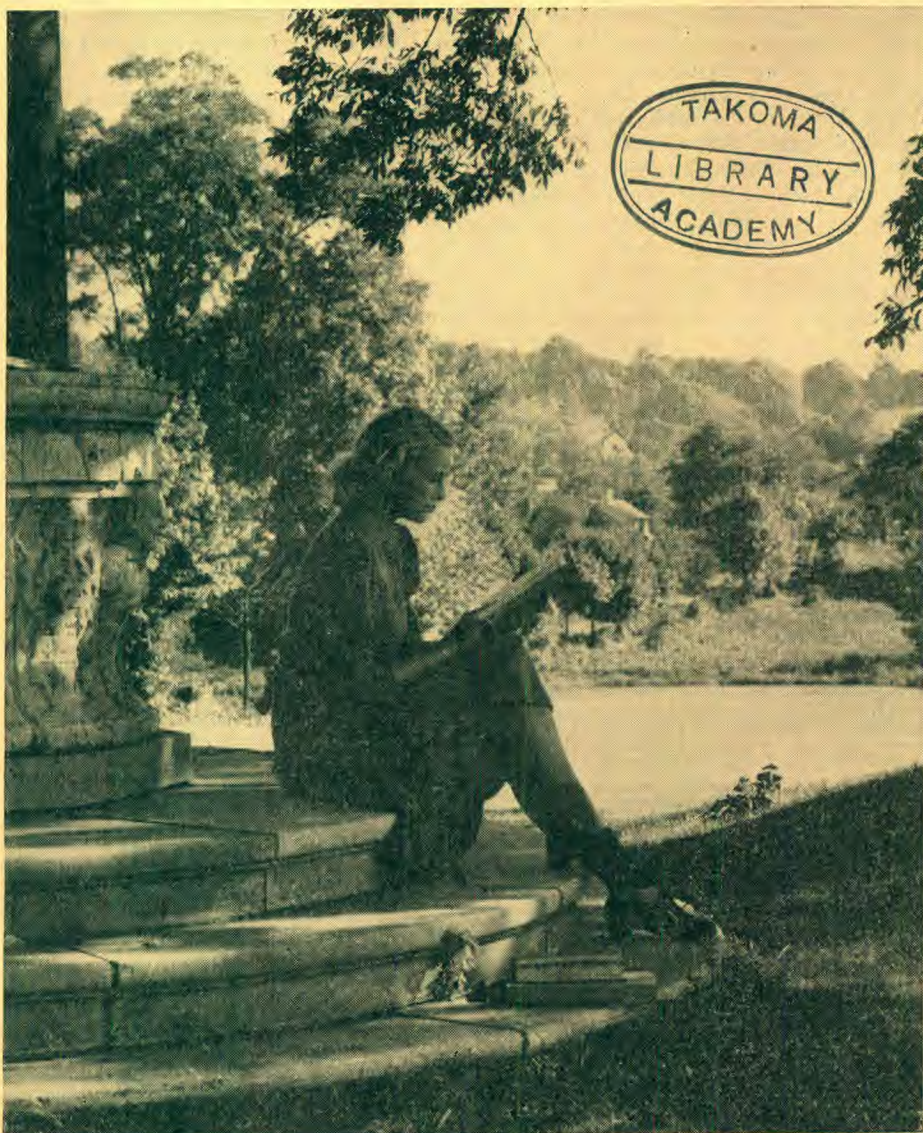


The Youth's Instructor



H. M. LAMBERT

We Live by Work and Play and Love and Worship; Education Helps Us to Get the Best Out of All of Them

WHAT GOOD
IS A

College Education?

By M. E. ELLIS

mental habits that made it possible for him to acquire knowledge more quickly and to much better advantage and more systematically than he could have done without them. At graduation one is not usually able to interpret life profoundly and truly, for there are no substitutes for the only two things that will help one to do that, and those two things are age and experience. Nevertheless, because of the way the college has dealt with him, the graduate can, more truly than he otherwise could, interpret and use the experiences of life as he encounters them. And this is possibly the subtle meaning that lurks in our habit of calling the termination of college life "commencement."

I found this to be true in my own life after graduation. I received my college degree when I was twenty. It had not become popular in our denominational work at that time to ask fresh graduates—and I use the term "fresh" advisedly—to take the principalship of academies, to act as conference presidents, or as superintendents of foreign mission stations; so about the only thing that opened up for me to do where I could keep the Sabbath was to work on a farm. It was here that I became familiar with the eight-hour day—we worked eight hours before dinner and eight hours after dinner. It has seemed to me often since that time that without the consolation of the mental habits I had formed in college, and the ability to use my mind to help me get satisfaction out of even those hard circumstances, I could not have endured the grilling labor of those two or three years, when I really *did* have to work. And, by the way, I would not advise those who have to have their breakfast brought to them in bed or who have no more application than a used-up porous plaster, to follow the farming profession.

College courses are not absolutely essential to success, but, on the other hand, they arrange, systematize, and co-ordinate the

(Continued on page 10)

I AM somewhat at a loss this morning as to what I might say to this large, intelligent audience on the somewhat hackneyed subject of the value of a college education, that you have not already heard from the lips of far abler speakers, or found out for yourselves. My dilemma is something like that of a foreman who sent to the superintendent of construction on a large building the report of an accident to one of the workmen. It read, "I'm sending in the accident report on Casey's foot, when he struck it with a pickax. Now, under the heading 'Remarks,' do you want mine or Casey's?"

I am afraid you might not be much interested in my remarks, so I will quote quite largely from others on this subject.

There has been widespread discussion in recent years about the breaking down of our modern system of education. It is claimed that it does not fit young people

for life, that it is impractical. I am well aware that times have changed considerably in the more than four decades that have elapsed since I took my college training; that the younger generation of today is quite different from the one I grew up with, in both outward appearance and inward mental equipment. I have even heard it suggested that before long we older people will probably be our children's most perplexing problem. But in spite of the things which do not necessarily affect more than the outward trappings of an education, the basic principle still remains that a college course is most valuable at its conclusion, not for what the graduate knows, *but for what he will presently be able to learn.*

Theodore Roosevelt said in all seriousness, "In 1880 I was graduated from Harvard and then began my education." This is not sarcasm; it is fact, and it simply meant that his four years at Harvard had placed him in possession of a set of

Let's Talk It Over

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

HE was a colporteur, a successful one too, going from door to door with third-angel's-message-filled literature day after day. But as he worked and prayed the Lord laid on his heart a special burden for those who lived in the fine homes of Chicago's exclusive suburbs. As often as he tried to gain admittance to them he failed, and so he and his good wife made the matter a subject of earnest prayer. They asked for light as to just how they could fulfill this divine commission.

In time, under God's guidance, they worked it out this way: The wife took a steady job cooking for a children's home in the community where they lived, and he laid aside his prospectus and offered his services as yard man in one of these wealthy communities. Without undue delay he was hired, for help was scarce; and in a short time his services were in high demand, for he was a good workman. But he went to every home with a definite purpose; that was to seek opportunity to speak to his employers about the soon-coming Christ, who is also a Saviour from sin. There might be a moment when the orders of the day were given, when he presented a completed task, or when some casual contact brought him into touch with them.

He did not press forward with undue haste. He simply worked, and prayed, and kept alert for every opening by which he could drop a word for the Master. If they were interested he offered a paper, a pamphlet, or a book, as the case might be, following each with others until he felt the time had come to suggest Bible studies. But if they showed no interest he went on to another home, and no money could persuade him to stay. His main business was soul winning; for the moment he was doing yard work to help pay expenses.

As he worked in the gardens of one lovely home its mistress came out to give him certain directions. He mentioned the subject that was on his heart. She was interested, and he offered her a copy of *Present Truth* to read at her leisure. Carefully, prayerfully he followed up this opening, and he found her husband no less interested.

Finally he asked if they would care to study the Bible. Yes, they would be glad to do so. Accordingly arrangements were made for him to bring his wife to the home on a certain evening and conduct such a study. When the appointed time came the yard man held the center of interest as he unfolded the truth taught in the Inspired Word. Would they come back for a similar study next week? The invitation was cordial. They would, and did.

But Satan was busy, and just at this point in their experience the colporteur learned that advocates of another religious faith were urging their views upon these interested people. They decided to study

both outlines of Bible interpretation, and this led them to the day when they must make their choice between the two. In this hour of crisis the colporteur introduced a conference Bible instructor into the home, and arrangements were made for a regular course of study that, it was hoped, would deepen the growing interest to the point of conviction. It did. When the final choice was made, the truths of the third angel's message won.

Now this couple with whom the colporteur had been studying began to observe the seventh day as the Sabbath and to attend the home church of the bookman. This was twenty miles from their home, and consisted of only a small company meeting in an unpretentious lodge room for services. But they were there every Sabbath. Meanwhile they continued to search the Book earnestly, and became well grounded in its teachings.

More than a year later they were ready to take the final step, and last March they became regular members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. But they did not join the larger city church; they felt more at home with the little company where they were acquainted with everybody and everybody was acquainted with them. It was there that I met them, and it was from the elder of that little church that I learned this story.

The most unusual thing about the whole experience is that this man, who hired the colporteur to work in his yard, is one of the foremost American illustrators of today. And into the spacious Chicago studios which he shares with other artists he has brought the spirit of the second advent message, which has made a radical change in his personal life, as well as in his choice of what he will illustrate and how he will do it. His talent, his means, his heart, his life—in fact, his all—are on the altar of Christian service.

As the humble colporteur who sowed the gospel seed and watered it with his tears and prayers considers this fruitage, he bows in humble gratitude before the throne of grace and thanks God for the privilege of soul winning, which is the heritage of every believer in the "blessed hope."

A COPY of *Present Truth* came into the hands of a high school junior. He was a serious lad and read it through from cover to cover, even the advertisements. There he saw a book listed that he thought he would like to have. Soon he was studying *Bible Readings* eagerly. Then he ordered other books and periodicals which were advertised—among them the Conflict Series, by Ellen G. White, and later a full set of *Testimonies for the Church*. All these he read carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully, looking up the Bible texts referred to as he turned each page.

Then a display in the local newspaper attracted his attention. An evangelist was starting a series of meetings in a certain

church, at a certain time, on a certain night. Charles was present at the first service. He had half suspected that these were Seventh-day Adventist meetings; as he listened to the truths presented night after night he was sure, since they tallied with the teachings of the books and papers he had been reading.

Came a time when in response to the invitation of the evangelist for all who wished baptism to stand, Charles felt that he must take this step and unite with the church body which bases every point of its faith on the Bible and the Bible alone. The minister had noticed the lad as a regular attendant, and after he stood in answer to this call he made it a point to invite him into his study for a personal interview.

As they went over the doctrines one by one he found the young man fully informed and in accord with each one. Therefore he was not required to join the baptismal class, but was baptized a few days later and became a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

His family did not approve of the step he had taken, but he remained faithful in spite of all opposition. At school, where he was now a senior, new problems presented themselves day by day. "Satan seemed determined to make things so hard for me that I would give up," he told me, "but I prayed, studied my Bible, held on, and graduated with my class."

Almost at once he was called into the Army. This broke into his plan to attend college and take a theological course, but since it was one of life's "musts" he accepted the inevitable philosophically and determined to be a faithful witness for God under every circumstance.

Charles has served the last eleven months as an attendant in a large general hospital. When he came to see me he was on his way to "port of embarkation." He carried no gun, of course, but he had the "sword of the Spirit" in his pocket, and plenty of ammunition put up in a packet of third-angel's-message-filled literature.

"I try to turn every contact into religious channels," he smiled, "and make it an opportunity to give out a Crisis book, a tract, a magazine—something that will tell of Christ's soon coming and the urgent necessity of preparing to meet Him."

"Do you know of any who have accepted Christ through your efforts?" I asked.

His face shone. "Oh, yes, two of the boys with whom I have worked are ready for baptism, others are keeping the Sabbath, and still others are studying."

SOUL winning! It is a two-word contraction of the great commission. What are you doing about it, friend o' mine? Anything? Everything?

Verily, "he that winneth souls is wise."

Lora E. Clement

Worth Dying For

By JEAN HUTCHISON

IN the cold gray sky a giant bird roared its way through a silent, dead world. The mountains below were completely bleak and barren, and so tortuously twisted that they cast a gloom of mystery—deadly mystery, swallowing up anything that might come too near.

