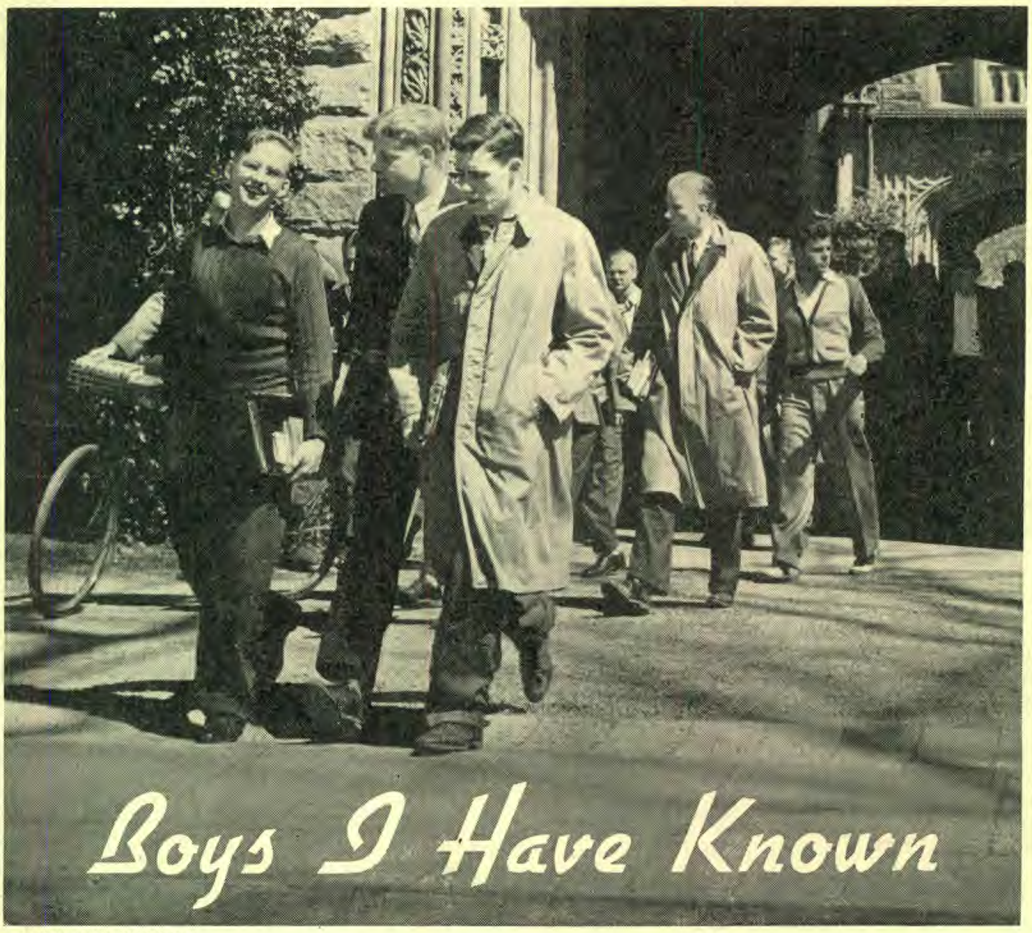
The Youth's Instructor



GREGOR FROM MONKMEYER

Boys I Have Known

By a College Dean of Men

THE last few days have been busy ones, and a bit trying as well. Final examinations for the fall quarter have been in process. Requests have been urgent, almost insistent, to stay up much too late at night to redeem the time squandered during the quarter. Far too early in the morning the dormitory has been astir with last-minute "crammers." Along with this the usual, or perhaps a bit more than the usual, unwanted counsel has been necessary, only to incur the ill will of thoughtless youth bent on having their own way. Just at the last it has been necessary to settle a few differences which have arisen between young men. Parents who have come to take their boys home for the holidays want a report of the progress made. In between times diligent effort has been made to correct examination papers.

Yes, these have been busy days, but today it is different. Everything is quiet —too quiet. These halls, that yesterday were teeming with the activity of two hundred young men, are silent. There is no life to be seen on the campus. No reprimands are called for, no indifferent attitude needs correcting, no encouraging word can be given. It is vacation, my boys are gone, and I miss them.

On my desk is a stack of Christmas greeting cards. Relatives, old schoolmates, fellow workers, and other friends have given a kindly thought at this season. But among them is a generous sprinkling of these friendly greetings from my boys. I cherish their friendship more than they can know. What an inspiration they are to me! What a contribution they have made to my life! How many valuable lessons they have taught me!

When thinking of one whose young life was devoted to God and who had a consuming desire to become a soul winner, you may think of Wesley or of Livingstone, but my mind turns to James.

My first outstanding recollections concerning him center around his illness during his first year in school. James was not among the popular group. In fact, there was little, unusually little, so it seemed, of promise in his life. There was certainly nothing striking about his physical appearance. He could be only a one-talent lad. He could not sing, he could not speak, and he was handicapped in that he had no financial resources. But he loved his God and wanted to serve Him. His fellow students soon became aware of that fact, and in his serious illness they prayed earnestly for his recovery. God heard those prayers and in time he was back in his classes.

It was a real struggle. A mother with two younger children needed his assistance to provide the necessities of life. From a human standpoint it was not possible, but "the cattle upon a thousand hills" belong to God, and James was a member of God's family. Frequently before the rising bell in the morning and after lights were out at night, James was working hard. On picnic days, the whole school would enjoy the relaxation so needful and refreshing, but James worked away—watering plants, hoeing weeds, keeping our campus clean.

But the outstanding thing about his student experience as I observed it was that in the midst of his busy program of work and study, he had come to place proper emphasis where it belonged. To a secluded spot out in the wood behind the dormitory, he found his way day after day. The following promise must have been dear to him and certainly it was fulfilled in his life: "Those who seek God in secret, telling the Lord their needs, and pleading for help, will not plead in vain. . . . As we make Christ our daily companion, we shall feel that the powers of an unseen world are all around us; and by looking unto Jesus we shall become assimilated to His image. By beholding we become changed."

Through the summer months James trudged the hot, dusty roads of Alabama, placing in the homes God's message of truth. Active in stimulating personal work in the school, he led out in prayer bands, and frequently to some wayward schoolmate, he made known the love of God and his own interest in his fellow student.

He longed to make preparation for the ministry, and hoped, on the completion of his course, to enter into this field of labor. He finished his course, but no call came. However, that did not alter his desire to save souls nor his determination to work for God. Again to the canvassing field he found his way. Near the close of the summer he was invited to teach a church school, a work for which he was not trained. But he accepted this opportunity as a call from God. He worked hard, and in addition to his teaching soon found opportunity to give Bible studies and hold cottage meetings. The result was that before the school year closed, the conference was called upon to send a worker to baptize eleven whom he had won to

(*Continued on page 3*)

Let's Talk It Over

A WEALTHY lumberman became deeply interested years ago in the Indians of the far north. At his own expense he kept several missionaries among them, and they labored faithfully. But as time passed there came to the generous philanthropist a growing realization that a trained native evangelist could do much more effective work in spreading abroad the gospel story than a white man. So he began to look about the field for some Indian youth whom he could educate and train to help his own people.

Chief Eagle Eye captured his interest. This young brave was a veritable giant—strong of body, and alert mentally.

"I will take Chief Eagle Eye to the land of the white man's civilization," he decided, "and train him to be a missionary."

The youth readily consented to the plan, for he had accepted the white man's God as his God.

It was a long journey out of the northland, but finally they came to the city of their destination—the white man and the Indian chief.

This new world was a wonderful revelation to Eagle Eye. The great buildings which towered far above the streets, the trains that swept along at lightning speed, the automobiles, the throngs of strange people—what a never-ending marvel!

They went to a modest hotel, but when they had registered, the lumberman found that there was only one room left. "It doesn't matter," he assured the astonished clerks. "We have slept together before, up in the Chief's land of eternal snow." So they were shown to the same room.

As the light was switched on, Eagle Eye stood in open-mouthed wonder. The candlelight of his own country, the flashing northern lights—the only ones he had known except the moon and stars—were not to be compared with this, which rivaled the sun! Then came another surprise when his friend turned it out.

"What make it go?" he asked.

His host unscrewed the bulb and let the Indian place his fingers in the socket. The force of the sudden shock sent him reeling across the room.

"Ugh! Fire inside!" he exclaimed, marveling again at the beautiful light which it made.

The next day they visited an office building. The slow "lift" in the hotel had been startling enough, but as the elevator here started up, the chief was frightened out of his usual calm—and his equilibrium. Regaining his footing and noting the swiftly passing floors, he cried, "What make it go? Fire inside?"

And his friend answered, "Yes, fire inside."

They rode in an automobile. Houses, trees, people were met and passed in a confusing whirl. Eagle Eye was again astonished. "What make it go?" he queried. "No dogs pull! Nothing pull! What make it go? Fire inside?"

"Yes," came the answer, "fire inside."

Their experience on the streetcar brought forth the same inquiry; the same answer.

One day the philanthropist was called away on business, and left his Indian friend alone in his room at the hotel. After a time he called up on the telephone. The clerks finally persuaded Eagle Eye to listen. He heard the voice of his friend calling him by name and was delighted. In his excitement he rushed about, looking everywhere to find him. Puzzled, he at last went back to the long black box on the wall, looked at it speculatively, then seized the receiver and placed it to his ear and spoke into the mouthpiece, asking:

"What make it go? Fire inside?"

"Yes," his friend answered, "fire inside."

And so it went. There were new discoveries every day, for Eagle Eye was a novice in the world of electricity into which he had come. Wherever they went, it seemed, there was something with "fire inside."

Then came a severe storm which disabled the power plant and destroyed telephone connections. No streetcars ran. The elevators did not go up and down. The hotel room was dark.

Eagle Eye pondered. "Light, he gone," he mused. "Car, he dead. Up-and-down basket, he no move. Talking box not work. What matter? No fire inside?"

The youthful Indian chief had discovered a secret that many of his more civilized brothers and sisters are slow to learn—an inner fire is essential to outward power. If one's heart is aglow with the love of God, his life will not only reflect that light but also draw his fellows closer to the Master. If the heart fire is allowed to die down, the light goes out, the power is gone.

THIS thought of burned-out fires and what to do about them was impressed upon my mind one winter day as I sat with a group around a wide, friendly fireplace on a Sabbath afternoon.

We were speaking of a mutual acquaintance who had thrown to the winds everything he once held dearest, and gone out from the church into the world, bent on making a fortune and a name for himself.

"How could a man with such unmeasured possibilities in God's service before him, and of such apparent zeal and consecration turn his back upon it all?" questioned one.

"I have never met one more talented in so many lines," mused another. "God was surely generous in giving him endowments, and as a soul winner he was singularly successful. I, too, have questioned, How? and Why?"

"Yes, the fire of Christian service that once burned in his heart seems to have died out completely," offered a third. "But my question is, How can I make sure that it does not die out in *my* heart? that I do not become cold, careless, indifferent?"

Our host arose from his armchair and, saying never a word, walked over to the pile of wood beside the grate, picked up three good-sized pieces, and laid them on the glowing coals. For a few moments the flames licked around them, then began to devour them. A small blaze shot up the chimney, then grew larger and larger, as the fire burned merrily.

"What have I done?" he asked of the girl who had voiced the last question.

"I see what you mean," she replied. "You have fed the fire. And your point is that we must continue to add fuel to the inner fire if we expect to keep it alive and burning brightly."

"Exactly," he answered. "The pioneers of this advent message had a word for it—this experience of lighting spiritual fires on the hearthstone of the heart, and then failing to keep them burning. That word was 'backsliding.' There is nothing more pathetic or sad than the experience of a person whose soul is a burned-out fire."

"I suppose the best fuel to keep these heart fires of ours blazing and warm is study of God's Word; constant prayer for His forgiveness, for His guidance, for His keeping care; and service for Him in daily witnessing," observed our hostess.

"Exactly, again," our host agreed.

"I read not long ago," remarked one who had not yet spoken, "that the way to keep a live Christian experience is to live in *touch,* in *time,* and in *tune* with God. In reverent *touch* with God we share His purpose, and as this fellowship is strengthened we minister to His other children in joyful service. This gives infinitely deeper content than all the thrill of pleasure, wealth, or fame. If we are in *tune* with God we are in harmony with His will for us, and this will blend all our feelings into tranquil peace even in a world at war. When we surrender our all to His will He in turn gives us His all. And if we are in *time* with God life's brief years are outweighed by an eternity of fellowship, and whatever comes it is our privilege to have the dauntless hope that the best of all is yet to come."

"With such a constant experience one's heart fire just couldn't burn out," another of the group remarked thoughtfully.

"There's a poem written by John Oxenham," smiled our hostess, "each stanza of which begins, 'Lord, I would follow, but—' And then the poet mentions things that people feel they must do before they make the surrender. Important things they seem to be, too. One would seek joy; another 'collect my dues, and pay the debts I owe'; another do 'great things'; and still another feels that there are many places where he is needed 'first.' But the poem ends:

" 'Who answers Christ's insistent call
Must give himself, his life, his all,
Without one backward look.
Who sets his hand unto the plow,
And glances back with anxious brow,
His calling hath mistook.
Christ claims him wholly for His own;
He must be Christ's and Christ's alone.' "

"What a safeguard, what a privilege is complete consecration to this Jesus of ours," murmured our host reverently.

And I think each one of us went out into that snow-drifted Sabbath twilight with a prayer of consecration in his heart.

Lora E. Clement

VOL. 92, NO. 24 THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, JUNE 13, 1944 ONE YEAR, $2.35

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C., U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

(*Continued from page 1*)

the truth. He taught a second year at another school, and a similar program was followed.

Could such devotion to God go unheeded? Soon he was invited to begin ministerial work in one of our conferences, and his joy knew no bounds. You will find him today, a faithful, loyal, and devoted worker, bearing fruit to the glory of God. What appeared to be one talent has been multiplied many fold. Over the radio, in evangelistic efforts, shepherding his flock, he is maintaining his steadfast purpose to serve God and win souls to the kingdom.

