

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



Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 3, No. 6—March, 1963

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MAKES A CONCESSION

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DAUGHTER A LESSON

"The dance is the only place where standards of character are forgotten. It brushes aside all feelings of delicacy and modesty. . . . We know that liberties are accorded on the dance floor that would not be granted elsewhere. . . . The embrace of the modern dance is a dangerous undertow that carries the dancer on and on until he is beyond his depth.

"The whole atmosphere and surroundings of the dance are anti-Christian."

—Dr. John Carrara

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Glen Berry, Editor

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Youth's *Living Ideals*

Vol. 3. No. 6—March, 1963



A Scientist Makes a Concession

JAMES D. ORTEN

ONE DAY RECENTLY, while I was on the campus of a state college, I learned there was a famous scientist there that day also. The learned man had come, it was said, to lecture on the subject of the "Origin of Life on the Earth." Now, I have read about the beginning of life (in the first chapter of Genesis), and was interested to know if this noted scholar was acquainted with the information I had gained from this source.

He wasn't! No, he wasn't.

As it turned out, the distinguished gentleman and I were of completely different schools of thought. I must confess I did not stay for all his speech. Frankly, I did not think it was necessary. You see, he admitted he learned what he knew by a study of the earth itself. I got my information directly from God who made it all. Call it conceit if you will, but I concluded I really knew more about how it all came about than he. However, in the little I learned of what he had to say, one statement struck me as a concession from the old line usually followed by such men. He said: "Man as we know him did not evolve from an ape, but he did come from an ape-like creature."

At first glance it may not appear that this is a very great concession. But upon closer examination, I take it as a tacit admission that these wise men, who for years have harangued Christians about their faith, are now having to back down from the monkeyism they were trying to cram down our throats in its place. Yes, this is a concession. I am most relieved to find I am not next of kin to an ape. That's a good start. Before you know it, it will be completely respectable for one to believe he was created in the image of his God as Genesis 1:26 says he was.

But there is still a question as to just *how* ape-like our forefathers were. All living creatures have some things in common. A pig has something in common with a jack-rabbit. That does not prove, however, that they came from the same stock. It is true also, from a physical standpoint, that man shares some points of resemblance with animals. Some of the physiological processes at work in the human body are duplicated in the lower orders. But there is a vast difference even in the physical make-up of a man and an animal. (I don't think I've ever heard of an evolutionist calling a veterinarian when he is sick.) As great as these physical differences are, there are two other areas in which man differs even more from the animals. They are mental and spiritual.

God told Adam to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The fact is implied in this statement that God created Adam with a mind definitely superior to that of the animals over which he ruled. Man does not rule the animal kingdom by physical strength. The other day, I saw an elephant under control. If the elephant had been as smart as the man, he would have learned ways of off-setting the man's dominion over him. Animals may be taught certain tricks, to be performed at the trainer's cue, but it is impossible to teach them qualities of judgment, reason, ambition and the like which are peculiar to the superior mind of man.

In the third area—his spiritual being—man bears no resemblance whatever to the animals. We are made in the image of God. I doubt if this applies to our body, since God is spirit

(John 6:24) and our bodies are flesh. I do think mentally we were made somewhat in the image of God . . . Man can cultivate such attributes as mercy and the higher forms of love which are characteristic of God's nature, and are impossible for animals to acquire. It is in our spiritual nature, however, that our likeness to God is fulfilled. Our spirit, like God, is immortal. It survives the death of the body. Paul, comparing the body to a house and the spirit to the inhabitant of the house, said, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

This difference between man and animal is apparent from the type of treatment we are instructed to give the two species. Both plants and animals were made not only under the dominion of man but actually for his benefit and consumption. Adam was told to use all the herbs and plants for food. Paul said (1 Tim. 4:4) that every creature was to be received, e. g. eaten, with thanksgiving. But men were not made for other men's use. We are taught to love them and work them no ill. The evolutionist recognizes this principle whether he admits its source or not.

What we have often failed to understand is that evolution is a theory, and not all reputable scientists have accepted it. Dr. L. T. Moore of the University of Cincinnati said, "The more one studies Paleontology, the more certain one becomes that evolution is based on faith alone." True! And may I say, if I am going to have faith, I would much rather place it in God than Charles Darwin. Dr. Thomas H. Morgan of Columbia University said, "Within the period of human history we do not know of a single instance of the transformation of one species into another." (*Evolution and Adaptation*, p. 43) These are nice admissions for scientists to make out loud, but there is more. Dr. Robert A. Millikan, himself an internationally known scientist and Nobel Prize winner, in a speech at Nashville, Tennessee said, "The pathetic thing is that we have scientists who are trying to prove evolution, which no scientist can ever prove." Even Darwin admitted, "If we descend to details, we cannot prove

that a single species has changed." If Mr. Darwin will pardon me for putting his statement into my own words, what he said was: If you insist on getting right down to the facts, I can't prove a thing I've said.

The scientific definition of a theory is a conclusion based upon evidence pointing in a certain direction. It must be kept in mind that there is a long distance between "evidence pointing in a certain direction" and absolute proof. If an article is stolen from a store at a certain hour, and I am in the store at that hour, that may be considered evidence pointing toward my guilt. But it is certainly not proof that I took the article.

A GIANT HOAX

Most of the so-called "evidence" pointing toward evolution is in the form of archaeological finds (bones, skeletons, etc.) purporting to be the missing link between man and monkey. But basing faith on such finds is risky business indeed. Imagine this for example. Four thousand years ago an ape sickens and dies in a certain valley. A hundred years later a man dies and is buried on or near the same spot. Earthquakes, floods and faulting of rocks for the next thousand years intermingle the bones of the two. Many of the bones work out and are washed away, leaving only the man's skull and a few of the ape's body bones. These lie together and age for another 3,000 years. Then in our century an enterprising scientist digs them up and announces that he has found the missing link between man and the apes—a creature that had a man's head but an ape's body.

