

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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ARE THEY ALL
DELINQUENT?

•

YOUTH IN CONFLICT

•

TEEN GIRL
SHOWS POISE

•

TWO FAT GEESE

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SUZY Q.'S MISTAKE

•

HAPPY DEATH OF
A YOUTH

Vol. 6, No. 6—March, 1966

Are They All Delinquent?

(See lead article.)

*What we are afraid to do
before men, we should be
afraid to think before God.*

—Selected

Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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your renewal and communications.

Are They All Delinquent??

"They are not *all* delinquent," says nationally-known news commentator, Paul Harvey. In fact, it is a very small percentage of the nation's youth that become law violators. The majority of our youth are law-abiding. Many are so courageous that they could be classed as the very opposite of delinquent.

The following account is excerpted from an article in *The Christian Herald* and was reprinted in the Nov., 1965 *Reader's Digest*:

"Charles W. (Joe) Knighton, 16, of Montgomery, Ala., was walking on the shore of a lake near his home one June day when he heard a woman crying for help; her husband had lost consciousness in the water. Joe leaped into a boat . . . and, because there were no oars, used his hands to paddle out to the hopeless man. Able to lift only his charge's head and one arm across the side of the boat, Joe held onto him with one arm and with the other hand paddled back to shore.

"A doctor arrived and pronounced William F. Cannon dead, but Joe wouldn't give up. Kneeling before the prone body, he used the arm-lift method of artificial respiration. Rhythmically, he raised Cannon's elbows to let air into the lungs, then lowered them and pressed on the shoulder pit to force the air out.

"Later, a car came to pick up 'the body.' Against the boy's protests, his lifesaving efforts were interrupted and Cannon's inert form was lifted into an automobile. Joe insisted on going along to continue respiration. After another hour he had muscle cramps in his legs, his knees were rubbed raw, his wrists ached. But he kept at it.

"Suddenly Cannon gasped. Then again. A miracle was happening. As the kneeling boy watched, the long-inanimate body steadily drew in the breath of life.

"Cannon was given oxygen by a rescue squad and taken to a hospital where he soon recovered fully. Joe, having done all he could, went back to the lake to fish."

No, "they are not *all* delinquent."

Charles (Joe) Knighton was one of several youths over the country to receive the Young American Medal for Bravery which is presented by the President.

Young people over the nation rise to meet emergencies

which test their moral character and courage. They come through with flying colors. They often risk their lives to save other humans, sometimes losing their own lives in the process.

No, "they are not *all* delinquent."

And we are thankful that there are so many who are so noble. It is our concern, though, that their number will *increase* rather than decrease. Perhaps the one most important contributing factor to delinquency is the evil influence of pornographic and obscene or near obscene material on newsstands, movies and television. We know that youth are bombarded with temptations and evil influences which would degrade their morals. The flood of smutty, trashy magazines is a veritable deluge directed to submerge the minds of youth in a mire of filth. According to the F. B. I. and other law enforcement agencies, this "literature" is one of the major causes of sex crimes and violence in the nation today. The readers of such material, even if it does not cause them to commit open crime, are affected by it to some extent. Evil takes root a thousand times more readily than good. An evil scene, an evil plot, an evil suggestion will lodge in the mind to torment it for years, even when that mind desires to throw it out. In contrast, a good, clean, moral story may be forgotten in two weeks!

So while we are thankful for the millions of youth who never come into open conflict with the law, and while we heartily congratulate the courageous ones who risk their lives to save their fellow beings, we still recognize that *every last one* is affected by his own sinful nature PLUS the evil influences around him. ALL "have gone astray" like sheep. *Just because a clean-cut American youth will come to the rescue of another in time of emergency does not make him morally upright.*

It is fine to be courageous. It is fine to be honest, to refuse to cheat and steal. It is fine to refrain from all manner of moral uncleanness. The world is better off and you live a happier life if you follow the ways of integrity and cleanliness, . . . BUT THIS IS NOT ENOUGH! A young man or a young

woman can do all this and be counted morally upright before all the world and yet not be right in the sight of God. We can indeed live so as not to violate the laws of the land and be classed as delinquent, but the human race is "delinquent" as violators of the laws of *God*. Our lives as far as outward acts are concerned may be above reproach, but God looks further than the outward acts in a man's life. He looks right to the thoughts and intents of the heart.

So, instead of seeing yourself as morally good because you don't come into conflict with the law enforcement officers or because you don't break out into some gross sin, don't think you are "pretty good" or "as good as anybody else." That "anybody else," apart from Christ, is in the same condition you are in apart from Christ. That is, sinful and deserving of eternal punishment and the wrathful judgments of a holy God! May we see ourselves not as we think we are, nor as others see us, but as we *really* are.

—Editor



THE QUESTION THAT BOOMERANGED

There is a story of a young college girl who visited the home of Beethoven. She asked permission so play on the great master's piano. She played a few bars and then said to the guard, "I suppose all the great artists have played this piano during their visits here?" He replied, "No. Paderewski was here two years ago and someone asked him to play, but he declined, saying he was not worthy to touch that piano." All great people are humble. That is why they are great.—Charles L. Allen, *Prayer Changes Things* (Fleming H. Revell Company) via Conquest.

WANTED—1,000 new readers. Let a friend know how much you enjoy *Youth's Living Ideals*. Then take advantage of the special "Two-for-One Offer." Send in your renewal **AND** a subscription for a friend—**BOTH** for only \$3.00.

We've noticed that if you send your child to some college, it turns out like sending your clothes to some laundries,—you get out what you put in, but you don't recognize it.—Baptist Trumpet

Youth in Conflict

(A reprint of a letter to Abigail Van Buren, taken from the
Burlington (N. C.) Daily Times News.)