How tenderly does our heavenly Father watch over our youth and yearn for their devotion. Though they are apparently indifferent to His interest and care, He loves them still. What can bring greater joy to a worker for youth than to see them respond to the pleadings of His Spirit?

When but a mere child, Albert, with his mother and three younger children, heard God's truth and accepted it. Relatives all but disowned them, but Albert stood manfully by his mother, encouraging her by his steadfast earnestness and simple faith in God.

And then the strange thing happened. Albert was pursuing his premedical course in college. His interest in spiritual things waned, and in time he became indifferent and almost rebellious. The entreaties and prayers of his devoted mother seemed of no effect. The counsel of teachers went unheeded. He continued his studies, but seemed interested only in the association of indifferent and careless companions. It appeared that nothing could be done to turn him from his wayward course.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Little do we know or understand the working of the Spirit upon these youthful hearts and the struggles through which they pass. One evening I had met with a small group of boys in a room in the basement of the administration building. We had come there to pray for greater power and strength in our own lives and for the salvation of some of the unconverted young men. Soon after we had gathered, the door opened and Albert came in quietly and took a seat. I was surprised, startled. It had been many months since he had manifested any interest in spiritual things. At the close of our prayer band he remained behind and very quietly said, "Well, Dean, I've had enough. I'm holding out no longer. From now on I am going to serve God." That was all. I took his hand and silently thanked God for the answer to our prayers.

And he has been faithful. He went to the medical college and completed his course. Now for several years he has served faithfully, with a devotion to God and suffering humanity that can only characterize one in whose heart abides the love of God. The last time I visited with him, he again assured me of his desire to someday, when the Lord opens the way, find his place of service in some foreign field.

When you think of examples of perseverance or of determined stick-to-itiveness, does your mind turn to Columbus or perhaps to Edison? I think of Henry. His life provides ample inspiration and encouragement to push on when the going is a bit difficult.

At the close of a gloomy day in late winter some years ago, I responded to a knock at my office door. A timid, somewhat bewildered lad of about sixteen years stood before me. In his hand he held a small wooden box with handle and hinges made of leather, which served the purpose of a suitcase. I invited him in and he told me his story.

He had come to school. He had no money, but he had seen a notice in the union paper that the college press was in need of help. He was there to fill that position. No, he had no printing experience, but he was willing to learn. He would be glad to work hard if only he could obtain an education. His widowed mother would get on without his help if he could make his way. My heart went out to him, for I knew he was doomed to disappointment. I gave him a bed for the night, with the assurance that he could see the manager of the printing department in the morning.

As I had feared, he could not be used because of lack of experience. That afternoon he started down the road, catching rides back home. It was a discouraging experience, and many a lad his age would have concluded that after all, perhaps the Lord did not intend for him to have a Christian education. But not so with Henry. As he bade me good-by, he told me that he would be back at the opening of the next school year, or know the reason why! He left that day—wooden box and all—but fired with the determination that he would have an education.

And he did return. By hard work and careful saving he had enough money for an entrance deposit and perhaps a little more. Unable to take a full study load, he took what he could and went to work. Faithfulness and dependability characterized both his industrial work and his schoolwork. Sacrifices were many and luxuries were unknown. His few articles of clothing were forced to do double duty, but he hung on. When opportunities were presented he embraced them. His scholastic record was above average, and his services were in demand on the college farm. He won the respect and admiration of both his teachers and his fellow students.

He completed his work in the high school department and went on into college. To many his life seemed monotonous and a drudgery, but not to Henry. There was no time out for escapades and questionable conduct. He was cheerful and happy, and never did he lose sight of his objective.

With interest I have followed him through the years. After completing his junior college work he went on to a senior college. Always he was working his way, and always he was having to be content with less than a full study load. But graduation day arrived. How I should like to have been there to congratulate him!

He stuck to his task; he finished his course. And today? Yes, his determined efforts are being rewarded. He, with his young wife, is filling in a capable manner his position of responsibility in one of our colleges.

Live out Thy life within me,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Be Thou Thyself the answer
To all my questionings;
Live out Thy life within me,
In all things have Thy way!
I, the transparent medium
Thy glory to display.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

One day, shortly before our nation became actively involved in the present world conflict, we stood on the dock in the city of San Francisco and watched one of our passenger liners slip silently into the bay and head out through the Golden Gate. Somehow I wished that I could be aboard that ship. It carried precious cargo. Two of my boys, with their families, were bidding good-by to homeland and loved ones. But they were happy, and I thanked God for their devotion to Him and the promise of service wrapped up in their young lives.

My thoughts went back a few years to a Sabbath afternoon. One of these young men had invited me to go for a walk with him. He was wrestling with a problem and he wanted counsel. I have not forgotten his earnestness and his willingness to do God's will, even though it meant the forsaking of a very cherished plan. And now, after a number of years, he was manifesting again this same willingness to lay his plans at the Master's feet and follow His direction.

How refreshing it is in these days, when mere conformity and superficiality are so prevalent, to meet one "who will stand for the right though the heavens fall." Such a one was the other young man who left on the *Harrison* that day. I think of the many times he revealed this quality in his life during student days. He knew no fears and his loyalty is constantly an inspiration to me.

One evening I approached a group of young men engaged in a heated discussion. Feeling was apparently running a bit high. This young man was surrounded by a number of his fellows. It was not until later that I learned that, because of a certain decision one of the teachers had made, his fairness was being seriously questioned by these young men. But Frank, though possibly not knowing all the particulars of the immediate situation, knew the teacher. His confidence in his fairness was unshaken, and he manifested a loyalty that is cheering to observe.

Out in Africa this same loyalty to this movement is being demonstrated as Frank, with his brave companion, labors for those native people.

The evening "local" slowed down and stopped one summer evening at the little college station. A young man got off the train and made his way up the hill to the dormitory. I have never forgotten his arrival. He came unannounced, and I thought there must be a good reason. No doubt had he found it necessary to depend upon recommendations he would not have been admitted. But he was there and we gave him a chance.

He knew how to work—his one redeeming feature—and work he did. I presume I shall never know the struggles through which he passed during those first weeks and months. His actions were a bit hard to understand at times, but he stayed on, and when school opened he registered for classes. He had been out of school for a time and his lessons were by no means easy. But he managed somehow to stay out of difficulty and did the best he could.

In my files is a section labeled "special letters." These are not for the general public or even close friends to read. But more than once they have served as a real

(*Continued on page 10*)

John N. Andrews

FIRST OVERSEAS WORKER

By EVERETT DICK
Dean, Union College,
Lincoln, Nebraska

WHEN the first number of the *Review and Herald* was published in 1850, one of the four listed as the publishing committee was a twenty-one-year-old lad named John N. Andrews. Although young, he was one of the leading writers for the paper the next few years.

He was born at Poland, Maine, July 22, 1829, and was reared in the State where he was born. He did not have the privilege of a higher education, but, like Abraham Lincoln, was a self-made man. In that sense he was a well-educated man. He was one of those rare young persons who love to study the hard subjects and gather information. He set himself to the task, without school or teacher, of learning some of the most difficult subjects. In this way he gained a working knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Although he was but fourteen at the time of the 1844 movement, he enjoyed a deep Christian experience and earnestly looked for the Lord in October, 1844. During the period of uncertainty just following the great disappointment, he came in contact with the little group that was preaching the third angel's message. In 1849 he joined Joseph Bates, James White, and Ellen White, and these four became outstanding leaders among Seventh-day Adventists in the next few years.

He became a champion of the Sabbath and wrote in answer to the Adventists who did not believe it necessary to keep Sabbath. He wrote while traveling among the churches. One night when he stayed at the home of Cyrenius Smith at Jackson, Michigan, he was heard pleading with the Lord far into the night, to help him to defend the Sabbath.

Some idea of the difficulties which accompanied travel in the forwarding of the advent message in those early days is secured from a letter written by Hiram Edson during a journey through New York and Pennsylvania with J. N. Andrews in 1851:

"A portion of our journey was through a country that was new. The roads were new and rough, over cradle knolls, stumps, and rough log ways, slough holes, and trees fallen across our pathway. Much of our route was through deep valleys, and deep and narrow ravines, with almost perpendicular banks, so that fallen trees reaching across the ravine from bank to bank, were many feet above our heads as we drove through beneath them. Then again we were climbing the mountains and high hills of the Alleghenies.

"But being guided by the good hand of our God, we found a goodly number of the Lord's scattered but chosen ones, here and there, upon the mountains and high hills, famishing for the bread of life, to whom was given a 'portion of meat in due season.' "

Winter and summer, in spite of the fact that he was none too robust, the young worker traveled. It was no uncommon thing for the itinerant to wake in the morning with his beard covered with frost as a result of the moisture in his breath congealing in the unheated spare room or cold cabin. In spite of these hardships, in a letter written October 27, 1851, he said:

"In the midst of tribulation and affliction my soul is joyful in God. I was never more deeply impressed with the importance of the work in which we are engaged, than at the present time. My heart is bound up in it, and in a work so sacred I would cheerfully spend and be spent."

In the autumn of 1852 Mr. Andrews held a number of meetings at Rochester, New York, and at one of these J. N. Loughborough, a minister of the Sunday-keeping adventists, came with what he thought was an irrefutable array of arguments against the Sabbath. To Mr. Loughborough's astonishment the youthful preacher answered every argument from the Word of God even before it was presented. This contact ended in Pastor Loughborough's throwing in his lot with the Seventh-day Adventists.

After four years Mr. Andrews' health was gone. Penniless and sick, he went back to his father's home in Maine and began to work to earn a livelihood. But he was not forsaken; James White appealed to the believers in his behalf.

About this time James White encouraged some of the believers in the East to move to Iowa and secure homes at a reasonable figure in that rich pioneer farming State and at the same time to bring the third angel's message to that new area. As a result an Adventist colony was established at Waukon.

By autumn there were about thirty believers in the colony. Among them were the Andrews family, George I. Butler, J. N. Loughborough, and the Stevens family, who had been neighbors to the Andrews in Maine and settled near them in Iowa. In that group were two future General Conference presidents: J. N. Andrews and George I. Butler. J. N. Loughborough was the first to carry the message to the West Coast. Two daughters of the Stevens family married Uriah Smith and J. N. Andrews. Angeline Stevens and Mr. Andrews were married in the autumn of 1856. Pastor and Mrs. White, on learning that the brethren at Waukon had become somewhat discouraged spiritually, visited them and thus encouraged Messrs. Loughborough and Andrews, both of whom were actively engaged in preaching a short time later.

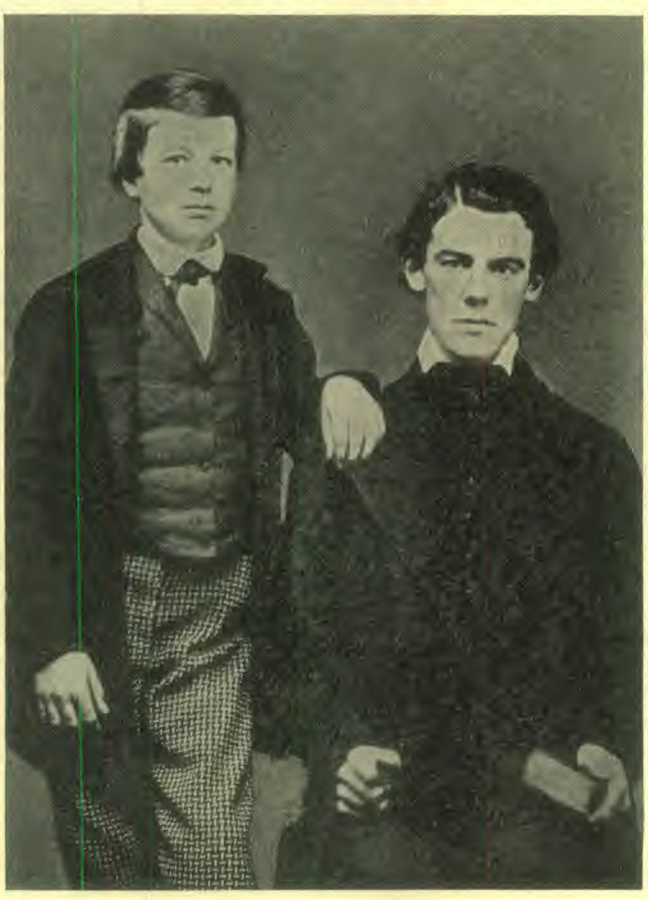
In order that the workers might not be obliged to retire from active service or find themselves dependent on charity, at a meeting in the Battle Creek church a committee of brethren was appointed to study the subject of proper support for the workers in God's cause. J. N. Andrews was the chairman of this committee. The plan outlined urged the brethren to lay aside from five to twenty cents each week, and the sisters from two to ten, on each one hundred dollars' worth of their possessions. This plan, called "systematic benevolence," brought some regularity to the support of the ministry and served very well until at a later time the tithing system came into being.

In August, 1864, Mr. Andrews was sent by the General Conference to Washington to ask the government of Abraham Lincoln to recognize the noncombatant principles of the believers. He was kindly received and the principle recognized. This set a precedent for today. In 1867 Mr. Andrews was elected General Conference president, and filled that office one term.

During the decade of the sixties Mr. Andrews wrote his best and most lasting literary work, *History of the Sabbath*. It was a commendable piece of scholarship. Mr. Andrews was one of our best scholars. Pastor Loughborough at one time addressed him, "John, I hear you can repeat the whole Bible; is that so?" He answered, "So far as the New Testament is concerned, if it were obliterated, I could reproduce it word for word; but I would not say as much of the Old Testament."