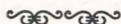
Actually, this is exactly what happened, in a slightly altered form. For forty-two years the famous Piltdown man was venerated as authentic and lauded as proof of evolution. As late as 1953 it was revealed, much to the evolutionists' chagrin, that the whole thing was a giant hoax. A glory seeking laboratory worker had taken some ape bones and chemically treated them to appear old. Taking them, together with a human skull, he buried them in an English gravel pit, where they were later "discovered." Thus came into being the famous Piltdown man.

Such examples should make scientists more modest in their

claims. And they should make anyone take a long, long look before he accepts a theory that contradicts the Word of God. One who considers himself wise would be well advised to follow the instruction of the apostle Paul, and acknowledge that the things written in the Book are the words of God.

—James D. Orten, 2610 Brown, Alton, Ill., as appeared in
Proclaimer of Truth

Grateful thanks go to Mrs. Gladys Staggs for obtaining permission and to Mr. James Orten for giving permission to re-publish this article.



COULD I BE CALLED A CHRISTIAN?

Could I be called a Christian
If everybody knew
My secret thoughts and feelings
And everything I do?

Oh, could they see the likeness
Of Christ, in me each day?
Oh, could they hear Him speaking
In every word I say?

Could I be called a Christian
If everyone could know
That I am found in places
Where Jesus would not go?

Oh, could they hear His echo
In every song I sing,
In eating, drinking, dressing—
Could they see Christ in me?

Could I be called a Christian
If judged by what I read,
By all my recreations
And every thought and deed?

Could I be counted Christ-like
As I now work and pray—
Unselfish, kind, forgiving
To others every day?

—Author Unknown



Sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character;
sow a character and reap a destiny.—Thackery

Remove the *Burr*

MRS. W. J. BERRY

MR. MATTHEWS was a good farmer, and a prosperous one. He lived before the day of modern mechanized farming. He owned a team of beautiful brown horses, and spent many hours of hard but very satisfying labor as he turned the rich sod. He took great interest in his horses, keeping them well-groomed and well-fed. Just to see the muscular movements of those beautiful horses as they pulled the plow did his heart good. They were well trained and usually did not give a moment's trouble to their owner. So when they seemed to be nervous or restless, he knew something was wrong.



One day as he returned to them after allowing them to rest in the shade for awhile, he knew something was amiss. He began to search for the cause of the trouble. Old Bess had reached over and had bitten Dan, and her great eyes bulged in anger. In return Dan had turned nearly completely about in the harness and had kicked her in the thigh. The straps were all tangled and both of them had one foot outside of the traces.

The traces are the bars attached to the harness and to the plow, or load, so that the burden may be equally borne by the team. So if they are outside the traces, their efforts cannot pull the plow or the load, but only succeed in pulling it against each other. The more angry they become the worse they become entangled in the straps which are to help them pull the plow, or load.

Mr. Matthews approached them very cautiously for he saw they could hurt him, their beloved master, in their present state of agitation. Though they were usually very gentle, he knew

that now they would not hesitate a minute to kick him, if he should approach them abruptly and attempt to untangle them.

"Whoa, there Bess," he said in a kind, soothing tone. "What's wrong, old girl? Something hurt?" She recognized the kindness of his voice, as animals can. She turned the whites of her great eyes toward him understandingly as he began to gently stroke her neck. "Ah! here it is," he said. "No wonder you were all upset." A burr had lodged under her collar, and each movement she made increased the pain. He removed it, and, going around to old Dan, said: "She gave you a rough time, huh, boy? That's like a woman. She thought you did it. You can't blame her for being mad, though, can you,"

Like everyone who loves animals, he talked to his horses many times. He did so now, as he untangled their harness and brought the strong feet back into the traces.

"After all," he said, "you are just like people! Something hurts one of you, and you blame it on the other, and try to take a hunk out of him. Then he, instead of understanding that you are not quite yourself—that apparently something hurts you—he kicks you back! And, like people too, you have only made a general confusion and entangled yourselves. You didn't do one thing to remove the burr! You just kept getting madder and madder, and without outside help you could have kept that up till doom's day. All of your efforts would have been worse than wasted! You were only aggravating the cause of your trouble. We people often do the same way, but we are not horses, or 'dumb brutes'—we should know better! We act just as foolishly as you do. We, too, kick outside the traces, and can't accomplish our work with one foot out and one foot in, and only pulling against each other instead of our common load.

"As we labor together we may accomplish much. But if one of us has some problem, we get all irritated with our fellow-laborer, and we do as you did, Bess. We blame *our* pain, or trial of whatever kind it may be, on someone else—anyone, just to keep us from seeing the real cause. We don't expect horses to know about burrs, but humans should! Then, old boy, when she took a bite at you, you, like poor humans so often do, struck

back. We should know there is a good reason for another person's behavior. But no, we do just like you did—get all tangled and confused, fighting each other. We spend our strength just as you poor beasts did, fighting each other; and after we get all outside the traces, so to speak, we do not realize that we can never achieve our aims by pulling against each other."

If old Bess and Dan could talk, they could give us many gems of wisdom spoken to them by their wise owner. But only they and the birds heard his words, and not having the benefit of his wisdom, we continue to pull against each other in this life.

When one is irritable, and "out of sorts," we should begin to search for the burr. But we are so "touchy"! No one is going to treat *us* so and get away with it! So we add to his pain, or irritation, or weakness, instead of trying to help him, and carry on a vicious circle of misunderstanding and confusion. While thus engaged, the important work lies neglected, or perhaps spoiled as we spend our energy on each other instead of a common cause.

Dumb animals are not expected to know better, but we, who are creatures made in the image of God, should really be ashamed of such beastly behavior.

When we see our fellow-laborer disturbed, let us look for the burr!

READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

"Constructive Daydreaming," by Gloria Huffman

FORGIVENESS

JOSEPH **forgave** his wicked brethren in their days of adversity even after they had treated him unkindly. He did them good.

DAVID **forgave** Saul, who tried more than once to kill him.