Dear Abby:

About a month ago I started working at a place where there are seven other girls. During their lunch hour all the girls sit around and tell dirty stories and use the name of the Lord in vain. Their language is filthy. I finally took my lunch and went to sit alone in the corner by myself as far away from them as I could get. One of the girls came over to me and asked if I thought I was "too good" to eat with them. I told her, "No, I just prefer to eat alone and read my Bible."

Everybody laughed at me.

Now nobody even speaks to me, Abby. I need this job. Must I pretend their language doesn't bother me and go along with the others? What should I do?

ONE OF A KIND

DEAR ONE: First, TELL the girls why you want no part of them. Perhaps there will be one girl in the crowd who feels the same as you but has been joining in because she, too, lacked the courage to speak up. If you find that you are entirely alone, I assure you that isn't the last job in the world. "Seek and ye shall find." (Matthew 7:8)

Editor's Note: Standing for right often means standing alone. But don't grieve over the loss of such companions—the companionship of God is far better. (Incidentally, readers, this type of problem is what makes us want to get *Youth's Living Ideals* to more youth for help and encouragement. You can help us now by sending us names and addresses for free sample copies.)



One teacher to another: "Not only is he the worst behaved child in school, but he has a perfect attendance record."

Excerpts from . . .

"We Must Win the War Against Filth"

(Excerpts from a speech delivered by Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmanno at the Citizens For Decent Literature Convention held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, on Oct. 23, 1965, and is reprinted from the Nov.-Dec. issue of The National Decency Reporter. Via Through to Victory.)

. . . A tide of printed filth is advancing across the land in a way which should give every wholesome-thinking person cause to wonder whether it may not erode the very foundations of the basic morality upon which our nation and our Constitution were founded.

In bookstores, railroad stations, air terminals, drug stores, everywhere that print is displayed and pictures revealed, there stand pyramids of smut, pornography and obscenity contaminating the very air in which they rest. . . .

. . . Acts of degeneracy and unnatural conduct are being portrayed in contemporary literature as if they were normal and accepted practice in civilized life. Adultery and every other type of illegal and sinful conduct is being depicted glamorously, as if calling for emulation.

The healthful, romantic, and poetic relationship between man and woman is being treated in the basest and most animalistic terms. . . .

. . . In short, a wide river of filth is sweeping across the nation, befouling its shores and spreading over the land its nauseating stench. . . .

ALL STATES HAVE ANTI-PORNOGRAPHY LAWS

There is not a state in the union lacking a law—statutory or common law—which prohibits the selling of obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy and indecent printed matter. Yet many pros-

ecutors, basking on the shores of that dirty river, scarcely lift an eye to the wealthy pornographers cruising by in their luxurious yachts because, they say, it is useless to prosecute since the courts almost invariably decide in favor of the yacht owners. . . This is not true. There are many judges throughout the land who are as concerned about the demoralizing effect of lewd literature on children as the mother of any brood of young ones. . . .

. . . The pornography assailing the minds of American youth today *may eventually wipe out for them the barrier between what they know is wrong and what is being told them, through the incessant hammering of the printed page, is not wrong.* For, mind you, in most of these obscene books it is a fact that crime, sin and the vilest conduct is held up as normal, proper and even glamorous.

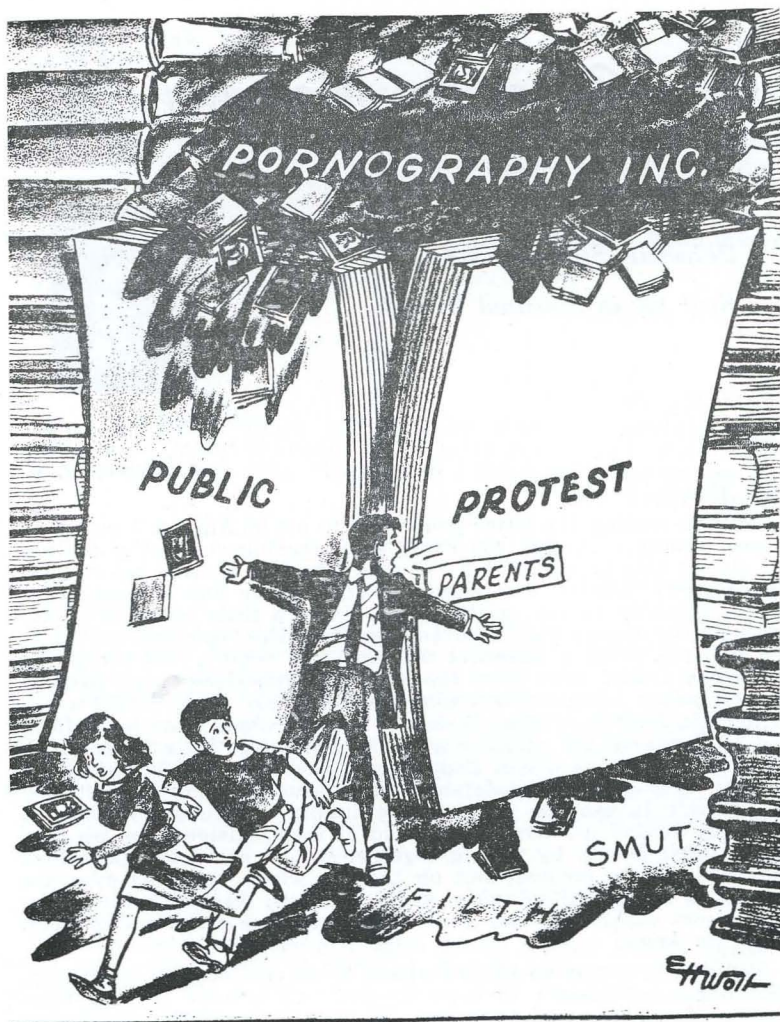
. . . J Edgar Hoover, the chief law enforcement officer in the United States, has said: "*I personally believe that pornography is a major cause of sex violence. I believe if we could eliminate the distribution of such items among impressionable school-age children we should greatly reduce our frightening sex crime rate.*" He said further: "The circulation of periodicals containing salacious materials *plays an important part in the development of crime among the youth of our country.*"

Every licentious, lewd paperback is an insult to the world of women, every pornographic volume is an affront to parenthood.

—Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmanno

You'd KILL a Cobra . . . to protect your child! But . . . are your children being protected from the poisoning of their minds by the smut merchants? Do you know that over 75% of this \$500,000,000 (500 million dollar) business in obscene literature is directed to juveniles?—Through to Victory

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien As to be hated, needed to be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."—Alexander Pope



—Picture from Through to Victory

Youth, the best thing to do with such a flood of filth is to flee or run from it. That's right, "flee also youthful lusts." In running you will be resisting the devil "and he will flee FROM YOU."

'Here Comes the Mailman'



University Student Finds

Real Joy in Spiritual Growth



Asheville, N. C.

Dear Editor,

I am re-reading the letter you wrote to me in August. I meant to answer sooner. . . . But you know, after reading your letter tonight—I almost hate to say it—but I'm glad I haven't written before now. The reason? Almost everything in your letter has a much more special meaning to me at this point. I see a little bit farther into some of the things you were saying. Take the "spiritual universe" for example. What a beautiful thought! And what a real thing. Oh, every day I find more true the fact that **experience must precede understanding**. I began discovering that years ago in my school work: arithmetic, history, science, it doesn't matter what. I can learn facts and "understand" the situation well; but until some little "something" clicks into place and makes that concept, that principle, a part of me and my very life, true understanding or true learning hasn't taken place. Isn't it exciting to grow spiritually! There are flowers of truth all around us. We may be told of their existence, or we may deduce their beauty by piecing together certain characteristics which they are said to possess; but oh the joy when our blind eyes are opened to the lovely splendor—when we touch them with the finger of our own experience, and smell their fragrance close to our faces. Then we know.

Still our eyes may be blinded again, or we can look the other way. We forget the flowers we have known, and wonder if they were real, or if we only imagined them. We have to be continually having our eyes opened to them, and this means we have to be **alive** and growing. We cannot sleep, or refuse to go where our eyes may be opened, and still expect to see real things, can we? The Bible is like a bouquet of flowers sent to a sin-sick soul.

"He always gives us more than we deserve and even surprises us with the solutions He works out." How many times have I shook my head this year and noted that I have been blessed with easier solutions to my problems than I deserve! And how ungrateful I am. It seems that though I want to be thankful, that I just can't be

thankful enough. In return for His bountiful goodness, what filthy rags I bring.

Here are some quotes from Jim Elliot that strike me particularly as echoing some recent discoveries in my own living:

(1) "God's Word my standard, not examples of world or even in church." (2) "Turns in road will have signs. . . ." (3) "One does not surrender a life in an instant. That which is lifelong can only be surrendered in a lifetime."

May God bless you. Thank you for the good, clean literature to nourish my mind.

In Christian growth,

—Gloria Huffman

Flint, Michigan

When talking to Tonya and Timothy about the advantages of reading good moral character or Bible stories instead of so many "fairy tales," Tonya said, "That's why I like Youth's Living Ideals."

—Mrs. Frank Staggs

Jefferson, N. C.

Dear Editors,

I have planned to write you for a long time and renew my subscription to your wonderful magazine. I haven't received a copy in a year and I really have missed it, and I feel like I have missed a lot of good reading. I hope I never miss another copy.

Sometime back I got hungry for something good to read, so I started reading my old copies of Youth's Living Ideals. Believe me, they were inspiring and heart-warming to me. I want to teach the children the lessons that are taught in the different articles.

—Kathleen Barker

Marshfield, Missouri

Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed very much Youth's Living Ideals! I have agreed 100% with every article (I think). I want to encourage you to keep up the good work. I wish every "teen-ager" especially could read them. I'll send a list of names and addresses of some who I think would really enjoy receiving a sample copy.

—Mrs. Don Golden (27)

Bob Jones University
Greenville, S. C.

. . . Please renew my subscription to Youth's Living Ideals. I commend you on the quality of this superb magazine.

—William A. Petersen

March, 1966

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My Friend the Jew

I'd like to tell you about my friend, the Jew.

His name is Joseph Mayer, and he's the only one in my office with whom I can discuss Christianity.

I am a Christian, therefore I am interested in the things of Christianity. I like to discuss them, say, over lunch. Not in any sophomoric sense, but in an exchange of thoughts and experiences that can be beneficial.

This should be easy where I work, because my colleagues are mostly Christians. That is, they are members of Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and other Christian churches.

But these Christians don't seem to like to talk about Christianity. They seem to be interested in almost anything *except* Christianity.

So I turn to my friend Joseph Mayer. We often have lunch together, and discuss religious matters, both in a reverent attitude.

Joseph tells me about Moses. I tell him about Jesus. He tells me about the Talmud. I tell him about the New Testament. He tells me about Passover. I tell him about [the resurrection].

But why is Joseph Mayer the only one who will discuss these matters? Why not my Christian friends? Are they ashamed of being Christians? Or aren't they full-time Christians? Aren't they missing something by not bring Christianity to work with them?

And aren't they depriving the world of the only One who can save it?

—Robert J. Church in *Eternity*

Could be, Mr. Church, that part of these professing Christians are not really Christians at all. They could be deceived in themselves.—Editor



"No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself."

Strange Hiding Places for the Bible

A Bible was once baked into a loaf of bread. During a period of oppression in Bohemia in the 16th century, Bibles were being collected and burned, and their owners also.

As the Bible hunters strode from house to house, ransacking each place in their search, a Christian housewife shaped a large loaf of bread around the family Bible. To all appearances, it was an ordinary item of food. Indeed it *was*—for body and soul!

