

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



Youth's

Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

IN THIS ISSUE:

MORAL TAILSPIN

TELL ME, PLEASE

THE YOUNG MAN
WAS AN OYSTER

HIS EYES WERE UPON
HIS TEACHER

LOVE IS THE CURE

"FOR BETTER
OR FOR WORSE"

WHY DO YOU LOVE?

Vol. 6, No. 8—May, 1966

Influence

Morality

Love

"Our gifts and attainments are not only to be light and warmth in our own dwellings, but are also to shine through the windows into the dark night, to guide and cheer bewildered travelers on the road. . . ."

"The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him, and go beyond his ken on their perilous mission."

—H. W. Beecher

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Youth's Living Ideals

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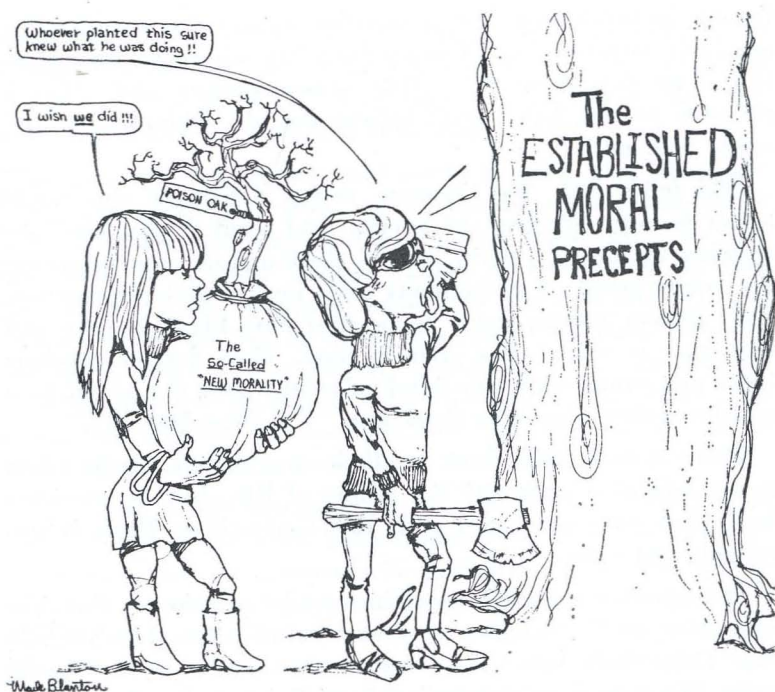
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Teen-age Conception of "New Morality"

—Picture from "Salvation"

Moral Tailspin

LET'S FACE IT! Many young people are in a moral tailspin! This tailspin, this whirlpool of declining morals, is sucking many a sincere youth down its spiral to destruction.

But what can you expect? Any question concerning morality is foremost in the minds of youth. Consequently,—and rightly so—they have questions. Recently a young person asked a

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famous lectural-counsellor a question concerning morals. The speaker's answer was, "Nobody from up on high determines this. *You* determine it." This same speaker says, "I'm a religious person, but I don't believe the old 'Thou Shalt Nots' apply any more."

Evil feeds evil. The average young person of the world *wants* to hear this kind of advice. And adult "counselors" are spewing the desired advice out of their unholy mouths, giving the young people a tremendous push toward their destruction. Base human nature wants to be told that black is gray and that gray is white—that *evil* is *good*. Then Satanic teachers influence youth with this kind of advice and the result is a whirlpool that is sucking them into "The New Morality."

There is only ONE Book in all the world that can be taken as an infallible authority for a way of life. Any man-written book that does not agree with this God-written Book is unreliable and false.

The speaker referred to claims to be religious. But she cannot mean the religion of Christ because He **MAGNIFIED** the "Thou Shalt Nots." He did not create a religion that would make His own Word unapplicable to living today. Indeed, by **MAGNIFYING** His Word, He taught that it is not only sin to commit the **ACT** of adultery, fornication, etc., but that God counts it sin when we have the **THOUGHTS** abiding in our hearts!

Fellows and girls, you know within yourselves that it is a complete falsehood to be told that it is *you*, individually, that determines what is right or wrong. You recognize within yourselves that you are likely to err, you lack much wisdom and understanding and judgment. You recognize that you must look to someone older for counsel because you "know nothing as you ought to know." So you go to someone older. It may be—and *should* be—your parents. You also go to your teachers, your ministers, your counselors, and even to books. But as you *really* **LEARN** what life is all about, you will recognize that if the advice you receive from all these sources does not agree with the infallible Source of God's Word, then that advice is

not worthy of acceptance. The wonderful, WONDERFUL truth is that Somebody—not “nobody” as you may be told—but Somebody “up on High” does *indeed* “determine” the way *YOU* are to live, morally and otherwise.

You are not left in this cold world to shift and determine things for yourselves. *You* are changeable. What you *think* is right *today*, you may decide is *wrong* tomorrow. So you know that “right” and “wrong” cannot be determined by you. Why not? Because common sense tells you that if a thing is wrong now it will still be wrong ten years from now. The way you think and the way society (which is just a number of “you” multiplied) thinks is very changeable. But *right* and *wrong* are *absolute* because the One “on High” Who determines right and wrong is absolute and “changes not.”

The Bible, God’s written word to man, has stood the test of time. Millions have been blessed and have been led into full and happy lives by following its guidance. It is “old” but so is *gold*. Gold has proved and is proving its value. We don’t think of discarding it because it is “old.” So it is with the Bible. It has proved to be of far more value than gold. How *foolish* are those who discard it and follow some “new” idea in order to direct their steps in this life! They will surely fall into the ditch because they are the blind being led by the blind.

Amid a multitude of voices screaming that *you* are the one that determines what is moral and what is right and wrong, we raise *our* voices and declare that any morality that separates itself from the Word of God and the Living Christ is a pagan religion. And to take part in such or to be sucked into its downward spiral is nothing but pagan idolatry at the best and will prove to be gross *immorality* at the worst. As Tryon Edwards, once said, “Piety and *morality* are but the *same spirit* differently manifested. Piety is religion with its face toward God; morality is religion with its face toward the world [of man].”

—Editor



Morality without religion has no roots. It becomes a thing of custom, changeable, transient, and optional.—H. W. Beecher

May, 1966

Tell Me, Please

(Youth Questions answered by Ray L. Straub)

Question: Why do young people like to kiss?