Inside the plane the aspect was little better, for the air was electric with suspense; the same silence prevailed. Only the impatiently drumming fingers and tight lips of the occupants betrayed any feeling. The travelers were soldiers—army officers. All knew that death faced them, particularly in the type of work in which they were engaged, but none of them had dreamed of dying in this way. No, they had dreamed of dying heroically in the smoke of battle or in some line of service, but not this way, ignominiously, unseen, unknown, unheard of—to disappear abruptly and completely, forever. Through all their minds passed the headlines: "Army Transport Carrying Food and Soldiers to Russian Front Lost Over Tibetan Mountains. Searching Parties Find No Trace of Crash or Forced Landing." Following would be a list of the missing, their names included.

Ted Hopkins, a young lieutenant, sighed and moved uneasily. He seemed to break the spell that had held the men in its grip. One called Russ spoke, "Buck up, boy. At least we won't die without putting up a good fight."

Ted pulled himself together. "It's not the dying itself that I mind. Death comes to everyone sometime. What I dread is dying so uselessly—leaving this life without having performed some worth-while act, without finding a reason worth dying for." Ted looked out the window into nothing, nothing but snow-capped, jagged peaks and fields of ice. A wave of bitterness swept over him. Was this all that he had been born for, to freeze to death on the Tibetan ice fields, or to be trapped in the crackling flames of a crashed plane?

As if in line with his thoughts the door at the other end of the plane burst open. The co-pilot dashed in. "Got to make a forced landing!" he gasped. "Radio completely dead! Fuel all gone! Hold tight!"

Ted closed his eyes. It was only seconds, but it seemed like hours. He braced himself, felt a severe jolt, and then knew nothing more.

Out of the heavy blackness that enveloped him, Ted heard someone saying, "Wake up. You are still alive." Russ was trying to help him. Ted pushed him away and stumbled to the door. The bitter air outside revived him. The pilot had been able to land the ship in a level place between the mountains. It was somewhat damaged; yet none of the passengers had been hurt, but as the men looked around them they

felt like prisoners. Everywhere there was nothing but white snow walls.

Captain Hawkins, the highest ranking officer of the group, called the men together. "Men," he said, "we are in a tough spot, but if we stick together and keep our wits about us, we'll last a lot longer. I'm the leader, and I expect my orders to be obeyed. However, I shall be glad to listen to any suggestions. My idea is to divide you into four groups, and each go in a different direction. You know there are many Tibetan tribes in remote places in these mountains. We might come across one of them.

"Russ, you take Ted and as many others as you want. Staples and Dugan and I will each choose a group. Remember, don't lose your sense of direction, and be sure to be back here by nightfall. Don't forget your packs. Good luck."

There was a stern grimace about all their faces as they started out. Ted and Russ walked at the head of their men, looking eagerly for any sign of human life. After two hours of walking Russ called a halt. The men dropped wearily to the ground.

"Listen!" exclaimed one of the men, "Is that someone calling?"

Over the cold air came the cry, "Russell—Hopkins." A runner came in sight. "On the trail, everyone! Hawkins has found a village and an English-speaking missionary!"

The men needed no second command. Tired as they were, the return trip was made in almost half the time. Not far from the plane, toward the south, Hawkins and his group had found a trail. Following it they had been met by a group of natives led by an Englishman who had seen the plane attempt to land, and had come to offer assistance.

"My name is Robinson," he said. "I saw the plane circling overhead. Better come where there is some heat and hot food." Hawkins told the men to follow where the natives led, and then he along with Russ and Ted walked on ahead with the missionary.

"What are the chances of getting out of here in a hurry?" Russ asked.

"None," replied the Englishman. "Once

a year a plane comes in here with supplies. You will have to stay here until it comes again in about five months."

"Do you have any radio parts? We might get word through if we could get our radio repaired."

"None at all. Radios won't work up here because of mineral deposits."

"Looks as if we're stuck," murmured Hawkins. They had come over a slight rise and could see below them a miserable-looking little village.

"One of the natives will lead you over there," Mr. Robinson said, pointing to some huts clinging to the mountainside. "It is not safe to go down into the town. The people who are down there are either ill or have been exposed to a virulent disease, but you men needn't worry. Those here are all right." A worried murmur had arisen from the assembled men.

A young boy came running from the village below. "Usacho, what were you doing in the village? Didn't I tell you to stay with the other men up on the hill?"

"Mrs. Robinson said come quick. Little boy getting worse. Chokes and doesn't stop."

The lips of the missionary were drawn tighter together, and his pale face grew even paler. "I've got to go down there. That's my son. You men go on. You will be properly taken care of." Mr. Robinson spoke in a strange tongue to one of the men, who motioned the soldiers to follow.

Ted stood silent a moment. Russ tried to hurry him on the way. Ted pushed him aside and spoke to the missionary, "Do you have any oxygen?"

Mr. Robinson shook his head. "Most of our medical supplies are used up." Ted fumbled in the pack and then started down the trail.

"Are you crazy?" called Russ. "It's certain death if you go down there."

"I know it," Ted called back, "but I'm going. That boy needs oxygen."

"Don't be a fool!"

Ted continued down the trail. The missionary would have stopped him, but the young officer brushed him impatiently aside. "How many have died?" he inquired.

"About half the population. Once they start choking there is nothing we can do. I wish you would turn back."

Ted began to walk faster. "Maybe your son won't die. He will have oxygen. Let's hurry."

The missionary began to run and Ted followed. At the door of his home Mr. Robinson put out his hand. "Let me have the oxygen. You needn't come in."

"Now that I have gone this far, I'm going the rest of the way!" Ted exclaimed, and stepped ahead of his host into the house. He was met by a white-faced little woman.

"Where is he?" Ted asked, and went to the room where she pointed. A boy of five lay on the bed. He was already far gone; his body contorted in an effort to breathe. Ted wasted no time. Pulling out a small
(Continued on page 14)

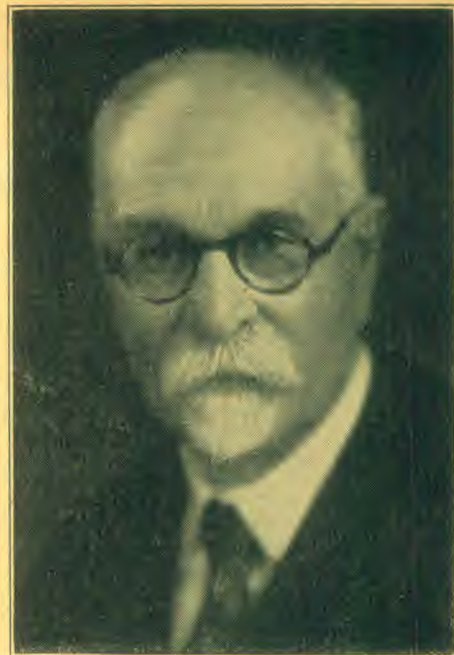


The Mountains of Tibet Are High, and Small Villages Stand in Their Shadow on the Bleak Plateaus

ARTHUR G. DANIELLS

Organizer

By EVERETT N. DICK



Pastor Daniells in His Later Years

A FIRST lieutenant in the Union Army died in 1863, leaving a wife and three children. The eldest was a boy of five, and there were twins three years old. The young mother was left in great poverty. The husband had been a doctor, and his practice had not been remunerative. The Government was slow to provide for widows and orphans. For nearly a year the mother took in washing and worked at anything she could to make a living for her children. Then the Government established an orphanage for the children of veterans at a near-by city, and the mother placed the three children there. The eldest orphan was Arthur G. Daniells, who in maturity was to become one of the strongest and most outstanding presidents of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. He was born at West Union, Iowa, September 28, 1858. His father had raised a company of men, of the Thirty-second Iowa Regiment, known as the Gray-beard Regiment, because it consisted of older men.

When the children had been in the orphanage nearly a year, the mother married a farmer near West Union, and Arthur was taken out of the orphanage and put to work on the two-hundred-acre farm. His stepfather believed in a boy's working, and Arthur began his year of toil in March, helping to make maple sugar. They made about five hundred pounds of it each spring. Then throughout the summer there were plowing, seeding, cultivating, harvesting, and finally about the end of November the last of the corn was husked. From that time until March, Arthur spent in the rural school. There was a new teacher each year, and each fall he started in the same place in his books and came out about the same place in the spring.

He liked to work on the farm and would get up long before daylight in the winter, do the chores by lantern light, eat his breakfast, and start off for school in the snow. He had no greater ambition than working with the sheep, the horses, and the cattle, and using the new improved machinery which came out. One of the wonders of that day was the McCormick reaper, which cut grain but did not bind it.

Almost the only amusement was swimming in a hole in the creek about three quarters of a mile away.

His stepfather was getting old and had become an opium addict and would not work. Consequently, most of the work fell to Arthur. He always felt that the farm experience was a wonderful blessing to him. It taught him to be industrious, and developed whatever resources he had.

When he was about seventeen he suddenly got an inspiration to study. He devoured every book he could secure. One day the boy said to his mother, "I am grow-up to be a fool, just an idiot. I am learning nothing and getting no place, and I want an education." She replied, "Do just



Mother Daniells and Her Family; Arthur Is on the Far Right

what you think is right." And so at seventeen he ran away from home with his mother's consent. He left home without a cent, and with only a pair of overalls and a blue shirt.

His stepfather had been receiving the pension which was due the young man, on the ground that he was supporting the lad, who was a minor. As a matter of fact the lad had been in a large measure supporting

the stepfather. When Arthur decided to leave home, his mother managed to secure for her boy the pension which was due him and which the stepfather could not lay his hands on, since the boy was no longer under his roof. The pension in time amounted to about eighty dollars. With this the mother got her son off to Battle Creek College.

In the meantime, after leaving home, Arthur worked for a year and then went to an Iowa school of higher learning. He lived at the home of a doctor and did his chores to pay for his board and room.

When Arthur got to Battle Creek he had to economize. He sawed wood, mowed the grass around the Review office, and did various jobs for his food. As there were no dormitories, the students living in private homes, Arthur lived with four other boys in one home. The man who owned the house in which they lived baked crackers. Arthur sawed his wood, and he gave the lad all the broken crackers he wanted. The boy made those do for a large part of his food.

With improper food and overwork—for
(Continued on page 12)

Pastor and Mrs. A. G. Daniells and a Helper With Their Gospel Tent Erected at Auckland, New Zealand



MAY 23. Today, as the lingering rays of the Sabbath sun were peeping through the lofty eucalyptus trees and another Sabbath was coming to a close, I was meditating—how many more Sabbaths will be like this one? Then someone came bounding up the front steps. Who could it be? It sounded as if it were an emergency. In a moment Kaz came in breathlessly.

"Did you hear the news?"

"No, we haven't. Has the evacuation order passed?"

"Yes, the Army has finally released the order that we evacuate from zones one and two. Tuesday is the day of departure."

Diary, we have been expecting all this, but not quite so soon. Ever since the attack on Pearl Harbor the suspense of the critical situation on the Pacific Coast has been almost unbearable. So finally it has come! A mass evacuation of all Japanese, regardless of citizenship. Just three days left to pack, to take final examinations, and to clear the house. Impossible! Mother has been busy translating the next quarter's Sabbath school lessons; dad is also busy helping the church members. Nevertheless, I'm sure we'll make it.

"Trust in the Lord."

MAY 26. Tuesday finally did come! All meager necessities that had been packed were placed on the train; registration and final papers were completed. Our family number is 5602; how can I remember that? The Southern Pacific Station was filled with hundreds of Japanese this morning, all standing in small groups. The Red Cross helpers were passing out sandwiches and coffee. On one side of the inner tracks a long line of people stood waiting, each for a physical check-up, and from there filing into the long train.

As I write night is drawing on. Sack lunches were passed out half an hour ago. The MP's are patrolling the coaches. The ride is very uncomfortable; the train jerks and stops constantly. Lights are now dimming; I see we must be preparing for the night. What will tomorrow bring? That doesn't matter, though; we are safe.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth."

MAY 27. Early this morning the train pulled into the city of Los Angeles. After that it was only a few hours before we reached Santa Anita, with its famous grandstand towering high among the neat rows of black barracks. Then we saw people going around the race tracks, tanning in the warm Southern California sunshine. A whole hour passed before we were called out, and here again we had physical check-ups. Our barrack is on avenue W, the sixth barrack and the sixth unit. Huge bags were given us which we were to stuff with hay. These are to serve as our mattresses until regular ones are issued.

"Ye shall rejoice in all that ye put your hand unto."

MAY 28. This morning we had our smallpox vaccination. I'm glad we were through with typhoid shots before this! The meals aren't bad at all; the vegetarians are given special meals. The whole place is like an army camp: mess halls as dining room, canteen as supply store, and barracks as living quarters. Late this afternoon I found a notice which said that I was to report to the Personnel Office in the grandstand immediately. I did so and was told that I am to work. So I signed the work contract.