That famous Bible is in the possession of descendants of that courageous family, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stepan, in Libuse, near Pineville, Louisiana.

A Bible was once hidden inside a pillow. Adoniram Judson had labored faithfully in Burma to translate the Bible into the language of the people there. In order to save the precious work when he was arrested during the war, he instructed his wife Ann to bring the Bible to him in a pillow. This he kept with him. When he was removed to another place, a native friend rescued the pillow. God was watching over His Word.

A Bible was once buried in a garden under a head of cabbage. Little Mary, the story goes, saw her father reading the Bible in his blacksmith shop—a forbidden act. Hiding in the shadows, she saw him place it over the mantel and return to his work. In a few days, when soldiers in search of Bibles were nearing the shop, Mary pushed a stool over to the mantel, stood on tiptoe, and pulled down the Bible. She ran quickly to the garden, where she buried it under a cabbage.

Countless other stories could be told, where God put into the hearts of people to protect His Word.

In His own Word, God has given the secret of the best hiding place for it. The Psalmist explains where and why: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." (Psa. 119:11) Because the Word of God is the sword of the Spirit employed by Him in combatting the temptations of the devil, the Christian must have the weapon ready for action.

—Marie Manire Chapman in *My Delight*

The Humble Background of a Great Man

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the first smoke rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I take my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kind ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode.

I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who reared it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof and, through fire and blood of seven years revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country and to rear his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind!—Daniel Webster



A mountain never moves away downstate or gets the notion to follow
a wild geese flight.
It's good to have a mountain for a neighbor and know it's there
however dark the night.
—Frances Frost

Teen Girl Shows Poise

RUTH MILLETT

Newspaper Enterprise Association

When I first saw this teen-ager at my next-door neighbor's party, I felt proud of her as a representative of what a young American could be.

She stood straighter than the rest, with head held higher.

She spoke in a low, pleasing voice, while most of the others talked shrilly.

When boys joined the group she didn't giggle or start trying to attract attention. She wasn't shy or aloof—but just seemed to act on the theory that boys weren't so special that she had to change her personality to attract their attention.

She could talk to older people without acting bored and eager to get away, or without assuming such a deferential attitude that she built a wall they couldn't cross.

Her manners came from doing the thoughtful thing, which a more self-conscious teen-ager would not have noticed needed doing.

Her mother and dad deserve a lot of credit. Somehow they have helped her to have enough awareness of other people to be able to think of someone else besides herself, at an age when self-centeredness is pretty much taken for granted.

They must have taught her, too, . . . that natural dignity that comes from self-respect is as good as beauty in making a girl stand out from a crowd.

And they must have let her in on the secret that a girl doesn't have to turn into a giggler or a show-off to make boys notice her.

At 16, she couldn't have acquired that knowledge without the guidance of interested parents.

—From *The Flint* (Michigan) Journal. Selected by Gladys Staggs.



"A man, like a tack, will only go as far as his head will let him."

March, 1966

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Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

The other day a dear one said: "You have been a great help to me." It made me happy of course to think that in some small way my life had been helpful to another. But I think I felt also something akin to shame. As I considered that someone is always watching us, how sad I felt that my life could not be more of an inspiration. How many times I could remember when my attitude and behavior were *not* charitable, kind and understanding!

If we could always remember the value of kindness expressed—of charity, it would be easier to manifest it. It makes the one upon whom we bestow it happy and it makes us happy. Then there are those of whom we are unaware who are learning from us. What a sacred responsibility! We might talk of kindness and all agree this is fine, but as watching hearts see it in action, it becomes *effective*.

We show what we are *inside* by *outward* words and deeds.

* * *

It is just our nature, I fear, to look for faults. Any small unfavorable act or behavior irritates us. So often we say "He (or she) is a nice person, *but* . . . Oh, that "*but*"! How much happier we could make others if we could just leave it off! He or she is a nice person—period! No "*buts*"!

Sure, he has faults. Everyone knows this. We need not accentuate them by "*butting*" them. *We* have faults—not the least of which is the tendency to over-use this "*but*." If we had no other fault, this one is enough to keep us silent.

Our Lord taught us about this. He said, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. . . ." And again: "Take the beam (a large thing) out of your own eye, then you can see more clearly to remove the mote (a tiny thing) from your brother's eye."

Oh that I might keep very silent until *I* have no faults!

* * *

To think too much about what is *bad* in another person is to magnify it. It is just as true of another's *goodness*. If we think of his goodness most of the time, we may magnify the good instead of the bad. And we shouldn't magnify either one.

We love to look at beautiful scenes in a magnifying viewer. But we are not interested in viewing any unlovely scene. Let us focus our "viewer" on our friends' good qualities, not on their failings! It is a morbid, negative pastime to always want to see bad things. Let us look for lovely things in our friends, instead of soiling both them and ourselves by digging in the dirt!

We must admit there are wrongs—of course! Then forget them. By our emphasizing a person's virtue instead of a fault, we may more effectively correct it. The very quick recognition of any virtue encourages one to step higher. Constant criticism is discouraging. If we could as constantly commend him, who knows to what heights our encouragement might inspire him?

Virtues—like roses—will grow more lavishly where there has been loving cultivation.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

BE SLOW TO BLAME

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own heart ere you venture,
If it has not failing too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage home again.

Do not, then in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;
Hastiness to trouble tends;
Those of whom we thought unkindly
Oft become our warmest friends.

—Author Unknown

Round Table Discussion

• YOUTH PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY OUR READERS •

This department is mainly for the views of you the readers.
Please send in any questions you would like to
see discussed in this department.

QUESTION: "I would like a certain amount of security in life. How can I know what to plan for my life?"



Cheri Baldwin, 15, Ft. Worth, Texas: "There is no security in life. The only place that has security is heaven. The best way to plan your life is working for our Lord." [In ALL that you do do to His glory.—Ed.]

