

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



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 5, No. 5—February, 1965

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WAR ON POVERTY

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DOES CHEATING HELP?

•
LET'S CALL HIM
"MR. PLUCK"

•
DOUBLE THAT
BOY'S WAGES!

•
"I WISH" AND "I WILL"

•
"I DARE NOT DENY
IT, SIR"

Special Issue On—

Diligence

*Poverty is often not so much a problem of
unemployment as of indolence.*

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Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Glen Berry, Editor

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The teacher of the class in grammar said to Jimmy: "Is 'I have went' correct to say?" and Jimmy answered, "No." "Why not?" said teacher, just to see how deep these lessons get. "It's wrong," replied the truthful lad, "because you ain't went yet."

Young People, Let's Start Our Own . . .

War on Poverty

MRS. M. L. FLOWERS

Business Manager

Defenders of the Christian Faith

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has announced a war on poverty. To back up his campaign, he has called for, and received *almost a billion dollars* supposedly to make life easier for "low income groups" and young people.

I would like to start a little private war on poverty myself. But I sure wouldn't start by giving money to people who squander away their school opportunities when they should be studying and preparing for the great tasks of life. Then they go out untrained, unequipped, unfit—to try to hold responsible positions in working America . . . but want high salaries, fringe benefits and liberal vacations. . . .

We have always had poverty. We have always had ignorance. We have always had lack of training. On the other hand, we have always had talent, dedication, vision, submerging of selfish interests for the good of the ministry. But I must say after all these years in a position of management at higher and lower levels, that the difficulty of getting competent, honest, willing, dedicated help is greater today than ever before in all my experience.

Maybe I am too demanding on help! But I was brought up in the "old school." In Business College, they not only taught me how to type, how to spell, how to take shorthand, how to keep books, but also how to sit in a chair without tiring, how to arrange my personal effects for a day's work most efficiently, how to briskly walk across the floor quietly, how to approach the boss' desk, how to dress for an office position, and above all *how to appreciate a job*.

This training went so deep in me that I never considered my-

YOUTH'S

Living Ideals

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self a worker for wages by the hour, day, or week. My job was not to earn \$25.00 a week, or \$50.00 a week, or \$100.00 a week. In my early training I was taught not only in Business School, but *at home as well*, to get the work done which was required for me for the day. Then, incidental to that effort, there was a paycheck awaiting me on payday, and for this I was duly grateful. I was taught that if I was able to produce more work, more quickly, more economically, more efficiently, that without prompting, the paycheck would produce more for me.

. . . It is truly a little difficult for me to tolerate with unlimited patience the typist or secretary who comes to work, but finds that she cannot work because her chair isn't just the right height, the back doesn't conform to her body, the typewriter isn't adjusted to perfection, the light in the office is not quite right, the air conditioning isn't cool enough, the office is far too stuffy or drafty, the noon hour isn't long enough for her to go shopping, the coffee break is too brief for her to relax and thoroughly enjoy her cigarette, she wants off at 4:40, instead of working to the conventional 5:00, so she can avoid the heavy rush business traffic, at the least provocation in the winter it is too cold to come to the office, in the summer the heat is unbearable. Oh yes, she may not want to work at all if she finds she is not afforded the privilege of smoking during office hours at her desk.

I could go on and on and fill a large size book with such excuses and anecdotes. This thing of business firms securing help to do a job today is truly a national problem. You are hardly five minutes in the presence of business executives before this is the favorite subject of conversation. What has happened to our conscientious people who want to see their firms prosper, so they too might share via their paychecks? . . .

A girl who could accurately type from 60 to 80 words a minute in any office right now without coming down with a case of colic could command almost any reasonable salary that she might request.

As a religious institution we feel there are certain questions we must ask applicants for positions. "Are you a Christian?"

Of course, the answer to this question is always "Yes." Everybody these days is a Christian, of one standard or another.

Another question we like to ask, "Do you smoke or use tobacco in any way?" We had a classic reply to this the other day when a "Christian" young lady replied, "Why, does that make any difference? Then, I don't want to work in a place like this."

We had two young men look at our application blank the other day, and then suddenly turn and ask, "Is this a religious organization?" When we informed them that it is, without a word they got up and walked out.

After trying so many "illiterate" typists, we finally decided that maybe the female species were chronic complainers and fault finders, so hired a male stenographer. He had been out of work so long that he had to draw an "advance" on his salary the first day he worked. Yet, most of his time was spent complaining. The chair was not adjusted correctly. He explained that he had had surgery and, so, had no "tail bone" which bothered him when sitting so long. His stomach pained him, typing made him nervous, and on and on until he made himself obnoxious to our faithful workers who had to be in the same office with him.

Most of the applicants today don't even wait for us to ask our questions, or for them to fill out the application blank. They start in with their own questionnaire: "How much does this job pay? What are the fringe benefits? How soon can I get a few days off? How much vacation can I earn in a year? What make typewriters do you use? How long are the coffee breaks? Do I get sick leave? Do I ever have to work beyond five o'clock or on Saturdays? Do you give regular salary advances?" And, again I could go on and on!

Talk about *a war on poverty*! There isn't a thing wrong with this country that some good old-fashioned hard work won't cure.

The trouble doesn't stop with the typists? It invades the Secretarial Department, the Accounting Department, the Mailing Division, the Editorial Department. Let's listen to this inter-

view I had with a very fine looking middle aged lady who applied as bookkeeper.

"Are you an experienced bookkeeper?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Can you make up pay roll?"

"Well, I helped but think maybe I can."

"Can you render a monthly financial statement?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Can you give us a statement once a week showing condition of our bank account?"

"Oh, I have never been required to do that before."

"Can you balance the bank statement against the check book?"

"Noooo, I never have had to do that before either."

"May I inquire, what kind of work have you been doing?"

"Ohhh, I'm a bookkeeper."