James White Memorial Library Is One of the New Buildings on the Campus of Emmanuel Missionary College

Dear Diary

By ESTHER NOZAKI

"Even a child is known by his doings."

MAY 29. I reported for work at 8 A. M. at the timekeeper's office at the grandstand. I didn't have to work today but shall begin next Monday. The head timekeeper said that I was to work half a day on Saturdays. I explained to him in the presence of other workers about my keeping the seventh day as Sabbath.

"Why, are you a Seventh-day Adventist?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"Oh, I used to know some good Adventists at the Loma Linda food factory. I worked near there formerly, and I'm quite familiar with your church. I believe you've heard about those meat substitutes? Sure, I'll fix the whole thing so that you can have your Saturdays."

I'm glad he understood and let me off.

"Six days shalt thou labor: . . . but the seventh day is the Sabbath."

MAY 30. Our first Sabbath services in camp were held at the Jockey grandstand. Here we had Sabbath school and church. It is situated where the trucks tear by from the warehouse, but still we managed to have a peaceful service. We are going to elect officers for a Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society. Bob has already done a good work in organizing the Sabbath school by departments.

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."

AUGUST 30. I regret very much that I have neglected you during the past three months, Diary. Manifold things have happened during this time. Dad began giving Bible studies from the day we first came here. Many prominent people are taking them regularly. On one occasion a reader's minister walked in on them when they were engaged in their study. Since then there has been very strong prejudice to-

ward dad, so much so in fact that his life has been threatened should he continue. However, the Bible readers, knowing that they had found the truth, asked him to keep on with the studies and disregard the threats. This he did, and was successful, for last month there were over half a dozen converts baptized.

"We ought to obey God rather. . . ."

SEPTEMBER 28. Re-evacuation has taken effect. Since this was only an assembly center, we have to be relocated. Packing has to be done all over again. Mother got the instructions:

INSTRUCTIONS FOR EVACUEES

- Name: Nozaki
Address: B 6 U 6 A/S W D 4
No. in family: 5
- IDENTIFICATION TAG MUST BE WORN IN PLAIN SIGHT: Tags issued 5
- Your assembly point is at the Inner Gate: 7 A. M.
- Train No.: 8 Car No.: 7
Leave at: Sept. 9 7 A. M.
Destination: Heart Mt., Wyo.
Car Monitor: _____
- Your last meal served at Green Mess: 7 A. M.
- Baggages:
a. Hand luggage tags issued: 8
b. Baggage tags issued: 5
Adult 100 lbs. Children 50 lbs.
MARK YOUR NAME AND CAR NO. CLEARLY ON EACH ARTICLE
- c. Freight tags issued: 5
MARK YOUR NAME AND DESTINATION CLEARLY ON EACH ARTICLE
- Change of address:
a. P. O. Form No. 22—(No. 1) ✓
b. " " " "—(No. 2) ✓
- c. Alien Registration _____
- Crating materials, lumber, nails, etc., obtainable at: Barr. 26, Ave. A—Carpenter Shop.
- Hospital data checked? None
- For further information go to your local district information office.
- Above informations have been explained to me fully and I understand same.

Signed: _____

Signed: _____

Personal Relations Rep.

SEPTEMBER 9. Just think, dear Diary, today we are on our way to Wyoming. This morning as we sat at the Inner Gate, waiting for our car number to be called, friends came to see us off. Tears were welling up in almost everyone's eyes, for we realized that we might not see one another again for the duration of the war, perhaps never. The loud speaker interrupted.

"Coach seven, coach seven, all on coach seven!"

Picking up our hand luggage, we passed through the visitor's house, then into the train. Now we were outside the barbed-wire fence for the first time since coming here. The church members huddled together singing farewell hymns. People about them bowed their heads solemnly. The entire scene was very touching. The train jerked once, then pulled quickly out of Santa Anita. It's hard to realize that today we left home, friends, and—California.

"Not My will, but Thine."

SEPTEMBER 12. By permission granted us we held Sabbath school in the dining car.

SEPTEMBER 13. Late last night we reached camp, which was to be our new home, but we were not allowed to get off the train. The train pulled into Cody for the night and we remained there until early this morning.

OCTOBER 26. School is well under way now. There are about 1,288 students who are registered to attend school. Although the new high school building is under construction, six barracks consisting of four to five units each serve as temporary classrooms. It is very crowded and extremely tiring to the back to sit an hour at a time on long, hard benches. The only textbooks

which are used are those which the camp project has secured, and checked out to different students every other night. Aside from these we have no books from which to study. This is indeed an entirely different atmosphere.

"Study to show thyself approved unto God."

JUNE 10, 1943. Altogether too soon school is over. It seems as if it were only yesterday that I jotted some words on the last page. Tonight, with 249 other seniors, I have come to the end of my secondary education. With the superintendent presiding at the graduation exercises, the program progressed very nicely. The processional seemed endless. After the invocation a girl's sextet sang "Reflections in the Water." The salutatory address was then given, after which the Girls' Glee Club sang "Narcissus" and "I Hear America Singing," which was beautiful, especially with the background of a violin duet. The superintendent introduced the speaker whose topic was "Life's Highway." We sang our class song, "Farewell to Thee, Our Alma Mater Dear." Then finally diplomas were presented to each graduate.

As I now gaze upon this little diploma, a mere sheet of paper indicating that I have completed my high school course satisfactorily, I hope that my accomplishments so far are not typified by the size of the paper. I am determined to get an education that will prepare me to serve in the capacity of a missionary nurse. My only desire is that I may go to college to secure this preparation.

"Go ye therefore."

JUNE 16. Already I'm on the verge of a new experience in life—college! In this morning's mail I received a letter from

the secretary of admissions of Emmanuel Missionary College. The first paragraph states:

"We are pleased to notify you that you have been accepted as a student of Emmanuel Missionary College for the current school year, as well as for summer work."

I am happy that I shall have the privilege of working part of my way under the present circumstances. Now the only barrier between college and me is my leave-clearance from camp.

JUNE 28. Another letter today was from the business manager of E. M. C.

"The president took up the problem of securing your release to work at the college, and you have probably heard from the relocation authorities before now."

But I haven't heard from them yet.

JUNE 30. Just this afternoon I received a telegram from Washington, D. C.!

"9 HT MT FM DN /RELAY FM DE/
6/30/43 1236 P

"GUY ROBERTSON

"WRA

"THIS OFFICE APPROVES LEAVE OF ESTHER NOZAKI, 23-3-E, TO ACCEPT EMPLOYMENT WITH EMMANUEL MISSIONARY COLLEGE, BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICHIGAN.

"GEORGE E GRAFF RELOC OFFCR
WRA DE."

JULY 18. I'm on the train now. Everything will be all right. Now I'm to be a student in a Christian college, a desire I thought would never come true. I'm on my way to fulfill what I wrote on my application blank which asked, "What do you expect an education at Emmanuel Missionary College to do for you?"

I answered, "To complete the pre-nursing requirements satisfactorily to the extent that I can serve humanity."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

Did David Whistle?

By GLADYS KING TAYLOR

MY mother was knitting; I sat with a book. I needed to study, but my thoughts were with an academic teen-age boy. Mother had reared two boys, and I suppose that is the reason I liked to counsel with her about my two. Our talking was interrupted by the strides of masculine shoes down the sidewalk keeping time to whistled strains of some popular tune.

"Mother," I said, "there must be something good in a boy who comes home whistling." And mother's smile and eyes, that refused to age with the rest of her physical being, sparkled ready and emphatic assent.

When something keeps my lad out longer or later than I think he should be, that familiar whistle promptly dispels my anxiety.

If my boy had to keep bears and lions away from a flock of sheep, I'm quite sure it would be inexpressible joy to hear his whistle at the expected time of his returning. Somehow I like to think of David as a boy who whistled. I'm very sure that with so much music in his soul he must have expressed it in every way possible.

And surely the whistle of David's youth was a joyous whistle, a confident assuring whistle. God had been his daily and nightly companion and had helped him

chase and kill the ferocious molesters of his father's sheep. He had no reason to believe that Jehovah would forsake him and the family and the nation to which he belonged when a monster enemy threatened to bring destruction upon them.

God always rewards sincere trust, so why should time and experience disturb one's childhood faith? Yet that is what happened to David, and these waverings of his faith mar the perfection of his heroic mettle.

We wish for David that he had kept true his trust. As he captivated the hearts of all Israel by his valor, his good judgment, his unselfish devotion to his king and to his friends, his regard for God's special servants, his magnanimity toward his enemies, so also he captivates us. We weep when he fails them, and us.

We weep, for every time his faith failed it meant unhappiness for someone else, and therefore also much sorrow for himself. The first want of faith resulted in the death of the high priest and "fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod." At another time David dishonored God and permitted defeat to come to Israel and reproach upon himself by requesting residence in the land of the Philistines. If he

had kept the faith he had when he slew Goliath, he might have once more gained a victory for Israel, and thus have prolonged the life of his friend Jonathan.

His vacillating faith caused him to fail in other ways. He surprised his own conscience when he realized that he had been imitating the methods of mad King Saul in his proposed treatment of Nabal, but he reconciled himself to his admirers by his welcome acceptance of Abigail's courteous reproach and apologies.

The admiration that the men who followed David held for him made them wish to protect him and yet satisfy his every desire. Abishai begged permission to smite Saul with the king's own spear when he had such a perfect opportunity to avenge David against Saul in the cave in the wilderness of Engedi. Yet he must have guessed that David would be generous to "God's anointed," else why should he not have taken the chance without the asking? And did not three of the most valiant of David's followers steal away at the bare hint that he longed for a drink of the water from the well at Bethlehem? But honor requites honor, and both David and his men knew it.

I wonder if David whistled during those months that he was fleeing from Saul. He expressed his moods musically, for his songs show the effects of his various and varied experiences. But I wonder if he whistled. I hope he did once in a while, for it would have encouraged his men.

I am quite sure he could not have whistled when he heard of Jonathan's death, and of Saul's, else he would not have

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THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Five Hundred Miles by Foot IN YUNNAN

By PAULINE BARNETT

PART SIX

APRIL 12. Our plan to get off early did not work, because so many people crowded around in the morning that we could hardly get our bedding rolled up. Finally we started at eleven o'clock. The people walked with us down to the bottom of the hill. Here they stopped us while we sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Out of their sight finally, we quickened our steps. We were starting for home! We had two horses on this going-back trail, but the one Doyle had bought was young and had not been ridden very much, so that first day was more work than play. There were seven of us on the return trip, besides our six Christian coolies who were carrying our loads. This was an enjoyable change from the heathen coolies who had been with us on our first trip, who had to stop and smoke opium several times a day, and who had kept us awake at night with their smoking and talking. We brought back a tribal girl from Niu Ku to work for us and a student who wished to attend our training institute in Kunming. With their questions they helped to make the trip interesting for the rest of us. Neither of them had ever seen an automobile, electric lights, or any modern conveniences which were so common to us. The same was true of some of our coolies.

We went as far as Pan Pi, a place forty-five li from Mokiang, where we stopped for the night. Since there was a river running through the village, we all went down to it and washed our feet and faces. We spent the night in a home there, but it was anything but peaceful. While the monkey was crying the dogs were barking. Then in the middle of the night a woman started crying and cried for several hours. It must have been twelve o'clock or after when a group of men outside began banging on the door. I began to wonder if we were going to be robbed, but someone got up and let them in. They were all armed with guns and ammunition and stayed only long enough to eat, then were on their way again. It struck us as being rather queer, and we began to wonder what kind of place we were in. Our coolies were to have breakfast ready early so that we could be on the road by daylight.

APRIL 13. The coolies were up early and ready to go, but because of a little illness in the group we were unable to start until noon. About six o'clock the men with the guns came back again, with several sacks of rice. It certainly looked as if we were in a den of robbers. However, according to their story, they were helping the government by taking this rice away from people who were selling it out of their

country. We were glad to get away, and went fifty-five li that afternoon into Wan Lang. As it was a good long hike, we were tired when we arrived. We stayed in the same place where we had spent the Sabbath on the out trip. But our hayloft being filled with hay this time, we had to spend the night in the inn. We were happy not to be obliged to stay any longer because of the scarcity of food there.