Answer: A kiss is a display of affection that represents feelings for another that go beyond that of casual friendship. When repeated and intense, it incites basic passions which call for the satisfying of an appetite. It is a bit like following the scent of food when you are hungry. Contrary to the food appetite, one has no right to satisfy these appetites until qualified by legal marriage to do so. Consequently, even though kissing may give pleasant sensations, it is also dangerous.

No doubt young people also indulge in this because it has come to be a status amongst those of the age group. It reflects an accomplishment to them in this adult world. It is "getting away with something" that parents and adults do not entirely approve of. [See "Round Table Discussion" in the April, 1966 issue of *Youth's Living Ideals* for help on the question of whether young people should kiss on dates.]

Question: When my girl and I are parked in a beautiful spot, do I kiss her first, does she kiss me first, or do we just sit there looking stupid?

Answer: I get the message! Now I have one for you. Just sitting there is being less stupid than this necking you are wanting someone to approve. If you feel a bit silly just sitting in a parked car, get the car moving.

If your girl is quick to kiss you first, you had better forget about the parking and run for it! You are on your way to serious trouble. . . . [The Bible puts it, "flee also youthful lusts," and "flee fornication."]

Question: What do you consider to be a proper length of engagement?

Answer: The proper length of time is from the day a couple decides to get married until the day they are sure they are

ready to be married. Some very short engagements are adequate; some long ones were not long enough.

The engagement is a period of time when a couple should use their heads as well as their hearts in determining how right they are for each other. Any threats to their marriage, such as religious differences (no couple should get this far with religious differences, but it happens), background differences (in-laws), vocational plans, tastes, should be worked out, if necessary.

Engagement is *not* a time when a couple may be free to express overly compassionate affection for each other, nor simply a matter of "tying each other down." Rather, it should be wisely used to seriously and carefully consider suitability for marriage. Once this is accomplished the engagement has been long enough.

—Aim

Words Fitly Spoken

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

"To avoid that rundown feeling—cross the street carefully."

•
"The sun turns (or draws) the flower toward it; not the flower that turns to the sun first." Think of the spiritual truth here! The Son of God turns (or draws) the soul toward Him; not the human soul that turns to the Son first. We love Him because He by His Spirit reveals to us that He first loved us.

•
What a pleasure life would be to live if everybody would try to do only half of what he expects others to do.—Sunshine Magazine

•
A song in the heart is better than a grand piano in the parlor.

•
Life is like a gun. It can be aimed in only one direction at a time.

•
Hot heads and cold hearts never solved anything.—Sunshine Mag.

•
Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together.—Woodrow Wilson. And there is no true friendship without LOVE.

•
Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving

May, 1966

The Young Man Was an Oyster

It has been well said that the majority of people in this world live very much like oysters. They lie in their shells at the bottom of the sea and eat the food that happens to drift their way. They stay in one place and are satisfied just to exist if they can be safe and secure in their shells.

Everybody—or, at least, almost everybody—would like to be “livewire personalities” but those with the oyster outlook don’t know how to go about doing it.

“Sure, I’d like to be able to talk better,” a young fellow told me the other day, “but I never know what to say.”

With this one remark he revealed that he does not really understand the most basic principle of successful conversation and verbal communication. He feels that when he is with another person, or a group of people, he must be able to say something startling, clever, or impressive. Since he can’t think of anything of this kind to say, he remains silent—a true conversational oyster.

Yet, the strange fact is this young fellow has intelligence. He has travelled quite a bit, has had some interesting experiences, and is an expert in his own line of work.

By using some simple conversational techniques with him, I soon had him talking quite freely. I asked questions about himself and his work. I “drew him out.” The oyster proved to have some pearls of wisdom inside him.

I then pointed out to him that he could do with other people the same thing I had just done with him. He didn’t have to think of “something to say.” All he had to do was start asking questions . . . showing an interest in *other people* rather than in himself.

When you ask questions, people are usually very eager to answer. A clever man doesn’t try to win a girl’s attention by making the usual dumb remarks that women hear from men all the time. He will ask: “What do you really want out of life?” “What is your secret dream?”

Questions of this kind will intrigue almost any woman—and

start her talking. Once the conversational ball starts rolling then even the oysters will find that they don't have to think of what to say—they will be too busy keeping up with the give-and-take that moves along with its own momentum.

The basic principle of successful personal conversation, or "private speaking" as it is called, is to seek to communicate rather than impress. This principle holds true whether you are speaking to one person or to a thousand.

When you try to impress people with your knowledge, importance and cleverness, they will very soon have enough of you. A syndicated columnist friend of mine once wrote a piece describing the kind of person who is usually called a "jerk." "The most serious indictment of a jerk is that he is always trying too hard to get people to like him without trying to like them at all. It can't be done, but it's impossible to explain this to a jerk—that's what makes him one."

This brings us to a much overworked word: SINCERITY. When most people use the word sincerity they are thinking of that quality in a person that makes him interested in other people. Somehow, when we are wrapped up in ourselves we are very apt to be called "insincere" or a "phony" or a "jerk."

People resent anyone who seems to consider himself more important than they are. If he gives that impression, all the eloquence and cleverness in the world is not going to help him inspire, impress, or persuade others to his way of thinking.

—Eugene Feuchtinger, Director, Prefect Voice Institute



THE FOLLY OF FIGHTING AGAINST GOD

"All through the ages men have been fighting against God. The result has always been fatal to the rebel. Ingersoll, the agnostic lecturer, once declared that in fifteen years he would send the Bible to its mortuary. But when that fifteenth year came along, it was Ingersoll who was taken to the mortuary—and the Bible lived on!"

—Wang, via Christian School Life

•

There is one single fact which we may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.—H. More

May, 1966

'Here Comes the Mailman'



Thrilling Influences!

Editor's Note: All are familiar with the results of a stone being thrown into a still pool of water. When the stone comes into contact with the water's surface, then ripples proceed out from that "point of contact" in ever widening circles. And so it is with the influence of our lives. When we come in contact with others, our influence—be it good or bad—is going to be felt to some extent. And the "ripples" are going to proceed out and make themselves felt—at least to a small degree—on others whom we ourselves may never see.

Channing once said, "Others are affected by what I am and say and do. And these others have also these spheres of influence. So that a single act of mine may spread in widening circles through a nation of humanity."