JESUS **forgave** those who nailed Him to the cross. He prayed for them.

Like Jesus, his Lord and Master, STEPHEN **forgave** those who stoned him. He prayed for them, saying, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." (Acts 7:60)

We are like Jesus when we **forgive**, even when grievously sinned against. We are unlike Him when we are unforgiving.—Selected

Paper Clip Marriages

Recently, a couple who wanted to get married but didn't have a wedding ring were bound together in holy wedlock by a probate judge who fashioned a wedding band from a paper clip.

Though this marriage may last a lifetime, the improvised wedding band suggests as good a term as any for today's hurry-up, get-married-and-then-think-it-over adventures into matrimony. "Paper clip" marriage quite aptly sums up such unions.

When a marriage is a spur-of-the-moment decision, or when a couple of high school kids decide to run away and get married because they have tried just about everything else "for kicks," or when a couple decides to marry without first figuring out how they are going to live and on what—they're paper clip marriages.

With luck they may hold together, but the young couples aren't too worried about that. They know that if the marriage doesn't work out, a divorce will be easy to come by. The girl can go home to mama and papa and the boy can be free again. [But from the beginning it was not so. The rule is "till death do us part."—Ed.] If there happens to be a child, the girl's parents will take the child in, too.

The young couple who were actually married with a paper clip ring may have made every preparation for marriage except that they forgot about a wedding band—in which case, theirs isn't in any sense a paper clip marriage.

But there are plenty of marriages today for which the term is pitifully appropriate.

Those are the ones in which young couples figure they can remove a wedding band as easily as a paper clip when they no longer like being joined together in marriage.

—Ruth Millett, Newspaper Enterprise Association



The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—Samuel Johnson.

Behind the Modern Dance

PART VI

The modern dances are bestial in name and origin. They go back to the ancient vaudeville or nude dancing exhibitions and to the sexual dances of the Egyptians, Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans. The new features are to imitate animal movements, animal noises, and have animal names.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard, has some scathing things to say about the coarsened manners of young people today. They converse in slang, discuss subjects never mentioned in his youth, and the young men are rude and familiar toward the young women who accept the rudeness as a matter of course and do not resent gross misconduct toward them by their male associates. Freshmen who get drunk at dances are not only not rebuked but are invited again and cutting in on the dancing floor by intoxicated men goes on unrestrained.

But the latest modern dances are not only bestial in their origin and names, in their music and movements, in their nakedness and shamelessness, but they are bestial in their lack of finer feelings of civilized people. They are unblushingly coarse and bestial in exhibiting the sex movements and appealing to the sex desire.

The devil has captivated them by the passion for strong drink and by this mania for dancing and amusement. The modern dance is imperiling everything good and wholesome in the moral and social environment of our day. The whole atmosphere and surroundings of the dance are anti-Christian. Among the silly girls, the shrewd scoundrels, the blackmailers, the respectable drunkards, the female adventurers, ambitious mothers, weather-beaten bachelors, we find the church members, stumbling-blocks to the church, and the laughing stock of the world. And these

people are making the atmosphere, and building the moral and social environment for young people, clean, upright manhood and womanhood. The government of tomorrow will rest upon the shoulders of our young people today. We wonder at what kind of a government that will be? God help us!

A nice, respectable woman recently told of going to a night club and dancing with a professional dancer. She said that he was tight but it didn't affect his dancing at all. He danced divinely. Imagine! Then I realized the degree to which this dancing fad has caused nice women to let down the bars. Imagine nice women taking up with strange men on a hotel roof and dancing with them. And then these let the women pay for what they eat and drink. How can there be anything but misunderstanding, discontent, discord, domestic trouble when women spend their time this way?

Our future generations! The far-reaching harm and hurt of the dance upon the future morals and social life of our nation lies in this tendency of the present day to turn the homes and schools into training camps for the dance. The sex life of children is thus abnormally and prematurely stimulated and developed. When this happens, the children will lose interest in school and chafe against restraint.

They want to renounce all obligations to study and work and make preparation for life work. When once you have abnormally developed the sex life of the children of the nation, while they are children, and out of proportion to their mental, moral and physical development, you shipwreck the future generations mentally, socially, morally, and religiously, and not only make them unfit for the greatest things in life, but shut them out from the chance to meet and master the real problems of the day.

The modern dance, and the habits, customs, and vices emanating from it, is destroying the marriage tie and disrupting the home life of our people. It is directly responsible for blighting 65,000 of our girls every year and the cause of multitudes of our young men plunging into sexual sin and as a result becoming diseased. Visit the Lapeer, Michigan, State Home and Training

School and witness the dreadful, heartbreaking results of venereal disease.

I believe parents are not aware of the sex intoxication of this twentieth century dance or the dance of death. It is as dangerous to cultivate the appetite for amusement as it is to cultivate the appetite for drink or drugs. Young people should be taught early in life that God did not make them to be amused. They were made to glorify Him and to serve humanity by lives of usefulness. We have lost that art of entertaining ourselves, we must be entertained. God help us "moderns." Surely we are living, as it were, in the land of Sodom.

(From *Enemies of Youth*, by permission)

This ends the series on the Modern Dance. Next month we will start a series of three articles on The "Beat Generation"—Its Cause and Cure.

Words Fitly Spoken |

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

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; small sands, the mountains; moments make a year, and trifles, life.—Edward Young

Strive manfully; habit is overcome by habits.—Thomas A Kempis.

The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your piety or wit shall lure it back, nor cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it.—Omar Khayyam.

A humble person never gets "stuck on himself." We all agree with the person who said, "He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals."
—Louis Caldwell

True love does bring its gifts, but above all, love gives of itself.
—From "On Rearing Children"

Fifteen minutes a day devoted to one definite study will make one a master in a dozen years.
—Edward Howard Griggs

O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved as to love, for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born for eternal life.
—From "Christ Above All."