Maybe you think this is an extreme case? Well, I just wish you could sit for a few days and interview young people, middle-aged people and old people, as I do. There are times when I feel like pulling my hair out by the roots. And yet, somehow or other I can't blame these poor, untrained, unfit, illiterate applicants for jobs. Someone else has to be blamed for their plight.

Perhaps it's their parents. Maybe they grew up under the modern philosophy of "self expression of childhood"—that you must GET before you give. Perhaps they have never known what discipline of mind, body or time is. In all likelihood they bluffed their way through high school, and even college, and came to the point of graduation only to find that they were graduates in ignorance, experts in illiteracy, but expecting society to render them a good paycheck because of the time they spent in the classroom.

Actually, I was becoming discouraged, thinking that perhaps Defenders was out of step with the times, and especially that I might be expecting too much. But recently I was in conversation with a highly intelligent private secretary of a well known judge in the State of Kansas. This woman has become so

efficient in her duties that her friends actually call her "Judge." She told me that even the law offices, which usually are able to demand so much of their help and get it, are laboring under the same conditions of ignorance, carelessness, trained incompetence and non-interest. In her own office she said she fears that some day they will have one of the greatest lawsuits ever to come their way due to the incompetence with which some of the girls type their briefs, etc.

Recently I approached the head of a school that advertises itself as a training institution for young people expecting to go into the business world. I asked, "Do you ever teach your young people how to conduct themselves in an office? Do you tell them how to sit at their desk? How to actually keep files? How to correctly compose letters? How to approach the desk of an executive correctly? How to put the most into a day's work? How to do just ordinary tasks of office routine? *How to appreciate a position?*"

The principal quickly replied, "Mrs Flowers, we simply can't get away with such discipline in these days. We have a group of students who are here to get by as easy as they can. If we tried to actually train them *rigidly* in such matters of discipline and hard work, they would simply quit school and walk out." Then, he quickly went on to say, "You know there are other schools close by that are willing to accept their money and then let them do as they please, so we almost have to do likewise."

A war on poverty! I'll tell you what most of that near-billion dollars will be spent for. It will be spent to subsidize ignorance, to support laziness, and to pay premiums for incompetence. America is still the land of opportunity for anyone who has what it takes to seize opportunity. There isn't a normal young person in the United States of America today who can't make good, if he has the grit, the intestinal fortitude, and the industry to throw himself into the job. And, this goes also for the middle-aged and elderly persons who are out looking for jobs.

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"Go to the ant, you sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

—Proverbs 6:6

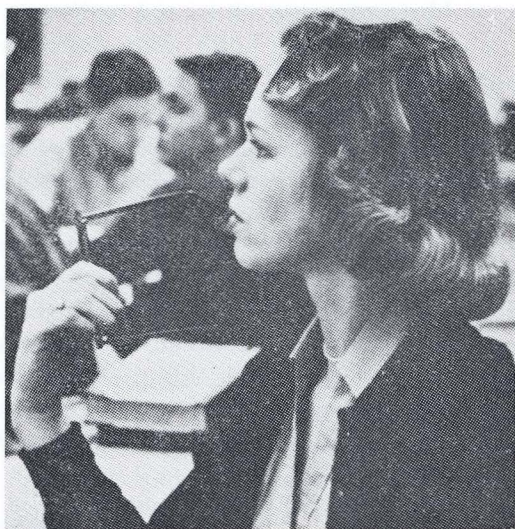
A Young English Teacher Asks—

DOES CHEATING HELP?

MISS VIRGINIA HUFFMAN, East Point, Ga.

WORKING WITH YOUNG PEOPLE is rewarding. Listening to their problems, ideas, and observations has added much to my own understanding and pleasure in life. I naturally become concerned with the success of each individual student, and it troubles me to find any of them with low principles or no-care attitudes. One of the problems that is most serious is the general feeling among high school students toward cheating.

Recently I talked about this problem with an eleventh grader who is respected by his friends and who does well in all of his subjects. I asked him how most students feel about cheating. His answer was disappointing. He said that the average student thinks nothing about it; in fact, most students do not consider cheating to be wrong at all! If they could cheat on homework, classwork, tests, or final examinations and not get caught, what did it matter? After all, they would make higher grades.



I was not too surprised to hear what this boy said, because I have heard as much talk among the students about making "cheat sheets" as about doing honest studying. And in the past few days several cases of cheating on a test I gave have oc-

curred. There was nothing I could do to the offenders but give them another test, for this is the only punishment for cheating that our school system permits.

If the penalty for cheating were more severe, I am positive the students would consider it a more serious offense.* But *what I would like to see is honesty for honesty's sake, not honesty for the sake of escaping punishment.*

Why is cheating wrong? Looking at this question from a practical standpoint, I could mention several disadvantages. If a teacher has seen anyone cheat once, *a shadow of suspicion is cast on the student that the teacher does not forget.* This usually results in lowered grades on report cards, because most teachers do give or take several points for a person's attitude in a class. Also, the teacher would be *unwilling to recommend* that person for such positions as the annual staff or the honor society. In later life, if this person goes to college, he will be in for a rude awakening if he continues to cheat. Most colleges do not tolerate such dishonesty for a minute. The penalty in the first college I attended was immediate expulsion. I know of a case in which a girl was expelled because she cheated on a test. She was not allowed to return, and no good recommendation to other schools was given her. This could virtually ruin a person's life.

There are much better reasons for not cheating, however. As has been pointed out, cheating is dishonest. Any act of dishonesty *has a disintegrating effect on a person's character.* It not only causes other people to lose respect for him, but he *loses respect for himself,* and this is one of the worst things that can happen to a human being. I recall a time when I unexpectedly saw one of my good students using a cheat sheet. I took it without a word. At the time he looked ashamed and confused, and since then he has avoided looking directly at me.

*We would like to hear from more school systems regarding the punishment they give for cheating. We feel there must be some that are more severe, even to giving the cheating student a failing grade for that subject. Naturally, a student who has no scruples against cheating will do so if the only punishment he will receive is the privilege to take the test over. As far as the grades go, "he can't lose!" Does any one have any ideas?—Editor

It will take him a long time to regain his own feeling of honor.