A call was made for a representative of the General Conference to be sent from America to bring the message more fully to Europe. Mr. Andrews was selected for this task. He sailed from Boston, September 15, 1874. Since he was the first overseas worker he had to break the path

(*Continued on page 12*)



J. N. Andrews (right) at Twenty-one, the Age at Which He Connected With the Advent Movement

MASTERS OF MUSIC

Franz Liszt

(1811-1886)

The Greatheart of Music

By ARVID C. ANDERSON

A GYPSY caravan, winding across the western Hungarian plain, came to a halt at the outskirts of the little peasant village of Raiding. Children, chattering in monkey fashion; women, young and old, decked in gaily colored dresses; large dogs, lop-eared and dirty—all seemed to tumble out of the covered wagons at one time. The horses were unhitched and allowed to graze near by, while the men, with the ease that comes of much practice, quickly set up camp.

As the villagers and country folk gathered around the camp in the evening, the gypsies presented their customary show by the light of a huge bonfire and torches. The women sang and danced and told fortunes. The men accompanied on their cymbals and violins.

One little boy, squatting in the front row of onlookers, watched, wide-eyed. He glanced from fiddler to dancer and back to fiddler again. The haunting melodies and syncopated rhythms held him spellbound. Someday that handsome, blue-eyed boy would, in fancy, rekindle those gypsy fires and bring the gypsy airs to flower in his own rhapsodic music. Franz was one of the last to leave as the dances ceased and the fires burned low.

Franz's father, Adam Liszt, was a superintendent on the estate of Prince Esterhazy. He held his position not by choice, but from necessity. He had wished to become a professional musician, but had had to abandon his dream for the more certain income of his present position. But he spent his leisure time in playing the piano and violin, and in dreaming of musical conquests in the land of "might-have-been."

The first inkling of Franz's precocious musical memory came, when, one evening, the Liszts heard their six-year-old son singing, with remarkable accuracy, themes from a piano concerto, played earlier in the afternoon by his father. Adam Liszt lost no time in giving Franz lessons, and the puny, delicate lad learned with uncanny ease. His hearing was unusually accurate; his fingers were so nimble they seemed to be made for the piano; and, best of all, he loved his music—just loved it! A new light came to the eyes of Adam Liszt. It seemed certain now that in Franz his dreams would come true.

Franz's progress was so rapid that by the time he was nine he was able to appear in several recitals with excellent success. News of the wonder-lad reached the palace of Prince Esterhazy. It required but very little urging on the part of proud Papa Liszt to have the prince arrange for a concert in the drawing room of the palace. Franz was not in the least perturbed by the many royal dignitaries that made up his audience that evening. That he was handsome, with his heavy blond hair and slender, erect carriage, was soon forgotten as he filled the salon with music's "perfumes." His fine interpretations and improvisations proved so promising that, at the close of the concert, a subscription was raised which would give him a musical education covering six years.

Franz was now on the road toward mastery of the piano. Papa Liszt knew, as plans were laid for this son's future, that he who aspires to become the master of a worthy instrument must first become its slave. He decided on Vienna as the first choice of cities offering the best music-laden atmosphere for the lad. He decided on Czerny, one of the "three C's" of music, and a Beethoven pupil, as the most desirable teacher.

In high spirits Franz, together with his father and mother, left their little village for the city of their dreams. They sought out Czerny, and Franz was given an audition. The professor had written a mass of studies for developing piano technique (to the dismay of piano students ever since). He was, morever, a stickler for details, but Franz's fresh and promising performance set him, too, to dreaming. "You may become a greater pianist than any of us," was his verdict. Franz progressed so rapidly under his guidance that Czerny declined a fee for the lessons, saying that the pupil's progress was sufficient remuneration.

Many months of diligent practice followed, and then it was decided that Franz was ready to make his Viennese debut. The eleven-year-old prodigy had made great strides in his playing, and the close of the concert found him bowing with childish nonchalance to thunderous applause. Amid this ovation, the story goes, Beethoven, who was in the audience, stepped onto the platform, embraced Franz, and kissed him on the forehead. To Franz this was the sweetest acclaim that could come his way.

This triumph served to widen Papa Liszt's horizon. Ah, there was Paris! And the Conservatory! What an opportunity for Franz. So they left Vienna for the French capital. Arrangements for suitable living quarters were made as soon as they arrived in the city, and plans were laid for visiting the Conservatory the following day. When, with high hopes, they reached the exclusive music school, they were ushered into the office of the director, Cherubini. But Cherubini was an austere fellow, with definite ideas about adhering to regulations, including the one that only nationals would be permitted to attend the school. No amount of begging would alter his decisions, and so the Liszts, crestfallen, slowly left the building. They felt that a precious link in their plans for the boy's future success had been lost.

But success may be met just as surely on a bypath as on the highroad of life. When the Liszts found one road closed they chose another. As soon as it was rumored about the musical circles that the Hungarian boy-marvel was in the capital, he was invited to play at important gatherings in the city. His appearances excited the greatest wonder in his audiences, and as a result, a third capital, London, made a bid to see the budding genius. The "little Liszt," as he was called, played before George IV and other important English personages, astonishing his hearers wherever he played.

Fortunately, Franz did not lose his equilibrium over the adoration and pampering that came his way. As he grew older he came to resent this treatment more and more. He often said, "I would rather be anything in the world than a musician in the pay of great folk, patronized and paid by them like a conjurer or a clever dog." Neither did he rest on his laurels. When he was thirteen he had already composed an opera. The family returned to Paris, then back to England for more concerts, and finally another tour, this time to Switzerland.

The Liszts were busy. They seemed to be running a race with time, and winning. But they had failed to reckon with the limitations of the flesh. Franz became exhausted first, but a complete rest brought him to full health again. Then his father became suddenly ill and died.

Madame Liszt and Franz, then in his sev-

enteenth year, rented a small apartment in Paris, and the youth settled down to giving lessons. The next several years found him successfully engaged in teaching, until he lost his heart to a pupil-lassie near his own age. It mattered not to them that she was the daughter of a wealthy count while he was the son of a steward. The lessons became longer, the music more romantic, discipline less exacting. Then, like a lightning flash from the blue, the count curtly dismissed the young teacher with orders that he should not return.

Franz's dream castle had collapsed. He became as one lost. He wanted to renounce the world and enter the priesthood. Even his music was laid aside. He lingered in this state of apathy for many, many months.

Then two things happened in his young life that removed the scales from his eyes: he became fired by the spirit of the French Revolution of 1830, with all its implications in art and music, and by the playing of that master of the violin, Paganini. When he heard the great Italian violinist in concert, he decided to emulate his mastery, and to do at the piano what he was doing with the violin. From that day forward, inspiration and drudgery clasped hands and made of Franz Liszt one of the greatest pianists the world has known.

"My mind and my fingers are working like two lost souls," he wrote to one of his pupils. "Homer, the Bible, Plato, . . . Beethoven, Bach, . . . are all about me. I study them, meditate on them, devour them furiously. In addition, I work four or five hours at exercises, thirds, sixths, octaves, tremolos, repeated notes, cadenzas, etc. . . . 'I, too, am a painter!' exclaimed Michelangelo, the first time he saw a masterpiece. . . . Though small and poor, your friend has never ceased to repeat these words of that great man since Paganini's last concert." One of his biographers, speaking of this period of transition, wrote, "He was seldom seen, never as a performer, in public. His mother alone witnessed to *his perseverance, his indefatigable toil.*"

When he returned to the concert platform he returned a mature artist. "We have heard of Liszt. He can be compared to no other virtuoso. He is the only one of his kind." So wrote Clara Wieck, later Madame Schumann. She continued: "He arouses fright and astonishment, though he is a very lovable artist. His attitude at the piano cannot be described —he is original—he grows somber at the piano. His passion knows no limits. . . . He has a grand spirit. It can be truly said of him that his art is his life."

Liszt's European tours, conducted on a grand scale, brought him homage and acclaim wherever he went. All, from the lowliest peasant to crowned heads in palaces, recognized the supremacy of his artistry. But the memory of these concerts closed with his passing generation. Fortu-

(*Continued on page 12*)

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF SOLUSI

1894-1944 PART FIVE

Teacher Training at Solusi

By R. L. GARBER
Normal Director

IT was in 1929 that our oldest mission station became a training center for teacher-evangelists. Through the years God has signally blessed the work, and now it has developed into one of the largest and best of the training schools in Matabeleland. The native commissioner for this district has been good enough to tell us that Solusi is the most progressive mission in all Matabeleland. Of course, that makes us feel proud that the work here has made a favorable impression with the government officials.

Now, let me tell you about the training that we endeavor to give our boys and girls. When they leave the school and become teachers, they are called upon to do church work and evangelistic work. So the normal course includes a well-rounded program of that type of activity as well as the principles and practice of teaching. Here in Africa the work is centered about the school, and the teachers must lead not only in the school of the community but in community and religious activities. Through all the course of the training school the aim of "godliness—Godlikeness" is the ultimate goal in teaching the children.

It is good to sit down occasionally and think of the good that has been accomplished through the scores of young people who have left the doors of this institution; yes, fruitage which will be revealed only when the Lord comes to claim His own. I was doing such thinking the other day, and discovered that practically all our native staff members here today are graduates of Solusi. There are only one or two exceptions. One is the African pastor. Then I thought of the others scattered throughout this part of Africa. Another example is Pastor Isaac Nkomo, who attended the General Confernce session in 1936. A little search into the old files, beginning with 1929, revealed that 126 young people have gone from these doors to help preach the "gospel to all the world in this generation."

Our normal department (or rather *your* department, for it is you, dear reader, who has made it possible by your loyal support in mission offerings) is composed of two native teachers and three European teachers, including the normal director. At present there are twenty-seven enrolled in the course. Next year, 1944, we expect an even larger enrollment, as it is our Jubilee Year.

Come with me on a tour of inspection of our normal department. The first stop is the normal director's office. "Yes, that is a complete set of Picture Rolls that have come from the home base. The teachers use them in teaching the African children, and we also send them to the outschools. The shelves of books are for the use of the practice teachers.

"Now let us go to the teachers' classrooms. This is T. E. I room and right here next door is the T. E. II. The T. E. I class has just completed a project on the American Indian, which accounts for the tepee, campfire, papoose, bow and arrow, and the pictures on the wall. You will notice that in both rooms there is plenty of blackboard space. Each teacher-in-training is required to attain a certain amount of skill in blackboard printing and drawing. You will see that the drill in today's lesson was on the drawing of the life cycle of the frog.

"This next building, with its thatched roof, is known as Practice School I. You will observe that it is built in the shape of a huge plus sign, with an observation tower in the center, from which the one in charge can observe the student teachers without disturbing the classrooms. Yes, there are four rooms and teachers, you will notice, practicing in each room. One room has a sand floor where the little folks practice writing for the first week or so of school life—in the sand. That is right; they are sitting on the mud-brick benches covered with clay. Did I hear you ask, 'Where are the glass windows?' We have none; just open windows all the year round. Let us go on.

"This is one of the new buildings. What are those stones placed in such a queer position? If you will look closely you will see that they are flower beds shaped in the letters P. S., for Practice School II. They are neatly whitewashed, and make the yard appear trim and neat. There is no grass, but the yard is all raked and clear of paper, leaves, branches, and rubbish of any kind. Now, inside, the room is divided into three sections, and three teachers are busy at work. These children are in

(*Continued on page 10*)

A Teacher-Evangelist and His Students Take Time Off for Drill

Lost and Found

By E. RUTH HOBDEN

THERE he is, Doc. That's the boy I was telling you about," whispered Nick, without looking up from the cash register. Doctor Godfrey strolled over to the soda fountain and sat down. He was a clean-shaven man, with a dimple in his chin. Two twinkling gray eyes beamed from beneath hoary brows and reflected the innermost thoughts of his soul. Each white-capped wave on the crown of his head glistened with careful grooming. He was not hungry, but was determined to see whether Butch Ryant was really as bad as Nick thought.

With an imperious glance around him, Butch slid onto a stool, winding his long legs around it, and called, "Hey, Johnny! Get me a chocolate malted and double-decker roast beef with lots of pickles. Make it snappy!" For a second their eyes met and clashed, and then after a swift glance at Nick, and catching his nod, Johnny turned to the grill.

All eyes were glued on Butch. Even Jake, the colored boy, peered from behind the kitchen door to see what trouble Butch might stir up this time. Butch took it all in and gloried in it—gloried that he had bullied the soda fountain attendant into disobeying Nick's orders.

He leaned with one elbow on the counter and curled his upper lip disdainfully. His black eyes flashed from one customer to another, showing the contempt he held in his heart for anyone who dared to defy him. His face was tense and hardened. The only thing that made him look at all approachable was the two rusty curls hanging carelessly over his forehead in little-boy fashion.

When he had finished, Johnny brought him the check. The boy swung off his stool and with a mocking smile said airily, "Put it on the cuff, Johnny," and breezed out the door.

It had been weeks now since Butch had paid cash for anything at Nick's soda fountain. He already owed fifteen dollars for drinks alone. Nick liked to do business with the "Brookdale Hi" boys. He liked to have them come in and settle their arguments over chocolate sodas and root beer. He trusted the boys when they said to "put it on the cuff," but Butch had seemed to take advantage of this trust lately, and Nick could not afford to let him go on any longer.

Doctor Godfrey mused a minute and then said quietly, "So that's the leader of the 'Vandals' gang, a mere boy of sixteen who has learned the art of bullying people. He's a bad case, Nick."

"Doc, you understand humanity. Can't you do something for him? His father's been dead for two years. His mother married again. She's rather a flighty kind of person. He hasn't had a very easy time of it at home—been kind of pushed out into the street, I guess."

"I think you're wasting your sympathies, Nick. If he'd come from an underprivileged family it might be different." Doctor Godfrey paid his check and left.

At home in his office, he tried to concentrate on his books, but Butch was constantly on his mind.