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

When Jerry was ten years old his daddy bought a pretty new car. Jerry had many toy cars, and had even made some models with the help of his dad. He was very much interested in any kind of mechanical toy. So when Daddy traded the old car for a shiny new one, Jerry's happiness knew no bounds. He was so proud of it that he could think of little else.

But not long after this happy event in his life, his daddy almost went bankrupt. Through the dishonesty of a business associate, it was often a real problem to have enough to eat and a place to live. One very unhappy day for poor little Jerry, the new car had to go. Daddy bought the poorest, delapidated old car he could possibly keep running so that he could get to his place of business.

Daddy and Mother tried to comfort Jerry in the loss of the car. They told him they should be thankful for food and a comfortable place to live.

One day Jerry said, "Mother, I am the cause of our losing our car." Mother said, "Why Darling, how could you possibly be the cause of it?" Then he told her that one day he had seen Johnnie who lived up the street get into his daddy's old car. He had told him in a boastful tone: "We have a pretty *new* car!"

"So," he said continuing, "because I was so hateful to Johnnie, God took our pretty new car from us. Now we have one older than Johnnie's daddy's!"

Mother thought the loss of the car was indeed a blessing, if by it, her little boy had learned such a valuable lesson.

* * * *

Janie's parents were very poor. She had only dresses which had been outgrown by other little girls, half worn out. Oh, if

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she could only have some *new* dresses! she often said to herself with an unhappy sigh.

The neighbor girls' parents were poor too. But their daddy would buy new dresses for them, even if he couldn't pay his rent or grocery bill. But Janie didn't know about that, of course. She knew only that she didn't have pretty things. And the neighbor girls often made fun of her. They would walk by haughtily making remarks which they meant for her to hear. She knew they wanted her to hear and she did hear, and often felt as if she could crawl away and hide.

They were very bad, unkind girls, you say? I agree! One could hardly imagine anything more cruel. But let us see if Janie is really much better.

It so happened that events took such a change that one day Janie could go to school dressed even more nicely than those foolish girls. Did she act nice? Was she thankful for her pretty dress? Was she kind and gracious, remembering her own suffering because of their unkindness? No, I must be truthful. She was not. She acted almost as badly as they did. Oh, she was too well trained by good parents to actually *say* unkind things. But how she did enjoy parading haughtily before them! What delight did their envious glances give her!

You will agree with me, I am sure, when I say that she was not worthy of her pretty new dresses. She was really no better than they were.

We see two *very* ugly traits in this: *pride* and *envy*. We can't tell which is worse. But we know we don't want to show either, do we? Either one will make the prettiest girl really *ugly*!

* * * *

Don't we see a very ugly picture in our mind as we say the word "Envy?" It even looks ugly as I write it. Envy causes one to actually *look* ugly, because he *is* ugly inside. Envy means one who is unhappy because someone else has something he does not have. It is more than wishing for something—it means he would not want another person to be happy just because he is not happy. Envy is selfishness in its ugliest dress!

One who is envious can never be really happy, because there will always be someone who has something he cannot have.

Oh, let us destroy the first very tiny seed of Envy! Once it takes root, it is like an evil weed—it can't be uprooted. It chokes all good from the heart in which it grows. Envy cannot grow in a loving unselfish heart!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

More Precious Than Gold

Something more precious than gold is flowing out of this country, says the Warner - Swasey Enterprise of Cleveland, Ohio. Character, integrity, self-reliance—it is the loss of these American traits that is leaving us more impoverished than the gold out-flow.

As long as Americans *earned* what they were paid, produced more for wages, saved for their own security, paid their bills, and demanded others do the same—as long as Americans acted like Americans—there was no worry about gold, or balance of payments, or value of the dollar. The dollar was impregnable because American *character* was behind it.

But when the greedy something-for-nothing, the whining some-body-else-not-me selfishness has sapped American character, American strength goes out with it. "It is later than you think."—*Sunshine Magazine*

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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 the minimum age limit for obtaining a driver's license be raised from 16 to 18?"

ANSWERS:



From Edythe Fenter, age 18, Portales, N. Mex.: "I don't think it would make much difference what the age is. If a person is going to be reckless, he will be no matter what age he gets his license. If a person is brought up in the right way, it is all right for him to be able to drive at an earlier age. Whether a person should obtain his license before the age of 18 should be handled at home."

From Mary Ellen Hildreth, age 20, Opelika, Ala.: "Driver's licenses should be received when the person is capable of taking the responsibilities of driving a car. In some instances, it should be raised to 18 and in some instances, I think it is all right at 16. It depends on the person who is driving."



From Mrs. E. Baldwin, age 31, Fort Worth, Tex.: "I think insurance companies charge more for drivers up to 25 years of age. Sixteen year olds may not have any more accidents than 18 year olds. I don't think the problem is "age." Some drivers (of all ages) don't seem to understand the dangers of not being careful. More education on how to drive, and care of a car would surely help. In one city, young drivers caught driving carelessly are taken by the policemen to view bad wrecks. This seems to make quite an impression on young people."

YOUR ANSWERS TO THESE WILL HELP SOMEONE ELSE

- "Should women cut or trim their hair?"
- "Is smoking right?"
- "Is it wrong to bowl?"
- "Should a Protestant girl date a Catholic boy even if he promises to go to church with her?"

More on the DANCING QUESTION which was discussed last month.



From Tonya Staggs, age 5, Flint, Michigan: "Yes, it is wrong. I hope they quit having things like that before I get in high school. In kindergarten my teacher told us to do the 'twist.' I did it once, but I sure felt awful! My mommy told me not to do it any more because it wasn't nice. So the next time my teacher told us to do it, I did not get out of my seat. She told me again. I got up but I did not do the 'twist.' I was a little bit 'fraid she would whip me. She might kill my body but she can't kill my soul."