Below we are giving the account of one of our older readers venturing to help two young people by the means of Youth's Living Ideals. The resultant comments from these young people are self-explanatory. But who knows where the influence ("ripples") of this one act by the older reader will end? Just this one "stone" thrown on the sea of life has caused, is causing and will cause an ever widening circle of influence. The Bible says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

Amarillo, Texas

Dear Editor,

I know we have neglected you very much in this great work you are carrying on. How much we realize that we older ones have been very neglectful toward our young.

I work at one of the high schools here and just felt I should try to do a little. The first girl that I felt so impressed to give Youth's Living Ideals to stopped by a day or so later to tell me how much it meant to her. Then later she came in to see me and said she thought so much of it that she subscribed for it. So I am sure you have received her subscription by now.

Then I handed one to another little girl. She was so sweet and nice in every way and told me she had let some others read it and they liked it, too. But she went on to say that she treasured it so highly she hated to let too many have it. She also said she would like to have it all the time. In observing the way she spends her money through the cafeteria, I know she is not a spendthrift, so I am sending you the money to have it sent to her as a gift. Also I am sending you a copy of a letter that came to me today from her.

—Viola Eason

COPY OF THE LETTER:

Dear Mrs. Eason,

I want to write and thank you not only for your very nice gift

but also for going out of your way to be so kind and friendly to me. You can't know how pleased I was for you to ask me to take the magazine and read it. The fact that you asked me will always be very precious to me. But it was first your friendly attitude that made me want to do the same.

All the persons I have given the magazine to have certainly enjoyed it. One never knows how many people he can help when he has the courage to reach out and help one person to know [God's truth] better. I wanted you to know that your courage has given me strength to reach out to help others.

May God bless you.

—Carol Currie

Then Later the Following Letter Came to Us:

Amarillo, Texas

Dear Editors,

A friend, Mrs. Viola Eason, offered me a copy of your magazine several months ago, and I was so thrilled I took it home and read it that night. When I had finished reading it, I was deeply moved and was so thankful there are people in this world such as Mrs. Eason who would go out of their way to attempt to guide the youth of today toward the right path.

Several weeks later, she sent me a subscription to this magazine, and I certainly look forward to seeing it each month. After reading all the praises you have received from other readers, I, too, must say your magazine is truly wonderful and inspiring to people young and old.

I have given several copies to different friends, and all of them have greatly appreciated how you and your staff have given us strength and guidance through your magazine. I'm sure that any person who feels led to Christ would receive a great blessing from it, and any person who does not know Him feels a stirring in his heart that he has not known before.

May I, too, send to you my best wishes to continue the publication of your magazine toward the glory of God, that others like me might have friends who would lead them to know Him better by faith. Thank you so much that someone as a publisher realizes how many young people he can reach and how much good he can do when inspired by the glory of God. Your blessing to the youth will be limitless.

—Carol Currie

Editor's Note: We are greatly encouraged and humbled by these letters. We know that without Christ we can do nothing worthwhile. When you are benefitted by our efforts, do as we try to do when we are benefitted by the labors of men—that is, give God the glory and thanks. Yes, "to His glory" we want to live.



"He has showed you, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of you, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God." (Micah 6:8)

*The little known
story behind
the first
telegraph
message*

Inventor's Testimony



In a conversation with Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, a friend asked him this question:

"Professor Morse, when you were making your experiments in your rooms in the university, did you ever come to a stand, not knowing what to do next?"

"Oh, yes; more than once."

"And at such times what did you do next?"

"I may answer you in confidence, sir," said the Professor, "but it is a matter of which the public knows nothing. Whenever I could not see my way clearly, I prayed for more light."

"And the light generally came?"

"Yes. And may I tell you that when flattering honors came to me from America and Europe on account of the invention which bears my name, I never felt I deserved them. I had made valuable application of electricity, not because I was superior to other men, but solely because God, who meant it for mankind, must reveal it to some one, and was pleased to reveal it to me."

In view of these facts, it is not surprising that the inventor's first message was, "What hath God wrought!"

—Christian Observer, via Midway Manna

His Eyes Were Upon His Teacher

A boy with a violin under his arm once roamed the streets of a great European city. Because he had no home or family, he wandered from place to place for food and shelter.

This urchin had a strange gift for music. He had somehow gotten hold of a violin, and he would stand on the street corners and play for the passing crowd. They were entranced by what they heard and would gather around to listen. When he had finished playing, they would toss some coins at his feet. In this way he made an honest but meager living.

In the same city was a famous musician. One day he happened to pass by the place where the ragged boy was playing. His attention was arrested by the unusual quality of the music. He lingered until the crowd had passed on and then said to the little violin player, "Son, to whom do you belong?"

"I don't belong to anybody," the boy answered.

"Well, where do you live?" was the next question.

"I don't have anyplace to live. I just sleep on the streets and wherever I can."

The man thought for a moment and then said, "How would you like to be my boy and come to live with me? I'll teach you all I know about how to play the violin."

The boy's eyes sparkled through the dirt and grime, and he said, "Mister, I'd love it!"

So the great musician took him to his own home. He had him cleaned up and dressed up, and he became like a father to him. For several years he poured into the eager young mind and heart all that he knew about playing the violin.

Finally the boy was ready for his first public recital, and the word went out that a great new musical prodigy was about to appear on the concert stage. On the night of the performance the house was filled to capacity; even the balcony was packed.

At last the boy came out, put the violin beneath his chin, and began his concert. He played such music as the crowd had

never heard before. At every pause there as deafening applause.

For some reason, however, the boy did not seem to pay any attention to the ovation. He kept his eyes turned upward and played on and on. The audience was mystified by his strange manner. Finally one of the persons present said, "I don't understand why he is so insensible to all this thunderous applause. He keeps looking up all the time. I'm going to find out what is attracting his attention!"

Moving about in the concert hall, the observer found the answer. There in the topmost balcony was the old music master, peering over the banister toward his young pupil. He was nodding his head and smiling, as if to say, "You are doing well, my boy; play on!"

And the boy did play on, not seeming to care whether the audience laughed or applauded. He kept his gaze upward. He was playing to please the master only.

Is not this story a vivid reminder that we Christians ought to live so as to please Christ only? He is our Master, the One to Whom we should look for approval.

—Maranatha, via Baptist Examiner



MUTUAL INFLUENCE

I would not have you give my son a drink of liquor, beer or wine,
Nor have you cause his feet to run in ways of sin on any line;
I would not have you wreck his soul for all the diamonds of the earth.
Nor keep him from his highest goal for what the richest man is worth.
I would not have you wreck my girl for all the treasures of the seas,
Because, to me, her life's a pearl that's greater far than all of these;

I'd have you treat my son just right, my daughter as the fairest

queen,
And help them reach their grandest height far, far above the vile
and mean.