That night Georgie, the colored maid, awakened him. "There's jes' bin an accident, Doctor. A car's a-sittin' inside the fence, an' there's a dead man there."

Doctor Godfrey threw on his dressing gown and rushed out to the scene of the accident. He wriggled his way through the crowd to the motionless figure by the car. He lifted the boy's head. The blood seemed to freeze in his veins, for the unconscious figure was none other than Butch.

The doctor bandaged his head, and with the help of one of the men carried him to the house. A few minutes later Butch opened his eyes. There was a knock at the door, and the doctor went to answer it.

"If it's the police, send them away, Doc, please."

The doctor was touched by the appealing look in the big dark eyes that gazed up into his face, and he resolved within his heart to help this boy, who now looked as innocent as any two-year-old child.

After the police had gone, Butch said to Doctor Godfrey, "Thanks a lot. You're the first one that's ever stuck up for me since dad died. I've got to go now."

"Wait a minute, Butch. I'm taking you home. Your car's in pretty bad shape. I'm afraid it won't get you very far."

"No, I'll go by myself."

"Butch, I said I was taking you home." The doctor spoke firmly. "Let's go."

Butch made no further protest, and they walked toward the wreckage.

"That fence—it looks pretty bad, doesn't it? Maybe I can fix it for you after school next week. Car's in pretty bad shape too. I could fix it though, if I had the right tools." He touched the car fondly. The tears came to the doctor's eyes as he thought of how someday this boy could really make a fine man if he only had the chance.

"Butch, come here," said the doctor, leading the way to the garage. There he went upstairs and unlocked a door. Butch looked in. Before him was the dream of every boy—a tool house with every tool imaginable. It was built so that it was sheltered in the branches of a big oak tree. In one corner were a bunk, a writing desk, and bookshelves built in. Butch stood speechless for a minute, and then he managed to say, "You must know a lot about tools, Doctor Godfrey."

"No, Butch, I don't. These were—another boy's." Handing him the key he said, "I'm going to let you use them until you have finished repairing the damages."

Butch did not take the key. He did not speak. For the moment he was just a little boy with a huge lump in his throat. Doctor Godfrey reached over, opened his tightened fingers, and placed the key in his hand.

"You mean you trust me with—his room? his stuff?"

"Yes, Butch."

He did not want to see the tears trickle down the boy's face, so he squeezed his hand and left.

As Butch came every night to work on the fence and the car, Doctor Godfrey grew to look for the light in the window and listened for the happy whistle that floated out on the breeze. Finally the boy finished his work. He came in and almost reluctantly placed the key on the doctor's desk.

"I was just going out to the kitchen to get some ginger ale. Come on out with me, will you?"

The two of them made a foray on the icebox and happily went back to the office, each with a piece of raisin pie in one hand and a bottle of ginger ale in the other. As they sat in the office and talked, Doctor Godfrey's mind wandered back into the days when he had sat in that some office with another boy, and his paternal heart went out to Butch.

"I'm going out to the cottage for the week end to fish. Want to come along?" asked the doctor.

A high mackerel sky was ablaze with the sunset. Below, the colors were repeated in the water. A flock of wild geese skimmed overhead. Butch watched them until they were mere specks in the distance. Just then there was a ripple of water, and the quiet scene was broken.

"Get the net, Doc. He's a big one this time. Look at him!"

And thus a perfect week end came to an end.

"Butch, you'll have to come up often. And use the tool house any time you want. I'll leave the key in my desk where you can get it if I'm not around."

Butch looked at him with admiring eyes and then said, "Well, if you really want —well, thanks a million, Doc."

That was the last Doctor Godfrey saw of Butch for nearly five weeks. Thinking that the boy might be sick, he called at his home, but no one was there. One day he went in to see Nick, and there he saw Butch, back in the old groove with fourteen of his "Vandals." Butch scarcely looked at the doctor, and Doctor Godfrey made no sign that he noticed him.

About a week later Doctor Godfrey met him on the street. As Butch did not seem to want to talk, the doctor did not urge him.

Several weeks later when he returned from a three weeks' trip, Georgie informed him that Butch had broken into the office.

"I told him he could come and get the key to the shop any time, Georgie."

"It wasn't the key he was after, Doctor. It was the safe that he broke in."

Doctor Godfrey phoned the district attorney and got the information he wanted. In less than ten minutes he was at the jail where Butch had spent the past two weeks.

Butch came into the office. He looked from the attorney to the doctor. The same old hard look was on his face, and his lips were set in a grim line.

"Butch—why?" It was all Doctor Godfrey could say.

Butch moved. "Because—because they said you were a psychiatrist. The boys said you studied freaks and cases and that you were using me for a guinea pig. I told them I'd kill any of them that said it again, and I licked the whole bunch of them. Then I had to make sure; so I broke in to see if I could find the charts, and—they caught me."

"Well, do you know now, Butch?"

Their eyes met, and once more the haunted look left Butch's face.

(*Continued on page 12*)

HERBERT HOOVER'S

Gift to Posterity

By RALPH JONES

CONTRASTING the low quadrangle buildings of the Leland Stanford Junior University campus, rises the eleven-floor tower of the Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace. This tower, nestled against the hills of the San Francisco peninsula, now dominates the university landscape and can be seen for miles from the orchards and towns of the Santa Clara Valley. The two-hundred-seventy-four-foot library building was completed in less than two years, and its dedication was the brightest event of the university's fiftieth anniversary, celebrated from June 15 to 20, 1941. It was most fitting that after half a century of educational progress, one of Stanford's first students and a graduate of the class of '95, former President Herbert Hoover, should have such an important part in this celebration.

The two spacious floors forming the base of the building contain the librarian's offices and many reference study rooms for interested students, as the librarians are the only persons permitted direct access to the vast stores of historic treasures. The tower is windowless and air-conditioned, to help prevent deterioration of the many priceless and perishable articles stored in its archives.

In addition to these precautions, the library maintains a completely equipped photographic department in the basement, for use in making exact duplicates of manuscripts, posters, and documents for later generations. Owing to the scarcity of rag paper duing the first World War and the primitive methods employed in printing in some instances, much printed matter is already showing the effects of time.

Crowning the shaft is a belfry twenty feet in height, housing a forty-thousand-dollar carillon—a gift of the Belgian people, for whom Mr. Hoover has done so much. The eighteen thousand pounds of bells, the largest of which is a G sharp, weighing 1,350 pounds, and the smallest, three octaves above, weighing twenty-five pounds, were used in the Belgian pavilion of the recent New York World's Fair. Their thirty-five brazen throats now peal the gratitude of a stricken nation to a hand from across the wide Atlantic that fed its hungry and starving people. The delicate-toned instrument was installed by Kamiel Lefevere, carilloneur of Rockefeller's Riverside church in New York City, and during the anniversary celebration, Mr. Lefevere provided the campus listeners with the finest of carillon music.

This inspiring, monumental library structure was conceived several years ago when it was clearly seen that the west wing of the university library was fast becoming too small a home for the growing Hoover war library. Through Mr. Hoover and his friends, six hundred thousand dollars was raised for a permanent edifice in which to place the present library, to which continual additions are being made.

In its field—that of the military, political, and economic history of the years immediately preceding, during, and following World War I—the Hoover war library has only two rivals: France's Musee de la Guerre, on the outskirts of Paris, and Germany's Wellkriegsbuecherei at Stuttgart, both of which were started under private ownership, as was the Hoover war library, but are now state owned.

The Hoover war library had its inception soon after the war broke out, when Mr. Hoover read the autobiography of President Andrew D. White of Cornell, in which President White discussed his difficulties in collecting material about the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Era, because of the fact that very few of the records of the period have been preserved. It occurred to Mr. Hoover that, during his travels and close contact with the European situation as head of the Belgian Relief Commission, he would have an excellent opportunity to gather material of historic significance for later historians. Starting immediately toward this end and keeping ever alert for rare and valuable matter, he found it necessary to surmount a multitude of difficulties. Transportation proved to be the greatest obstacle, but by exercising patience, he was able to bring his collections safely across the ocean.

After the entrance of the United States into the war, Mr. Hoover continued with his humanitarian endeavors and was given wide powers in directing the United States Food Administration Bureau. In 1919 he again went back to Europe to feed the hungry millions of both Allied and former enemy countries, and while there, became a member of the Supreme Economic Council. To assist in making the great historic collection, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, then president of Stanford University, sent Prof. Ephraim Douglass Adams to Paris; and Mr. Hoover secured the release of a number of history professors who had been serving in the United States Army overseas.

A total of $125,000 was spent in the gigantic task of collecting the material, and from various quarters an added eight-hundred-thousand-dollar endowment was contributed for the library.

The collection deals not only with the military viewpoint of the war, but also with the social and political history following the conflict. Much space is given to Bolshevism, fascism, and the various revolutions of Germany; and even a very complete history of the New Deal is maintained. The vast majority of the material falls into the following classes: publications of the governments, a variety of books and pamphlets selected for reference and not for their rarity, newspapers, serials, subversive organization and secret society propaganda, 25,500 posters and photographs, 4,500 maps and charts, many of which are from the Allied general staff and the British Admiralty, 300,000 feet of motion-picture film, and currency and medals.

The Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace

Of the latter the most interesting are the municipal scrip and money tokens of the city-states of Central Europe, the White Russian currency used during the Russian civil war days, and German post-war inflation money—twenty billion marks of which was worth a grand total of $4.80. Two hundred and fifty wartime medals are also included.

After the war Mr. Hoover was the most applauded man in Europe; consequently historic treasures in abundance from over fifty nations were made available for his collection, including many things not available in the countries of origin. Thirteen hundred newspapers and eighty-four hundred periodicals in thirty languages are being preserved. In general, during these trying years the fourth estate had to get along with meager supplies, and in a number of instances wallpaper was used for lack of better newsprint. Among the newspapers is the complete file of *La Libre Belgique,* a paper published clandestinely by a group of Belgians during the German occupation. In spite of vigorous efforts to suppress it, the Belgians continued to maintain its publication and were never caught. It was revived with the occupation of the country by the same enemy early in the second World War, and is still coming out regularly.

A file of *Srpske Novine* (1916-18), the official journal of the exiled Serbian government during the Austro-Hungarian occupation of Serbia, is also kept in the great archives. The seat of this nation was established on the island of Corfu—a name, recently in newsprint, so frequently used in connection with the Greek-Albanian campaign.

A set of the propaganda material distributed by each of the delegations at the Peace Conference was acquired, and now many of the statements expressed prove

(*Continued on page 10*)

Kestrels

By DEWAINE JOHNSON

SEVERAL years ago a gale flung six young kestrels, with a large part of their nest, from a tall spruce in our yard. We were much interested in them because that season all the nesting sites in the trees round about were occupied by these birds. One of the babies died as a result of the fall, but we raised the other five.

There was a certain variety in the markings of these young kestrels. In the plumage of four the white was predominant over the brown, but the fifth was still clad mainly in white down. I estimated that the birds were about three weeks old. They all mewed and spat like cats; four assumed a defensive attitude, with open beaks, and with his talons the largest struck at whoever came near. Ten days later three of them were defending themselves with their claws, and they were also able to spread their wings. A few days later they ate out of my hand like chickens, two and then three at a time. Finally, the fourth and fifth pushed themselves forward. By the end of a fortnight they all came onto my hand as soon as I held it toward them, and they would fly several feet.

By the end of eighteen days they could utter six different sounds. They spat, rather like owls, and when they were hungry they emitted the familiar cry by which the hawk expresses desire. If food was not immediately available, they called attention to themselves with much the same sound as that made by our songbirds and swallows when being fed. From time to time they cheeped like chickens, and they also had at their disposal a note of fear or alarm; indeed, with closed beaks they even emitted a sound like the quack of a duck, which significance I cannot interpret. When they first set eyes upon my dog they uttered a warning cry.

One day the largest of them, apparently a female, flew away from the open basket in which they usually rested after a full meal. With her head she made the nodding movements typical of all falcons, suddenly unfurled her wings, and disappeared out of sight above the meadow, first passing through the boughs of a beech tree. It is a remarkable fact that many of our birds unfold their wings without any preliminary exercises and fly off with astonishing certainty. For example, when our young swallows fly out of the nest for the first time, they do so suddenly and without the least hesitation.

When, owing to a dearth of mice, I gave the young kestrels a dead sparrow, they became quite ferocious, fighting for it and devouring it to the last feather; and they again struck out at me, as on the first and second days of their captivity, but they soon grew out of the habit.

I then placed them in a larger cage; thenceforth they were always fed from the hand. Each bird came forward separately and took its portion of minced meat. Then I began to give them mice, which had been coming back into the fields; and when the birds learned to deal with them, I decided to take them all into the woods and let them fly away. I took two of them with me, but instead of flying away they remained by my side. Then I took the others out and they flew away immediately.

In their parents the kestrels have not only faithful guardians but also good providers. As we watched the unbroken families nesting in our trees we learned that the male parent's way of feeding the young differs from the female's. The female bird brought the youngsters a mouse from time to time, which she divided into as many parts as there were nestlings, but always threw away the head. The male bird would lay the mouse in front of the entrance hole if his mate was at home; otherwise he would carry the booty into the nest, but would leave the work of dividing it to the female.

Falcons become very tame, especially the peregrine falcon, which is the hawk of the lure. How far can a falcon see? In order to make this test a success we must take into consideration that every animal has its own environment. Here it finds its food, its mate, its nesting material, or its dwelling, its comrades, and its enemies. Nothing else has any meaning for animals, and perhaps is not even seen. To the kestrel, ruins, towers, mice, and a few other things are extraordinarily and vitally important. For the lark, however, towers and ruins and mice, as articles of food, simply do not exist.