APRIL 14. We tramped all morning on a breakfast consisting of a little bowl of hard peas and pickled greens soup. By dinner time we were really ravenous. This was the day when there was no village where we could stop for dinner, so we had prepared some granola to eat. A big smooth rock beside a stream furnished a suitable table for us, and we got water to drink from the stream by going up a little way from the path.

After a little rest we started on and had gone about thirty minutes' distance from our dinner spot when we discovered that the bag containing our passports and some other things had been left behind. This was too valuable a parcel to lose, so the rest of us sat down while Doyle went back

for it. In late afternoon, since we were getting to our stopping place for that night a little early, we stopped and took a bath in a river a little way out of Yuan Chang. The month since we had been there had brought the hottest time of the year for the valley, and we dreaded to spend even one night there. But we had no choice.

By the time we reached Yuan Chang our water canteens were empty and everyone was famished for water. Of course, if they have any water at all in these Chinese places it is boiled water. At the only inn in town and the only place we could find to stay they had no water boiled and were not even interested in boiling any. It was not a comfortable place to stay—no service, no water, no food until bedtime, nothing but heat and plenty of that. As soon as we had eaten we went to bed, trying to forget our thirst. Finally they at last gave us some boiling water, but the weather was so hot that it would not cool enough for us to drink it.

APRIL 15. We were up quite early and had a breakfast of melon and peanuts. One small dish of peanuts and one melon had to last us until noon or perhaps later. It was so hot and we were all so thirsty that our water was gone by morning and again the innkeeper had no water and did not care to boil any for us. Helen rattled off some Chinese to the man for about ten minutes, so fast that my own tongue got twisted just listening to her. Then we left to find a place where we could buy some boiled water. It is interesting to meet the different types of people along the road: some are very helpful and will do anything they can to make you comfortable, while others seem to enjoy making you as uncomfortable as possible, like the man at Yuan Chang.

By eight o'clock we were walking down that hot valley, then over a few little hills to the swinging bridge. We rested at the bridge awhile before starting our long hard climb up a very steep mountain. Our water supply was so low we had to ration ourselves, and that was really a hard thing to do when we were so thirsty. At several places on the way up, there were stone bowls containing water. The coolies always made a rush for these places and drank of the nice cool water. It was tempting to us, but we did not dare take that risk. Everyone passing drank out of the same broken dish or tin can or whatever happened to be there to use. It is no wonder there is so much sickness in this valley and that so many people die making this climb.

When we were almost at the top we suddenly came upon a dead man lying right across the path! Someone had taken off all his clothes but had not moved him out of the road, so we took a detour. Only bones remained of the corpse we had passed on the way down.

By the time we reached our noon stop we were so hungry and thirsty that we were weak. There was no boiled water, but fortunately

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Hikers Do Not Worry About Appearances
—Milton Lee Ready for the Road

Joe Murphy's Dime

By FRANK R. CARLSON

I KNOW it's out of the ordinary for a dime to talk, but I've lived an interesting life, and I'd like to let it be known what an important fellow I am. Of course, when I was born I was rather insignificant, coming from a large family numbering into the thousands. I could hardly be distinguished from any of my brothers. I had no name, but I was registered at the San Francisco mint and my birth date was stamped on me.

I was first sent to a bank, a large building full of marble, brass bars, glass-covered desks, fluorescent lights, and activity. People were walking in and out of the doors. People were walking into elevators and up the steps. People, people, everywhere I looked people were in a hurry. I began to get nervous from all the hustle and bustle, and I wished I could be on the move again. I didn't have long to wait. In exchange for a check I was given to a man along with other dimes, nickels, quarters, half-dollars, and some large bills.

Mr. Updegraf, my new owner, carried me to his new store on Randolph Street. He stopped in front of his place and proudly read the new neon sign which hung over the sidewalk, "Updegraf and Company, Clothiers." Then he went on talking to his friend standing by him, "You know, Steve, it took a long time to put up that sign. It represents long hours of work and honest dealing."

It made me feel good to be carried around in the pocket of a prosperous businessman. I stayed with him for several days. Many times he would reach into his pocket, and I thought I would have to slide through his fingers, and he would pick out some other coin. I liked it there. I traveled quite a bit with him. On one occasion we went by plane to Washington and returned home on the train.

Then one Sunday he took me to church. When the collection plate came by, he took out all the change in his pocket, and I could see the beautiful cathedral. It was a spacious chapel filled with hundreds of people—people who came to thrill to the lovely choir music, people who came to be awed by the lofty and majestic gothic architecture that surrounded them. Mr. Updegraf seemed to be similarly impressed. He fingered through his change and gave several large coins. Then back I went, into his pocket. The next day I was flipped to the newsboy on the corner to pay for the morning paper.

For a short time I lay on the newsstand, where I could watch the people as though they were passing in review—women in ornate hats and gaudy make-up, men in expensive clothes, children in rags. All types of people make up a city. A pleasant-faced woman came by and, after putting down a quarter for a paper, picked me up with the rest of her change.

Norma Spence West was a worker in a defense plant. She was about to begin another eight-hour shift at her monotonous job of inspecting rubber life belts at one of the Goodyear factories. Since a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, she had been working in a place where the nauseating

smell of rubber occasionally brought to mind the pleasant aromas of her kitchen in Brownsville, Illinois—because it was so different. She often thought of herself as a nurse giving help to a bullet-wounded soldier, or perhaps as a doctor's assistant working in an improvised operating room over a marine whose right leg had been almost completely torn away by shrapnel.

One day at lunch time she went to hear a Navy hero who was visiting the plant. He told his story.

A few weeks earlier his cruiser had met a heroic death in the South Pacific. When it was apparent that the ship was mortally wounded and those aboard heard from the bridge the saddest words to fall upon the ears of a sailor—"Abandon ship!"—men everywhere grabbed their life belts. One of the seamen, a lad of nineteen, was so badly wounded that he was just conscious enough to hope that his life belt was all right. He realized that if it were defective he was headed straight for the missing-in-action lists. He and many others rode the rough, shark-infested sea for four hours before rescue came. When, at last, he took off his life belt his eyes came upon the stamped letters:

"Goodyear, July, 1943
Inspected by N. S. W."

"N. S. W." was Norma Spence West, and the sailor came to shake her hand and, with tears in his eyes, thanked her for her part in the safe keeping of his life.

She carried me home that night and spoke very little, but she was happy, for she realized that though she could not be where the fighting men were, she could save the lives of many boys in the job where she was.

As she took her keys from her purse to open the front door, she dropped me on the porch. I rolled down the steps onto the edge of the sidewalk, and I stayed there until late the next afternoon, when a soldier picked me up.

Joe dropped me into an empty pocket of his khaki pants. "That was a lucky find," he mumbled to himself; "a thin dime comes in handy when you're broke."

He walked to a busy corner and, standing at the edge of the street, began to look at each car as it approached and passed. He remembered what his sergeant had told his platoon, "A soldier is not allowed

to hitchhike, but there's nothin' to keep you from standing in the road with a homesick look on your face." Not that he was particularly homesick, for he was on his way back to the camp, and if he had had his choice, would be going in the opposite direction—home. He had come into town on a six-hour pass from the camp on the outskirts of the city, to which he had just been transferred.

He didn't have to wait long before a long black sedan stopped, the door opened, and a man's voice called, "Hop in, soldier."

"Thanks. Are you going as far as the camp?"

"Going right past it. I can drop you at the gate," he answered.

Talk flowed easily between the soldier and the man with the friendly voice. And soon the conversation turned onto the favorite topic of many a man today—his son in the service. He produced a letter and handing it to the soldier, said it was quite interesting. Would he like to read it?

Joe read aloud: "Dear Dad, It has been some time now since I've seen you. I may get a furlough after my training here, then I expect to go overseas, for they are really toughening us up. We're getting used to the atmosphere of danger."

"The first day we marched out onto a field and were just beginning to be split up into squads when there was a deafening roar. Earth and gravel flew everywhere, and I instinctively hunched my head and shoulders. So did the other fellows. Well, that was just a warm-up. A special kind of grenade, not too dangerous, they say, was thrown by one of the instructors just to see how we'd react."

"Later we got the real thing—about twenty-five men, pretty well spaced, were lobbing real bombs across the field. Being near enough to hear the occasional whine of steel over our heads, we soon learned to drop to the ground pretty fast. And we learned not to be scared or confused by the noise. Then we got a lesson in self-control. We learned to set off a length of fuse, the business end being high explosive, then walk—not run—to the shelter of a ditch. Running might mean falling and getting the impact of the explosion along with the pieces of rock that went in every direction."

"After that quiet afternoon we started the building up of endurance, and the danger element was increased. We started long forced marches with full equipment, crossing rivers, lakes, and anything that came in front of us. Along the way there were hidden marksmen with rifles, machine guns, and live ammunition. We knew they were there if we raised our heads above a wall or crossed an open field too clumsily. There would be a burst of fire, and two or three feet ahead of us the ground would spit dirt in our faces when the bullets hit it. We'd lie there and sweat for a minute; we never made the same mistake twice. We were taught to have eyes for everything. When we approached one building, I didn't notice until too late that a piece of wire was stretched across our path. I tripped over it, and there was a violent explosion, uncomfortably close. That was the penalty for not watching for booby traps."

"Well, Dad, this gives you some idea of our training. I must close now. Hope I see you soon. With love, your son, Stanley."

The friendly voice spoke again, "Stanley is a good boy, but what with all the danger I know he's going to see, I wish he

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Advent Youth in Action

A Good Time!

That young people can have a good, good time was demonstrated at North Platte, Nebraska, in a recent week-end Missionary Volunteer rally. The first meeting was held on a Friday evening. Sabbath school as usual followed the next morning, and G. R. Fattic, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Central Union Conference, took the eleven o'clock service. The noon hour was spent in the Park House in a beautiful park, and the afternoon was given to a discussion of live topics arranged to meet the needs and answer questions in the minds of modern youth. An investiture service followed this discussion hour, in which thirty-six Missionary Volunteers received their insignia, representing members from Sunbeams to Master Comrades. The last gathering was a well-planned recreational hour in the Park House. As the result of this week-end meeting a Crusaders' Class was organized. A large class of Master Comrades is now working to complete the requirements for another investiture.

Army Literature Fund

This is a feature of the Missionary Volunteer work in the Columbia Union in which the young people are deeply interested. Five local society offerings during the year 1944 are to be turned in to this fund. These offerings are taken whenever there is a fifth Sabbath in the month. Thus far two hundred subscriptions each to the *Review and Herald*, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and the *Sabbath School Lesson Quarterly* have been supplied to servicemen. In addition to this a number of requests for the *Signs of the Times* have been granted.

C. P. Sorenson, in reporting this work, says: "We have developed a little triplicate system in ordering these subscriptions. We send the original blank to the publishers, and the other two copies are for our files. One is an alphabetical file, and the other is a file by months, so that we can easily renew all these subscriptions well before they expire." Thus the papers are kept

steadily en route to the boys wherever they may be.

"Steps to Christ"

Since the first of the year the Columbia Union Conference Missionary Volunteer department, under the leadership of C. P. Sorenson, has purchased more than ten thousand copies of the little book *Steps to Christ*, to be distributed to a selected group of servicemen. They are also working on a new plan in co-operation with our church Dorcas societies of the Washington area, whereby the young people agree to supply *Steps to Christ* for each of fifteen hundred hospital bed bags which are being made for an overseas general hospital. These are to be paid for out of the Army Literature Fund. Other Dorcas groups in the union are undertaking similar projects for general Army hospitals in their vicinity, and the young people in each area are contributing liberally to the general literature fund from which these books are purchased.

Chesapeake Investitures

Howard E. Metcalf, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the Chesapeake Conference, reports 137 young people invested in various Progressive Classes in the last summer. These include ten at Wilmington and Dover, Delaware, twelve at Essex, Catonsville, Baltimore, Blythedale, and Rock Hall, Maryland.

Singing at Windsor, Canada

"The young people of Windsor, Ontario, Canada, and of several of our churches across the river in Detroit, Michigan, together with a number of 'older' young people from these churches, had a wonderful time working together in the service of the Master last winter in Windsor. Under the direction of Benjamin Glanzer, evangelistic song leader, who is now singing first tenor with the King's Heralds of the Voice of Prophecy, these young people were organized into the Victory Choir. In this capacity they gave faithful support to the Voice of Victory evangelistic campaign

conducted by Evangelist J. A. Buckwalter, a stalwart friend of young people.