I'd call you then a noble man, a woman high on honor's roll,
And pray, as only Christians can, God's richest blessing on your soul.

So if I'd have you treat my son as one of noble, royal worth,
And have you treat my girl as one of highest rank, or queenly birth,
I then must treat your son likewise, your cherished, precious
daughter too,

And help them gain their goal and prize
And help them t'ward their goal and prize where Jesus owns and
crowns the true.

—Walter E. Isenhour, Taylorsville, N. C.

LOVE Is the Cure

Mrs. W. J. B.

Little Philip Glen, Jr. is our ray of sunshine here. He is eight months old. There are no strangers. He has a smile for everyone who comes in. His little arms go out to them as he tries to "talk" to them. He just takes it for granted that everyone loves him. And they almost *have* to love him, too! He will bring a smile from the most world-encrusted, hardened heart. He assumes everyone loves him, and this very fact brings out the love, if there is the tiniest bit of it tucked away in their heart.

As I watch this from day to day, it is a valuable lesson to me. It is almost impossible to dislike a person who simply takes it for granted you love him. His own simplicity reaches down into the real you. It brings out any good which may be hidden there. He believes you to be kind, good, and loving, and strangely his belief in your goodness makes you *want to be good*. If he presumes on your love, you just want to love him. It is not possible to feel love without being made better by it. If we could all radiate a simple trusting love like an innocent child, how much of the evil in the world would vanish like the darkness before the rising sun.

Perhaps this is something of what Jesus meant when He said, "Unless you become as little children, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." It is a hard-hearted person indeed who does not love little children. The most hardened of men have been made to weep tears of bitter repentance at the expression of the love of an innocent child.

This is the power of love. It is most nearly in its pure, unadulterated form in little children. Little by little the smudge of the world defiles this love which is felt when we are newly from the Creator's hand.

Once in awhile we see a person who has kept this child-like freshness, simplicity and love, and he blesses each life he touches. No one can be long with him without being better for it. One such person is a cheering influence in any group.

His love is infectious. He is not conscious of his influence, and those about him may not be conscious of it. But there exists, because of him, an atmosphere of fellowship and friendship. Each one goes out from the group blessed by his presence to carry a bit of his infectious spirit to any whose lives he may touch.

Love does truly beget love. Trust inspires trust. Loving someone makes him more lovely. Trusting him makes him more trustworthy. Believing in his ability makes him stronger.

Little Phillip loves everyone, causing them to love him. Being loved, he feels secure and happy. And his happiness inspires ours. We feel a little of what life would really be like if there could be enough love.

Just now all that matters to him is to love and be loved. That is really all that matters to any of us. That is all that is needed to cure unhappiness and insecurity in this world for all of us—to love and be loved. Much of the unhappiness, much of the evil, much, even, of the crime in the world is caused by the unloved, insecure people. They are expressing their hatred of a world that has denied them love. A criminal does not usually love anyone. And many a criminal has been reclaimed by someone who loved him, and let him know it. Philip is not afraid to let anyone know he loves them. He has not yet developed a self-conscious restraint.

Why is it so hard for us to allow our love to *show*? Bottled love does not benefit even the "bottle." And it soon loses its potency, if it does not flow out. One little expression of love will lift the gloom from a sad heart. It will set the world right again which has seemed all in shambles. It will remove despair, replacing it with hope. It is effective only to the extent it is expressed by words and deeds. A free-flowing exchange of love, from heart to heart smoothes the pathway of life, however rugged it may be.

Oh *why* do we so often withhold it?



"The New Morality is an inevitable result of the New Theology."
—Presbyterian Journal, May 26, 1956

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

The other day as I waited in the Doctor's office, I noticed particularly another lady who was sitting opposite from me. She was most attractive.

To see a girl or woman with beauty, neatly and modestly dressed always gives me a sense of pleasure. My eyes wandered now and again from my reading to her, without seeming to stare impolitely.

Her manner, her dress, and everything about her seemed to display culture and refinement. I thought I would like to become acquainted with her. She, too, was occupied with her reading, and I had not yet gained sufficient courage to say anything to her. I felt that I wanted to say with frank friendliness: "You look like someone I would like to know."

But a small thing happened just then which destroyed this desire. She did not even notice me, I am sure, and she will never know the thoughts which she inspired in my heart. Nor will she know what put out the spontaneous light of anticipated friendship.

What happened? you ask.

From her pretty handbag she took a package of cigarettes. She lighted one and her pretty eyes squinted up in an ugly manner, much like a rough truck driver's might as the smoke stung them. Then, throwing back her head in the manner of experienced smokers, she blew the smoke from her lips.

For me the moment of beauty had gone up in smoke!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

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: "For whom should we pray?"



Patricia Sandifer, 17, Jackson, Miss.: "First of all, we should pray for the children of God. Pray that he would make each and every one of His children stronger day by day in the hope of Eternal Life. This encompasses our friends. Then, Jesus instructs us to pray for 'them that despitefully use' us. Thus, we next pray for our enemies. Pray that, if it be His will, God would give them grace of repentance."

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: "Pray for your enemies; do good to them who despitefully use you. It takes amazing grace to accomplish this great miracle—not empty repetition. God looks in the heart."



Winnie Seward, 17, Jackson, Miss.: "Matthew 5:44 says, 'But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' John 17:9 says, '... I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou has given Me; for they are Thine.'"

Barney Owens, 22, Cincinnati, Ohio: "We may pray for 'all men' (1 Tim. 2:1-5); 'the sick' (James 5:14); 'enemies' (Matt. 5:43-46); 'brethren' (Eph. 6:18, Acts 12:5)."



Cheri Baldwin, 16, Fort Worth, Tex.: "We should pray for: the sick (James 5:14); all that are in authority (1 Tim. 2:1-2); one for another (James 5:16); our enemies (Matt. 5:44); the widows and the orphans. Other scriptures—Matt. 10:37, 38; 2 Thess. 3:1."

Sherry Corneli, 17, Graham, N.C.: "I believe everyone needs to pray. Even the best Christian has sin in his life. A Christian should pray for a Christian brother, his own family, and any race, even though their skin or religion and ways are different."