The first test was made at a moderate distance, to be precise, at 1,584 feet. The falcon, which we shall call Irat, made straight for the lure. The second test, at 2,638 feet, was equally successful. This time the bird had to fly over rising ground against the wind, which was blowing at about fifteen or sixteen miles an hour. The next day we tried again, and the falcon reacted to the lure at a much greater distance. The bird had been circling high above a spruce tree in which some sparrows had taken refuge, but on turning back caught sight of the lure, and responded, while still circling above the tree, with an irregular flapping of the wings. But when the lure was thrown up a second time she came down immediately. The distance between the top of the tree and the spot where the falconer was standing was measured and found to be 3,974 feet.

On another day we tried her out again. She was expected to fly to a locust tree which stood at a distance of 5,610 feet. The falconer swung the feather lure, but its movement was not perceptible even through binoculars (+6 diameters). The falcon, however, flew at check—she had not been looking exactly in the direction of the lure—making almost a beeline for a stubble field which lay at a distance of 3,231 feet. As afterward appeared, some pigeons were looking for food in this field. At such a distance the pigeons were so small that we could hardly have noticed their movements in foraging and eating, even with the aid of the binoculars. Compared with the displacements of the feather lure the pigeons were all but motionless. We had vainly searched the field, which was brilliantly sunlit, for signs of life, and first saw the pigeons when the whole flock rose into the air. Then we saw that the falcon was chasing one of the pigeons and that she disappeared behind a house. We later found her in the smokehouse of a farm, so arranged that she could not get out, and the falconer rescued her.

We now tried the experiment on another falcon called the tercel. We shall name him Onyx. He had not been accustomed to flying great distances. The first time he flew off rather reluctantly, describing a circle of about 150 feet in diameter, settled on a tree, and then immediately stopped at the lure. I next tried him at a distance of over 4,677 feet. Having first been unhooded, he was placed upon the roof of a small wooden hut which stood in a hollow. We

COURTESY, U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

The American Kestrel Is Known as the Sparrow Hawk

took up our position on a hill from which the falconer could no longer see the lure with the naked eye. Onyx, however, reacted to it and raced off in its direction, rested for a while on a telephone pole, and then made straight for his destination.

For the last experiment we tested him on a day when the sun was blazing, and the rising vapor quivered above the hayfields; for there had been heavy showers during the previous day and night. We tested him over 4,983 feet, but it was almost a full minute before he recognized the target, looking at it with protruding eyes.

The results of these tests show that the falcons are able to see things at far greater distances than human beings with binoculars. I also have no doubt that these falcons could see greater distances than these mentioned, because the conditions were decidedly adverse to their natural sight.

There are many people who think that the birds of prey are noxious creatures. If more facts about them were known we would all understand that such birds are intended by nature to preserve a balance in the kingdom of the wild. It should be realized that the quarry of the falcon is killed by a most expeditious method. The falcon breaks the second cervical vertebra of his pray, and death is immediate. The shotgun does not always kill its victim so suddenly.

My dealings with trained falcons have shown me that the birds are lovable creatures, and I have great admiration for them. I marvel at the incredible range of their magnificent eyes almost more than at their teachableness and their attachment to their master. In the field you may see how the bird obeys a call or whistle, or flies at a visible mark, or hunts with a dog, when the latter ranges to and fro, and the hawk, "waiting on" above his four-legged friend, swoops on the quarry. They can be trained at a much earlier age than can the dog, and trained in much less time. When you are dealing with a falcon you are dealing with a highly intelligent creature.

Boys I Have Known

(*Continued from page 3*)

encouragement when efforts seem almost fruitless. Among these letters is one from Charles, this lad who presented so unpromising an appearance. It came addressed to me several years after this summer evening. The letter is of too personal a character to be reproduced here, but a brief section of it reads: "Yes, as I look back upon it now, I can see that God has been good to me. Just about two hours before my arrival at the college I had smoked the last package of cigarettes. I was happy-go-lucky, carefree, coarse, and rough. I have learned since that a number of boys, upon seeing me arrive, made the prediction that there was a fellow who would not stay long. Six years have passed, and that 'fellow' has caught a vision of what God would have him do, and it has changed the whole course of his thinking and living."

Two years ago, while on an extended trip, I arranged to spend the Sabbath in the city where this young man was beginning his ministry. What a happy time we spent together! What a transformation God had wrought! He and his faithful companion had endeared themselves to the hearts of the members of that church.

These and hundreds more are boys of mine. They are scattered today all over the world—some filling positions of responsibility and leadership in this movement, some even of these in concentration camps of the enemy; many rendering valiant and noble service to our nation in the armed forces at home and abroad; some, sad to say, forgetful of God and His truth, and serving the world—I love them one and all.

March on, O youth of God. Live noble lives. Fond parents, with unceasing prayer and eager expectation, watch your growth and development—they are counting on you. Your teachers, from your earliest years to days of final preparation, send you forth with a prayer and blessing—they are counting on you. The cause of Christ awaits your service, the triumph of God's truth is entrusted to your hands—He is counting on you, and I know that you will not fail!

The Golden Jubilee of Solusi

(*Continued from page 6*)

standards I and II (grades 3 and 4). The school we just visited was substandards A and B (grades 1 and 2).

"The other practice school is right here —standard III (grade 5). Yes, again there are two sections, with a teacher in charge of each one. 'My, some are old for the fifth grade!' I hear someone exclaim. Yes, not all Africans start school when they should; consequently when they do start they are far behind their age group. In these three school we have nearly 130 pupils, varying from six to twenty-three years of age.

"This brings us back to the normal building again and the office. We are quite proud of our normal building, for we have just completed it, and it looks quite modernistic in design, with its Union Jack waving proudly in the breeze from the tower at the entrance. I hope you have enjoyed our tour. Let's go inside and rest.

"It seems good to sit down again! Oh, yes, here it is—that letter I received the other day from one of the former graduates, the president of his class. Would you like to hear what he says? It made me happy when I read it!

"'You equipped us with wonderful weapons with which to fight against illiteracy here in Northern Rhodesia. We are doing our part. The Lord is blessing us in a wonderful way. . . . I feel that I should thank you a thousand times for what you have done for me. Whatever little we have done is due to the molding and shaping influence of Solusi. We learned how to live consistent Christian lives while at school. . . . Every one of the graduating class seems to understand his high calling.'

"This young man is now head teacher at the large Rusangu mission school in Northern Rhodesia. His letter rings true to the purpose for which the normal school was founded. There are many others who never have finished the normal school who are pastors and leaders in the cause of God. As we sit here, let me make this appeal to you. On this fiftieth anniversary of the founding of missions among heathen people, will you not pray earnestly that many more may accept the Master Teacher into their lives? Will you not help to answer your prayers by giving of your means as God has prospered you? I know you will."

Herbert Hoover's Gift to Posterity

(*Continued from page 8*)

to be very embarrassing to the countries concerned.

An interesting incident is related as taking place just after the Hungarian Revolution of 1919. Hoover war library agents secured several cases of documents released by the Red regime of Budapest; but after its overthrow, all the Red propaganda on which the new government could lay its hands was burned. Officers came to a building in which two cases of Soviet documents lay ready for shipment to the Hoover war library. Fortunately, American guards warned them off, and thus saved the documents for future reference. Shortly before World War II broke out a representative of the Hungarian ministry of education came to the United States to make copies of the official papers that had been destroyed in his country twenty years ago.

A large page in world history will ever be devoted to the great Russian revolution. Because of the creditable work of Professor Frank A. Golder, a member of the American Relief Administration, who in 1920 gathered fifty-seven cases of Russian material, the library contains the finest data beyond the Soviet border for the study of Bolshevism. This collection covers every phase of Russian history since 1914 and is valuable source material on the Kremlin's foreign policy in 1914, the failure of the autocracy, the overthrow of the Kerenski regime, and the Bolshevik Revolution. Records of the Imperial government include the proceedings of the Imperial Duma and the secret journals of the Council of Ministers. Among these journals is the written advice the Russians gave the Serbians at the time of the Austrian ultimatum.

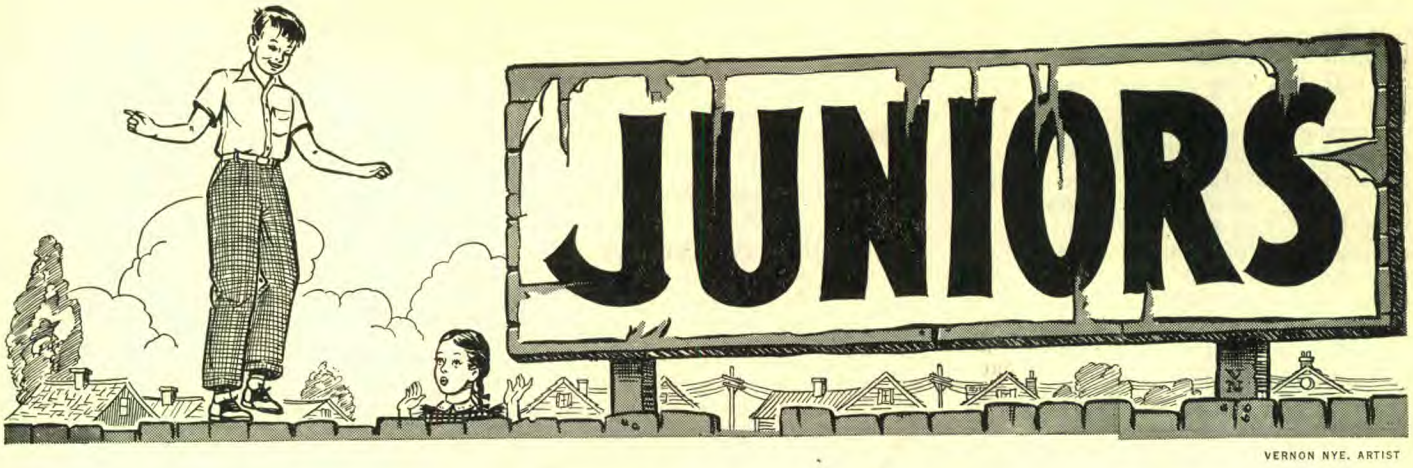
In heavy leather bindings stands a group of secret-service reports, made by officers of the British wartime government and edited by Max Mueller for the Foreign Office. Every report has the traditional red-letter heading used for British state papers which are to be kept secret. On the shelves of the library are also censorship reports of neutral mails and newspapers with large censored portions entirely blacked out or left completely blank by the printer.

One of the surprises awaiting a landlubber is a volume containing confidential instructions by the British Admiralty for its sea captains. The thick covers have been leaded so that, if a ship were captured by the enemy, the book could be thrown overboard and would sink immediately, thus keeping its valuable secrets.

The collecting of the library is far from completed. At the time of the Munich crisis it had received twelve hundred pages of transcripts of European broadcasts from the Columbia Broadcasting System and a similar number from the National Broadcasting Company.

At the beginning of the present war, Holland's famous anti-Nazi cartoonist, Louis Raemaekers, shipped four thousand drawings to this haven at Stanford and fled to New York City to continue his work, expressing his implicit belief in the old adage, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Stanford University continues to preserve today's news for tomorrow's history in its Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace.



VERNON NYE, ARTIST

Janet Preston Satterlee ADVENTIST

By INEZ JANET GRAM

EVERY family has its treasure of keepsakes and cherished memories of dear loved ones who lived long ago. When these memories are enriched with those of the advent faith, that is so dear to us all, they become doubly precious.

I was born on July 4, on my great-grandmother's eighty-second birthday; so I became her namesake as well as the fifth generation of Adventists in direct descent. This unusual circumstance becomes more distinctive to me as I grow older and appreciate the privilege of being a part of the second advent movement. The story of her life that I shall recount is the eloquent testimony of a humble, faithful follower of Christ.

Janet Preston was born July 4, 1836, in the little town of Camden, located in up-State New York. She was the oldest child of C. B. Preston, one of the earliest advent believers who accepted the message of Christ's return under the labors of William Miller in the year 1843. He is mentioned in Loughborough's book, *The Great Second Advent Movement,* on page 233.

The spring of 1844 found Janet attending the neighborhood country school. She was a shy, sensitive girl, and the cruel ridicule of her schoolmates made her even more timid. At this time she was the only Adventist child in the school. She used to wear a red hood that her mother had made for her, and the favorite taunt of the thoughtless children was "red-headed Millerite." The movement was not a popular one, and the community scoffed at the adults as well as the children of this "peculiar" sect.

In the early summer a tragedy occurred to the family. Janet's father and mother had gone up to Oswego to attend a general meeting, taking with them her little three-year-old brother, Gilbert. Janet, who was then eight years old, was left at home with old "Aunt" Sarah Hyatt, mother of W. S. Hyatt, the pioneer missionary in Africa. On this morning Janet was playing around the yard while Aunt Sarah was taking a nap in the house. A tramp came along the road and asked Janet for a match. This gave her the idea of making a bonfire—an idea which was quickly carried out. Soon her pile of chips was blazing merrily. After a time, however, she grew tired of watching it burn, and tried to cover it up with dirt as she had seen her elders do. Then she went into the house and forgot about it. But the fire was not sufficiently smothered, and soon blazed up, setting the house on fire. A passing neighbor discovered it, and soon many came running to help. But their efforts were in vain; the house and barn and all adjoining buildings burned to the ground with nearly all the family's possessions. It was a very tearful, humiliated little girl who faced her parents that night when they returned. For years afterward she could never hear it mentioned without slipping away to hide in shame. It was a keen blow to her sensitive nature, and even in her old age she remembered it with the keenest regret.

Grandfather and Grandmother Satterlee of the Story

One of the scoffing relatives of Mr. Preston said to him, "You have been praying for the world to burn—and it has started on you!" It meant a great loss to the family, but their faith in the soon return of the Lord was so great that they did not rebuild; instead they lived in a small shanty that summer until the day of the Lord should come in October of that year.

As the day approached, the family left their crops in the field unharvested. They did not expect to have any need for food during the winter. They were going to be taken to heaven to live with the Lord, and their main concern was whether they were prepared to meet Him.