"Every Sunday night at six o'clock the choir members would gather at the Tivoli Theater for rehearsal. At seven-fifteen Winifred Bane, instructor in piano at Adelphian Academy near Holly, Michigan, would give a fifteen-minute piano recital, which the audience always enjoyed. At seven-thirty the pianist would begin playing the stanza of 'I Know Whom I Have Believed.' As she came to the chorus the audience would catch the sound of human voices taking up the chorus, 'But I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded. . . . The curtain would part and the choir of white-clad women, with a background of tenors and basses in dark suits, and the song leader in a white suit, would take charge of the song service.

"The song service was always packed with interest and thoroughly enjoyed and entered into by everyone. There would be new choruses every few nights; male quartet numbers by Messrs. Vickers, Abston, Taylor, and Glanzer; and sometimes ladies' trios by the Brown sisters or by Mrs. Mitschke, Mrs. Marietta, and Miss Cass, from Detroit. Other nights there might be a ladies' quartet by the Mesdames Buckwalter, Lowry, Kaytor, and Jackson; or the Messrs. Thompson and Glanzer might sing the stanzas of 'Marvelous Grace of Our Loving Lord,' with the audience joining fervently in the chorus:

" 'Grace, grace, God's grace,
Grace that will pardon and cleanse within;
Grace, grace, God's grace,
Grace that is greater than all our sin.' "

"There would be the usual singing of favorite hymns, and perhaps the audience would be asked to close their hymnbooks and just sing. The song leader would lead out in a series of first stanzas and choruses of a group of hymns that could be sung from memory. These would be arranged in logical order to carry a message in song, and would all be sung in the same key, going from one song to the next without a break—'I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour,' 'Jesus Calls Us,' 'Wholly Thine,' 'Since Jesus Came Into My Heart,' ending with 'When the Roll is Called Up Yonder' or 'That Will Be Glory.' During the song service the choir might sing 'Hallelujah, What a Saviour' or 'He Lives.'

"At eight o'clock Miss Bane would strike the key of B-flat for the theme song, 'When the Light of the Cross Shines Through.' This is one of the latest compositions by Mr. and Mrs. Virgil P. Brock, the authors of 'Beyond the Sunset.' Mr. Glanzer would sing the stanza:

" 'From a cross on a hill
Shone a light that can fill
The world with its radiance bright;
On that cross hung God's Son,
'Twas the crucified One,
Who turns all our darkness to light.' "

"At the end of the stanza the lights in the whole theater would go off, leaving the house in darkness except for a beautiful
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The Windsor (Canada) Singing Group Known as the Victory Choir

What Good Is a College Education?

(Continued from page 1)

helps to vigorous manhood and womanhood to the very best advantage for the time consumed. And considering the time of life when educating ought to be done, the most expensive education in the world is that which comes by *experience*, with its costly mistakes.

Education is not for all, however. There are perhaps four small classes of young people whom it might be better not to advise to go to college:

1. Those to whom it is economically out of the question.

2. Those whose full measure of mentality and ambition seems to be satisfied before they reach college age. They are oftentimes "good hands," but shirk responsibility.

3. Those who may have first-rate natural endowments, but discover before college life some special talent or aptitude. It might be time wasted for them to take a regular college course, for college, after all, is only *one* avenue between the period of early youth and mature activity.

4. College courses are for strong and generous-minded persons. The feeble, the selfish, the narrow-minded or low-minded will not get far at college, for college is not a substitute for the hospital, the reform school, or the kindergarten, and it would save the teachers an immense amount of trouble if parents understood this more fully.

But these classes represent the very small minority, and for the great majority of American boys and girls, much is to be gained by going to, and going through, college.

The United States Bureau of Education some time ago issued a bulletin entitled *The Money Value of an Education*. It showed from research far and wide that the number of persons gaining distinction without *any* educational advantages at all was 31 out of 5,000,000, or about one in 160,000; with elementary schooling, 808 out of 33,000,000, or about one in 40,000; with high school training, 1,245 out of 2,000,000, or about one in 1,600; with college training, 5,768 out of 1,000,000, or about one in 170.

It cited one large mining firm with over 1,700 men on the pay roll, where it was found that only 300 of the men were receiving \$3,000 or more, and of the 300, 286 were college graduates.

Large corporations and small organizations today are likewise not looking so much for the man who has worked up from the ranks as for the men who know how to *study*, how to *think*, and how to *learn*. And this ability comes to almost anyone who will apply himself with ordinary diligence to any academic or college course.

As I look back on my high school course I call to mind my teacher in Caesar. She was a member of the fair sex, and as I recall her appearance, she might almost have been a *charter* member. She was well past sixty and a little over six feet tall. We called her the Cyclops—among ourselves, of course you will understand. When we could not give the construction of some difficult passage, she would cite a certain rule in the Latin grammar, which she knew forward and, I believe, backward, and we would stand on the floor while others recited until we could quote the rule and give the construction we had



1. What lieutenant general long on duty in the Orient has been advanced to the rank of full general?

2. What great eastern city in the United States is known as "The City of Brotherly Love"? It was recently front-page news. Why?

3. How large is Saipan Island?

4. Are there subways in Chicago?

5. To whom does the "GI Bill of Rights" mentioned frequently in the news apply?

6. What saved the city of Florence in Italy from bombardment by Allied armies?

7. What most famous bridge in Florence was spared by retreating Axis soldiers while others were destroyed?

8. The poll tax continues to play an important part in the election campaign. How many States still require poll taxes of their voters?

9. What law has Soviet Russia proposed for keeping peace in the postwar world?

10. There were two reasons why Lieut.-Gen. George S. Patton was recently front-page news. What were they?

missed. Among other rules—*many* others to be perfectly truthful—which I learned in this embarrassing way was the one governing the use of the "dative with special verbs," and to this day—and to my dying day—I can be sure that "the dative is used with special verbs meaning to benefit or injure, please or displease, command or obey, serve or resist, indulge, spare, pardon, threaten, believe, persuade, envy, and the like." My Caesar was a book originally bound in green cloth, but there was a place on the back cover just the shape of my hand when the book was held open, where the beads of perspiration had turned the green cloth to gray. I got into quite a habit of thinking when I studied Caesar.

I have never opened a Caesar since the last day I walked out from under the piercing glance of Miss Trevette's eagle eye in the old Central High School building in Minneapolis, in the spring of 1893, but the training in memory work and concentration of thought which I received there, even at the tender age of fifteen, still stays with me.

I mention this study by way of illustration that it is not so much *what* we study, provided it is morally sound, is based on truth, and aims in the direction of a broad and all-round education, but the manner in which the study is pursued that makes it a benefit or a curse to one in later life. It is true that many of the subjects we peruse are seldom used after we leave college, and in some of them I know from experience that one may not be able to recall a single fact. Also it is true that it would be hard for you to recall the exact bill of fare that you partook of ten years ago today, but we infer from your present health and vigor that it helped to build up your physical frame. And so it is with the mental discipline of some school subject that may appear to a practical-minded person to be almost useless.

George W. Perkins says: "One of the greatest advantages in a college education is that the earnest student can learn not only to think but to think *straight*. The present and the immediate future hold out opportunities such as never before existed for the real *thinker*."

The man who goes to college gains three great things:

1. He gains the kind of preparation for his career which commerce, industry, and religion demand distinctly, and for which they bestow their rewards.

2. He gains the kind of training that develops his ability to live with others as a neighbor and a citizen. William James says, "I have come to the conclusion that the enormous expense involved in college education enables you to know a good man when you see him." (And this statement takes on its full significance when we learn that he was talking to the girls of Barnard College.)

3. The college maintains the supply of men and women who know how to get for themselves and others the best things out of life. We sometimes almost fool ourselves into believing that we work and live by salary and wages, but it is not so. We live by work and play and love and worship. Education helps us to get the best out of all four.

Former President Hyde of Bowdoin College has left a classical enumeration of the things a college education gives us that is worthy of remembering. He says: "To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of one's own; to carry the keys of the world's library in one's pocket, and to feel its resources behind one in whatever tasks he undertakes; to make hosts of friends among the men of one's own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose oneself in generous enthusiasms and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and to form characters under professors who are Christians—these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one's life."

But a still greater blessing comes to the students of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges, where the Bible and its teachings are the "scarlet thread" that runs throughout the whole fabric of our system of education. So we come to find, as we study our college courses, that Christianity, in the simple and true meaning of the word, sheared of its cant and the thousand and one personal interpretations that we try to pin to it, is always in itself radiant and triumphant. And if allowed to do its work, the fruits of the Spirit will be possessed, the eternal values will be revealed as we study, the unsearchable riches laid bare, the many mansions fully opened, and the turmoil of life transfigured and explained in the prefiguring of a better life to come. All this may be the crowning blessing of a college education.

By Foot in Yunnan

(Continued from page 7)

we found sugar cane. We bought some and chewed on it until the water boiled. Then granola and a little rest revived us. That afternoon the walking was wonderful. Some clouds came up and it almost rained, but after that flurry the air was cool and fresh.

When we left our noon stop we could see the temple at the edge of the village in which we were to spend the night, but it took us until after sunset to get there. Distances out in these mountains are very deceiving. While we were putting up our cots in the inn, Mr. Hoffman came to see us. He is the man with whom we spent

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Woodchucks and Quails

By ETHEL WEST

HE was headed in the opposite direction and walking slowly over the big fresh-plowed garden. I watched with keen interest, for this woodchuck acted in a queer way. He looked neither to right nor left but moved along aimlessly with head down. Now I could see that he was going in a wide circle, as we humans sometimes do when lost in the woods. Finally, as he began to turn broadside, his head came into view, and what a strange sight! Every farm boy or girl from New England to Georgia, from western Kansas to North Dakota, is familiar with this heavy-built member of the squirrel family, which is about two feet long including the four-inch tail. But perhaps none have seen one in such a predicament as this, for he was muzzled and blinded by a tin can pushed tightly over his nose. He had found a choice bit of food at the bottom of a discarded can, forced his way in too far, and was hopelessly in trouble.

I hurried outside for a long-handled rake. Perhaps he would allow me to hook the teeth of the rake over the edge of the can, and so pull it off. Or would he be frightened and run away? Slowly and quietly I approached, facing him. Now I was within reaching distance and pushed the rake out toward him, hoping he would co-operate. He stopped, motionless. As the rake came down gently over the woodchuck's head, he moved not a muscle, and the teeth of the rake hooked firmly over the edge of the tin can. With a downward push it dropped to the ground, and he was free once more to go about. But he only stood there, blinking in the light, unafraid; I am sure he would have said, "Thank you," if he could. When at last he turned to go he was in no hurry but ambled off through the fence and into the woods near by. It was an experience that carried my thoughts forward to the new earth when none of the wild things will be afraid, and we shall be able to study their lives and habits, and so gain a deeper sense of God's infinite wisdom in all creation.

Beyond the garden fence a steep, wooded bank dropped away down to the pond and the river flats below. I sat on the bank one day with my feet resting comfortably in an old unused path that ran along midway between the pond and the top of the bluff above. Fresh, moist odors of northern spring filled the air. Thickets of wild grape vines, spice bush, and dogwood were

coming to new life. Through an opening in the greening trees I watched the big barred owl that stood in his knothole look-out in a hollow oak across the way. A noise started off at the right. The sound of rustling leaves and disturbed twigs came nearer. Something was moving along the path. Perhaps this was not an unused trail after all. Finally a brownish-gray head appeared over a knoll, and then the fat, clumsy body of a large woodchuck. His progress was slow as he nibbled at this and investigated that, first on one side and then on the other. Nothing edible escaped his notice. Stopping at a young sapling that lay across the path, he chewed at the bark for a moment, then placed both forepaws on top and slipped over it in lazy fashion.

On he came. Ten feet away, now nine. Surely he would discover me. What would he do then? Less than four feet away! Should I move? After all, he had very sharp teeth and claws. Suddenly he reared back on his hind feet, snarled angrily, and bared his sharp teeth. Then turning quickly he dropped on all fours and disappeared in a cloud of dust. It was an amusing sight. A woodchuck can hurry if he tries, but what a commotion he makes in his awkwardness.

Under an elm tree at the far end of the bluff was the home of a woodchuck family. Early in spring Father Woodchuck had dug the burrow, working fast and furiously, as though his life depended on finishing it quickly. Slanting it downward for three or four feet, he then dug a long level passage ending in an upward turn that led into a large room. In all, it was twenty-five or thirty feet in length, and still he was not satisfied until he had made several entrances to his new home. Then his work and worries were over for months. In fact, he would never need to hurry again for a whole year, unless, unfortunately, he had to escape an enemy.