Does it help to cheat? Yes, in one way. If a person has not studied he can pass or even make good grades by cheating. Does it hurt to cheat? Yes, in many ways. The person who depends on cheating is not laying a foundation of knowledge for future years. He will be unprepared for good job opportunities. His own friends may laugh, but they will lose respect for him. Teachers will consider him irresponsible. And worst of all, he will have lost the self respect, honor and nobility of character that could have been his. Within himself he can not hold his head up quite so high as he could otherwise.

How can cheating be stopped? Parents can help this problem by teaching honesty at home, but the young boy or young girl *is responsible for his own actions and should blame no one else.* It is up to him alone to do his work honestly and well. It is up to him to spend his time doing worthwhile things instead of developing habits of laziness that lead to cheating. It is up to him to waste his life or to make much of it.



Every Young Person Should Read—

YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS

You will find an easy-to-fill-in blank in this issue. Will you use it to help this work? Times are more perilous than you might realize. The day is later than you might think. Young people are facing dangers and temptations so great and so evil that we cannot even put them into print. Never has there been a time when so many young people needed real strength of character than today.

As *Youth's Living Ideals* is read and absorbed, the effect will be a strengthening and upbuilding of character. Those with godly characters and convictions find it a source of encouragement and strength. Will you join hands with us? Use the enclosed blank and envelope and accept our sincere thanks for your help and cooperation. It is to the glory of God, by His grace through Jesus Christ, that we desire to work. May we be found faithful.

Let's Call Him "MR. PLUCK"

PLUCK was the son of a poor Bulgarian shepherd—not an American boy, as one would imagine from his name. I called him Pluck because it was so characteristic of the boy, and because I could not recall his real name.

A little hut in Bulgaria, made of mud and stone, was Pluck's home, and his father was so poor that he could hardly get food enough for his large family. Their clothes cost little, as they all wore *sheep skins*, made up with the wool outside. Just imagine how funny a flock of two-legged sheep would look!

Pluck was a bright, ambitious boy, with a great desire for study, and when he heard of Robert College at Constantinople, he determined to go there. So he told his father one day that he had decided to go to college. The poor shepherd looked at his son in amazement, and said:

"You can't go to college! It's all I can do to feed you children. I can't give you a [nickel]."

"I don't want a [nickel]," Pluck replied, "but I do want to go to college."

"Besides," the shepherd continued, "you can't go to college in sheep skins."

But Pluck had made up his mind and he went—in sheep skins and without a [nickel]. It was a weary march of a hundred and fifty miles to Constantinople, but the boy was willing to do anything for an education. He found kind friends all along the way, who gave him food and shelter at night.

So Pluck trudged sturdily on day after day until he reached Constantinople. As he was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, he soon found his way to the college, went into the kitchen, and inquired for the president.

Pluck asked for work, but the president kindly told him that there was none, and that he must go away.

"Oh, no," said Pluck, "I can't do that. I didn't come here to go away."

When the president insisted, Pluck's answer was the same: "I didn't come here to go away."

He had no idea of giving up. "The king of France, with forty thousand men, went up a hill and so came down again," but it was no part of Pluck's plan to go marching home again; and three hours later the president saw him in the yard, patiently waiting.

Some of the students advised Pluck to see Professor Long. "He knows all about you Bulgarian fellows."

The professor, like the president, said there was no work for him and he had better go away. But Pluck bravely stuck to his text, "I didn't come here to go away."

The boy's courage and perseverance pleased the professor so much that he urged the president to give Pluck a trial. So it was decided that he should take care of the fires. That meant carrying wood up three or four flights of stairs, taking away the ashes, and keeping all the things neat and in order.

The president thought he would soon get tired of such hard work. But a boy who had walked a hundred and fifty miles for the sake of an education, and was not ashamed to go to college in sheep skins would not be easily discouraged.

After a few days, as Pluck showed no signs of weakening, the president went to him and said, "My poor boy, you cannot stay here this Winter. This room is not comfortable, and I have no other to give you."

"Oh, I'm perfectly satisfied," Pluck replied. "It's the best room I ever had in my life. I didn't come here to go away."

Evidently there was no getting rid of Mr. Pluck, and he was allowed to stay. After he had gained his point, he settled down to business, and asked some of the students to help him with his lessons in the evenings. They formed a party of six. That was good old Dr. Hamlin's way; so none of the boys found it a burden to help Pluck one evening in a week. It was a success on both sides—the boys were patient and kind, and Pluck was as pains-taking and persevering in his lessons as in other things, so that he made great progress.

After some weeks he asked to be examined to enter the preparatory class.

"Do you expect," asked the president, to compete with those boys who have many weeks the start of you? And," he continued, "you can't go into class in sheep skins; all the boys would cry 'baa.'"

"Yes, sir, I know," Pluck said, "but the boys have promised to help me out. One will give me a coat, another a pair of trousers, and so on."

Nothing could keep back a boy like that.

After the examination the president said to Professor Long:

"Can that boy get into that class?"

"Yes," was the reply. "But that class can't get into that boy."

It was not all plain sailing yet. Although Pluck had passed the examination, he had no money, and the rules of the college required each student to pay two hundred dollars. That was a question in mathematics that puzzled the good president.

"I wish," said Professor Long, "that this college would hire Pluck to help me in the laboratory and give him a hundred dollars a year. He has proved himself very deft and neat in helping me there, and it would give me much more time for other things."

Pluck became the professor's assistant, and was perfectly delighted with his opportunity. But where was the other hundred dollars coming from?

President Washburn sent an account of Mr. Pluck's poverty and great desire for an education to Dr. Hamlin, the former president of Robert College, who was in America.

The doctor told the story to a friend one day, and she was so much interested that she said, "I would like to give the other hundred."

And that's the way Mr. Pluck gained the wish of his heart.

He proved the truth of the old saying, that "where there is a will there is a way."