From Mrs. Gladys Staggs, age 31, Flint, Michigan: "Perhaps the ones who sponsor these dances say, 'They help the students develop grace and poise.' If this is the REAL reason, then why do not boys dance with boys, and girls with girls? The atmosphere of the dance—the close physical contact between opposite sexes, the soft lights and lulling music—all stimulate unlawful thoughts and purposes. The practice of 'petting' has been brought into the schools, set to music and called by another name. However, the same dangers are still there!"

NEXT MONTH'S DISCUSSION—

"Is smoking right?"

Pen Friends



Mary Ellen Hildreth (age 20), 1316 Rocky Brook Rd., Opelika, Ala.

Would like to write someone her age in another state or country.

Wanda Fenter (age 21), 1700 South Main, Portales, New Mexico

Hobbies: "I enjoy reading and writing. I like to be outside much of the time. I enjoy singing and getting together with friends."

Sandra Evans (age 14), 8 Jonas St., Norfolk, Virginia

Cheri Len Baldwin (age 13), 2205 Hughes Ave., Fort Worth 5, Texas

Beverly Elmendorf (age 32), Box 15, Shokan, New York

March, 1963

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

“Dodging H-bombs and Learning to Speak Russian”

THE OTHER DAY I read a story about a high school career guidance counselor. He was interviewing a high school junior and advising him to make plans to prepare for a career.

This teen-age boy's attitude was, "Who needs plans?" Being a victim of the insecurity of this age, he did not have the heart or desire to spend a few years in preparing for any career. His career was going to be "building a bomb shelter, dodging H-bombs and learning to speak Russian."

The guidance counselor saw that because of such men as Mr. Khrushchev and cold and hot wars over the world, this young lad had lost all purpose in life. It was as if Khrushchev were ruling the world.

Being a Christian man, this counselor did a very wise thing. He read to this teen-ager a part of a famous speech:

"Who has measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the fountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? . . .

"The nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance . . . all nations before Him are as nothing; and they are counted to Him less than nothing and vanity. . . .

"Have you not known? Have you not heard? Has it not been told you . . . ? It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. . . .

"[It is He] that brings the princes to nothing; He makes the judges of the earth as vanity. . . . To whom then will you liken Me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. . . .

"Have you not known? Have you not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, faints not, neither is weary?"

After hearing these words, the high school junior realized that God indeed did rule the universe and events. Khrushchev was really quite small—just a puppet whom God rules and over-rules. (See Psa. 76:10.)

When we look into a clear starry night and see the uncountable numbers of other planets, we feel small indeed. We realize more fully that the nations on this little ball called earth are really "as nothing."

Are we to float purposely through life in the fear of any Mr. K.? No, not us! We know Who rules! We know Whom to fear. If you get to feeling "blue," or just simply insecure, read this speech. It would be good medicine to read it every day. There is an inspiring surprise at the end. Read it and look up! Here it is:

"He gives power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.

"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

BUT THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD . . .

SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH!

BUT THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD . . .

SHALL RUN AND NOT BE WEARY!

BUT THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD . . .

SHALL WALK AND NOT FAINT!

BUT THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD . . .

yes, will have purpose and security in their lives. Read Isaiah 40 in your Bibles.



THE A. B. C. GOSPEL

At a meeting in London at which the late Mr. C. H. Spurgeon presided, a young minister was asked to speak. He started by saying that he was a poor speaker; all he knew was the A. B. C. gospel. He went on to say "A" stands for the text we should all learn first, as it is the very beginning of the gospel for every sinner—"All have sinned and come short of the Glory of God." The "B" stands for "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The "C" stands for "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." At the close of the address Mr. Spurgeon, with tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "Stick to that kind of preaching and you will be a real A. B. C." Mr. Spurgeon meant by this an "Able Bodied Christian."

—The Young People's Magazine (Presbyterian, Scotland)

Which Was More in Need of Sympathy?

About three months before the sad daybreak when the great heart of Phillips Brooks ceased its throbbing and the busy brain its planning for the good of others, I was one noon-time seated at a table in a well-known Boston cafe, when two young women, earnestly engaged in conversation, entered and took the opposite seats.

One could not help hearing the conversation that ensued, so intense were the tones of the speakers. A regret was then experienced, that since deepened, that it was impossible to have taken it verbatim.

One of the two, or a near friend of theirs, had evidently been grievously wronged, and after the manner of so many Boston people, had gone to talk it over with the good man, who was, in a large sense, the bishop of us all, and now at this midday hour, were meeting by appointment to tell what had been the advice of Phillips Brooks..

“Well, what did he say, for I suppose you have seen him?”

“Yes, and he said just what we might have known Phillips Brooks would say. He listened so quietly, with that sad smile of his, speaking never a word until we were done, and then he said, so gently: ‘I am sorry for you, very—it is hard to be misunderstood, injured, wronged in this manner—and yet, shall I hurt you more if I tell you that I am not so sorry for you as for someone else?’

‘Really, my friend, my larger, deeper sympathy is not for you, but for the wrong-doer, the one who has so needlessly caused all this pain. It is so, so pathetic to have made so much trouble in a world already so full of heartaches. I am sorry, oh, sorry for him. As I have listened, I have been wondering if it were not possible after all that has occurred, to yet bring some gladness from this pain, and if you had not best just have your revenge by forgiving all the wrong and helping him to awaken to a new life, with the hope of his yet amounting to something good. That would be such a splendid way to surprise him and would make you so much gladder than to cherish the

wrong. Are you willing to do this?' That was what he said to me," she exclaimed, with her face flushed and smiling almost through tears, with the glad consciousness that she had been led to act worthily of a larger womanhood and was going to do this very thing, "forgiving and helping to something good."

To them, as to all others, Phillips Brooks' message to the suffering and the wronged the same, whether private counsel or public teaching, "Suffer if you must; do not quarrel with the dear Lord's appointments for you. Only try if you are to suffer to do it splendidly. That's the only way to take up a pleasure or pain!" These were his oft repeated words, and never seemed more majestic than when he uttered them, straightening himself to his full height, while his voice echoed and re-echoed, "Yes, suffer splendidly."