The place he had selected was well suited to his taste, being just above the pond where he could pop out of his front door at any time to get a drink, for it seemed that he was always thirsty. Near by was the pasture in which luscious grasses and sweet clover grew, and how he loved to eat! Folks often call him ground hog, because he is such a hearty eater. After family cares were over in the spring, his sole ambition would be to see how

much fat he could grow to last him while he was asleep in his burrow all winter.

One fine spring morning three cunning baby woodchucks came to the door of the tunnel under the big elm and looked all about before venturing into the open. Then they romped and played on the bank while Mother Woodchuck sat close by watching them with deep satisfaction. She was as proud of her three fine children as any mother could be. Suddenly she noticed me standing on the bluff far above. Instantly she pointed her nose in the air and gave warning of danger. Her shrill, high-pitched whistle sent two obedient little ones scurrying for the safety of the tunnel. But the third one saw no danger. He wanted to play longer in the bright sunshine, and play he did. In defiance of his mother's piercing look, he climbed the bank a foot or two and toyed with a stick that lay there. Again she raised her nose high in the air and whistled. Too late he dropped his stick and ran for home. Mother caught up with him, spanked him soundly, and sent him crying down into the dark burrow. No doubt he learned the lesson and obeyed instantly next time, for prompt obedience is a law of nature, and the wild things abide by it.

Some obey by being taught by their parents, but others do so instinctively from the hour they come into the world. The latter is true of the California quail, and William Dawson, in his *Birds of California*, tells the following story concerning it:

A pair of these birds nested on a horizontal stretch of dense wisteria covering an arbor at the home of a Mrs. Bagg, at Santa Barbara. The nest was at a height of ten feet from the ground, but on hatching day the parent birds took station on the lawn below and called the chicks to them one by one. The little fellows obeyed and tumbled off the trellis; though they were stunned at first, they soon recovered. Presently the parents called them together, led them off, and secreted them under a sidewalk a block away. After solemnly charging the little brood to remain together and motionless, the parent birds returned to look for delinquents. The last two chicks had fallen out after their parents had departed, and being evidently the weakest of the lot, had lain stunned on the ground for a longer time than usual; but as they were beginning to recover, Mrs. Bagg, in mistaken kindness, noting the absence of the old birds, gathered them up and took them into the house.

The rest of the story is told by a neighbor across the street, who happened to observe the hiding of the chicks and the return of the parents. She first hastened down the sidewalk to confirm her surmise, and found the instructed brood huddled together and absolutely motionless. She

then returned and watched the old birds while they searched the lawn and called anxiously until the effort seemed useless; whereupon they returned to the infantile cache, withdrew the injunction of silence and led them away to the hills.

Young quail continue to obey and show deference to parental decisions even when half grown. I sat one morning partly hidden among the sagebrush on the sloping side of an old wash that came down from the hills. Across on the other side a family of California quail appeared at the top of the bank, and began to descend. Suddenly the mother, who was in the lead, stopped, and so did every one of the half-grown young little ones following her. She eyed me suspiciously and then went to feeding. Her flock took the cue and fed also, but only halfheartedly for it was midmorning and their crops were full. Again the mother started down the bank, the young were quick to follow, but they were just as quick to take heed when she was seized with fear the second time and turned back to feeding. Once more the mother took courage after eyeing me carefully, and led her trusting flock toward me. But only for a few steps, when caution prevailed, and although evidently it meant giving up some cherished plan, they all respected the mother's judgment and instantly resumed their quiet feeding.

But Mother Quail's mind was set on doing this thing, whatever it was, and finally she looked across at me as if to say, "That woman hasn't moved for so long that she must be dead. Come on, children, we're going." Without hesitating once she led them down the chaparral-covered bank to the very bottom of the wash and across its level floor to a soft, sandy place no more than forty feet from where I sat. This was the chosen spot for their much-loved dust bath, and every quail dropped flat on the ground in sheer delight. They spread their young wings, fluttered in the clean white sand, shook themselves, and then fluttered some more. Little smokelike clouds arose from the spot as they indulged in their favorite pastime. Then one by one they relaxed and settled down to doze in the shade over the noon hour. No doubt this was the daily resort of these birds, but not one of all eleven chicks, which were nearly as large as their mother, ventured to act against her decision, although it wavered often between safety rules and giving her children their heart's desire.

Nature's children obey, although occasionally there is one like the naughty little woodchuck who did not intend to, but changed his mind.

By Foot in Yunnan

(Continued from page 10)

the night in Yuan Chang on the way down. Now he had moved up to Ch'in Lung Chang to live and work for a while. As soon as the street people saw us enter the temple, they ran to his house and told him to "come" and "look," for some foreigners were arriving. After we had eaten he took us up to his new home, which was not yet finished. Then we visited the local garrison chief, and inquired about the road ahead. He told us that it was quite dangerous and that there had been several robberies the last week or so. He assured us that if we took some of his guards along we would not be molested. But guards are very expensive; each one must be paid

well in addition to receiving his food. The trip had already cost a huge sum of money, so we decided to trust the Lord for protection.

APRIL 16. "Wash your faces and come and eat." It was the shout of the landlady before daylight. By six o'clock we were making good time going down the trail. By ten o'clock we had reached the noon stop. We did not want to eat yet, but decided that we would buy some rice, cook it, and take it along with us to eat when we were hungry. Just as we came into the village we noticed that the gates were being locked and that the men were all standing up on the wall with their guns ready for action. Several shots were fired, and we began to wonder what was happening. On asking the people, we were told that there was a band of thirty or more robbers down in the valley, one of the famous robber spots, and that they were coming up this way. Everyone was excited, and even we were wondering what we should do.

Our coolies were a little distance behind us, and when they came up to the gate the men on the wall yelled for them to stop, or they would shoot. But after identification was made, our carriers were given entrance. We began to wonder if we should have taken the official guards back at Ch'in Lung Chang, but it was too late now to worry about that. We rested for three and a half hours. But as it was Friday, we were eager to reach our appointed stopping place before Sabbath. We prayed about the matter and then waited a little longer. Finally two men came through the gates. We asked them if they had been bothered or if they had seen bandits. They had not seen anyone or heard anything, so we decided the Lord had answered our prayers, and set out down the long, steep mountain.

About half way down the mountain we suddenly came upon two men standing off the path, not walking or acting as if they were going any place. They both had guns, and ammunition belts around their waists. They looked us over but said nothing, and neither did we. We just hurried along as fast as possible, but had gone only a few steps when we saw three or four more men, all armed. They were also just standing there off the path. Looking on ahead we saw more men farther on down the hill. Helen came up to Doyle and me, and said, "Well, here we are, we are caught; we are right in the middle of the robber band now." We glanced back and sure enough, the two men were walking over to the path behind us as if they were getting ready to close in on us. The ones that we were passing and the ones in front were looking us over carefully.

Helen immediately began to talk to them, using all the "polite talk" she could, and asking them about the road ahead, etc. They talked back to her and did not seem unkind, so we kept going as fast as possible, listening all the time for a "halt!" But it did not come. We kept going. Even when we got out of sight of them we were still uneasy for a while, expecting to hear gunfire any minute. Reaching the foot of the mountain we were descending, we quickly crossed the stream and started up the steep mountain on the other side as fast as we could climb. It was frightfully hot! Finally we began to feel easier and to wonder who those men were. If they were robbers why did they not rob us? Everyone in our party had his own opinion, and we will let you draw your own conclusion.

We made Yang Wu by sunset. The

street by which we entered filled with children who followed us laughing and shouting. Since we would be staying over the Sabbath here we tried to find as private a place as possible, but I have decided that there are no such places in China. At last we squeezed our five cots into one room of an inn and took baths in our hand basins and went down for supper. Our beds really felt good that night.

(To be continued)

Arthur G. Daniells

(Continued from page 4)

he was an inveterate reader, and worked and studied night and day—his health was weakened. On top of this, the following summer he went into the harvest field and had a sunstroke, which nearly cost him his life. When he returned to school he would have "sinking spells," and while sitting at his seat he would lay his head over on the desk and lose consciousness. The school authorities advised him to leave school, which he did. After recuperating somewhat he began to teach.

Mary Ellen Hoyt and Arthur Daniells had been childhood friends in West Union. Later she went to Battle Creek College, and for a time they both took their meals at the home of Professor Sidney Brownberger, president of the college. Here an attachment was formed which grew into love, and they were married November 30, 1876. They both taught country schools in Iowa a few miles apart. They lived near her school, and he walked to his. He made plans to work up in the profession. They would secure a town school where he would be principal and his wife would teach the lower grades.

In the spring of 1877 E. W. Farnsworth, president of the Iowa Conference, held some meetings in the section of the country where they were teaching, and the minds of the young couple were turned to the work of God. As the young teacher walked to school on a mild spring morning all nature was praising God, and he felt conscience-stricken that he was not the kind of Christian he should be. He went to the side of the road and knelt in prayer. He felt a voice within him say, "Go work in My vineyard." That voice sounded in his ears all day. He was so disturbed that he could not eat his dinner. When he sat down to write to make arrangements for his and his wife's attendance at summer school, he made so many mistakes he stopped writing.

Two weeks later, still under conviction, he went out to a straw stack and, finding a place where the cattle had eaten a large hole back into the stack, he went back into the hole and, kneeling down, promised God he would work for Him. Immediately a great burden rolled off his heart and a wonderful peace came to his mind.

He had never had any experience in speaking in public except once when he had learned three stanzas to recite. When he appeared before the crowd he repeated one, and then the crowd began going around like a merry-go-round. He became so confused that he retreated from the platform and vowed he would never try to speak in public again.

Now he went to Pastor Farnsworth and offered himself for the ministry, but the conference committee turned down the proposal that he be hired as a tentmaster. About that time he read in the *Review* that a tentmaster was needed in Texas, and he

went down there at his own expense. His wife taught another year to pay expenses. After a time he had spent all his money and, with little or nothing coming in, he had to give up preaching. He sent his wife, who had joined him, home to her folks and took a job traveling over the country with a blind man who was selling a story of his life and needed a traveling companion. While in this humble work one Sabbath he met George I. Butler, president of the Iowa Conference succeeding E. W. Farnsworth, who subsequently hired him to work in that field. About one year later, in 1882, he was ordained.

For six years A. G. Daniells preached in the Iowa Conference, but in 1886 he was called to New Zealand. When the call came, he wrote a letter stating that he saw no light in the call, but that if he was ordered to do so he would go, but that Pastor Butler must bear the responsibility. He started to mail the letter, but he did not feel very easy about it and went up in the haymow and prayed about it. When he came down he wrote another letter saying he would go.

Pastor and Mrs. Daniells arrived in New Zealand November 13, 1886, and when Pastor Daniells went to get his tent out of the customs house he did not have enough money to get it out. The conference had sent them to a strange land but had given them no money. He wrote for money at once and received the reply from Pastor Butler that he was surprised they were out of money so soon. He then warned, "There was only one thing I was afraid of about you, and that was that you were not so economical as you should be." He and his wife felt hurt at this response, and he said, "Never mind, Mary, we'll never ask for another dollar."

Along with the scolding Pastor Butler sent \$300, and with that the new arrivals built up a conference. In the first effort they held eighty persons came into the third angel's message. At the end of three years he had organized a conference with 250 members. Pastor Butler was succeeded to the presidency of the General Conference by O. A. Olsen, and some time later the treasurer wrote, "We see by the records that you were sent to New Zealand, and wonder how you are getting on. I hear you are importing a lot of books, and I wonder if you are making a large debt with the Pacific Press." He also asked if Pastor Daniells needed money. To which Pastor Daniells replied that all debts were paid and he needed no money.

On January 1, 1892, Pastor Daniells was elected president of the Australian Conference. Mrs. E. G. White was in Australia the next few years and saw him in action. In 1894 a union conference was formed in Australia, the first in the world. When Pastor Daniells returned to America to attend the General Conference session of 1901, the brethren in America thought he and the other Australian leaders were seceders from the organization, but when they understood the arrangement they accepted the plan and organized unions in America and Europe.

A few days later those who had distrusted him elected him president of the General Conference. Under his leadership the general work was reorganized into a more centralized, systematic organization. When he became president, the Sabbath school work was headed up by an almost independent leader in Oakland, California. The Religious Liberty work was likewise organized with headquarters in Chicago. Other branches of the work

were scattered over the country. Under his leadership these were all brought together under one roof in a close-knit organization, subject to central authority. This is one of the great landmarks in denominational history, for it made the organization powerful and effective.