But his way was so hedged in, that no boy without a strong will and great perseverance would have found it.

Of course such a boy would succeed. Today Mr. Pluck is head master of one of the schools in his own country.

—Frank E. Loring, in *The Child's Companion*

A High School Senior's

Advice to a Troubled World

Being an oral book report by
SID BAREFOOT
Caledonia, New York



I would like to report to you this morning on the most unusual and outstanding book you will ever get an opportunity to read. Its name is the Bible, its origin is ancient, its author is Jehovah. This book has been divided into 66 sections, 1189 chapters by the King James translators. In spite of its great size, it is interesting to note that it has remained on the best seller list in our nation for years.

This book is divided into the Old Testament and the New Testament. The Old begins with the creation of Adam and the beginning of created life on this earth. Much of this section contains the history of the children of Israel or the Hebrews. It describes Israel's kings and its people, its strengths and its weaknesses, its obedience and its disobedience, its glory and its shame. We are introduced to the New Testament with the birth of Christ, when the Son of God took on the form of man to set up a new kingdom—a spiritual kingdom. The first books are accounts of the life of this Man. Most of the remainder consists of letters written to some young churches founded after the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus. The details of this book are many. The lessons of this book will never be all told so I must generalize.

To the historian, this book is invaluable, as it contains the chronological account of man from creation to the birth of Christ. To the archaeologist it contains descriptions of ancient eastern cities and architecture. To the philosopher, it contains the secrets and solutions to the mysteries of man's existence.

To the psychologist, it contains a medicine for troubled minds. To the poor, it shows things far greater than riches. To the wealthy, this book takes their minds and hearts away from their possessions and offers a new storehouse of better things. To the child, it is a source of never-ending interest. To the warp-minded individual who loves to extol the powers and wonders of an evolved mankind that is master of its fate, this book is rubbish. This, however, is no fault of the book.

The Bible tells the anger of God against sin and the love of God to the sinner who will come to Him for pardon. It contains poetry regarded as outstanding literature even today. It is a guide to parents for the upbringing of children. An entire section contains sayings of advice and wisdom written in proverbial form. It is full of romances, murder mysteries, and war stories. It relates stories of kings, princes, wealth and power. As well, it relates stories of paupers, beggars, widows, sheep-herders and commoners. It is written exclusively and entirely by the hand of God through the pens of several great men. This Book has the cure for juvenile and parental delinquency. It contains the only way of peace. It is dogmatic and to the point. It is a book of simplicity and harmony and is of no private interpretation.

I do not suggest that you buy the Book for you no doubt have it. Rather, I suggest that myself, you, the nation and the world start reading it and following it. It is a book which can never be equalled nor destroyed. We can never survive without it.

I prepared this speech after reading about Vietnam in a recent magazine, after reading about our nation's violence and corruption in the newspaper, and after viewing a terrible, sinful war in the heart of Russia as shown in the television replay of the movie *War and Peace*. I have been convinced anew that this Book contains the only source of peace, and all too many are living today without it.

•
"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand: but the hand of the diligent makes rich. He that gathers in summer is a wise son: but he that sleeps in harvest is a son that causes shame."—Prov. 10:4,5

"He that trusts in his riches shall fall: but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.—Proverbs 11:28

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

There is a story about a very busy little squirrel, and a lazy, pleasure-loving creature. Mr. Squirrel was busy all summer storing nuts for his family for the coming winter. Mr. —— (we will call the foolish pleasure-loving fellow “Mr. Blank” because in describing him we just *could* be describing some of us!)—well, Mr. Blank darted gayly about scolding Mr. Squirrel for missing all the fun. Who wants to spend these nice days putting away nuts in a stuffy old hollow tree? We will be “holed-up” there soon enough when the snow flies! Summer is for fun and freedom! But wise old Mr. Squirrel looked at his foolish friend pityingly. He asked him what his little ones would eat when it was too cold to get out. Foolish “Mr. Blank” laughed as he gaily darted away.

“Who wants to worry about what he will eat next winter? Now is to enjoy! Time enough to worry when winter comes!”

But Mr. Squirrel kept busy providing for the winter.

One day when a cold blizzard was blowing, Mr. Squirrel and his family were warm and safe—and well-fed in their tree, when a knock was heard outside. As he peeked cautiously out, who should he see but poor “Mr. Blank.” He was not gay and care-free now. He was not scolding Mr. Squirrel for foolishly working now.

“Please, Mr. Squirrel, I beg of you in the name of friendship, give me a few nuts! We are starving!”

Mr. Squirrel was not a heartless creature. He was very sorry for his foolish friend. But he had to tell him he could not share his nuts. If he should, his own little ones would starve. So poor “Mr. Blank” trudged away in the snow, and no doubt perished. It just ruined the rest of the cozy days to come for

the Squirrel family. They could not fully enjoy the fruits of their labors as they remembered their foolish friend.

Lazy, foolish people also bring suffering upon themselves this way. And then they, too, have to make it harder for others. It is hard to see people in want, even if they did bring it upon themselves.

A lazy person not only robs himself but he robs others—if of nothing else, he robs them of the full enjoyment of their own labors.

* * *

Once we knew a man who brought his family to want by foolish pride. It was during the years of the Depression. The place where he worked was forced to cut down drastically. They offered the employees who had been there longest positions with less pay, rather than letting them go entirely. But this man very angrily refused to take a lesser job. He had prepared himself for the higher type work and it was an insult to his dignity to ask him to "lower himself."

For many trying months he and his family were in want. Those who had wisely and gratefully taken lesser positions had the additional burden of helping this man's family from their reduced earnings. We wondered if *this* hurt his pride! It didn't seem to. He had established his "superiority"! He could do this at the cost of making his family objects of the charity of those whom he considered inferior to himself.

