,000 airgraph letters are now handled each month in India.

▶ AMONG the first party of East Africa troops recently arrived in India and Ceylon were a group of servicewomen.

▶ SECRETARY CORDELL HULL was the first Cabinet member of the United States Government ever to address a joint meeting of Congress.

▶ Two weeks is the time required to put steel or scrap iron donated to Uncle Sam into shape so that it can be used for building ships, making guns, etc.

▶ THE whole Bible has now been published in 184 different languages, the New Testament in 230 more, and some lesser parts of the Bible in 644 more—a total of 1,058, according to the American Bible Society.

▶ A RECENT Tokyo broadcast, reviewing the changes that 1943 brought to Japan, reveals that now "only the old and weak receive fuel for heating purposes" and that hardly any government buildings in Tokyo have heating facilities in operation. In addition to this the announcement said that "the young girls of Japan are now garbed in *mompei* (a kind of slack suit or overall) instead of the traditional kimonos."

▶ THE War Food Administration announced recently that the civilian share of dried peas and beans will be increased during 1944 because of the record production last year. Fifteen per cent of the total estimated bean supply will go to the U. S. armed forces and war services, and 31 per cent to our allies with more than three billion pounds to Russia—the largest individual shipment scheduled. Fifty-three per cent of the pea supply will go to our allies.

▶ IN spite of the alarm clock shortage, members of the Morgan family of Luray, Virginia, are awakened regularly at one minute after five each morning. When the five o'clock whistle blows for the benefit of employees of a firm in the city, the Morgans' hound bounds upstairs and begins tugging at bedcovers. When necessary he gives a few sharp barks to arouse drowsy sleepers. The family leaves the doors open throughout the house so that the dog may perform its faithful mission. Thus far the service has proved reliable and the family depends upon it.

## ★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

"I had an experience of answered prayer just lately," writes one of our Seventh-day Adventist boys in the armed forces. "We were out on bivouac. We were supposed to have a full seven days, which would of course include the Sabbath. It was Wednesday when this announcement came from the colonel. Five of us were Seventh-day Adventists, and we prayed that God would help us to stand true and not compromise. Then we sought an interview with the commander, and one of our boys did the speaking for all of us. But the commander did not feel that he could excuse us from this routine drill activity on the Sabbath. We prayed again, and made up our minds to take the guardhouse, or even death if need be. We pleaded with God to see us through.

"Friday morning a severe rain came and we were on a lake in landing barges. The lake was very choppy. The commanding officer became seasick, as did a number of enlisted men. When we got to land our officer decided to take us back to camp, and the next day every man was excused from duty. It was Sabbath! Of course we went to church as usual, thanking God for answering our prayers. Once more the winds and the waves had obeyed His will."