Agnes Romeyn, 15, B. C., Canada: "We cannot plan our own lives for God plans all our lives. There is but one security and it is in God and His Word only." [So seeking divine guidance as to what God's plan is for us is the answer.—Ed.]



Patricia Sandifer, 17, Jackson, Miss.: "Plan a career from which you can derive such happiness and security as is possible from this life. Plan a career with which you will be satisfied. But above all, plan to keep God the center of your life. In all things serve Him; others things shall be added unto you."

Sherry Cornell, 17, Graham, N. C.: "Only prayer and waiting can really give a person his life's goal. But all this time a person must walk right through Bible study and prayer."



Cheryl Vass, 16, Floyd, Va.: "Pray to God and He already has the plan for your life. It shall be made known to you."

Kathy Bledsoe, 15, Fort Worth, Texas: "2nd Peter 1:5-9. The security guarantee for this plan is 2nd Peter 1: 10, 'Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, you shall never fall.'"



Mrs. E. O. Baldwin, Fort Worth, Texas: "There is no security in life. [Apart from God's providential keeping.—Ed.] The only 'security' is in heaven. The 'plan of life' should be to obey all God's commands."

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: God Himself is His people's Trust Fund. Never empty, never dry. There is fulness in Him. Every need He will supply both spiritually and naturally."

NEXT MONTH'S QUESTION—

"SHOULD YOUNG PEOPLE KISS WHILE DATING OR EVEN
GIVE A 'GOOD NIGHT KISS' AFTER A DATE?"

IMPORTANT: Can you list some questions young people ask?

THANK YOU!

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM MORE OF YOU



WILLIE WAS RIGHT

Willie was none too bright, but he always had an answer. The teacher was drilling the class on the mysteries of mathematics. "Willie," she said, "how much is nine and six?"

"Thirteen," said Willie.

"No. Try again."

"Sixteen."

"No."

"Seventeen."

"Willie, Willie," said the teacher, "why couldn't you guess a smaller number—fifteen say?"

"Oh, no," said Willie, "it couldn't be fifteen."

"Why couldn't it?" asked the teacher.

"Because," said Willie, "ten and five make fifteen."

—Sunshine Magazine

Two Fat Geese

EVELYN WITTER

The people in our community pointed to my dad and Aaron Lindquist as outstanding examples of the goodness that comes from living by the precept, "Love thy neighbor." Here were two men who farmed side by side for thirty years in complete harmony.

But the companionship and mutual understanding that existed between the two men did not cause any wonder in their families. Their own folks knew the secret. The truth of the matter was that Dad and Aaron probably would not have been such exemplary neighbors if an experience had not jolted them into the real wisdom of friendship.

The occasion arose several years after they had taken up adjoining farms. They always worked together in repairing the fence between their properties until one rainy spring. Rain had kept them out of the fields so long that they were both getting impatient and edgy. The fence had been damaged by heavy downpours, and had to be rebuilt so the livestock would be secure while the men spent long days in the fields.

One portion of the fence line was easy to build; but the other part was on bedrock, and post holes had to be drilled in, rather than merely dug out.

On the fence-building day Aaron said to Dad, "Look, I'm cramped for time. I'm not going to build your part of the fence—only my own!"

Dad glared. "You mean to tell me that my part is on the bedrock?"

"Sure!" exclaimed Aaron. "According to law, when I'm standing on my land, the half of the fence to my right is mine. To my left is yours. That makes the bedrock half yours."

"That ain't so!" expostulated Dad. "You're just trying to stick me with the tough end of the job so you can get to your plowing!"

"Now you see here—" Aaron countered, and the argument

grew hot. "I'm going to sue you!" Aaron threatened. "I'm going to let the law settle this."

"Okay," agreed Dad. "Let's go!"

So they dropped their post-hole diggers and climbed into Dad's car. In town, at the lawyer's office, they shouted out their complaints.

"Well," commented the attorney when he had heard them out, "you do have a case here. But I can't represent both of you. One of you'll have to get another lawyer."

"I will," said Aaron immediately. "I know I'm within my legal rights, so I don't care who represents me."

"Then," remarked the attorney, "I'll write you a note to a lawyer friend of mine, who has an office down the street." He scribbled a note, and handed it to Aaron.

Dad and Aaron hurried out. Dad told Aaron that he'd be glad to drive him to the other lawyer's office so they could start legal proceedings at once.

The two men rode in silence, Aaron's nervous fingers fumbling and refumbling the envelope which the lawyer had given him. By the time they pulled up to the curb, the envelope was badly wrinkled and partially unsealed. Aaron's eye caught a strange word on the note inside, and in a flick of the finger he had the note out, reading it.

"Well," inquired Dad impatiently, "going in, or not?"

Aaron looked at him with a quizzical expression. Then he handed the note to Dad. "Read this first," he said.

Dad read silently, his expression changing to one of incredulity. Then, unbelievably, he read aloud: "Here are two fat geese. You pick one and I'll pick the other."

Silently the two men looked at each other. Dad said simply, "Let's go home and build that fence!"

"Right!" shouted Aaron, as Dad started the motor.

And that was the renewal of a friendly relationship that became a living example of the goodness and wisdom that are inherent in the words, "Love thy neighbor."

(Sunshine Magazine, Litchfield, Illinois)

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

SUZY Q.'S MISTAKE

What is the standard by which we can determine what is right and what is wrong?

Is there in existence such an absolute standard? Do you know of a source to which we can go in order to gain absolute guidance in things pertaining to life, morals, etc.?

The answer is YES! There is such a source. But those who do not believe it, or who do not want to recognize it as an absolute guide, will flounder and sink in the sea of life.

Example: Suzy Q. marries at 14. She is immature and her marriage ends on the rocks. After divorce, she remarries. Her life has been made shipwreck. She is living in the sin of adultery.