Is it more honorable to fail to provide for our own than to perform duties "beneath our dignity"? We know it is not! Honest work is never beneath our dignity. We can dig a ditch with dignity!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

The solutions to our problems are not going to be found in any new and brilliant idea. They are going to be found in making the old, proven ideas work—an honest day's work, respect for the given word, living within income, and the willingness to make necessary sacrifices to attain a worthwhile goal.—Good Reading

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: "Should Christian teen-agers belong to school clubs?"



Karen Spencer, 17, Meadows of Dan, Va.: "It depends on the type of club, its activities and who it accepts as members. There are honor clubs which accept students on the basis of grades, conduct and moral standards. These members inspire other young people to set high standards for conduct and stick with them. I can see nothing wrong with belonging to such a club that accepts only the finest young people and help others become members."

Editor's Comment: It would also depend upon the purpose and actual activities of the club. For example, the Jr. Civitan Club is supposed to be a club with high standards which fulfills worthwhile projects in the school and community. However, at least in some schools, the main (not quite exclusive) activity of the Jr. Civitan Club is "pitching dances." Consequently, if any club is not carrying out its purpose as stated in its charter, even if it does accept only the higher class of young people in a school, a Christian should refrain from membership—when such things as dances are its **actual** "reason for being."



Rodney Ross, 20, Portales, N. Mex.: "I believe a Christian teen-ager can belong to a club at school and witness profitably for Christ. Of course, it is necessary to use good judgment and much wisdom in choice of clubs. When the purpose or activity of a club does not contradict the purpose of the Christian life, valuable experience can be gained in practical Christianity."



Patricia Sandifer, 16, Jackson, Miss.: "I believe that certain school clubs are excellent for Christian teen-agers to belong to. For example, the Beta Club or some other club where he will receive training for his future life without any deceit or indecent goings-on."



Gloria Huffman, 17, Asheville, N. C.: "Yes, they should. I have heard of bad social clubs, but I don't refer to these. I have been in many groups, such as Beta Club, Future Teachers Club, and a Social Studies Club. Each has benefitted me in learning to work with others. What this world needs is a little more general co-operation. And by that I do not mean co-operation with wicked and worldly ways."



Cheri Baldwin, 15, Fort Worth, Tex.: "We are told to 'not be unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' I don't know what all this covers. Certainly it means in marriage. Just what is a 'club'? Is any group a 'club'? I go to a music 'club' once a month. We do nothing except listen to each other play musical instruments (usually classics). If something comes up I cannot partake of, I just don't. I teach piano and can learn more by having contact with others in the music field. Some groups are

definitely wrong because of their reason for being. Members aren't allowed to be friendly to a new girl until the "club" okays that person, for instance. Our main desire should be to be known as Christians and not members of some 'club.'"



Wanda Jackson, 22, Lubbock, Texas: "If the club is a clean organization and its activities are such that one can participate in them, I can see nothing wrong with it. However, remember not to let it stand in your way in the service of the Lord."



Winnie Seward, 16, Jackson, Miss.: "Some clubs are all right to belong to. If the clubs are decent and go on decent trips, I think it is O. K. to belong to them. If they are indecent, it is best to keep your distance."

DO YOU HAVE A QUESTION? . . . LET'S HAVE IT!



An old man who had lived a long life of fellowship and service for his Lord was asked, "You are on the shady side of seventy, I suppose?"

"No," he replied, "I am on the sunny side, for I am on the side nearest to glory."



—Art work by Mildred Brock

Gustavus and the Peasant Girl

Gustavus III, King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a drink. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher and with artless simplicity put it to the king's lips. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said:

"My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to place you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but, even if I were, I could not . . ."

"And why?" rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, somewhat coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly and has no one but me to assist and comfort her under her many afflictions. And no earthly offer could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in and beheld stretched on a bed, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged woman, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: "I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should indeed be pitied had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment, of the pleasure of occupying an exalted position. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow creature almost overpowered him. Putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say: "Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good by, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on her mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

—*Golden Sheaves*

A wise man will hear, and will increase learning.—Prov. 1:5a
February, 1965

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

THE EVIDENCE IS—IT IS ABSENT

A word to the *wise* is sufficient. But even the *beginning* of wisdom is the fear of God.¹

Why don't young people, and older ones too, consider and heed advice concerning "the better way," the Christian walk? Benjamin Franklin once said that the wise man learns something from everyone. But the lack of the fear of God means the lack of wisdom. And the lack of wisdom means the lack of true understanding and knowledge.

To those who have true wisdom, just a "word" is sufficient to cause prayerful thought and consideration on their part. Just a word is enough to cause self-examination and a seeking for divine guidance for our every-day lives.

We hear mothers and fathers say that their children's excuse for practicing certain things is "*everybody* does it." That is supposed to make it "right."

When anything is said against any form of worldliness, the common rebuttal attack is, "Well, it's really not *that* important; I look at it *this* way . . ." Or, "*I* don't see anything wrong with it." (And that, also, is supposed to make it "right.") So it is what "*I*" think about it that counts! What does it matter what God thinks about it? For example, on the issue of "the new morality," the statement is often made, "What *I* consider moral IS moral." Everything is "relative" and the standard is set by the individual rather than God's Word.

Where is the fear of God? And where is the fear that "*I*" just MIGHT be *wrong*? If you as a young person are basing your standards of right and wrong on what "*you*" think and are not building your moral code of ethics from the true foundation

found in the Word of God, then it is evidence that the fear of God is absent from your heart. You lack wisdom.

Pray—that God will implant His fear and love in your heart.

Pray—that God will “choose” and “cause” you “to approach unto Him.”²

Pray—that God will make you “willing in the day of [His] power.”³

Pray—that God will work in you “the will and the do of His good pleasure”⁴ which includes “approaching” Him through Jesus Christ.