Cheryl Vass, 16, Floyd, Va.: "We should pray for the sinner and people to live right. We should pray for the sick, needy, etc."

Kathy Bledsoe, 15, Fort Worth, Texas: "We should pray for all men. (1 Tim. 2:1-2)"

WE INVITE ANY OF OUR READERS TO ANSWER THESE

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM MORE OF YOU

Send us your thoughts on these questions and ask some of your own:

1. "When a person refuses to subject himself to seeing, hearing, or reading vulgar or profane things, is he hiding from reality? (What is reality?)"
2. "We often hear of our 'right to vote.' I wonder, since we, as Christians, are not of this world, do we have this 'right to vote'? Should we, as citizens of a different world from this mortal one, exercise such a 'right' even when we become of age?"
3. "Is it wrong to go skating at the colosseum or skating rink?"
4. "To whom is it our duty to visit?"
5. "What kind of pleasures can a Christian enjoy,—or is a Christian supposed to have pleasure?"
6. "What is the will of God for His children as members of society?"
7. "How old should a girl be before she can have here first date?"
8. "WHAT should we pray for?"
9. "Should EVERYONE be expected to live and believe as strictly as we of the Round Table strive to do? Why or why not, and how should we treat people who don't?"
10. "Is it best for teen-agers to go on double dates or should they go alone?"

Here is an interesting story. But both the young husband and the wife reveal at least one fault. Can you detect what fault each has? Send your answers to Youth's Living Ideals' Editor.

"For Better or For Worse"

When the train stopped, Rhoda Carson looked eagerly at the crowd waiting on the platform. She spotted Chris standing head and shoulders above the others. Three weeks away from home had been so long!

Rhoda had been prepared for a few surprises, which Chris had hinted at in his letters, but nothing—no, nothing—had prepared her of the shock she received when they reached home.

"It's for you, honey," Chris explained, smiling at her, and pointing to the beautiful electric organ standing prominently in a corner of the living room.

"Me! It goes back tomorrow!" Immediately Rhoda realized that she had been blunt.

"It can't go back," he replied quietly. "I've signed the contract, and made the down payment."

"Oh, no!" Rhoda dropped into a chair. "Down payment—not another!" She put her hands up in despair.

Rhoda sat holding her head and thinking. She had been brought up to believe that one did not buy luxuries until this week's bills were paid. An organ—how impossible!—yet how wonderful it would be to have one! She had neglected her music since she had been married.

She followed Chris to the kitchen. For a moment neither

spoke, then Chris said, "I'm sorry you didn't like the organ idea. I didn't really explain how it happened."

"Don't try to explain," Rhoda responded, her shoulders drooping. "You know that I have been hoping for an organ, some day, but you should have waited until we talked it over—but we'll manage—somehow!" She smiled faintly.

"A man has to make a few decisions of his own," Chris said. "I wanted the organ for you, so I bought it."

"All right, Chris," Rhoda said quietly. "What's done is done. It will be wonderful to have an organ."

When Chris left for work the next morning, Rhoda was tempted to try the instrument, but she decided that she would not touch it. It would be easier to return it if she had not heard its lovely tones.

As she busied herself in the kitchen, Rhoda's mind went back over the many times Chris had shown poor judgment in the handling of money. She thought of Hope Orphanage, where Chris had lived for the first eighteen years of his life. He had never had much money, and that was undoubtedly the reason it was hard for him to spend it wisely.

And thinking about Hope Orphanage reminded Rhoda of its beloved matron, Mrs. Merrivale, whom Chris loved almost like a mother. Mrs. Merrivale had promised to call them as soon as there was a child available. They would care for it awhile, and eventually—if everything worked out well—they would adopt it as their own. But how could they take on such responsibilities with the extra financial burden of the organ payment? Rhoda's resentment toward the instrument in the living room increased. All week the organ stood closed.

When the first-of-the-month bills arrived, Rhoda sighed. There was the organ payment statement, right under the \$90.00 house payment. She gulped when she saw how much there was yet to pay on the organ. She had no idea it was such an expensive instrument.

Rhoda sat at the desk figuring on the note pad. No matter how she juggled and added figures, they always came out the

same—in the red. Rhoda was discouraged. How were they going to do it?

On Friday morning the telephone rang while Rhoda was dusting. It was Mrs. Merrivale at the orphanage.

"Could you come to my office this afternoon?" she asked.

Later, when Rhoda dressed for her trip to the orphanage, she felt excited. Could it be that Mrs. Merrivale had a child for them? Surely she would have said so on the phone. Rhoda decided not to call Chris and tell him until she had talked with the matron.

At the orphanage Rhoda sat in Mrs. Merrivale's office.

"How's Chris?" the sweet-faced matron asked, smiling.

"Fine," Rhoda tried to sound cheerful.

"He was always my favorite," the woman confessed softly. "Dear little Chris—how he loved the organ!"

Rhoda almost jumped, and her eyes sought the matron's. "The organ?" she echoed.

"Yes, I was always chasing him out of the chapel. He insisted on trying to play."

Rhoda leaned back in her chair, thoughtfully. And she thought *she* was the one who wanted the organ. She never knew how much it meant to Chris, too!

"We have the baby—just the one for you and Chris," the matron announced, abruptly changing the subject.

"Oh!" Rhoda gasped, her heart pounding furiously. "I wondered—May I see—?" She hesitated.

"Him," Mrs. Merrivale supplied, smiling.

Rhoda followed the matron into the nursery. Almost fearfully she looked into the blue eyes of the baby in the crib. Little Chris, she thought; how Chris would love him!

Rhoda turned and walked away from the child's outstretched arms. Greatly agitated, she left the room. In the hallway she turned to Mrs. Merrivale. "I'm afraid we can't take him," she said. "Something has come up."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Merrivale commented sadly. "He made me think of Chris."

Rhoda left the orphanage, her mind in a whirl of confusion. She walked all the way home, lost in thought. Suppose they did pass up this chance to get the baby, she thought, would Mrs. Merrivale ever find another one so perfect?

Rhoda shook her head. No—no—they just couldn't take him. They would have to buy a baby bed and all those clothes, to say nothing of the extra expense of milk and baby food—and there would always be doctor bills.

"Please, God, don't let me weaken," Rhoda pleaded, half to herself and half to Someone above and beyond. "We can't manage—we simply can't manage!"

But no matter how Rhoda argued with herself, she could not forget the blue-eyed baby in the crib reaching for her.