Now had Suzy taken to heart our absolute source for guidance in her life, she would never have jumped hastily into marriage. Her life would not have been so marred as it is today. She would have known that the Bible—our source Book for guidance—not only speaks of the sweetness and wonder of love, but the sacredness and seriousness of marriage. She would have known that death *only* can sever the marriage bond and when we take a mate, it is for better or for worse. Man cannot dissolve a marriage because God is the One who joins the two so that they are as one.

Had Suzy Q. been sober-minded and sought guidance from this source Book, she would now be living a happier, cleaner life. One cannot go against this source Book—even ignorantly—without suffering the sad consequences!

IS DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE LAWFUL?

... Have you not read, that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together, let not man put asunder.

They say unto Him, Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away?

He said to them, Moses because of the **HARDNESS** of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning **IT WAS NOT SO**. And I say to you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be **FORNICATION**, and shall marry another, commits **ADULTERY**: and whoso marries her which is put away does commit adultery. (Matthew 19:4b-9)

His disciples asked Him again of the same matter. And He said to them, Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, commits adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she commits adultery. (Mark 10:10-12)

DEATH ONLY CAN RELEASE ONE FROM MARRIAGE

For the woman which has a husband is **BOUND BY LAW** to her husband **SO LONG AS HE LIVES**; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband **LIVES**, she be married to another man, she shall be called an **ADULTERESS**; but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man. (Romans 7:2-3)

And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the **LORD**, Let not the wife depart from her husband: But and if she depart, let her **REMAIN UNMARRIED**, or be **RECONCILED** to her husband: and let not the husband put away his wife. (1 Corinthians 7:10-11)

HUSBAND: SAVIOR, PROTECTOR, PROVIDER OF WIFE

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the Savior of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.

Husbands, **LOVE YOUR WIVES**; even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it. (Ephesians 5:22-25)

So ought men to love their wives **AS THEIR OWN BODIES**. He that loves his wife loves himself. For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but **NOURISHES** and **CHERISHES** it, even as the Lord (Ephesians 5:28-29)

TROUBLE PROMISED—DON'T BE SURPRISED WHEN IT COMES BUT WORK IT OUT

But and if you marry, you have not sinned; and if a virgin marry, she has not sinned. Nevertheless such shall have trouble in the flesh: but I spare you. (1 Corinthians 7:28)

The Good Son

There was once a jeweler, noted for many virtues. One day, the Jewish elders came to him to buy some diamonds, to put upon that part of the dress of their high priest, which the Bible calls an ephod [part of the dress of a Jewish priest].

They told him what they wanted, and offered him a fair price for the diamonds. He replied that he could not let them see the jewels at that moment, and requested them to call again.

As they wanted them without delay, and thought that the object of the jeweler was only to increase the price of the diamonds, the elders offered him twice, then three times, as much as they were worth. But he still refused, and they went away in very bad humor.

Some hours after, he went to them, and placed before them the diamonds, for which they again offered him the last price they had named; but he said, "I will only accept the first one you offered to me this morning."

"Why, then, did you not close [come to an agreement] with us at once?" asked they in surprise. "When you came," replied he, "my father had the key of the chest, in which the diamonds were kept, and as he was asleep, I should have been obliged to wake him to obtain them."

"At his age, a short hour of sleep does him a great deal of good; and for all the gold in the world I would not be wanting in respect to my father, or take from him a single comfort."

The elders, affected by these feeling words, spread their hands upon the jeweler's head, and said, "Thou shalt be blessed of Him who has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother'; and thy children shall one day pay you the same respect and love you have shown to your father."

—*McGuffey's Fourth Reader*



Temptations are sure to rap at your door, but it's your fault if you let them in.—Harvey H. Springer

Happy Death of a Youth

In the 17th year of his age. Written by his father.

The conduct of my dear boy, from the time he could understand the fifth commandment, was uniformly dutiful. I do not recollect that he ever uttered an unbecoming or disrespectful expression, and during a period of nearly three years with his uncle, he was diligent and faithful as an apprentice.

On the 6th of August, 1809, he first opened his mind to me on the subject of religion, when he informed me with tears of joy, that the Lord had begun his good work of grace in his heart. As an evidence of this, he said, he had so much delight in private prayer, and he could scarcely tell how to leave off. On enquiring if he could trace his impression to any particular circumstance, he said he believed the instruction he had received at home was the beginning, and that a letter I wrote to him, when he was bound to his uncle, had made a deep impression upon his mind. He also observed that the awakening sermons he had heard on Sunday evenings had been useful to him.

From this time he continued very exemplary in his conduct, and highly valued his religious privileges, until it pleased God to visit him with the illness which terminated his life. The disease with which he was afflicted was attended with a great stupor, which frequently impeded his spiritual enjoyments. Yet, throughout the whole time, his mind was serene, his spirits cheerful, and on some occasion, remarkably lively. Though at times he seemed desirous of life, yet he never appeared to be afraid of death. Being asked if he looked forward to death with terror, he said, "No, all my hope is in Christ."

On his sister's enquiring if "Jesus, I love Thy charming name" was not his favorite hymn, he replied, "Yes, and I hope I do love it, I have reason to do so." Not being able to pray, he said further to her, "What a mercy it is that I have friends who

pray for me, for I am scarcely able to pray for myself; and when my father talks to me about it, I cannot help crying, it is such an infirmity. I used to enjoy this exercise more than any other. I would not have left my prayers for any earthly amusement whatever. Oh! what a delightful frame of mind I used to enjoy!"

On Thursday, the 10th of January, being much weaker, he said, "I am going very fast," but added with great composure and emphasis, "just as the Lord pleases." He then spoke of the blessings he enjoyed in having religious parents. "I feel it now," he said, "in my affliction, more than ever; but it is a greater blessing still, to have the fear of God put into my heart."