Pray—that God will “draw” you to Him.⁵

Pray—that God will give you the gift of repentance⁶ for all that do not REPENT will PERISH!⁷

References:

1. “The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.” (Prov. 9:10)
2. “Blessed is the man whom you **choose**, and **cause** to approach unto You; that he may dwell in Your courts. . . .” (Psa. 65:4a)
3. “Your people shall be willing in the day of Your power.” (Psa. 110:3a)
4. “For it is God which works in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.” (Psa. 2:13)
5. “No man can come to Me, except the Father which has sent Me draw him . . .” (John 6:44)
6. Acts 5:31; 11:18.
7. “... Except you repent, you shall all likewise perish.” (Lu. 13:3b)

FAMOUS WORDS WITH MEANING



“Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another; but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that this own shall be safe from violence when built.”

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

PRISON—for Christian Youth in Russia

Are You Really in Love?

W. W. ORR

DO YOU FEEL FREE TO TALK EVERYTHING OVER?

Are you ready for another test of true love? Here it is then: *Do you feel real liberty in discussing things with him?* Do you have a sincere desire to know his opinion? Are you able to talk over subjects with him that you would hesitate to discuss with almost anyone else?

Or, conversely, are you guarded in your choice of subjects when you're in his presence? Are there some realms of thinking that you never touch upon? Would you hesitate for instance to bring up the subject of your own relationship to the Lord? Or would you feel shy about discussing your inner hopes, ambitions and desires for the future?

There is little doubt about it. Some subjects you just can't chew over with everyone. Oh, I know it's true that there are some people who are naturally reticent and have difficulty in talking at any time. But then there is a certain camaraderie which can be established between friends which indicates that you have found a real kindred spirit who'll not fail to give you a proper evaluation and a sympathetic understanding.

You know there are even some parents who are not as close to their young people as they ought to be. Frequently, the young person hesitates to discuss things with his own forebears simply because there is not that feeling of sympathetic approach. I suppose in some cases its because the parents are too busy with their own affairs. Sometimes it seems as if they live in a different world than the young people. Occasionally it is due to a lack of interest in what the children are doing. Whatever the cause it's a sad condition at best.

But let me also state that there are many, many families where the young person and parents are in complete agreement and understanding. The girl talks things over carefully with her

mother, hiding nothing. The father is a real companion to his boy, and a joy forever, and betokens the presence of affection.

But this is just an illustration of the case in point here. True love feels an intimate affinity to the understanding of the one who enjoys the heart affection. When you love someone deeply there are no subjects which cannot be discussed. You always feel that you will have a sympathetic understanding. You will never be laughed at or turned away. Always there will be a warmth of genuine understanding.

Now I'm not talking about subjects that are taboo. That's not the question here at all. Rather it's the realm of deep down, personal, heart subjects. You can talk about the weather with anyone that comes along. You can discuss political affairs with even casual acquaintances. You can talk about the price of ham in China or eggs in Africa with people to whom you've just been introduced. There is no problem there.

But when it comes to the matter of your deep and almost sacred dreams for future days, you've got to feel sure that the one with whom you're having this discussion is a true friend. You just don't parade intimate subjects before everyone. When it comes to the matter of your secret longings you would be very fearful of being misunderstood. Certainly we don't want our innermost desires to be vulgarly paraded before a bufooning crowd.

So love casts a warm glow on this whole matter. When you've come to know that particular someone whom you find truly interesting to your heart you just seem to lose that reticence to talk about personal matters. No matter how intimate the subject you just know that he'll give you an honest, sympathetic comment.

. . . . It isn't a matter of professional understanding. It isn't a question of learned advice that you're seeking. It's just that valuable liaison that comes from two hearts that are beating in unison. It could be that your boy friend or your girl friend won't even know the answer. That isn't the particular end for which you're striving. It's just that genuine love brings a feeling of ease, no matter what topics are being discussed. ◀

"Double That Boy's Wages!"

Many years ago a large drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a peculiar looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be an aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said, "Can't take him; places all full. Besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that "he did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the owner looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said the owner. "I did not tell you that you should work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought that I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to see the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered the door to seize something. But in a twinkling he found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk of whom we have been talking, and after a struggle was captured.

Not only was a robbery prevented, but money and valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered.

When asked why he had remained behind when all the others had left to see the beasts, our little efficient worker replied:

"The owner said never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more, "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

That boy later became a member of the firm. Does it pay to be manly, willing and faithful?

—Presbyterian Banner

NEWS ITEMS . . .

FBI DIRECTOR J. EDGAR HOOVER chooses not to retire at age seventy—even when retirement would be to his advantage financially. When the energetic Mr. Hoover is on vacation, after three or four days of rest he has to send word to his office to send him some work. The Creator means for man to work and stay busy. A life without occupation will stagnate and the physical and mental faculties will be impaired.

AUTOMATION in this nation's industries may develop "a breed of nervous wrecks" unless retired people find something to do with their extra leisure, according to Louis Kuplan, executive secretary of California's Committee on Aging. He believes automation holds great promise for freedom from drudgery, but warns that increased mechanism eventually could lower retirement age in the United States from 65 to 50. "The aimlessness of people when not working will have to be overcome if automation is not to develop a breed of nervous wrecks," Kuplan declares.—Sunshine Magazine

SMOKING AND DEAFNESS—Smoking can cause deafness because the nicotine induces vasospasm in small caliber blood vessels, including that of the internal ear, and this vasoconstriction can, and does, produce lesions of the internal ear in a large number of people.—Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Monthly, Nov., 1964

YOU ARE A POTENTIAL GENIUS—"To know that each of us who is 'average' has a brain capable of holding fifty times as much information as is contained in the United States Library of Congress is flattering, pleasant, and quite true. Yet the most brilliant person who ever lived has not used more than a tiny portion of his brain's capacity. To the question, 'How much can we learn, how many pieces of information do we have room for in our heads?' the answer would have to be expressed in trillions, for the nerve cells actually number in the billions."

—Formula for Genius, John Loughran



THE TRUE STORY OF TWIN SISTERS



"I Wish" and "I Will"

These names, "I Wish" and "I Will" were given by the companions of two sisters whose real names were Mary and Ella Cowper. And when you have heard something of their history, you will think the names not unfairly bestowed.