—Selected



He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

—S T. Coleridge

One of My Favorite Recipes

SWEET POTATO PIN WHEELS

1 cup cooked sweet potatoes*

Add powdered sugar until
stiff enough to roll. Roll to
about 1/8" thickness.

Spread with thin layer of
softened peanut butter.

Roll as a jelly roll and slice.

*Note: I usually use left-over
candied sweet potatoes.



—Wanda Fenter, age 21, Portales, New Mexico

March, 1963

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Character Lessons

Habits

In Pilgrim's Progress there is a story of a man who had built an iron cage about himself, in which he was obliged to spend the rest of his life. As a boy he dawdled, until he had put a bar of *idleness* before him, which prevented his accomplishing anything great in the world; he had neglected his dress, until he had built up a bar of *untidiness*, which kept refined and cultivated people from him; he was so conceited, overbearing and discourteous that he had placed a bar of *disagreeableness* between himself and his fellows: he was so dishonest and distrustful that the bars of *distrust* had been riveted about him, which kept him from upright people; he had so yielded to his appetites that he had placed around him the bars of *gluttony* and *intemperance*, which made him incapable of any mental or physical accomplishment. And so unconsciously he had built up bar after bar until he had made himself completely a prisoner, and had become utterly incapable of doing anything useful in the world. Every act in life drives a rivet into character, and raises some sort of a building about us.

Shall it be a cage? Or a palace? These confining bars are *habits*.

● *Habit is a continual course or action which by repetition has become easy.*

Every man is prone to imitate those about him; but, most of all, he is inclined to imitate himself. The doing of anything makes it easier to do it again in the same way; and the repetition becomes a habit, which it is almost impossible to change. When the habit is fixed the thing is done while the mind is engaged upon something else. By habit, which has become an instinct, the trained fingers play the piano without the attention of the mind. It is said Edward Everett gave as a reason of his wonderful memory that when a boy he read very earnestly, and at the foot of every page he made himself review what he had read

on that page. At first he had to read it three and four times before the contents became fixed firmly in his mind; but finally after reading a book once, he could almost recite it from beginning to end.

Every act, word, and thought leaves an influence, and a tendency that makes a repetition easy, and make dissimilar acts words, and thoughts harder to repeat. Consequences become causes, good brings forth good; evil produces evil. No act is isolated. It has some influence upon our future acts.

We are always powerfully affected by the good or the evil, results of habit. A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A mature man is a bundle of habits. Carlyle said: "Habit is our supreme strength, our miserablest weakness."

Virtue is simply firmly established good habits. Vice is confirmed wicked habits. The domination of habit often steals over men unnoticed. No one intends to become a liar, a thief, or a drunkard; but one act leads to another, until the evil is fastened on the man. "We weave day by day a thread into a cable of habit, until it becomes so strong we cannot break it." The only way to avoid bad habits is by the careful cultivation of good ones. This is particularly necessary in the formation of habits of cleanliness, self-control, good temper, punctuality, etc.

When people speak of habits in the majority of cases they mean bad habits; but our virtues may be habits as much as our vices. Education is for behavior, and habits are the stuff of which behavior consists. The great work of education is to make our nerves our ally, and not our enemy.

A man's deeds are recorded to even the smallest detail. The recording angel is no myth; it is found in ourselves. It is the law of habit. A man's life is spent writing his own biography. If he indulges in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency and idleness, he experiences a loss which no subsequent effort relieve. Rip Van Winkle excused each fresh relapse from swearing off by "I won't count this." But down in nerve cells the molecules are counting it, registering it, and storing it up to be used when the next temptation comes.

The Duke of Wellington said, "Habit is ten times nature." The thing reaped is the thing sown multiplied a hundred-fold.

Rectitude is only the confirmed habit of doing what is right; Some men cannot tell a lie; the habit of truth telling is fixed. Character building is right habit building.

"Sowing wild oats" is the devil's snare. What a man sows, he reaps. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the fire and burn every seed of them. If you sow them, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, they will come up.

Many an extraordinary man has been made out of a boy of ordinary qualities. But it is necessary to have four habits: punctuality, without which time is wasted; accuracy, without which mistakes hurtful to us are made; steadiness, or nothing will be done well; dispatch, or opportunities will be lost which it will be impossible to recall.

If we take care to form the right kind of habits during the first twenty years of our life, the habits formed will take care of us during the rest of our lives. Practically all the achievements of the human race are the accomplishment of habits.

In the conduct of life, habits count for more than precepts, because habit is a living precept. To reform one's preaching is nothing; it is no more than changing the title of a book. To learn new habits is the vital thing, for this is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits. There are certain habits having a determining effect upon character, like accuracy, punctuality, which are phases of faithfulness, and will be treated under Fidelity.

If a child keeps faithfully busy each hour of the day he may safely leave the final result to itself. Silently there will have been built up within him a possession that will never fail him, and which will make him a power in the land.

The daily deeds of individuals are recorded in the character and quality of the nation and the integrity of the nation demands the most careful attention to the habits of daily life.

Let each one determine within himself to root out evil habits *right now*, and make a continued effort to establish good habits.

—James Terry White

Mother Teaches Daughter a Lesson

One day as a mother was scraping and peeling vegetables for a salad, her daughter came in and asked permission to go to a movie. On the defensive, the daughter explained it was a questionable show, but all the girls were going, and they didn't think it would hurt them.

As the girl talked, she saw her mother suddenly pick up a handful of scraps and throw them in the salad. In a startled voice she called: "Mother, you are putting garbage in the salad!"

"Yes," her mother replied, "I know, but I thought that if you wouldn't mind garbage in your mind and heart, you certainly would not mind a little in your stomach."

Thoughtfully the girl picked the peelings from the salad and with a brief "Thank you" to her mother, she went to tell her friends she would not be going with them to the show.

—Exchange, Via Christian Victory

How different was this mother from several mothers—and grandmothers—who were seen on a local downtown street the other day!

"GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS! ELVIS PRESLEY—WILDEST PARTY EVER SEEN!"

Seeing a long line of these "girls" waiting to be admitted to the theatre, and wondering what the great attraction was, my eyes were drawn upward to see the above wording spelled out in neon lights. Ordinarily I rush busily about the business at hand, paying no attention to the theatre billing, but this long line of "girls" aroused the curiosity.

The show which was on inside, was obviously NOT for girls, because it was the hour of morning when they were all in school. So standing in line to see the disgusting performance were our mothers and grandmothers. There they were—heads tied in scarves, hair unkempt, stocking seams crooked, lip-stick dashed on hurriedly and carelessly—to view a show the standard of which was not like the one mentioned above—questionable—there could be no question as to its character, either from the seductive billing, or the appearance of those "girls" who were there to see it!

As I hurried about, my mind kept going back to the scene, and I pitied our poor "juvenile delinquents." How could the children of such women be otherwise than delinquent? In my mind, I visualized the homes they had hastily left: unmade beds, unwashed dishes, cigarette butts doused in coffee cups; the air still reeking with foul breath, things tossed carelessly about in the hasty attempt to be sure not to miss the opening.

My heart cried out in sympathy for the poor children of such "mothers." They were mothers biologically ONLY—not real mothers. Many of them, no doubt, were worse than the pigs who will fight for the safety of their little ones.

God deliver our poor youth from such mothers!

Portraits. . .

Mrs. W. J. Berry

EUNICE

Sometimes we hear it said of the apostle Paul that he was a "woman-hater." This erroneous thought no doubt developed because he wanted both women and men to know and fill their rightful place. It probably comes from some who resent his godly instructions as to the proper place of women in the young church. He did not allow that a woman should be in authority over men, either in natural or spiritual things. He did not allow them to teach men. But when he said he "suffered not a woman to teach," he did not contradict himself when he had instructed them to teach the young women in certain virtues. He told them to teach the younger women to be chaste, keepers at home, adorned with meek and quiet dignity. He meant merely that they should not stand up in the public and preach nor teach men.

This accusation is very unfair to Paul. For none of the disciples of Jesus spoke so lovingly of the women "fellow laborers in the gospel" as Paul did. They even helped him, (he said) in the ministry—not by preaching with him, but by serving in so many ways, as godly women do today.

He spoke very affectionately, appreciatively and lovingly of the various gracious women who were his helpers. There was Phebe, Lydia, Lois, Clement, Euodias; and now we see his spotlight shine for a moment on the gracious Eunice.

Eunice is the mother of that wonderful helper of Paul, Timothy. He reminds this younger minister of his gracious mother, Eunice, and his grandmother Lois, calling his attention to their "unfeigned love." Eunice is a Jewish lady, but she is a devout believer in Jesus as the Messiah.

Paul referred to Timothy as "My dearly beloved son." Of course Timothy was not Paul's son, naturally. He meant that he was his son in the ministry, and as a father, he instructed and encouraged him. Now he wishes to bring out the best in the young minister by reminding him lovingly of his background.

It was a very solemn matter to be an open follower of Jesus and His disciples then. Paul had very recently been stoned and beaten, and he must move from place to place. His life was one of hardship and persecution. He knew very well the trials which awaited young Timothy. He knew how his faith must often be tested. First, he always commended his loved ones in Christ to God. But now he would appeal to Timothy through his love and devotion to his dear mother Eunice. Thus he held up a gracious example, and then gave his loving words of encouragement. After reminding him of their love, he tells him, "and I am persuaded that it [unfeigned faith] is in thee also."

Because Eunice was a Jewish lady, her faith was shown by following the Lord and His despised apostles. Paul told Timothy just before his loving reference to Eunice: "Being mindful of your tears," etc. It was a time of tears. No doubt some of Timothy's tears were shed, as he knew of the deep trials his gracious mother must bear because of her belief in Jesus. As she, a Jew, endured the trial of her faith, what a strength it must have been to her beloved son who was a minister of the Lord.

We hear often of a person living a victorious life. Eunice truly did live a life of victory over the sore persecutions which believing Jews have always had to suffer. Such was her victory that she was an inspiration to the great Paul; and he could point to her victory as an example to her minister son. She had truly brought him up in the faith. Through the temptations of youth she had guided him. She had faithfully instructed him in spiritual matters, pointing him always to Jesus. Now she has the joy of seeing him go forth to preach in the name of her beloved Lord. She knows the cost but she knows also that through Him they will finally be victorious. Eunice means "good victory." It is most appropriate to a gracious lady, whose life was truly victorious.

Eunice is spoken of briefly but twice but each time her faith is described. This faith is the secret of her victorious life.



A person's "I will," determines his success much more than his I. Q.
March, 1963

No. 30 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THAT THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

30. *Archeology bears faithful testimony to the accuracy of the Bible.*

Professor G. W. Wright has said, "All history is fragmentary. Each particular fact is the center of an infinite complex of circumstances. No man has intelligence enough to insert a supposititious fact into circumstances not belonging to it, and make it fit exactly. This only Infinite Intelligence could do. A successful forgery, therefore, is impossible if only we have a sufficient number of the original circumstances with which to compare it." *This principle is what makes it possible to discover literary forgeries claiming to be history.* Very little cross examination is necessary to reveal the historical truthfulness or falsity of a book.