On his being desirous to know the opinion of his medical attendant, being asked if he felt anxious whether he should be restored or removed, he said, "Oh no, God is merciful, and I am persuaded he has begun His good work of grace in my heart, and will carry it on, because He has promised to do so. And though I cannot pray, and enjoy my usual privileges, yet I remember what Jesus said to His disciples, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." He then spoke of the consolation he derived from religion now in this visitation, and expressed great concern of some of his old schoolfellows, to whom he was formerly attached, and earnestly wished they would refrain from their evil ways.

On Sunday morning, he asked his sister to read the 91st Psalm. When she had finished it he said, "It is a sweet psalm," and requested her to read the 23rd, which he enjoyed very much. He then spoke of the 103rd, and repeated that part, "As for man, his days are as grass, as a flower of the field so he flourisheth." In the middle of Sunday night, being very ill and unable to sleep, he said "This is a heavy affliction. . . . I know it is all for the best. . . . It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth Him good."

On Sunday, January 27th, he said to his sister, "Oh if I were well, and could go to the house God today, but the Lord sees

fit to deprive His people of these privileges, to teach them how to value them more. Oh, what happy walks I used to have from chapel! . . .” After being informed that all hope of medical aid was in vain, he said, “Well, just as Providence pleases. God can restore or take me. I trust He will do one. I do not feel depressed by the intelligence [knowledge]. What a blessing it is that I have not been permitted to defer repentance until now; but I am surrounded with blessings!”

Suffering much pain, he said to one who sat up with him, “This is very excruciating, but what is it compared with what my Savior suffered for me?”

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 6th, feeling his weakness much increased, he said to his sister after I had left him, “I have wished my father good night, perhaps for the last time,” and added, on seeing her weep, “Don’t be depressed, if I am not better here, I shall be better still.” On the 8th of February, conversing with a friend, he lamented with considerable feeling his inability to pray, or fix his mind upon heavenly things, at the same time repeating with much emphasis, “We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” remarking how consolatory he found this, and similar passages in Scripture. All his hope, he said, was grounded upon the merits of Christ. He then repeated that passage of Scripture, “He that has begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ,” saying he felt confident that God had begun this good work in him, and he did not doubt, but that he would finish it, since He was also called “the author and finisher of our faith.”

He then said, “If it be the will of God, I should wish to live to glorify Him before men, but if it should please Him to take me hence, I feel quite resigned; why should I murmur.”

The same evening, he observed, that when in health, he had often wished for a Christian friend with whom he might pray, and to whom he might freely open his mind, and remarked that he had spent many happy hours in his uncle’s garden in prayer and meditation.

On the evening before he departed, his aunt visited him. When asking him if it was one of his worst days, he said, "I shall soon be gone." She reminded him it was a mercy that he had sought the Lord in health. He replied, "It is a mercy, a great mercy!" She said again, "You now find the promises precious." He said, "They are precious." Asking him if he felt much worse, he said, "Yes, I shall soon be gone; I am very happy, and should feel thankful to be taken tonight." After a long silence, he repeated,

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all my sins away."
And again,

"And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms, The antidote of death;" requesting me to tell him the two first lines of the last verse. He then desired me to pray with him, previous to which I asked him if his mind was comfortable. He said, "Yes." I said again, "Are you happy?" He replied, "Perfectly so. . . ."

On Saturday morning, being evidently much worse, he said, "I am dying!" I asked him if he was happy? He replied, "Quite happy." Shortly after, he said, "I hope the Lord will soon take me." And being asked if he longed to go, he said, "Yes, I am quite tired, I long to go." His mother observed, "You are waiting for His chariot wheels." He answered, "Yes, I am only waiting for that," and then he added, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." . . .

Shortly after, without the least struggle or convulsion, his happy spirit was dismissed from the burden of the flesh, to enjoy that "rest which remains for the people of God."

—The Cottage Magazine, 1830. Contributed by Charles Hampton.



Practice alone does NOT make perfect. Practice alone leads only to a plateau of skill beyond which you cannot proceed without applying logic and reasoning to your practice.

—Eugene Feuchtinger, nationally known voice instructor.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency.—Sunshine Magazine.

The Moody Month of March

Mrs. W. J. B.

There is a space of time which is not quite winter, nor yet quite springtime. It is a most unpredictable time, as changeable as any fickle lady. She does not always act very lady-like, though. She is often temperamental, rude, smiling one minute and frowning the next. We call this time of the year March.

This year she was in a most capricious mood. In fact, she very rudely pushed February aside with a huff and a puff, impatient to come in. She forced herself in before February could gather up his snow and be gone. She stormed about with fitful, angry puffs all day, with a warm breath that took away every trace of February's snow.

Not only did she impatiently push winter from her changeable path, but she borrowed (or stole) a smile and a warm shower from lovely April. She turned on a fierce gale, blowing limbs and twigs all about. In some areas, she did serious damage. Even in one place blowing a building on a poor little boy, killing him. Then just as suddenly she turned with a brief smile as if to say she was sorry. And just as suddenly she clouded all up again and carelessly casting aside her warmth, she poured down cold and still colder rain. Very quickly her breath dropped from April-like warmth to the chill of the winter she had so recently pushed aside. All day and all night the cold rain clung, and finally it froze cold drops to each limb and twig. It was a dreary sight after her promise of spring. The poor disillusioned twittering birds silently sought shelter, and the optimistic frogs by the pond fell silent again.

But despite all our displeasure with such fickle behavior, the next morning we had to admit that she knew what she was doing. For as we awoke we saw that a miracle had come to the grove. After completely covering each leaf and twig—and a few brave blossoms—with a coat of ice, she turned on her most dazzling smile. The effect was breath-taking. It was be-

yond description. The grove was a fairyland decked with shimmering, silver lace, lavishly studded with diamonds.