When the sisters (who were twins) were ten years old, they were sent to a girl's school in the village in which their parents had come to live. It was the last quarter of the session, and when the examination day came, the sisters looked with longing eyes at the prizes in their gay-gilded bindings, regretting that they had come too late to have a chance of receiving any.

"But we shall have as good a chance as the rest to win some next year," said Mary. "I wish we could!" sighed Ella.

"Well," said Mary, "we will begin the first day, and work just as hard as we can." So when the holidays were ended they both set to work with great spirit; but before a week had passed Ella began to think it very wearisome. "Oh, dear!" she said, with a long yawn, "I wish there were no such thing as French, or that this tiresome verb were not so difficult. I can learn no more at it tonight."

"It is very difficult," said Mary, "but it won't be any easier in the morning. I will just finish mine tonight."

Of course, Ella found the verb still less inviting in the morning. And, besides, she arose too late to have any time for it. And so the sisters went on through the year, Mary often urging her sister to make more effort, and Ella losing places in her class, grieving her parents, whom yet she longed to make happy, and all the time wishing that it were not so much trouble to work like Mary.

Soon the important day came round again. Mary went to school with a glad heart, while her sister said, sighing, "I wish I were you!" She said so more heartily again when they came home, Mary carrying two first and three second prizes; while the mother looked sadly at her other child, who, she knew,

could have done as well. But the pain Ella felt did not cure her of wishing, and year after year went on the same.

One day the girls went to spend the afternoon with a companion. She took them into the garden and showed them the little border that belonged to herself, out of which she gathered a pretty bouquet for each. Ella delighted in flowers.

"And are these all your own?" asked Ella.

"Yes. I do everything to it myself; dig, and plant, and sow seeds, and everything. Have you no gardens of your own?"

"No," said Ella. "How I wish I had."

"I am sure Dad would give us a piece," said Mary, "and if you'll show me the way, Jane, I will make one." "So will I," said Ella.

Dad readily gave the pieces of ground, and Jane came to help.

The digging was pretty hard work, and Ella soon found she must sit down on the grass to rest. This was all very well; but she forgot to get up again till Jane had finished the work for her. But Jane was not always there, and weeds grow faster than flowers.

Mary was looking at her garden every fair day, and a few minutes' work kept it all in order. The weeds did not get a chance to do more than show themselves. But Ella thought it was not worth while, till hers was overgrown. She would come sauntering round, look at Mary's, and say, "I wish my garden was like yours!" Then she'd stoop down and pull out a few of the largest weeds, saying, "I wish these tiresome weeds wouldn't grow so fast." She would hardly start working before she would turn away and spend the rest of the afternoon lounging with her book on the grass. Consequently, while Mary was able all through the Summer to bring a sweet little bouquet to her mother almost daily, Ella had nothing to show but the garden of the sluggard.

"I wish I were rich!" sighed Ella one day, as she stood looking out of the window. "There are Nancy Bell's two poor little girls who have no decent dresses to wear to school. If I had lots of money, how many people I would make happy!"

A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Cowper came into the room with an old dress of her own on her arm. "Here, Ella," she said, "is a dress that will make two very nice ones for the little Bells. I have no time to make them; but if you do so, you shall have it." "Oh, Mother! I am sure I couldn't manage that—they wouldn't be done by next Winter." Mrs. Cowper turned away with a sigh.

"Mother," said Mary eagerly, "may I have it? I will make them if you will give me some advice." And how happy Mary felt when, after working hard all her leisure time for two weeks, she saw the two smiling children appear in school in their new dresses.

By and by Ella's wish for riches was gratified. She was married to a wealthy business man, and on the same day Mary became the wife of the village doctor.

"Now you see," said Ella, the evening before their marriage, "I have got my wish, and I shall be able to do more good than you after all." Mary replied quietly, "I will do all I can with what I have."

But the great good done by Ella's riches has not yet appeared. The habits she would not break in youth now bind her like chains. Her husband's property is wasted by her unfaithfulness of not practicing thrift. Her neglected children, left to the care of others, do very much as they please, while she lies on her sofa dreaming over a novel, or nursing herself for fancied complaints, which will probably soon become real.

And Ella's "children garden" is turning out just as her flower garden did in earlier years. She does not make the effort to pull the weeds, and "cultivate" the little lives.

Meanwhile, Mary, with a large family and an income not very large, contrives by careful management, by constant diligence and self-denying kindness, not only to keep a happy and comfortable home, but to be a help and blessing to many around her. What will Ella say when the Lord asks for the talent He committed to her?

—*Belfast Witness*

Chief Dull Knife and His People

An Open Letter About the Northern Cheyenne Indians

It all began ten years ago. My first day on the reservation will always be remembered. Such poverty and want! I could scarcely believe this was part of the United States. It was as if I was suddenly transplanted in an undeveloped country thousands of miles away. The 140 children then at St. Labre Mission were cramped into space provided for 50. The children ate all their meals at their desks. Some were sleeping in crowded corridors.

I discovered, however, that these children were quite the fortunate among the Northern Cheyenne tribe. Children, whole families, were without food. Cruel hardship, neglect, were common.

History calls the Cheyenne "The Race of Sorrow," and rightly so. No other racial group or segment of American society has suffered so much privation, hardship, hunger, and utter poverty as the Northern Cheyenne Indians.

Bringing to mind this day ten years ago, has meaning. I have witnessed great improvement in conditions and in the very spirit of these people. Living here at St. Labre for ten years, I have learned much about the Cheyenne Indian. As the "Race of Sorrow," courage and hope were gone. Now, through the help of sympathetic people, the dark night of sorrow is beginning to break as the dawn of hope draws near.

Today these Northern Cheyenne want to be called "The People of the Morning Star." This star, which shines so brightly in the early morning sky among the Cheyenne, has always had a very special meaning for these people. Their heroic leader, Chief Dull Knife, who led them in their epic march from captivity in Oklahoma, was called "Morning Star."