On the morning of October 22 the whole family was up before dawn. With their hearts beating fast with excitement, they dressed, and the father harnessed the horse to the wagon. As they drove down the road, they took a last look at the farm, never expecting to see it again. The little group of believers assembled in a field behind the home of Janet's uncle, John Preston. Janet remembered distinctly that no one in the company wore "ascension robes," as some people have accused the Adventists who went through the great disappointment of doing.

As the day went by, they anxiously watched and prayed, confessing their sins to one another. The sun climbed higher and higher in the heavens; still they prayed and sang the old hymns of Christ's advent, confident in their hope. But the sun reached the zenith and began to sink farther and farther in the west, and the shadows grew longer. Soon the sun was gone, and the shadows of dusk faded into the darkness of night.

We can only partially imagine the great dejection and bitter disappointment of that company who watched all day and all night for the return of the Lord. It seems truly marvelous to me that they did not lose their faith, but accepted it as God's plan and will—something He would reveal to them as He saw best.

As the light of another day dawned, the company reluctantly separated, and the Preston family slowly went back to their farm and set to work. Gradually they gathered the scattered fragments of their daily existence. They harvested the crops and built a new house on the old foundation. Hardest of all was the ridicule and scorn which the unbelievers now mercilessly heaped upon them. Only the stanchest of faiths could stand in such an hour of testing.

About 1848 Joseph Bates visited them with the Sabbath truth. He came to the Prestons on Thursday. The family studied with him that day and far into the night, and again on Friday. When sundown came Friday night, the Prestons kept their first Sabbath. This created a particular trial for Janet. In those days the public grade schools met in session on Saturdays. This particular Saturday was the closing day of the term, and Janet was to receive a scholarship prize. She could hardly understand why it would not be all right to wait a week and then start Sabbathkeeping. But her father said No in a firm way that precluded arguments.

There were many controversies among the little group of believers in those early days. They were ardent in their zeal to eliminate all worldliness from their midst. Janet's mother had made for her a little gray bonnet, with the brim faced in pink velvet. This, the strict members thought, was too gay; so the conscientious mother ripped off the pink and replaced it with gray. They believed that Adventists should not allow their children to attend public schools and mix with "unbelievers," saying of the latter, "Their very breath is darkness." Consequently Janet was taken from school when she was thirteen years old, the year that she gave her heart to the Lord and was baptized by Pastor G. W. Holt.

James and Ellen White visited the Preston family many times. Mrs. White frequently came and stayed long periods of time. Sometimes she left her son, Willie, with the family while she and her husband were traveling and visiting the churches. For years we preserved in the family a little red splint-bottom chair that the Preston children and Willie White used to sit in and play with. I remember that quaint little chair; it was left behind us in one of the many moves that an Adventist minister's family must make.

About 1854 the family moved to Roosevelt, New York, and became members of that church. They lived about two miles from the church, in a homestead that was the birthplace in turn of my grandmother, my mother, my older sister, and me.

Many times Mrs. White came to the old Roosevelt church. Janet distinctly remembered seeing her in vision five different times.

About this time a young man, Henry Satterlee, accepted the truth with his parents in the near-by town of Durhamville. Occasionally he would visit the Roosevelt church at a general meeting. There he became acquainted with Janet, and they were married in 1863.

"Threescore years and ten. . . ." Yes, Janet Satterlee had these and more, for she was alert and active for her entire eighty-six years. I remember her best as sitting in a rocker, patiently reading stories to us children, especially the one about Nellie—"How can you sing while you are washing dishes?" All who knew her were charmed by her sweet, humble ways. She was greatly loved by her three children, all followers in their mother's faith: Dr. Albert R. Satterlee, superintendent of Walla Walla Sanitarium until his death; Galen B. Satterlee, of Syracuse, New York; and my grandmother, Mrs. Henrietta Kolb, who made this narrative possible.

Janet now lies in the old Roosevelt cemetery, across from the church, with her husband and family. Not far from her grave is that of Hiram Edson, well-known pioneer. Whenever I think of her life and service, I am reminded of one of her beloved hymns:

"How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear,
As he wanders in exile from home!
Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear,
And soon will the kingdom come."

John N. Andrews

(*Continued from page 4*)

in many ways. Today a missionary has the way prepared for him. Often someone meets him at the boat and helps him get located. He finds the work organized and he takes his place. Pastor Andrews had to set precedent, to break the way, and to set up a new organization. In a foreign land, without a knowledge of any of the languages used on the Continent, he, at the age of forty-four, had to learn French, which was the language used in Switzerland, where he started work. Soon a publishing house was established, and he edited and published *Les Signes des Temps* (The Signs of the Times). He continued to edit this periodical until the day of his death.

He had not been very strong for years, and the damp climate of Europe encouraged the development of tuberculosis of the lungs. He would not give up, however, but continued to write while confined to his bed, until within a few weeks of his death. His wife had died some years before, and when the General Conference brethren found that he could not live, they sent his mother over to be with him in his closing days. She greatly comforted him during his last hours. Finally, on the morning of October 21, 1883, he expressed a desire to die that day. Late that afternoon the workers on bended knee gathered around the bed of their leader. They arose from their season of prayer in his behalf just as "the sun was setting in the cloudless west, its golden rays filling the room, while the aged lady was fanning the face of her dying son." Then someone observed that he was dead. He had slipped away so quietly that the bystanders had not noticed. He was buried at Basel, Switzerland, near the work which he loved. He left one son, Charles, who labored in the Review and Herald Publishing Association until his death. The latter's son, Dr. J. N. Andrews, in turn was a pioneer. He first carried the message to the Tibetans.

Lost and Found

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Yes, I know—now."

Later, at the doctor's residence, the two of them sat alone at the office desk, Doctor Godfrey talking as a father would to a son, and securing the promise from Butch that henceforth his aim in life would be to reach a higher goal than his previous one had been as leader of the "Vandals."

With the prospects of a bright and rosy future, and with a piece of raisin pie in one hand and ginger ale in the other, the two happily planned an expedition to the cottage for the week end.

The glow of the beautiful sunset held within it such healing powers that every grief of this world was forgotten. Then once again the silence was broken by, "Get the net, Doc. He sure is a big one!"

Masters of Music

(*Continued from page 6*)

nately for posterity, Liszt composed some excellent music during his sojourns. In these musical travelogues future generations, too, could follow the journeys of this master. One such set was the *Years of Pilgrimage*. On his visits to Italy he wrote others—*Tarantella, Three Sonnets by Petrarch,* and *Il Penseroso*. The Switzerland group includes *The Bells of Geneva* and *The Chapel of William Tell*.

Liszt was one of the foremost exponents of pictorial or "program music." Even in some of his more pretentious works for orchestra he combines the outline of the symphony with the descriptive element of a story resulting in his Symphonic Poems. *Les Preludes* is a favorite among music lovers in this style.

From his native Hungary he gathered themes from the folk music of the gypsies —now sad, now wild—and developed them into his exhilarating *Hungarian Rhapsodies*. With the exception of the composer's *Liebestraume,* these rhapsodies are his most familiar music-portraits.

In the field of transcriptions he attained an enviable position. Doubtless, many of these works would never have attained renown except for Liszt's meticulous labor of love. He transcribed scores of songs: "Hark! Hark! the Lark," the "Erlking," "Ave Maria," and many others from Schubert's pen; Polish songs, including the "Maiden's Wish" and "My Joys," by Chopin; "Maid of the Ganges," by Mendelssohn; and "Dedication," by Schumann. His paraphrases on the operas of Wagner and Verdi are rather superficial, but even here he did pianists a service, for, in the words of a contemporary pianist, he "got the fingers going." Liszt's command of the piano was such that he discovered and explored every phase of its resources from the subtlest nuances through the most scintillating display of pyrotechnics. Through his playing and in his compositions he established the piano as a miniature orchestra.

Liszt was, beyond question, the most generous musician in all history. He gave benefit concerts whenever the need arose: for the Hungarian flood sufferers when the Danube overflowed; to complete a subscription for the erection of a monument to Beethoven at Bonn; for worthy musicians lacking funds. Whatever the situation, Liszt was ever a true friend in need, stinting neither his time nor his money. When Wagner was exiled and poor, Liszt came to his rescue. He recognized the greatness of the little German composer and ardently championed his cause, even to his own personal detriment. He was willing to take off his own coat of genius that Wagner might walk thereon to greater achievement.

As Liszt grew older, disciples from many lands gathered about him in increasing numbers. The elect of the musical world, Rubinstein, Rosenthal, Tausig, MacDowell, and hundreds of other famous musicians flocked to his Weimar studio to drink in the inspiration of his generous personality, the wealth of his experience, and the authority of his interpretations. One disciple was blind, another had but one arm; but Liszt taught even these to overcome their physical limitations. He went beyond, and aroused the soul of each pupil. One of his American pupils summed up his methods when she wrote, "Under the inspiration of Liszt's playing, everybody

worked 'tooth and nail' to achieve the impossible."

On several occasions Edvard Grieg, rising young Norwegian genius, was among the guests. In 1868 the "little Viking," then twenty-five years old, composed his *Concerto in A Minor* for piano while spending the summer in a little village in Denmark. Shortly afterward the opportunity came for him to present the manuscript for Liszt's criticism at one of the master's afternoon musicales. In view of the important niche the masterpiece occupies in the repertory of musicians, the occasion has since taken on the nature of the launching of a worthy musical vessel. When all the assembled guests had found their seats, the master, drawing his ecclesiastical robe about him, approached the young Scandinavian visitor, and in his usual cordial manner, asked to see the new score, while the audience sat agape with expectation. Grieg himself describes the episode as follows:

"I had fortunately just received the manuscript of my pianoforte concerto from Leipzig, and took it with me. . . . Winding and I were very anxious to see if he would really play my concerto at sight. I, for my part, considered it impossible; not so Liszt. 'Will you play?' he asked, and I made haste to reply: 'No, I cannot' (you know I never practiced it). Then Liszt took the manuscript, went to the piano, and said to the guests, with his characteristic smile: 'Very well, then, I will show you that I also cannot.' With that he began. I admit that he took the first part of the concerto too fast, and the beginning consequently sounded helter-skelter; but later on, when I had a chance to indicate the tempo, he played as only he can play. It is significant that he played the cadenza, the most difficult part, best of all. His demeanor is worth any price to see. Not content with playing, he at the same time converses and makes comments, addressing a bright remark now to one, now to another of the assembled guests, nodding significantly to the right or left, particularly when something pleases him. . . .

"A really divine episode I must not forget. Toward the end of the finale the second theme is, as you may remember, repeated in a mighty fortissimo. In the very last measures, when in the first triplets the first note is changed in the orchestra from G sharp to G, while the piano part, in a mighty scale passage, rushes wildly through the whole reach of the keyboard, he suddenly stopped, rose up to his full height, left the piano, and with big theatric strides and arms uplifted, walked across the large cloister hall, at the same time literally roaring the theme. When he got to the G in question he stretched out his arms imperiously and exclaimed: 'G, G, not G sharp! Splendid!' . . . In conclusion, he handed me the manuscript, and said, in a peculiarly cordial tone: 'Keep steadily on; I tell you, you have the capability, and—do not let them intimidate you.'

"This final admonition was of tremendous importance to me; there was something in it that seemed to give it an air of sanctification. At times, when disappointment and bitterness are in store for me, I shall recall his words, and the remembrance of that hour will have a wonderful power to uphold me in days of adversity."

The master became a legendary figure, the personification of industry, of zeal, of generosity, and of versatility. His vitality was such that at the three-quarter-century mark he appeared at an impromptu gathering in London. H. Klein, an eyewitness, describes this gathering as follows: "The shout of joy uttered by the students when he sat down at the piano was something to remember. It was followed by an intense silence. Then the aged, but still nimble, fingers ran lightly over the keys, and I was listening for the first time in my life to Franz Liszt. . . . Even at seventy-five Liszt was a pianist whose powers lay beyond the pale to which sober language or calm criticism could reach or be applied. Enough that his greatest charm seemed to me to lie in a perfectly divine touch, and in a tone more remarkable for its exquisitely musical quality than for its volume or dynamic force, aided by a technique still incomparably brilliant and superb."

Then suddenly—the end. He was at Bayreuth for the Wagner festival when he contracted a cold which developed into double pneumonia. He died the last day of July, 1886.

File It

"If an unkind word appears,
File the thing away;
If some novelty in jeers,
File the thing away.

"If some clever little bit
Of a sharp and pointed wit,
Carrying a sting with it,
File the thing away.

"If suspicion come to you,
That your neighbor is untrue,
Let me tell you what to do:
File the thing away.

"Do this for a little while;
Then go out and burn the file."

Throughout his long career, Liszt's devout nature repeatedly asserted itself. He had a lingering desire to enter a religious order. At forty-five years of age, he bent his steps toward the Vatican, there to remain for five years, spending his time in meditation and prayer and in composing along religious lines, and emerged as Abbé Liszt. Many of his works are religious in style: *Poetic and Religious Harmonies, St. Francis Walking on the Water,* and many others.

Liszt had walked in the ways of men. He had known triumph and failure, riches and poverty, renown and obscurity. He had lived a full, rich life, but he was not satisfied. Then he sought to understand the ways of God, and thus found peace and contentment. He learned that music reaches its fullest purpose, not in self-exaltation but in praise of the Creator and in service to mankind.

The life of Liszt was a wellspring of abundance. He was bountifully endowed; he bountifully gave. The generous measure of his gifts was lavishly meted out to others from the munificence of his great heart. At the very height of his musical triumphs he relinquished, with characteristic altruism, his unchallenged right to the crown among concert pianists to devote himself to creative work and teaching. Thereafter, for nearly half his lifetime, he spent a considerable share of his time and energy in imparting to others the secrets of his impeccable virtuosity and of his unique approach to the hidden beauties in the works of the old masters. In selfless devotion to the art he made plain the scope, the purpose, and the verities of music to those who were fortunate to come under his tutelage; and then they in turn went abroad to spread the new light.