As we stood in wondering amazement, a happy sob caught in the throat as we exclaimed: "See what God has wrought!"

No doubt March had been doing her best to achieve this very result. It was to bring forth our praise to God by showing us the beauty of His handiwork.

We are so prone to take His beautiful world for granted,—as we are all of His blessings. Sometimes we need a "shock treatment" to stir us out of our lethargy. So March tossed us all about from winter to spring and back again until we were fully awakened. Then with her sunny, dazzling smile she pointed us to spring.

So, after all, dear March, we welcome you! By the time you perhaps more gently usher us into lovely April, we will be sad to see you go.

Words Fitly Spoken

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs 25:11

Being worried is simply paying interest in advance on a loan that you may never have to make.—Letterman

People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.
—The Defender

When you meet a man without a smile, give him one of yours.
—Kachele

Some students of psychology say that mental ability increases as the ability to use the hands develop.

If your ship DOES come in these days, it's DOCKED by the government.—Harvey H. Springer

For gossip to succeed it has to be unreasonable enough to shock everyone and reasonable enough that a few will believe it.—Sunshine

"Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." Jonathan was an absolute spendthrift for the sake of love. Are YOU?
—A. S. London

... "Pass It On" ...

"You're a great little wife, and I don't know what I would do without you!" As he spoke, he put his arms about her and kissed her, and she forgot all the care in that moment. And, forgetting it all, she sang as she washed the dishes, and sang as she made the beds, and the song was heard next door. The neighbor caught the refrain and sang also. Two homes were happier because he had told her that sweet story—the story of the love of a husband for a wife.

As she sang, the butcher boy who called for the order heard it and went out whistling on his journey, and the world heard the whistle. One man hearing it thought, "Here is a lad who loves his work, a lad happy and content."

Because she sang, her heart was mellowed and as she swept about the back door the cool air kissed her on each cheek, and she thought of a poor woman she knew, and a little basket went over to that home.

So, because he kissed her and praised her, the song came and the influence went out and out.

Pass it on. A word, and you make a rift in the cloud; a smile, and you may create a new resolve; a grasp of the hand, and you may repossess some poor soul. Pass it on.

Does your clerk do well? Pass on the praise. Tell him you are pleased, and if he is a good clerk he will appreciate it more than a raise in pay. A good clerk does not work for money alone.

Teacher, if the child is good, tell him about it; if he is better, tell him again. Pass on the praise now. Pass it on in the home. Don't go to the grave and call "Mother." Don't plead, "Hear, me, Mother; you were a kind mother; you were a good mother, and you smoothed away many a rugged path for me." Those ears cannot hear that glad admission. Those eyes cannot see the light of earnestness in yours. Those hands may not return the embrace you now wish to give.

Why call so late? Pass it on today!

—Treasure Chest

NEWS ITEMS . . .

THIS IS INTERESTING—It seems logical enough to say that a nail driven into a young tree will rise higher and higher from the ground as the tree grows. However, if you believe that, you're mistaken. A nail driven into a small tree will remain the same distance from the ground no matter how tall the tree grows.

—Good Reading

EXPLANATION OF A MIRAGE—Mirages are created by air masses. A desert mirage is formed by a shallow layer of warm, rarefied air hanging low over the hot sand. This layer acts as a mirror and the water you think you see is merely a reflection of the sky on this layer of air. The unsteadiness of the heated air will give the appearance of shimmering water. Trees and vegetation far off can be reflected from the upper layer of rarefied air to the lower one, so that you have trees and a nice cool-looking lake right in the middle of an arid desert.—Good Reading

TOO MUCH SALT UNHEALTHFUL—A group of Indian doctors have a theory that salt is the cause of both colds and ulcers. Leader of the team is Dr. U. K. Sheth, head of the Department of Clinical Pharmacology at the Goverdandas Sunderdas Medical College in Bombay. He says that experiments at his college have "proved beyond any doubt" that going on a salt-free diet will cure a cold. He also cited the record of 50 victims of peptic ulcer who were put on salt-free diets. All were cured, according to Dr. Sheth. Eating more than one gram of salt a day "prods the cells in the body to secrete hydrochloric acid which results in severe colds, peptic ulcers and hyperacidity," Dr. Sheth concludes.—Prevention

WHAT IS A "GOOD" DRIVER?—If you make a statement about someone being a good driver, think over your use of the word "good." A traffic safety expert said that there would be few Americans killed and injured on our highways and streets if we got in the habit of thinking that "good" meant well-behaved rather than overconfidently skillful.—Good Reading

THE DIESEL ENGINE principle was discovered by the Malay natives at least 1000 years before its invention in Germany. An extremely efficient fire-lighting device used on the Malay Peninsula consisted of a tightly wrapped plunger which was forced into a wooder cylinder by a blow of the hand, heating the air by compression to light tinder in the bottom of the cylinder.

—Good Reading



Beautiful faces are they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there;
Beautiful hands are they that do
Deeds that are noble, good and true;
Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe.

—McGuffey's Second Reader

FOR THE KIDDIES

This drawing is by a student artist. Any of our readers who have art talent are invited to write us for a story to illustrate.



—Art Work by Mildred Brock

Only a Cup of Tea

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the kitchen over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl hostess. "Excuse me a minute, please," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I must not leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it's mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes."

March, 1966

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The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked too frail for the hard work she had to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the burden.

"Come in and sit down while I get the money," said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

"How tired you look!" she cried. "Wait and I will get you a cup of tea."

She had flashed out of sight in an instant and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china, from which rose a tempting fragrance.

"Drink this," she said. "I'm sure you'll feel better."

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body.

Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been wornout, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she had climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the pay for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her children and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! Such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude!

—Selected



The bright March sky suddenly blossomed with kite-flowers, growing from long stems in the hands of small boys.—M. B.

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