As we look back on the past ten years, I feel we are winning the war on poverty among the Cheyenne. When the leaders of the Northern Cheyenne are developed through education, they will be able to stand alone, and to help each other, and make themselves self-supporting.

—Emmett Hoffman, Director
St. Labre Indian School, Ashland, Montana.

(Sunshine Mag.)

No. 52 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

52. *The resurrection of Christ proves the Bible true and Christianity the God-given religion.*

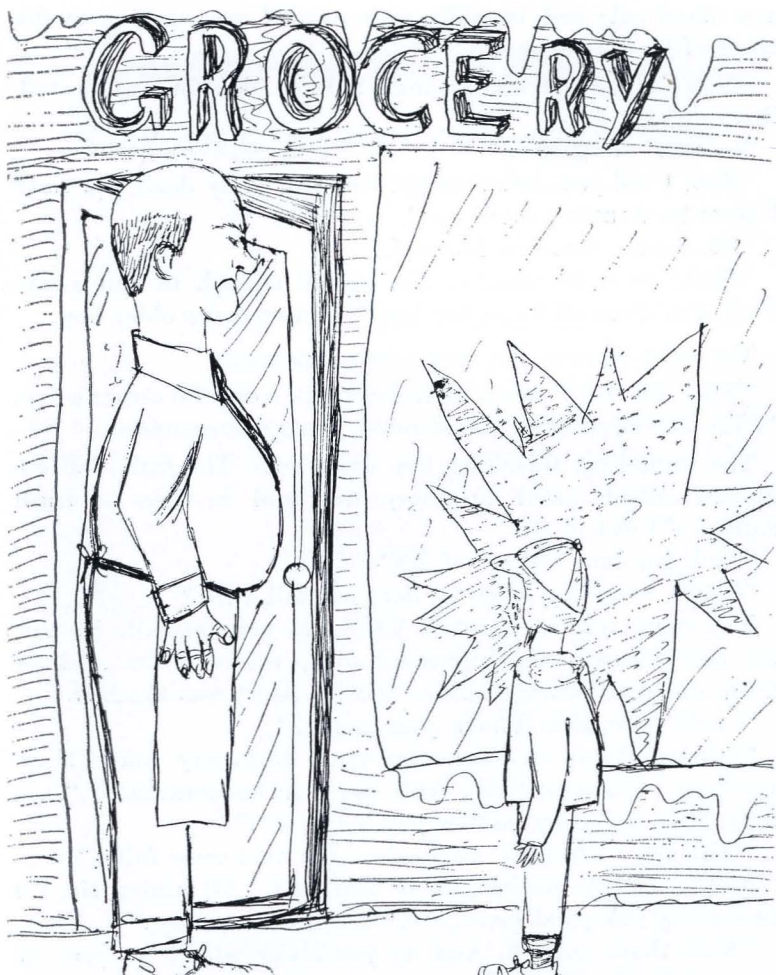
Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby, the philosophical historian of England, writes of the Resurrection of Christ as follows: "Thousands and tens of thousands of persons have gone through it (the Bible) piece by piece as carefully as ever a judge summed up a most important case. I have myself done it many times over, not to persuade others, but to satisfy myself. I have been used for many years to study the history of other times, and to examine and weigh the evidence of those who have written about them, and *I know of no one fact in the history of mankind which is proved by better and fuller evidence of every sort, to the understanding of a fair inquirer, than the great sign God has given us, that Christ died and rose again from the dead.*"

Greenleaf, of Harvard, authority on "evidence," said that according to the legal evidence in the highest courts of Europe and America, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are genuine and authentic, that Christ's claims are true, and that He rose from the dead. He subjected the witnesses to the severest cross-examination, and then published a book in which he announced that *the evidence for the resurrection of Christ cannot be overthrown.*

The fact that the world faces *only one empty tomb* greatly simplifies the problem of search for religious truth. For the Resurrection of Christ is God's approval on, and seal to, His claims to be God the Son and Savior of the world; *for if His claims had been false, the righteous God of heaven would have allowed Him to stay in the grave, in common with all pretenders. But Christ was raised from the dead, "declaring Him to be the Son of God with power."* (Rom. 1:4)

A resurrected Christ means a vindicated Bible for the Bible is His message.

—Fred John Meldau



—Art work by Carolyn Hicks

"I Dare Not Deny It, Sir"

A group of boys stood on the walk before a large grocery store, pelting each other with snowballs. By an unskillful throw, the youngest sent his snowball spinning through the frosty air against the large plate glass of the grocer's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow, who

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now stood pale and trembly, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be angry? Run, Ned! We won't tell. Run quick!"

"I can't," he gasped.

"Run, I tell you, he's coming! Coward! Why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me."

"No, I can't run!" he faltered.

"Idiot! he'll be caught! Not spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the elder boy.

The door opened. An angry face appeared.

"Who did this?" came in fierce tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted, as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near. The little delicate looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth replied—"I did it, sir."

"And you dare tell me of it?"

"I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie."

The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused. He saw the pale cheeks, the frightened eyes, wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone, and his heart was touched.

"Come here, lad. What's your name?"

"Edward Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything." His eyes filled with tears as he continued, "... Only don't make my mother pay for it, sir!"

"Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?"

Ned's face was radiant, as he answered, "All winter, sir. I'll do it every time, and more, too, sir. I'll do anything."

"Well, that's enough. And do you know why I let you off so easy? Well, it's because you're not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls, be sure you come to me."

"I will, sir, the Lord willing."

"We'll all help him!" shouted the others. And, as they turned away, three hearty cheers rose for Mr. Kendrick, and three more for the boy that dared not to run away.

—*Messenger of Peace*

Suggested Reading

THE OLD MCGUFFEY READERS

(These Are New Books)

Primer	\$1.84	Third Reader .	\$2.24	Sixth Reader .	\$2.92
First Reader ..	1.96	Fourth Reader	2.44	Webster's "Old Blue	
Second Reader	2.08	Fifth Reader .	2.76	Back Speller"	1.80

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