About halfway home a thought suddenly came to Rhoda. The organ—maybe it would be a solution to her problem instead of a hindrance. She was a good musician—and so many families were buying new organs for their homes. Why, even with a baby in the house, she could arrange to give a few lessons every week. On Saturday, when Chris was at home all day, she could give several. Lessons at \$2.00 an hour would add quite a bit of extra income.

Suddenly, Rhoda realized it was late, and Chris would be home before she got there. And she had so much to tell him! She was almost running as she rounded the last corner.

At the front door she stopped, listening to the sounds from the living room. Then she opened the door quietly.

Chris sat at the organ, a book of melodies before him. "Be it ever so humble," he was playing, uncertainly, hitting a wrong note now and then.

Rhoda choked softly. Her eyes were damp. She didn't see Chris at all—she saw a black-haired boy on an organ bench in a quiet chapel.

"Hi!" she said cheerfully, walking up behind him.

Chris jumped guiltily and started to get up, but she pushed him down again. "You keep right on practicing. I have a phone call to make; then I'll help you."

In a minute she came back and sat on the bench beside him. Her hand guided his until the notes were perfect. His arm crept around her waist, and she leaned toward him.

"I've got a secret, Chris," she said, finally, sitting up straight. "I guess I don't have much sense about spending money, either. I didn't think we could afford another luxury, but I did it—I just called Mrs. Merrivale at Hope and told her we'd take the baby she had me come to see today. We'll manage—I'm going to give lessons on the organ. I will enjoy it and it will bring in some money, too. Don't worry, Chris, I'll manage."

She hadn't given him a chance to say a word.

"Hold on, there," Chris broke in, gently. "Did you say—*baby?*"

"Little Chris—he looks just like you!" Rhoda cried.

"Poor fella!" Chris laughed, his arm tightening.

"But we'll really have to be careful about what we spend!" Rhoda protested, doubtfully.

"I have a secret, too," Chris confessed shyly.

"Chris Carson, don't tell me that you've gone out and bought something else!"

Chris laughed. "You're married to a stubborn man," he said. "I should have told you this days ago. I got a promotion while you were away—with a good raise." He motioned her to let him finish. "I worked extra at the office at night to make the down payment on the organ, and I figured that with the extra money coming in each month, we would have no trouble paying for it."

"You mean you knew this before you signed the contract?" Rhoda asked eagerly.

"Of course, before I signed the contract!" Chris explained. "What do you take me for—a spendthrift?"

"I take you for better or for worse," Rhoda laughed. "Now get busy on that music. We'll have no discords in our 'Home, Sweet Home' when little Chris arrives!"

—Jane W. Krows in *Sunshine Magazine*

MORAL PUNCHES . . .

Some would divorce morality from religion; but religion is the root without which morality would die.—C. A. Bartol

Morality, taken as apart from religion, is but another name for decency in sin. It is just that negative species of virtue which consists in not doing what is scandalously depraved and wicked. But there is no heart of holy principle in it, any more than there is in the grosser sin.—Horace Bushnell

"The great mistake of my life has been that I tried to be moral without faith in Jesus; but I have learned that true morality can only keep pace with trust in Christ as my Savior."—Gerrit Smith

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—Washington

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I would send him to no other book than the New Testament.—Locke

Heat water to the highest degree, you cannot make wine of it; it is water still. So, let morality be raised to the highest [apart from true religion], it is nature still; it is old Adam put in a better dress.—T. Watson

Christian morality assumes to itself no merit. It sets up no arrogant claim to God's favor. It pretends not to "open the gates of heaven." It is only the handmaid in conducting the Christian believer in his road toward them.—Richard Mant

I have never found a thorough, pervading, enduring morality but in those who feared God.—Jacobi



LOVE

Love is a combination of respect, admiration and the desire to give and to please. Love is developmental. It must take root and grow—one day at a time. Love contains the magic element of physical excitement but this feeling comes with discovering and appreciating the other qualities. The perfect love experience is communication in its most complete and selfless form. It is worth saving for that very special person. So wait. You'll be glad you did! —Selected



Love is the wind, the tide, the waves, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable. It never ceases; it never slacks; it can move the globe without a resting place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without.—Henry D. Thoreau

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

WHY DO YOU LOVE?

EXAMINE YOUR *MOTIVES* FOR SHOWING "LOVE"

① Some people love others because they have the love of God in themselves. And they love those who are begotten of God.¹

② Then there are people who love others because others have shown *them* love. As children of God love Him because He first loved them,² then some people love others because others have shown love to them.

An example of this is with small children. Show a child affection, and he loves you in return. But if you show no love for the child, he will sense he is not wanted and will shy away.

③ And then still other people "love" others (or they call it love) simply for what they can get out of others. They pretend love for a person for the motive of being favored by or receiving something from that person. They don't love the person for *himself* but they love the *things* which that person possesses. They covet these things for themselves and will even court the person in hopes of gaining material advantage from that person. This is a horrible fact that human depravity reveals. Such people are hypocrites, and without repentance, a complete change of heart by the mercy of God, they will never enter the kingdom of heaven.

Hypocrites are assigned their portion in the place where there will be "weeping and gnashing of teeth."³

If a person pretends love in order to gain material advantage, or if he performs extra so-called acts of love with the hidden motive of gaining something for himself, then he is not

loving for the motive and sake of love itself. His so-called love is really under false pretense, and being pretense it makes him a pretender. And a pretender is a liar and a hypocrite combined.

One reason all this is so serious is that it indicates a lack of the fear of God in the heart. Those who are guilty are the same ones who think more highly of a rich person than of a poor person. They will show more respect for the rich and even shun and spurn the poor. The Bible calls this "having respect to persons." And in James 2 it says to have respect to persons is *sin*. And how much more hideous a sin it is when the *motive* for having respect to persons is to gain profit for one's self. When one does so,—*when one is prompted to perform some so-called act of love for a person by a motive of personal, selfish gain*, then he is being COVETEOUS, and the Bible declares covetousness as being idolatry.⁴

So we can begin to see the horribleness of such a sin when we look into it. Many are guilty of selfish, conniving, evil motives when they would have it appear that they are "going about doing good." They may be able to deceive themselves, and they are able to deceive others *part* of the time, but they will never deceive God.

Ponder the seriousness of this sin when we have involved in it lying, deceit, pretense and hypocrisy, covetousness which is idolatry, and possibly even theft in some form. But the worst is hypocrisy and covetousness.