Although Franz Liszt won a place as a favored master among the "nobility" of music, he willingly assumed the role of a music servant that he might thereby enlarge his usefulness in declaring music's mission to the world. This was true greatness. "The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what he sees in a plain way." (Ruskin.) The most far-reaching effect of Liszt's service resulted from his part in establishing music as a cosmopolitan art, the natural heritage of all men. One music lover expressed the feelings of many who have caught the light when he wrote, "The greatest and best in music is ours if we will but try to understand it, and once attained, no power can take it from us."

While it is true that aptitudes for acquiring musical knowledge vary as they do in other branches of learning, the extremes of limited and large capacities are as rare as they are interesting. History records a number of tone-deaf people, even among those highly accomplished in other fields—including Napoleon Bonaparte, and also one of our former Presidents, who was unable to distinguish between the national anthem and any other piece of music. On the other hand there are musicians with hearing so sensitive as to be able to recognize, by ear alone, minute details even to the very finger a performer may be using. But by and large, love for music and the musical faculty are both equitably distributed on a universal scale.

Most everyone has his particular musical favorites—some sort of musical garden, so to speak, in which he spends his leisure moments. There are those, unfortunately, whose little plots are stony with indifference. There are those who complacently raise bumper crops of ragweed or dandelions. There are others, however—and may their number increase—who are cultivating only the worth-while and the lasting varieties. What an interesting experience awaits the one who is bent on beautifying his tonal garden. From the wide choice of available styles he may select the hardy perennials from Bach or Brahms or Beethoven, the lily-pure lines of Mozart, the orchidlike delicacy of Mendelssohn, the flamingo-plants of Liszt, Tschaikovsky's bleeding hearts, or the rare and exotic species found in Debussy's nature pieces. For those of simple tastes "musical violets" and other lowly varieties may be found strewn throughout the works of most composers.

While there are, indeed, few, if any, who are capable of doing what Liszt did with and for music, any person of normal capabilities who sincerely seeks to understand and love the best in music will find a deep satisfaction in exploring the glorious world of tone; but his greatest reward will be found, not in what he does with music, but in what music will do for him. Not all are given to enter music's inner sanctum as did the Hungarian master, but all may in some measure partake of its power.

Music that is on a high spiritual and moral plane, when properly selected, gives relaxation to the weary, stimulus to the languid, companionship to the lonely, and peace to the troubled heart. It grants the person of common rank the privilege of kinship with the mighty men of musical history. It is at present doing much to maintain a balance in our distraught world. And to each aspiring, heaven-bound individual it gives renewed courage and inspiration for the onward and upward march of the soul.

The Beefskin Bag of Twenties

By HOWARD JENNINGS

THE old Westerner had a chuckle in his voice as he told me the story of the time when he was almost rich and yet was not. This man, N. R. Foster, is one of the few living old-timers who can relate play-by-play episodes of the growth of the early West. He ambled on in his talk, telling of how at one time he rounded up horses on the Western plains for the queen of Hawaii, accompanied them to the islands by boat, and there introduced the people of that tropical paradise to the art of horseback riding. That tale, however, is beside the point, for it was not until the open spaces of the Western prairies called him back to the mainland that his real story got under way.

Waugh Station, an early Western stage depot located on the banks of the Sacramento River, three miles north of Redding, California, was the scene of Mr. Foster's treasure story. Once a mining settlement and situated a short distance from Shasta City, this little station remained for years as one of the West's original ghost towns. Heaps of crumbled logs gave evidence to this fact; they were the remains of cabins and other structures built by the miners in '49. In the midst of each heap of ruins was the hearthstone that once held a glowing warmth inside the mud-calked walls. Some of the stones were large and square; others were small and irregular. But all were mute reminders of the days when gold had been mined in "them thar hills."

One of these stones, the largest, held the secret of the buried treasure. There by the wayside it now served as a stopping place for weary travelers who followed the trail out of the valley, for it was located where a fine view could be had of the surrounding country. Mr. Foster told of sitting there many times with friends when it seemed that the very atmosphere echoed with the voices of miners out of the past as they dug and spent or hoarded their gold.

It was natural for anyone sitting there on the big rock to imagine the wealth in pure gold that might lie hidden in the recesses of the surrounding mountains. Yes, it was natural to look into the distance for the very wealth that could be found directly beneath one's boots. Mr. Foster said that little did he and the many other travelers who rested on that old hearthstone dream that there lay beneath it a crumbled beefskin bag filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces. The coins were the life savings of a Spanish miner who had hid them there within his cabin. At the time of his death he left no word concerning the cached wealth. It remained there for years and was finally discovered by a group of Chinese coolies working for the railroad.

This construction crew under the direction of a burly white foreman entered Waugh Station one day to clear land for the first railroad line up the Sacramento Valley. It was hard work, and slow progress was made, but they gradually pushed their ribbon of cleared land over the course surveyed for the tracks. It led them toward the site of the old cabins. In the path of the workmen lay the big hearthstone, and it had to be moved. When the order was given it took a goodly number of the crew to upend it.

Over went the stone. Cries burst forth as the Chinese discovered the beefskin bag of twenties, and instantly the men became a fighting mass of human flesh, tearing and snatching for the treasure. Into the midst of the turning, twisting, dark-skinned forms the foreman jumped, his authority and dignity gone as he reached with the rest to obtain a share of the clinking yellow coins. For a moment racial differences welled stronger than individual greed as the lone white intruder slumped to the ground unconscious. Then the orgy of greed continued; the strongest took all, and the weaker had to be content with few or none.

It was reported at Lodi Station, a nearby settlement, that thirty-nine Chinese came from several directions out of the hills and started for the coast. The other eleven Orientals out of the original crew of fifty, losers in the fracas, were waiting to go to work when the railroad officials arrived to check on the incident. They found their foreman in the hospital, a badly battered man. They learned that when he was carried out of the hills, he held in his tightly clenched fists seven twenty-dollar gold pieces—all he had been able to grasp.

I was impressed with a lesson in this story as it was told to me by the old Westerner. The hearthstone has become a traditional symbol of family and home life. With parents, brothers and sisters, and perhaps other relatives, we share the warmth of the home hearth that lives in our experience. Or yours may be a hearth newly set up, if you have been married only a few short months or years; but, wondrously, it is home, and from it come the warmth and light of friendly home fires. On everyone's trail of life the home where loved ones dwell is like a rock, a resting place that furnishes renewed strength to continue the onward journey.

From a place by this comfortable fireside we look out upon the world; the distant offers of happiness, position, influence, or riches beckon from afar. Stories come of the lucky lodes to be found elsewhere. But, my friend, right beneath your boots is a priceless treasure in which you may share—happiness in your own home.

A Thought for You

"EVERY man has just as much religion as he wishes. If he really wished more, he would seek and obtain it from God. He can have more if he will pay the price."

"BEGINNING a thing is easy; it's the sticking to it that is difficult. The test of character is the ability to go on and finish."

By ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

TO some who may be following the plans and preparations for home photo finishing which have been discussed in the last two appearances of this column, it will seem that we are getting ahead of the story by making prints before developing negatives. However, this order of procedure has good reasons. When one first undertakes anything of this kind he may expect a few disappointments and spoiled work; a spoiled print is nothing serious, as another try can readily be made. But if a negative is spoiled in the finishing process, much disappointment and loss may be experienced, and it is often impossible to retake the same shots. So we shall have our negatives developed professionally for the present, or use negatives we already may have, and begin darkroom work by making prints.

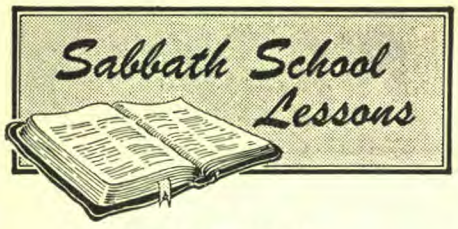
Just in passing it might be said that the improvisations and substitutions in equipment which have been mentioned previously are not offered as being preferable in any way to a good darkroom outfit which may be purchased complete for prices from five to fifteen dollars.

Attention to details in darkroom work, as in many other things, is the secret of good results and satisfaction in the avocation. The more closely directions are followed the more certain are satisfactory results. In photography the overlooking of a seemingly insignificant detail may make all the difference between an excellent picture and a worthless one. Along with attention to processing detail goes meticulous cleanliness. Clean utensils, paraphernalia, uncontaminated solutions, clean hands (and dry as far as possible)—these are good darkroom rules. Film clips and print tongs will be a big help toward the last rule. Practically all photo chemicals are readily soluble in water; consequently they respond quickly to a rinse under the tap for cleaning purposes. But care should be exercised to avoid getting them on the clothes, and the wearing of an apron or other protection is recommended.

One of those "details," the importance of which many amateurs seem to be unaware, is the matter of the correct temperature for the solutions. This is something which will strongly affect the entire process, from mixing up the solutions to washing the prints. Developer and hypo powders take much longer to dissolve in cold water than they do in water 70° F. or higher, and since the dissolving of hypo materially lowers the temperature of water, it is well to raise the temperature to 80° or 85° F. (not above 90°) before introducing the hypo.

The ideal working temperature for both developer and hypo is between 65° and 70° F., and the desired temperature may be maintained by placing the solution pans in larger pans of water containing cold or warm water, according to the season and room temperature.

With the solutions mixed and ready, we shall now test the safelight. With all lights out, open a package of printing paper and cut a small piece, closing the package again before turning on any light. Lay this piece on the workbench, with the emulsion or glossy side toward the safelight, and on top of this place a button or other small opaque object. After thus exposing for a few minutes slip the paper into the developer, leave for two minutes, rinse, and drop into the hypo. If, when the paper is examined under white light, no trace of the form of the button is evident, the safelight may be considered "safe" for printing purposes. Printing paper may now be handled freely under this light, though it should always be borne in mind that photographic emulsion is distinguished from other substances because it *is* light sensitive; hence too much and too long of *any* light will affect it.



SENIOR YOUTH

XIII—Judah Is Carried Captive to Babylon

(June 24)

MEMORY VERSE: Lamentations 3:22, 24.

LESSON HELP: *Prophets and Kings,* pp. 422-463.

1. After the death of Hezekiah, what wicked kings reigned in Judah? 2 Kings 21:1-4, 19-21.

NOTE.—"Manasseh's wickedness was pre-eminently shameless and God-defying. All the particular iniquities of previous evil reigns he re-enacted and surpassed. Nay, more, he equaled the heathen in his abominations, and far outdid them in his guilt. They sinned in comparative ignorance; he with full knowledge of God."—*The Bible Work, Butler, Vol. VIII, p. 374.*

2. What good king followed Manasseh's son Amon? How is his reign described? 2 Kings 22:1, 2; 23:24, 25.

NOTE.—"As one who was to occupy a position of trust, he [Josiah] resolved to obey the instruction that had been given for the guidance of Israel's rulers; and his obedience made it possible for God to use him as a vessel unto honor."—*Prophets and Kings, p. 384.*

3. In spite of Josiah's faithfulness, what did the Lord say He would do to Judah and Jerusalem? Verses 26, 27; 21:12-15.

4. When Josiah was slain at Megiddo, who succeeded him? How long did Jehoahaz reign? What caused his downfall? 2 Kings 23:29-33.

NOTE.—"The defeat of the Judean army and the death of Josiah not only put an end to his great reformatory movement, and to the hopes of the possible reunion and recovery of Israel and Judah, but it sounded the knell of Jewish independence. Henceforth Judah was alternately vassal to Egypt or Babylonia. . . . His [Jehoahaz's] brief reign was characterized by wickedness and oppression, but he was lamented as the last king of the people's choice."—*The Bible Work, Butler, Vol. VII, pp. 401, 402.*

5. During the reign of these kings, what prophet had given the warnings of the Lord? What had he predicted? Jer. 25:1-3, 8-11.

6. When written messages were read to King Jehoiakim, how did he disregard them? Jer. 36:1-4, 20-26.

7. When Jehoiakim rebelled against Nebuchadnezzar, who were sent against him? With what result? Who succeeded Jehoiakim to the throne? 2 Kings 24:1-4, 6-9.

NOTE.—"Scorning the unusual privileges granted him, Judah's king willfully followed a way of his own choosing. He violated his word of honor to the Babylonian ruler, and rebelled. This brought him and his kingdom into a very strait place. Against him were sent 'bands of the Chaldees, and bands of the Syrians, and bands of the Moabites, and bands of the children of Ammon,' and he was powerless to prevent the land from being overrun by these marauders. Within a few years he closed his disastrous reign in ignominy, rejected of Heaven, unloved by his people, and despised by the rulers of Babylon whose confidence he had betrayed,—and all as the result of his fatal mistake in turning from the purpose of God as revealed through His appointed messenger."—*Prophets and Kings, p. 438.*

8. What young men were among the captives taken to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar? Dan. 1:1-3, 6.

9. When Nebuchadnezzar invaded Jerusalem a second time, who defended Judah? At Jehoiachin's surrender, what was done with the treasures of the temple and the king's palace? Who were carried captive to Babylon? 2 Kings 24:10-16.

NOTE.—During the eighth year of Nebuchadnezzar's reign, he again besieged Jerusalem. The city was saved by the surrender of Jehoiachin. Ten thousand people were taken captive, and the remaining treasures of the temple and palace were carried off.

10. Who was then made king over the remnant of Judah? What course did he take before the Lord? What was he led to do? Verses 17-20.

11. In the ninth year of Zedekiah's reign what did Nebuchadnezzar do a third time? What prevailed in the city? What was done to the king and his sons? 2 Kings 25:1-7.

12. How completely was Jerusalem destroyed? Verses 8-17.

13. What was the cause of the fall of Judah and the destruction of Jerusalem? 2 Chron. 36:15-21.

JUNIOR

XIII—Judah Taken Captive

(June 24)

LESSON TEXTS: 2 Kings 23:36, 37; 24; 25:1-21. Other texts will be given in each day's assignment.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not." Lam. 3:22.