Under Pastor Daniells the denomination took great strides in organizing and prosecuting mission work also. His administration of twenty-one years is the longest in the history of the denomination, and he is generally regarded as having been one of our most able and influential General Conference presidents. He laid down his official burdens in 1922 but continued actively in the service up to the time of his death. At that time he was president of the board of trustees of the College of Medical Evangelists. He died March 22, 1935, at the Glendale Sanitarium in California.



By ROBERT M. ELDRIDGE

NOW that we have become somewhat familiar with the darkroom process of printing photo pictures, we are ready to undertake the development of film. If this seems to be a reversal of the logical order, bear in mind that a spoiled print can easily be replaced, but not always so a spoiled negative. Experience with chemicals and their effect on exposed printing paper is a valuable prelude to developing film, since the fundamental process is very similar. The same developer and hypo, for the beginner at least, will do for either. The emulsions on both film and paper are essentially the same, and react the same to similar treatment, the main difference being in "speed" or sensitivity. It is entirely practicable to substitute paper for film in the camera, one piece at a time, for picture shooting. A much longer exposure is needed, of course, and the resultant paper negative must be on single weight stock to permit printing. The positive print which is made from this negative will show some of the paper grain, but this can be an advantage for certain types of work which lend themselves to a more or less coarse texture.

It is probably best to begin film development by the tray method, so that a thorough understanding of just what happens to the film and how it reacts to various conditions may be had. We shall undertake the development of Ortho film only, such as Verichrome or Plenachrome, so that it may be inspected under the ruby light as work progresses. Tank developing is justly popular, and we shall speak in detail of this method later on, but for now our regular three trays, arranged exactly as for printing, are what we will use. A timepiece should be handy, and solution temperatures between 68° and 72° F.

With developer, clear water, and hypo ready, extinguish the white light, turn on the ruby light, open the film roll, and attach a clip to the first end of the film which appears as the protective paper backing is unrolled. Hanging this clip on a near by hook will facilitate the securing of the other film end, the removal of the paper,

and the positioning for introduction into the solutions. Hold the film with both hands and let it form the letter U, raising and lowering the hands alternately. Dip the film first into the clear water for a few moments to soften the emulsion and take some of the curl out of the celluloid base. Then hold it up for a moment to drain, and after noting the time, introduce it into the developer. Constant movement with steady bathing of the film from end to end will ensure even development. In a very short time dark areas will begin to appear in the emulsion, indicating the exposed parts, and these, along with the timepiece, should be carefully watched. About four minutes should be sufficient for full development, and by this time the dark areas may appear almost solid black and show through strongly on the back side.

Once more run the film a few times through the clear water to remove excess developer, and seesaw for a few minutes in the hypo the same as was done in the developer before folding it carefully down into the solution. A clearing of the milky appearance of the film will soon be noticed, and it may now be inspected under white light. After twelve or fifteen minutes of complete submersion in the hypo, the film will be thoroughly cleared and may now be placed in a pan of running water for twenty to thirty minutes of washing. Excess water must be removed with a very soft, clean chamois or photo sponge to eliminate spots. After drying the film in a dust-free room, you can cut it into its individual shots and file them in envelopes.

Joe Murphy's Dime

(Continued from page 8)

had gone to church when he was home."

The last five miles to camp were quiet ones. Each man stayed within his thoughts.

On reaching his barracks Joe was still silent. He wasn't thinking of the friendly man's son, for Joe had a problem of his own. He had come to this camp only last Monday and as soon as he had a chance he had gone to his commanding officer and asked that he might be relieved from his regular duties on Saturday since that was his day of worship. He had mentioned that he was a Seventh-day Adventist, and immediately the officer had cut the conversation short. He had been ordered from the room and told that he would hear of the decision later. Here it was, Wednesday night, and still no word from his officer. He took me out of his pocket, the only coin he had, fumbled with me, looked down and read, "In God We Trust." "In God we trust," he whispered back to me, then went down on his knees to pray.

Early the next morning Joe received an order, "Report to Major Lawson." Had his request been denied? If it were granted, the Major would have sent word through the sergeant. What would he say? In the tension all thoughts seemed to have left him. He became nervous and reached into his pockets for something to keep his hands busy. He grasped me tightly between his fingers, took me out into the light, and looked at me. Again he read, "In God We Trust." Then he grew calm, straightened up, shrugged his shoulders in the tight fit of his blouse, and walked out of the barracks toward the office of Major Lawson.

Major Lawson received him without a smile and did not waste words. "Private Murphy, for the next three days, your

platoon is scheduled to pitch tents and erect camp in 'Tent City.' If by sunset Friday you have worked hard enough and pitched enough tents, you may be relieved of all duties in camp on Saturday. But—you have three day's work to do in two."

Joe breathed a prayer, first of thanks, and then asked for strength. He went to work like a man fighting for life itself. The rest of the men of his platoon, usually setting an easier pace, this time were infected by the contagious fever of hard work. Dinnertime came and the men broke for mess, but Joe worked through. The fellows brought him sandwiches from the PX. All afternoon he drove stakes and his hands were blistered. Each time he stopped for water he noticed how tired his body was, but he started again and worked on. Quitting time came at four-thirty, but he stayed with the job. Two men, knowing of his problem and admiring his spirit, stayed with him. At suppertime they left him and brought sandwiches again after their meal. They tried to persuade him to quit, but Joe knew the alternative and kept going. Then they decided they could not leave him to work alone like that, so they went back to work with him. At midnight they all returned to their barracks, lay down on their cots, and fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Friday's work was just as hard, but Joe earned his week-end pass, starting at 4:30 p. m. each Friday. He also earned the admiration of everyone who knew of his experience in that Army camp. From now on, no matter where I go, I want to be known as Joe Murphy's dime.

Advent Youth in Action

(Continued from page 9)

lighted cross about three feet high, studded with red Christmas-tree bulbs. With the lighted cross on the stage before the audience, the choir and audience would join with deep feeling in the moving, measured chorus:

"When the light of the cross shines through,
War will cease, bringing peace only then;
When the light of the cross shines through,
Darkness ends, life begins—only then."

"At the end of another stanza and the chorus the lights would come on again, and Evangelist Buckwalter would lead in prayer. After the announcements by Pastor A. W. Kaytor, of the Windsor church, and a solo by the song leader, the evangelist would give a clear, forceful exposition of some outstanding phase of the message, which was always blessed by heaven. During the lecture and the singing of specials, members of the choir would be sending up silent petitions, invoking the blessing of God on whatever part of the program might be in progress at the moment.

"At the close of the lecture there might be a special announcement, a few words about the offering, and then as the ushers, some of whom were young people, waited on the congregation for the offering, the choir would render their main number of the evening. This might be 'All Hail Immanuel,' or 'Be Still My Soul,' to the tune of Finlandia, or 'What If It Were Today.' Since it was recognized that the best of the music was saved for the last, the crowd stayed to the very end of the service. After the offering the audience would stand for the benediction and the singing of 'God Save the King.' This national anthem of

the British Empire, our Detroit friends learned to enjoy with the Canadians. As the audience filed out of the theater the choir again took up the strains of 'I Know Whom I Have Believed.'

"After the meeting there were last-minute instructions about the next meeting, hasty good nights, a friendly word or two with the Bible instructors, Mr. and Mrs. David Heslip, and various church members who lingered behind. Each Sunday night scores of young people returned to their homes happy in the thought that they had had a part in the giving of the mighty third angel's message that is today belting the globe in spite of war and multiplied obstacles. Windsor, another of earth's busy cities, has been thoroughly warned. Two of the new believers thus far baptized came out of Catholicism. Seventh-day Adventist young people have had an important part in this work."

Did David Whistle?

(Continued from page 6)

ordered his men to slay the youth who brought him the news. We might wish David had not done that. He himself had practiced deceit in a tight place, and he hadn't been killed for it. Furthermore the boy thought that he was doing David a favor.

And I know that David could not have whistled when he had Uriah sent to his death in the front battle line. Oh, no! We wish David had not done that, either. But since he did I suppose it is well that we know about it, for surely some who have sinned grievously since his time have taken heart from David's experience and have sincerely made the fifty-first psalm their own.

Bitter experiences taught David that it was his trust in God that had protected and prospered his youth. He regained his confidence in his later years, a reaffirmed established confidence, an understanding faith strengthened by experience, but—I wonder if he ever whistled after the death of Absalom.

Worth Dying For

(Continued from page 3)

oxygen case, he fitted the cap to the boy's face. It was too large. Quickly he turned to Mrs. Robinson.

"Get me a funnel of some sort," he ordered. She hurried out and returned shortly with a small rubber funnel. Ted fitted it to the case and held it over the boy's nose and mouth. Carefully he began to regulate the flow of oxygen. Turning, he said to the parents, "There is nothing more that can be done, now. Get some rest." Instead the two knelt by the boy's bedside.

The hours passed, and there was no sign of life in the boy. Ted was cramped from staying in one position for so long. Strange doubts began to pass through his mind as he became conscious of the heaviness of the air in the room. In his imagination he could feel the deadly germs pass through his nostrils into his throat. Already it seemed that he could not breathe, and a choking sensation came upon him. He was disturbed by a touch on his arm. Mrs. Robinson offered him a cup of something hot, which made him feel better, and he turned his thoughts to the sick child once

more. He opened the valve wider and let the last bit of air rush quickly into the boy's nostrils. Nothing happened. Ted stood up and faced the father, now risen to his feet. The young officer turned and would have left the house, but Mr. Robinson stopped him.

"You've been in a death house. You can't go out now!" Once more Ted felt the fear of death.

"Don't blame yourself; you did all you could," solaced Mrs. Robinson. "It was the Lord's will."

"Yes," said her husband gently, "it was the Lord's will. It is better this way. I'm going to see if there is anything I can do for others who are ill."

Ted felt hot and prickly; a sudden coughing came upon him. The Robinsons looked at him worriedly, but before they could speak another cough reached their ears. It came from their son's room. Ted was the first one at the boy's side. The little fellow looked at him with open eyes. A flicker of a smile passed over his face as his mother took his hand, and then he turned a little and slept, breathing regularly and even without effort.

"Thank God," said Mrs. Robinson, tears in her eyes for the first time. Mr. Robinson was on his knees once more.

Ted smiled and reeled to the outer room. He could not see well. His body ached with pain. He was cold, and a heavy blackness was settling down over his senses. When he regained consciousness once more Mr. Robinson was standing over him.

"Your friends have started across the mountains," he said. "I warned them, but to no avail." Ted started to cough. Mrs. Robinson came to his bedside and looked at him with worried eyes. Her husband went on, "If it hadn't been for us you wouldn't be ill now. You would have been out on the trail with your friends. If it is the Lord's will they may get through. They may find civilization again." Ted took the missionary's hand and smiled despite his pain. As he closed his eyes he whispered, "It doesn't matter. I've found something worth dying for."

There was a knock on the door. Mrs. Robinson went to answer it. She returned with her arms full of long gray tubes. "Usacho just brought these. He said the soldiers told him to bring them down to us." Mr. Robinson whispered a prayer of thanks as he took one of the cases and fitted the funnel over Ted's face.

Answers to Events Quizz

1. Lieut.-Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell.
2. Philadelphia. A six-day strike of 6,000 transportation workers completely paralyzed transportation and kept 2,000,000 people stranded, 900,000 of them war workers.
3. Approximately fifteen miles long and six miles wide.
4. Yes. A subway four and one-half miles long which opened October 16, 1943.
5. To any man or woman who "shall have served in the active military or naval service" of the United States for as much as ninety days at any time after September 16, 1940, and prior to the close of the war who is discharged under conditions "other than dishonorable."
6. It was declared an open city, and the bulk of Axis troops withdrew before the Allies entered.
7. The Ponte Vecchio.
8. Eight—Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Texas.
9. The creation of an "international military air corps" which would warn and deal with future aggressors.
10. The U. S. Senate confirmed his promotion from colonel to permanent rank of major general; and he was announced as the "tactical genius" who lead the "rampant United States Third Army" to the German border and into one sector of the Reich.

A High Ideal

HIGHER than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached. Before the student there is opened a path of continual progress. He has an object to achieve, a standard to attain, that includes everything good, and pure, and noble. . . . But his efforts will be directed to objects as much higher than mere selfish and temporal interests as the heavens are higher than the earth.—*Ellen G. White.*



SENIOR YOUTH

V—Jonah—the Reluctant Missionary

(November 4)

MEMORY VERSE: Jonah 2:9.

1. What word came to Jonah from the Lord? Jonah 1:1, 2.

NOTE.—The prophet Jonah lived in the days of Jeroboam II. He was the son of Amittai of Gath-hepher. Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, was five hundred miles to the northeast as the crow flies.