*FEAR GOD—He is a consuming fire.*⁵

References:

1. "... every one that loves Him that begat loves him also that is begotten of Him." (1 John 5:1)
 2. "We love Him, because He first loved us." (1 John 4:19)
 3. Matthew 24:51.
 4. "Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and coveteousness, which is idolatry." (Colossians 3:5)
 5. "And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consists not in the things which he possesses." (Luke 12:15)
5. Hebrews 12:29.

Fathers

Urged to Curb Girls' Immodest Garb

RUTH MILLETT

(Newspaper Enterprise Association)

If American mothers have lost all interest in seeing that their young daughters dress appropriately and modestly—why don't American fathers have enough gumption to step in and put their foot down when their daughters start out of the house looking like anything but ladies?

On a recent Sunday afternoon a fancy sportscar loaded with teen-age girls pulled up in front of a drugstore and the girls scrambled out of the car to go inside.

Two had their hair in rollers partially covered by ruffled pink boudoir caps. One was in a bathing suit. . . . Two were barefoot—in skin-tight blue jeans hacked off to make them as short as possible.

If none of them had a mother with enough sense to say, "Where do you think you are going looking like that?" why didn't their fathers call them back?

Men know, perhaps better than women, the kind of attention girls dressed immodestly and inappropriately inevitably attract. It's not the kind of attention any man wants for his young daughter. So why don't the father's put their foot down?

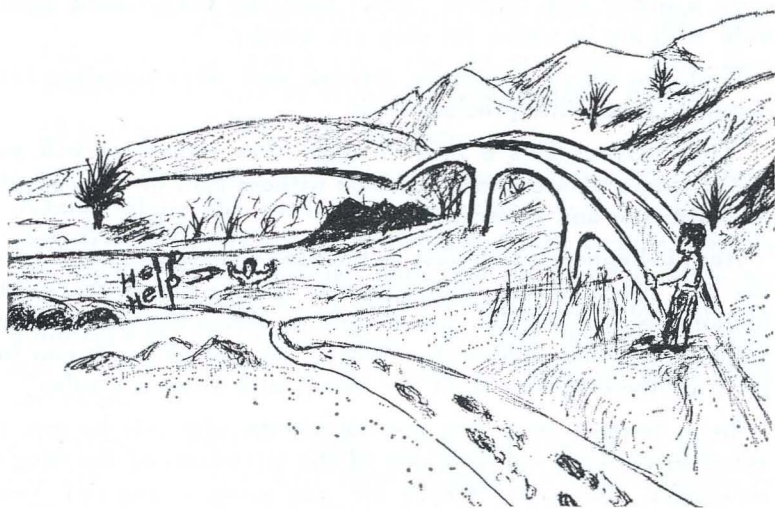
They used to. And so did mothers. But now both mothers and fathers seem not to care how their daughters dress.

In one California junior high school, the dean of girls had girls appearing at school in too short dresses, some as much as 4 inches above the knees, sit down in her office and sew a crepe paper extension on their skirts.

"We have no set requirement for dress here," she says. "We just expect the children to dress so they don't distract from learning processes in the classroom."

Surely, sensible parents should require that much modesty of their daughters.

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

The Boy's Robe Made White

Once upon a time there lived a boy whose name was Philautos. The country in which he lived was a very curious one, for there was something in the light, or else there was something in the people's eyes, that made everything which belonged to another very much worse than it really was, while everything that belonged to one's self appeared very beautiful indeed.

Now, Philautos was pretty much like all the other people living in this place. In his own estimation he was quite a superior sort of boy. His own dress, manners, and education gave him the very highest satisfaction. He felt good all over, and so did his neighbors.

But the king of this country had been very much displeased with his people's self-conceit, and consequently had moved

away from his place in the city to one in a distant town. He sent a message to them from time to time that if anyone would come to his house wearing a really white robe, he should receive a honor and reward. "For," said the king, "such shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

Well, the king's messenger arrived, and after sounding his trumpet, made this proclamation:

"Oyez! Oyez! This is to give notice that whosoever will go to the king's palace wearing a robe without spot or stain shall receive honor and reward."

Now, it happened that just as the king's messenger was making this proclamation, Philautos was passing across the great market-place of the city and stopped to listen. He was greatly pleased, and said to himself: "Why, I am just the very one to go. I am the only one in all the crowd with a spotless robe."

So he hurried away. But just outside the city gate he met a venerable-looking old man, one of the attendants of the king's messenger, who said, "Where are you going, young sir? You seem to be in a hurry."

"So I am," was the reply. "I am going to see the king."

"You!" exclaimed the old man. "The proclamation says, 'a robe without spot or stain.'"

"Just so," said the lad; "and that is exactly why I am going. Look at my dress. There is not one single spot or stain to be seen upon it."

The old man did look, and then, with a strange smile upon his face, took from his pocket a black leather case, from which he drew a pair of spectacles. Offering them to the boy, he said, "Please put these on and look at yourself with them; they are genuine Orthopanoptikon spectacles, which show all things as they really are."

Philautos, full of self-confidence, placed the glasses across his nose, and then gave a great "Oh!" of surprise. His robe was not white—anything but that. All down the right side was a great smear of red, stamped with green letters—P-r-i-d-e. Down the left side was a streak of dull blue, stamped with

sleepy looking gray letters—S-l-o-t-h. Down the front was a yellow stain with black letters—S-e-l-f.

Tears of shame gathered in his eyes, and he said, "Oh, sir, am I really so bad as this? Then I can never see the king."

But as he was turning away, the old man said, "Stop! stop! All these stains may be removed; you need not despair."

"What must I do?" said Philautos.

"Come with me," said the old man, and led him a little distance along the road, until they came to a narrow path that stretched away across the fields and hills farther than the eye could reach. A strange path, for all along it were red stains, as if someone had walked there with bleeding feet. And pointing with his finger, the old man said, "Follow that path, and you will find out how such robes as yours are made white and clean."

Uttering a word of thanks, Philautos hurried on his way, and after a pleasant walk through some fields and woods, he came to the bank of a river. It was neither very deep nor very wide, but it was swift, and the banks were lined with mud. Suddenly, just as Philautos was going across the bridge, he heard a cry, "Help! Help!" He thought he knew the voice, and looking over he saw his own little brother struggling in the dangerous stream. He began to run, but then stopped, for the thought came, "Dare I go down there and get my robe more stained?"