Guiding Thought

"I will gather them from all the countries where I drove them in My anger and fury and fierce wrath, and bring them back to this place, where I will let them live secure; they shall be My people and I will be their God. I will give them a different life, within and without, a life of lasting reverence for Me, to the good of themselves and of their children after them; I will make a lasting compact with them, never to leave off doing them good, and I will put reverence for Myself in their hearts, that they may never leave Me." "I will cleanse them from all the guilt of their sin against Me, and forgive all the guilt of their sin and rebellion against Me." Jer. 32:37-40; 33:8. (Moffatt's translation.)

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts.

Now read the Guiding Thought. How does the memory verse fit in with what you have read?

The next two kings after Hezekiah led the people to worship idols. Wickedness was everywhere. (2 Kings 21:1-4, 19-21.) Then Josiah became king. He destroyed idol worship, and tried to lead the people to serve God. But because of their sins and idolatry, punishment had to come. (2 Kings 22:1, 2; 23:24, 25.) Then his son Jehoahaz was taken captive to Egypt, and Jehoiakim (another son of Josiah) began to reign. He did not follow his father's example, but led the people into idol worship again. (2 Kings 23:31-37.)

ASSIGNMENT 2

Nebuchadnezzar Invades Judah

Read 2 Kings 24:1-5, 6, first part.

1. Why was Judah to be punished? 2 Kings 23:26, 27.

2. Who invaded the land of Judah? How long did Jehoiakim serve Nebuchadnezzar? 2 Kings 24:1.

3. Who else made trouble for Judah? Why? Verses 2-4.

4. Who especially are mentioned among those taken captive at this time? Dan. 1:1-6.

NOTE.—Not all the people of Judah turned again to idol worship. There were many still true to God. Read the rest of Daniel 1 to learn this. God sent many messages through the prophets urging the people and king to return to Him. Ezekiel was one. Jeremiah was persecuted, but he still brought God's warnings to Judah. Read Jeremiah 25:8-11 for one warning.

ASSIGNMENT 3

Nebuchadnezzar Comes Again

Read 2 Kings 24:6-16.

5. Who was king when Nebuchadnezzar came again? 2 Kings 24:6, 8-10.

6. What did Nebuchadnezzar take to Babylon from the temple and the palace? Verse 13.

7. Who of the people were taken away? Who were left? Verses 14-16.

NOTE.—It was nearly six hundred miles across the desert to Babylon. Wells where palm trees grew were far from each other. Think of the long, hot days that passed as the captives walked all the way to the green banks of the river Euphrates and then to Babylon. Can you imagine how eager Daniel and his friends were to see all these people who had just come from Jerusalem? It was at this time that Ezekiel the prophet was taken captive to Babylon. He went to live by the banks of the river Chebar. God sent warnings and messages to the people still in Judah. One was telling what would soon happen to Zedekiah, the last king of Judah. Read Ezekiel 21:25, 26.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Nebuchadnezzar Comes the Third Time

Read 2 Kings 24:17-20; 25:1-7.

8. Who was the king of Judah when Nebuchadnezzar came the third time? What kind of king was he? What was the Lord determined to do? 2 Kings 24:17-20.

9. What did Nebuchadnezzar's army build around Jerusalem? How long was the city besieged? 2 Kings 25:1, 2.

NOTE.—The Lord still sent messages to Zedekiah and the people. Read Jeremiah 27:12-14; 32:1-5; Ezekiel 12:13.

10. What was the result of the siege? Verse 3. Read also Jeremiah 38:9, last part.

11. How did King Zedekiah and his army attempt to escape? Who pursued them? Verses 4, 5.

12. How was Zedekiah treated? Verses 6, 7.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Nebuchadnezzar's Captain Comes; Jerusalem and the Temple Destroyed

Read 2 Kings 25:8-21.

Three times Nebuchadnezzar had taken people from Judah to Babylon. He had also taken all the treasures and riches he could find.

13. Who came this time against Judah? What work of destruction did the army do? Verses 8-10.

14. Who were taken prisoners? Who were left to care for the land? Verses 11, 12.

15. What was taken as the temple was destroyed? Verses 13-17.

NOTE.—All the silver and gold and all the temple furnishings of silver and gold were taken when Nebuchadnezzar invaded Judah the second time. Nothing of any value was left.

16. What happened to the few priests and officers in Jerusalem? Verses 18-21.

NOTE.—The only thing not taken from the temple was the ark in the most holy place. God directed in its hiding. "With mourning and sadness they secreted the ark in a cave, where it was to be hidden from the people of Israel and Judah because of their sins. . . . That sacred ark is yet hidden. It has never been disturbed since it was secreted."—*Prophets and Kings, p. 453.*

ASSIGNMENT 6

Read the Guiding Thought.

Study the memory verse.

1. Nebuchadnezzar invaded Judah ——— times.

2. Among the captives the first time were ———.

3. The second time great ——— were taken from ——— and the ———.

4. The prophet ——— was taken this time.

5. The third time King ——— was taken prisoner.

6. The ark was ——— by men who loved God.

ASSIGNMENT 7

Review all the memory verses for the quarter.

Write T for *true,* or F for *false,* after each of the following facts:

1. The Lord turned from Elijah when he ran away. ———.

2. Ahab was a good king. ———.

3. Ahab did not want Naboth's vineyard. ———.

4. Ahab did not lose his life as Micaiah prophesied. ———.

5. Elisha was the next prophet after Elijah. ———.

6. The students at Gilgal had plenty to eat with only twenty loaves and some corn. ———.

7. Naaman did not do as Elisha told him. ———.

8. The iron axhead floated of itself. ———.

9. Jonah was glad when God did not destroy Nineveh. ———.

10. God sent many warnings to Israel through the prophets. ———.

11. Hezekiah destroyed idol worship and restored the temple service. ———.

12. Hezekiah did not trust God when Sennacherib sent taunting letters and messages. ———.

13. Nebuchadnezzar did not destroy Jerusalem and the temple. ———.

The Youth's Instructor

Issued by
Review and Herald Publishing Association
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D. C.

LORA E. CLEMENT — — EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

C. L. BOND — S. A. WELLMAN
J. E. WEAVER — FREDERICK LEE

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription, $2.35; six months, $1.35; two to four copies to one address, one year, each, $2.15; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, $2.05; six months, $1.35. Higher in Canada.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, $2.95; six months, $1.65; two to four copies to one address, one year, each, $2.75; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, $2.65; six months, $1.45.

ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, *as the post office will not forward your papers to you even if you leave a forwarding address.* Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.

The Listening Post

▶ MAMMALS are the only animals that have hair.

▶ THE London Daily *Express* claims the largest daily circulation of any newspaper in the world—2,800,000 copies.

▶ THE Nazi anthem, "Horst Wessel," is now forbidden to be sung in Germany without special permission being obtained in connection with prearranged assemblies. Too many anti-Nazi parodies were sung to the tune.

▶ IT is claimed that pigeons were used as messengers by King Solomon and the ancient Persians. They spread news from the Olympic games in 560 B. C., and in 43 B. C. they were used by Brutus to summon aid when he was besieged at Mutina.

▶ THE first oil well dug in the United States was sunk in Pennsylvania in 1859. It was sixty-nine feet deep. By the turn of the century the greatest practical depth of an oil well was about one thousand feet. Twenty-five years later it was 7,300 feet. Recently a well was drilled to a depth of fifteen thousand feet.

▶ ONE of the most delicate operations ever performed under field conditions was accomplished recently in Algiers when a Fifth Army surgeon, Major Paul Sampson, of Oakland, California, completely removed an entire lung from a soldier's chest, in order to save his life. The patient recovered and is doing well. The operation was performed under dim lights in a tent, with a battle raging only a few miles away.

▶ A NEW, well-equipped cancer clinic was opened recently in Guadalajara, Mexico. It began when a little girl whose mother had died with cancer broke her piggy bank and took her whole treasure of carefully saved centavos to government officials to help build a cancer clinic. Citizens of the community contributed 32,000 pesos (about $6,400). Now Mexico is declaring war on cancer on a national scale, and plans are on foot to organize a National Institute of Cancer as soon as possible. An Inter-American Institute of cancer was visualized as a postwar possibility.

▶ ACCORDING to a statement made by Dr. James Sonnett Greene, medical director of the National Hospital for Speech Disorders, New York, stutterers should be classed in 4-F. Victims of speech disorders usually prove unfit for military service, because the condition is aggravated by army life. Doctor Greene says that when a stutterer breaks down in the Army, not only his own emotional health is endangered, but the services of physicians and nurses who are sorely needed in other quarters are tied up, and that the time to weed him out is when he is a draftee coming up for examination at the induction center—not when he breaks down in service.

▶ THE world's largest operating airplane, the $7,500,000 *Mars*, completed its first round trip to Hawaii, flying 4,700 miles in twenty-seven hours and twenty-six minutes—slightly faster than the Clippers make it—with 20,500 pounds of cargo and eight passengers. Lieut. Comdr. W. E. Coney, the *Mars*' skipper, reported that they carried twice the load ever flown by a plane to Hawaii, and that they beat their own record on their return trip. Per pound carried, it was the cheapest air haul ever made across the Pacific. Gasoline consumption was economical too. The ship has a space of a fifteen-room house. Empty, it weighs thirty-seven and a half tons, and when loaded nearly seventy-five tons. The ship was built by Glenn L. Martin.

▶ RAPHAEL KASDIN, fifty-three-year-old newsdealer, tarried too long over his breakfast in a depot. As he saw the train leaving he made a dash for it, and barely managed to grip the handrails as the coach door slammed in his face. He clung to the rails with all his might as the transcontinental train raced across the freezing countryside at seventy miles an hour. A freight train crew forty miles beyond saw his plight and wired ahead. Twenty miles later the express was flagged and Kasdin collapsed, but he suffered only minor injuries.

▶ THE United States Navy uses a 35 mm. motion picture film in connection with the photofluorography system for taking X-ray pictures to help detect tuberculosis in recruits. The exposures can be made at the rate of 200 an hour, at a cost of only one cent a person, and doctors can review 400 of the negatives in an hour. The films require little storage space and play an important part in the Navy's fight against tuberculosis.

▶ THE War Production Board has authorized an eight per cent increase in the annual production of umbrella frames, and doubled production of repair parts. Around 5,000,000 umbrellas will be made available for civilian needs during this year. The quarterly output of frames, including this increase in production, will be less than ten per cent of 1941 production.

▶ THE U. S. Marine Corps uses transparent plastic boxes to ship and hold small machine parts—bolts, nuts, screws—and thus the mechanics are able to see what parts they want; at the same time the parts are protected from sand, grease, and moisture.

▶ PEOPLE in Northern Ireland are living in cattle sheds because they are unable to find houses.

▶ ALASKA has 94,000 square miles of potential farming and grazing lands.

▶ SWEDEN'S coal shortage is expected to increase the burning of wood. This will cause a scarcity of wood available for manufacture.

▶ COAL heats four out of every seven homes in the United States and is essential in the making of all steel. It also supplies 55 per cent of all mechanical energy, powers 95 per cent of railroad locomotives, and generates 55 per cent of the electricity.

▶ ALLIED field officers may soon carry their headquarters around with them in a "suitcase," since a compact, accordion-style house has been perfected that can be folded into a package only 26 inches thick, and can be erected in less than five minutes. It "unfolds" into a shelter that measures 20 by 16 by 8 feet.

▶ THE Chinese diet consists mostly of foods of plant origin. Deficiency diseases such as scurvy and eye disturbances are common. Food needs of young children are frequently disregarded, and school children and persons over sixty are portioned food at half rate. A painful period of adjustment of food supplies in an impoverished and weakened nation is anticipated in the postwar era.

▶ GIRLS with previous college training in science and mathematics will get four-week engineering courses at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Tech., without charge. Westinghouse Electric pays tuition, laboratory fees, books, board, room, railroad fare, and $50 a month pocket money. The training consists of thirty hours a week in classroom and laboratory on subjects like electronics, drafting, and strength of materials. The girls will have positions as Westinghouse engineering assistants when they graduate.

★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★

"Last Sabbath afternoon we visited a native compound to meet with twenty-two of our native Seventh-day Adventist believers there," writes one of our medical officers in the South Pacific. "Their 'boss man' is a fine-looking fellow by the name of Okira, who is intelligent and quick to understand. They were most happy to see us. This, of course, did much to relieve the language difficulty. They are a friendly, hospitable people, and all lined up while we shook hands. Then they brought boxes of all sizes on which to sit. There were six mothers with babes, ten adult men, and the rest were boys of all ages. All were clean, but they show the marks of many tropical skin diseases. Tribal markings appear on the faces and bodies of many, but the light of the gospel is in their eyes and they are happy. They told us that they no longer scar their children as their heathen parents had scarred them.

"We indicated to them that we wished to be visitors, and that they should go on with their meeting and we would worship with them. It is much easier to understand them than to try to make them understand us. A number of well-used copies of 'Christ in Song' and old 'Hymns and Tunes' were brought out. The native teacher took charge and we sang; then he offered prayer. There followed a most intelligent short discourse in pidgin English, accompanied by texts read from their English Bibles. Then there was more singing, which we especially enjoyed, and prayer closed a most delightful contact with these black children of nature who reverence the same God that we do and observe the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

"The day was cloudy and the heavens were our only cover, but rain was stayed until our service was over. Then while it rained we went into their humble thatched abodes and conversed with them as best we could. They are a loyal people and a good example of what the work of the third angel's message has accomplished and is still accomplishing out here. The whole experience was a real blessing."

And so the good news of Jesus' soon return is swiftly going to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. The world is not so large, really. Practically everywhere our servicemen go they find fellow believers, and the joy of association in worship of, and praise to, God.