2. How did Jonah respond to this commission? Verse 3.

NOTE.—"Jonah, to escape from duty and the presence of God, attempted to go to Tarshish, or Spain, two thousand miles away to the west. But whether on land or sea or in the sea, he could not hide himself from God or escape his duty."—*McKibbin, Old Testament History, p. 323.*

3. What caused the shipmaster to rebuke Jonah? Verses 4-6.

NOTE.—"He lay, and was fast asleep." "Be thankful when your sin troubles you, when it agitates you and makes you uneasy and keeps you awake at night. When that no longer happens, beware; for the sleep of indifference and of satisfaction in sin is all but fatal."—*C. E. Macartney, Sermons on Old Testament History, p. 149.*

4. For what purpose did the mariners cast lots? With what result? Verse 7.

5. How was Jonah then questioned? What acknowledgment did he make? Verses 8, 9.

NOTE.—"Even in their supreme danger the mariners were anxious not only to avoid all violence but all haste. While the fury of the waves and the tempest constantly increased, and every instant was precious to those who prized their lives, they patiently instituted an investigation with almost judicial calmness. Though fully trusting to the reality of the decision by lot, they were resolved neither to execute the judgment without the offender's confession, nor to execute it in an arbitrary manner."—*Cambridge Bible.*

6. Rather than imperil the safety of others what did Jonah suggest? Verses 10-12.

NOTE.—"Jonah's conduct in the storm is no less noble than his former conduct had been base. . . . His confession of faith; his calm conviction that he was the cause of the storm; his quiet, unhesitating command to throw him into the wild chaos foaming about the ship; his willing acceptance of death as the wages of sin—all tell how true a saint he was in the depths of his soul."—*Butler, The Bible Work, Vol. IX, p. 448.*

7. Nevertheless, how did the mariners seek to save their lives? What did they finally recognize was the only way for them to be saved? Verses 13-16.

8. When Jonah was miraculously saved from the ocean, what further word came to him from the Lord? How readily did he obey? Jonah 3:1-4.

NOTE.—"Once more the servant of God was commissioned to warn Nineveh. . . . This time he did not stop to question or doubt, but obeyed unhesitatingly. He 'arose, and went unto Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord.'"—*Prophets and Kings, pp. 269, 270.*

9. How were the people of Nineveh and the king affected by Jonah's message? What did the Lord do when the people repented? Verses 5-10.

NOTE.—The Lord cannot turn away from the prayer of the penitent. To Him destruction is a strange act. His heart of love seeks for construction, salvation, and love. Therefore He asks us to cry against the wickedness that blights and spoils. If repentance follows He stretches out His hand of forgiveness and love.

10. How did the repentance of the Ninevites affect Jonah? For what did he beseech the Lord? Jonah 4:1-3.

11. By what question did the Lord rebuke the prophet? How was God's protection shown? What conversation took place between Jonah and the Lord? Verses 4-11.

NOTE.—"Confused, humiliated, and unable to understand God's purpose in sparing Nineveh, Jonah nevertheless had fulfilled the commission given him to warn that great city; and though the event predicted did not come to pass, yet the message of warning was none the less from God. And it accomplished the purpose God designed it should. The glory of His grace was revealed among the heathen."—*Id., pp. 272, 273.*

12. How did Jesus refer to Jonah's experience? Matt. 12:38-41.

JUNIOR

V—The Man Who Ran Away

(November 4)

LESSON TEXT: The book of Jonah.

MEMORY VERSE: "All that Thou commandest us we will do, and whithersoever Thou sendest us, we will go." Joshua 1:16.

Guiding Thought

"The Line Shall Not Break Where I Stand

"I will stand in the pathway of duty
For a cause which shall never retreat;
'Tis with God-given strength I shall conquer
And the foe in the conflict defeat.

"I will stand 'gainst a great host of darkness
And list to the Master's command
Sent down from the heavenly portals,
'The line must not break where you stand.'

"The line shall not break where I stand,
For I'll answer the Master's demand
And shout with God's armor around me,
'The line shall not break where I stand.'

"I will stand in the pathway of duty,
Though the dark clouds of sin o'er me roll,
For with prayer and the sword of the Spirit
Despair shall not enter my soul.

"I will fight against Satan, the tempter,
By faith holding firmly God's hand;
By the sign of the cross I'll be victor—
The line shall not break where I stand."

—*Laura D. Whitmore, adapted.*

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the book of Jonah.

ASSIGNMENT 2

At the time of this lesson, Nineveh was an old, old city. It was also a very large city. The palaces of the kings and the temples to the heathen gods were very fine indeed. Many people were wealthy and had beautiful homes and servants and everything they could wish. Many, many more were poor and ignorant (Jonah 4:11), and lived in little dark hovels. Although the people of Nineveh worshiped the sun and moon and many gods, there were those who wanted something better. The Lord knew all about these people and loved them all, from the king in his palace to the poorest of the men and women.

So He spoke to a man over in the land of Judah, about five hundred miles away. He wanted this man, Jonah, to carry the story of His love to the people of Nineveh.

Now study the memory verse.

ASSIGNMENT 3

1. Who was Jonah? What special task did the Lord assign to him? Jonah 1:1, 2.

NOTE.—Jonah was a prophet just preceding and possibly overlapping the time Isaiah prophesied. This was during the reign of Jeroboam II. (2 Kings 14:23-25.)

2. Instead of obeying the Lord, to what place did Jonah attempt to flee? Jonah 1:3.

NOTE.—It was God's purpose that Israel should tell the nations of His love and goodness. They had not done this; so the Lord sent a special messenger. Was he holding "the line" for God when he ran away? Tarshish, in Spain, was about two thousand miles from Palestine in the opposite direction from Nineveh.

ASSIGNMENT 4

3. What trouble did the ship meet? What did the captain and sailors do? Verses 4-6.

4. How were the sailors affected when Jonah told them he was to blame for the storm? Verses 7-10.

5. What did Jonah say should be done to calm the storm? How did the sailors try to avoid doing this? Verses 11-16.

6. What had the Lord prepared to save Jonah's life? Verse 17.

ASSIGNMENT 5

At last Jonah decided to carry out the Lord's command and go to Nineveh. He was sorry for running away when he should have been the Lord's messenger to the people of Nineveh.

7. What was Jonah's prayer? Jonah 2:1-6.

8. Whom did he remember? What was his promise? How was he delivered? Verses 7-10.

9. How did Jonah show he was truly sorry for his act of disobedience? Jonah 3:1-3.

ASSIGNMENT 6

10. How did the king and the people receive Jonah's message? What proclamation did the king make? What did he hope God would do? Jonah 3:4-9.

11. What was the result of Jonah's preaching? Verse 10.

12. Why was Jonah displeased? In discouragement, what did he say to the Lord? Jonah 4:1-4.

13. Where did he go? Why? Verse 5.

14. What lesson did the Lord try to teach Jonah? (Answer: To love others.) What reason did the Lord give for sparing Nineveh? Verses 7-11.

ASSIGNMENT 7

"Perhaps today there are loving words
Which Jesus would have me speak,
There may be now in the paths of sin
Some wand'rer whom I should seek;
O Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide,
Though rugged and dark the way,
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet,
I'll say what you want me to say."

—*Mary Brown.*

Joe, who had never learned of Jesus, came for a long visit with his cousin Fred.

"I won't do anything really bad, but I'll just not go to church or say anything about being a Christian," Fred told himself as he waited for the bus to come in.

Was he a Jonah?

"Oh, I didn't say a word. I acted just like all the others," Jane told grandmother after her visit to cousins whom she had never seen before. "They didn't know I ever went to church and knew anything about Jesus."

But did she truly believe in Jesus, and that He is coming soon?

Was she a Jonah?

Do I represent Jesus wherever I go? Do I tell others of Jesus' love every opportunity I have? Am I a Jonah?

Read thoughtfully and with a prayer the Guiding Thought. Now ask yourself: Does the line hold where I stand?

Review the memory verse, and then read it as if it were written just for you. "All that Thou commandest me I will do, and whithersoever Thou sendest me, I will go."



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
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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

► CUBA recently held her first election under the new law providing fines of 50 cents to \$500 for failure to vote.

► WAR or no war, more than 36,000,000 cars, trucks, and busses, not including military vehicles, are reported still running throughout the world—only 8,000,000 less than at the close of 1939.

► It is forecast that refrigerators of the future will be of table height with top-opening compartments. This will enable a single unit to have a wider range of temperature than is now possible with front-opening doors.

► THE Department of the Interior announces a new stamp for the 1944-45 hunting season, designed by Walter A. Weber, wild life artist and assistant curator of birds in the National Museum. It shows three white front geese "coming in," costs one dollar, and may be purchased singly or in blocks of twenty-eight.

► HWA LO-KENG, a self-taught Chinese mathematician, is coming to the United States to lecture at the invitation of Dr. Albert Einstein, physicist and mathematician, now professor at the Institute for Advance Study at Princeton, New Jersey. Doctor Einstein is starting a series of lectures on unsolved problems in mathematics by authorities from various parts of the world.

► TWELVE years ago a Peterstown, West Virginia, farm boy was having a horseshoe game with his father when he turned up a large, transparent stone. "Look," he shouted, "I've found a diamond." He did not really believe that he had, but just recently he showed the stone to experts. It proved to be a 34.46-carat diamond, the largest "alluvial" diamond ever discovered in the United States.

► FANWEED, also known as pennycress, stinkweed, and French weed, a species of mustard plant which grows over a foot high and troubles farmers in the United States and Canada, with the exception of the American Southwest, can now be raised as a valuable war oil plant. The seeds of the weed produce an oil which is valuable for blending lubricating oils for high temperature use. It substitutes for rapeseed oil, which before the war was imported from Japan.

► THE Bible is now being published in 1,062 languages. Before the disaster of war came a new language was being added to this list approximately every five weeks. This was due to the untiring efforts of missionaries who were constantly producing the Scriptures for use in their mission fields in languages never before published. Undoubtedly this translation work is still going on, but with so many of the missions cut off from the usual means of communication with the outside world, no word of these activities comes through.

► IN the year 1814 a British naval force invaded the United States—the two countries were then at war—and a British detachment sailed up the Potomac River and easily captured the defenseless American capital city. The troops at once proceeded to the "President's Palace," where they ate a dinner which had been intended for the President and his family, the first family having received news of the attack in time to escape. Then, having eaten their fill, the soldiers set fire to the building, and it was greatly damaged by the flames. When it was rebuilt, the entire structure was given a coat of white paint to hide all marks of flame and smoke. To this fact the now popular name "White House" owes its origin.

► ADD vivicillin to the list of new miracle drugs. This latest medical discovery, made by two German refugees now in London, is a simplified form of penicillin. Both are grown from mold. Vivicillin effects amazing cures of infections and is adapted to treatment of wounds.

► A MEDICAL history of the war, consisting of photographs and drawings of new surgical techniques and unusual treatment of diseases, is being compiled by the Army Medical Corps.

► AN iron mine in New Jersey that supplied ore for the Revolutionary War is now furnishing materials for the present war.

► SHEER hosiery for women and tough rope to tow airplane gliders are both made of nylon.

► THE peel of apples is five times as rich in vitamin C as the flesh.

► SUNFLOWER seed is now one of Argentina's principal crops and will yield this year a large surplus of edible oil for export.

► It is reliably reported that one eleventh of the total amount of food grown in the United States last year came from Victory gardens.

► A NEW type of flexible wooden sole for shoes has recently been patented. It consists of a wood-tread surface made up of small wood units, each square, except those along the edge of the sole, and having independent movement. They are held to a thin leather split or some other available material. The wood sole is treated with a waterproofing material to prevent it from swelling in use.

★ ★ HE LEADETH ME ★ ★



Together

Written by a Medical Soldier
Who Is Overseas, to His Wife
at Home

I see you kneel, alone, but my heart is beside you.
I can hear you pray for me—

Through clouds of war and miles of space
I hear your voice and see your face;
I see you kneel at close of day,
I hear you softly, sweetly pray:

"O God, please keep him from all harm,
Please let him rest upon your arm;
Protect his footsteps all the while,
And give him strength to conquer trial."

Yes, my love, I hear your prayer,
And though my heart aches to be there,
It's God's wish that it be this way;
I know He's listening as I pray:

"Dear God in heaven up above,
Look down upon the one I love;
Tell her, Lord, she should not fear,
Though far away, through prayer, I'm near."

"When clouds of war that dim the sun
Have passed away and victory's won,
Protect us all from future strife
And give us faith throughout our life."