It was only for a moment, for, to his surprise, he saw that the crimson trail left by the bleeding feet went straight down to the place where the child was crying in its need.

He plunged in and saved his brother; but, alas! for the robe. It was worse now than it had ever been before.

But while he was grieving over it, his old friend suddenly appeared and asked what was the matter, and why he was so cast down.

The boy pointed despairingly to his bespattered dress. But the old man only looked at him with the strange smile once

more, and drawing out the spectacles, said, "Look at yourself again and see what you really are."

Philautos did so, and lo! the great yellow stripe of selfishness was paler, and actually the robe looked cleaner than it had done before.

And the old man said, "Never be afraid to follow where the foot-marks lead; nothing you meet with on that way ever leaves a stain."

So the lad was mightily encouraged and never hesitated from that hour to go wherever the crimson footmarks led.

Now, as time went on, the boy changed into an aged man, and his dress grew travel-stained and old. And one day, when he was very tired, he sat down and said to himself. "Alas! the king's palace is still very far away, and my dress, instead of growing white, is wearing into rags. What shall I do?"

But again his old friend drew near and asked the reason of his grief, and Philautos said, "Oh, sir, look; it is so old, so unclean, so unfit."

The spectacles were used once more, and with delighted astonishment the pilgrim saw that the stains were almost gone, and scarcely a trace of those ugly words—pride—sloth—self—were left.

"But it is ragged," he said.

"Never mind that," replied his friend. "Our king does not mind rags, so long as they are the rags of a white robe."

And so it proved to be, for when at last the pilgrim reached the royal palace and knelt before the king, the old travel-worn garments changed into a pure white robe of matchless beauty. And the king said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! You shall be called no more Philautos—Self-lover, but Philochristus—Christ-lover, because for love of Me you have trodden the pathway with the crimson stain. You shall walk with Me in white, for you are worthy; and so I bid you welcome home."

—G. Critchley in *Children's Friend*

Young man, read the book of Proverbs!

NEWS ITEMS . . .

WOMEN, SMOKING AND LUNG CANCER—Some people thought the women were immune from lung cancer, the result of excessive smoking. Not so. "The lung cancer death rate among women is catching up with that of men," a California Health Department expert says. The rate increased 50% in a decade.

The reason is attributable to the increase of cigarette smoking among women since World War II, said Dr. Lester Breslow, chief of the state's division of preventive medical services.

Breslow, in an interview, said lung cancer mortality among men showed a startling rise 20 to 30 years after men started smoking heavily in World War I.

He said smoking among women, which became acceptable in World War II, is showing deadly results after 20 years.

"One could say now that the lung cancer epidemic has extended to women," he said. —Christian Victory

AMERICAN ROOTS—No matter what people today may say or think, America had its roots in Christian idealism. This is clearly seen in the "Mayflower Compact of 1620," the Declaration of Independence of 1776, and the Constitution of 1787—all of which give recognition to God. . . .

Here is how the Mayflower Compact begins: "In the name of God, amen, we whose names are underwritten . . . having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and the honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic."—Christian Victory

YOUTHS CONDEMNED FOR "BOOK-BURNING"—A public burning of "dirty" literature by a group of Christian Endeavor members in Duesseldorf, Germany, produced protests from some Protestant organizations. About 30 young people gathered on the banks of the Rhine River and made a bonfire of books and magazines they considered objectionable.

Among the protests was a declaration by the public relations committee of the Evangelical Church in the Rhineland stating that young people are incompetent to pass literary judgment on the works of contemporary authors.

Those who protested the youth's actions might well read again Acts 19:19—where Ephesian Christians were so convinced of inherent evil in some of their books that they burned them, even though the value of the books was 50,000 pieces of silver. Significantly, the Bible records that after this: "So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed." (Acts 19:20)

—Pentecostal Evangel

CRIMINALS AND DRINK—A statistical survey of 200 new admissions to the Washington State Penitentiary showed 94.5 per cent drinkers, and 47.5 per cent under the influence of drink when arrested. Of the 200, 20.6 per cent learned to drink in the home, 44.4 per cent at parties and dances, and 11.1 per cent in the armed services.—The Survey Bulletin

FOR THE KIDDIES



Not Big Enough to Divide

The bright-faced lad who had applied for the position of office boy stood anxiously waiting while the proprietor just sat at his desk looking him over and thinking.

"I wonder whether you expect to work as a whole or a half boy? Half-boy, most likely," he said musingly.

The gray eyes in the freckled face flashed inquiringly wide, and the proprietor explained: "Oh, I don't mean to question your having the proper number of arms and legs. Your body is all right. It is your mind that I am talking about—your thoughts, your wits, your memory. I suppose you have a lot of things you like to do that will be a great deal more important than anything here. You are interested in playing ball, and . . ."

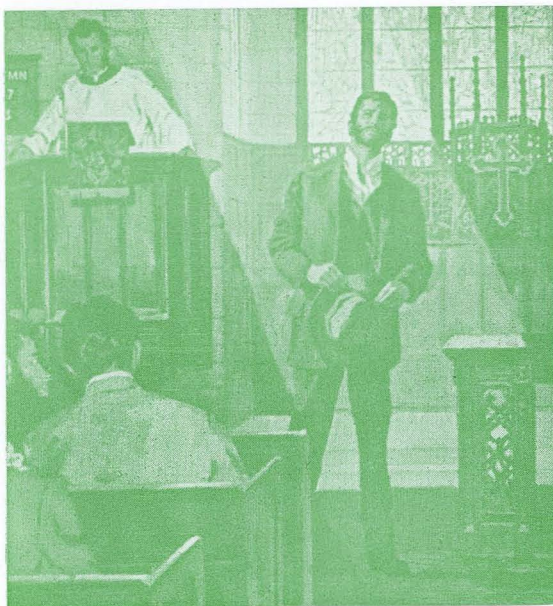
The boy replied with promptness, "Yes, Sir, I like ball first rate. And I play it for all I am worth. But when I am here, I'll be all here. I'm not big enough to divide."

He was given the job. None of us are big enough to divide!

—Adapted from Words in Season



When Christ cast the demons out of the undressed man in the cemetery, he was then CLOTHED and in his right mind!



IN HIS STEPS

By
*Charles
Sheldon*

"Ask yourselves, 'What would Jesus do?'—then be guided, for this next year, by your best answer to that question."

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- The successful novelist saw a chance to play a role which would win him the woman he loved—nothing more. . . .
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