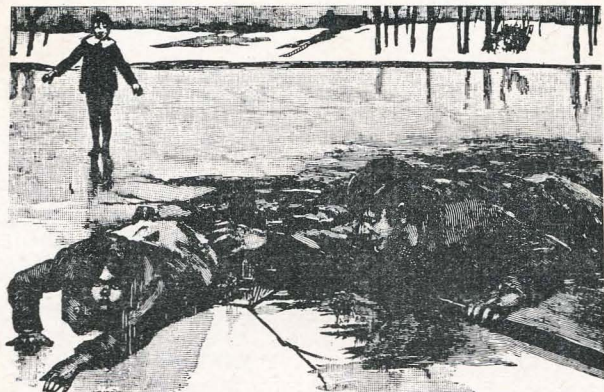
Eager bloodhounds of truth have tested the Bible, on thousands of points, by the findings of archeology—recently unearthed monuments, tablets, tombs, manuscripts, papyri and inscriptions—and *the Bible has been abundantly vindicated!*

The late Dr. Melvin G. Kyle, one of the greatest archeologists, said, "There has never been found anything that discredits statements of facts in the Bible." And here is the amazing thing: *almost the entire list of names, places and events of the Bible have been corroborated by the findings of archeology!*

Sir William Ramsay, famous Oxford scholar, was converted from the critical view to the conservative view of the Bible by his own archeological research work. He says, "I set out to look for truth on the borderland where Greece and Asia meet, and I found it there. . . the words of Luke stand the keenest scrutiny and the hardest treatment." And again he said, "The longer I study the New Testament, the more convinced I become of its *absolute trustworthiness. . . Christianity is the religion of truth; it is founded on truth, absolute and perfect truth.*"

Dear sirs, the very stones, unearthed by diligent archeologists, are crying out in defense of God's word!—Fred John Meldau

*It
Just
Doesn't
Pay
to
Disobey*



Harry and Annie lived a mile from town, but they went there to school every day. It was a pleasant walk down the lane, and through the meadow by the pond.

I hardly know whether they liked it better in summer or in winter. They used to pretend that they were travelers exploring a new country, and would scatter leaves on the road that they might find their way back again.

When the ice was thick and firm, they went across the pond. But their mother did not like to have them do this unless someone was with them.

"Don't go across the pond today, children," she said, as she kissed them and bade them good-by one morning; "it is beginning to thaw."

"All right, mother," said Harry, not very good-naturedly, for he was very fond of running and sliding on the ice. When they came to the pond, the ice looked hard and safe.

"There," said he to his sister, "I knew it hadn't thawed any. Mother is always afraid we shall be drowned. Come along, we will have a good time sliding. The school bell will not ring for an hour at least."

"But you promised Mother," said Annie.

"No, I didn't. I only said 'All right,' and it is all right."

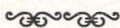
"I didn't say anything; so I can do as I like," said Annie.

So they stepped on the ice, and started to go across the pond. They had not gone far before the ice gave way, and they fell into the water.

A man who was at work near the shore, heard the screams of the children and plunged into the water to save them. Harry managed to get to shore without any help, but poor Annie was nearly drowned before the man could reach her.

Harry went home almost frozen, and told his mother how disobedient he had been. He remembered the lesson learned that day as long as he lived.

—From a *McGuffey Reader*



LIVING WITH YOURSELF

You're always living with yourself,
No matter where you go;
You're always living with yourself—
I'm telling what is so.
If in your heart there's sin and strife,
Or any ugly traits,
Then that's the company you keep,
For you and self are mates.

You're always living with yourself,
No matter what you say;
You're always living with yourself
Each moment, night and day;
Then if you're godly, kind and good,
And loving in your soul,
It's pleasant living with yourself
While going to your goal.

You're always living with yourself—
So what is self to you?
You're always living with yourself,
No matter what you do;
Then what are you to self, dear one,
And those with whom you dwell?
Are you well pleased with what you are,
If you the truth would tell?

—Walter E. Isenhour

HAVE YOU READ . . .

“A Scientist Makes a Concession,”

“Remove the Burr,”

. . . in this issue?

NEWS ITEMS . . .

WANTS PLEDGE AGAINST TWIST—Beirut (UPI)—Interior Minister Kamal Jimblatt Monday ordered Lebanese orchestra leaders to sign a pledge promising not to play music for dancing the twist.

He said they will be arrested if they refuse. Recently, Jimblatt failed in attempts to enforce a ban on belly-dancing here.

SHE WANTED NO TROUBLE—SAN ANTONIO, Tex. (AP)—Judy Taylor, 8, locked overnight in a food store, said she was hungry but didn't eat anything because "I didn't want to get in trouble."

More than 100 persons searched for Judy after she failed to return home Saturday night. She was found by the store manager Sunday morning.

Why didn't Judy telephone home?

"I didn't have a dime," she explained.

SCHOOL VANDALISM—Taxpayers of the Detroit School District lay out more than \$100,000 a year to repair the damage inflicted on the district's 300 buildings by juvenile vandals. According to John D. L'Hote, supervising engineer for the district, "we spend \$20,000 a year for new windows" to replace about 40,000 panes of glass broken by vandals. "We've tried screening the windows, but it does no good," he said. "The kids just poke metal rods through the screens and break the windows anyway." It was noted that the vandalism problem is growing all the time.—Awake

EDITOR'S NOTE: When children are taught from infancy—by parents—to respect and obey elders and civil authorities, this does not happen. The cause for juvenile delinquency is the problem of **parental** delinquency—parents neglecting their responsibility.

YOU MAY OWE THE PRETTY COLOR of your dress or suit to an accident. About 100 years ago, during Easter vacation, William Henry Perkin, and 18-year-old English schoolboy, tried to develop a synthetic formula for quinine. He didn't know that his formula was incorrect, and so he was unable to determine the reason for his failure.

As Perkin repeated the experiment over and over again, the same queer black crystals formed in his test tube. He was puzzled. So he experimented with the crystals. Pouring boiling water over them, he found that they dissolved into a beautiful purple liquid, and that strips of cloth dipped into it became a clear lilac color. Because the color did not wash out nor fade in sunlight, young Perkin realized he had discovered something valuable.

Perkin went into business with his brothers, and they prepared and sold purple dye to England's cloth manufacturers. Purple dye had been obtained only from certain shellfish found in the Mediterranean area prior to this discovery, and purple-colored clothing had been so expensive it was worn only by royalty and very well-to-do people. But after Perkin's accidental discovery purple became a very popular color.

—The High School Signal

FOR THE KIDDIES

Too Many Pancakes

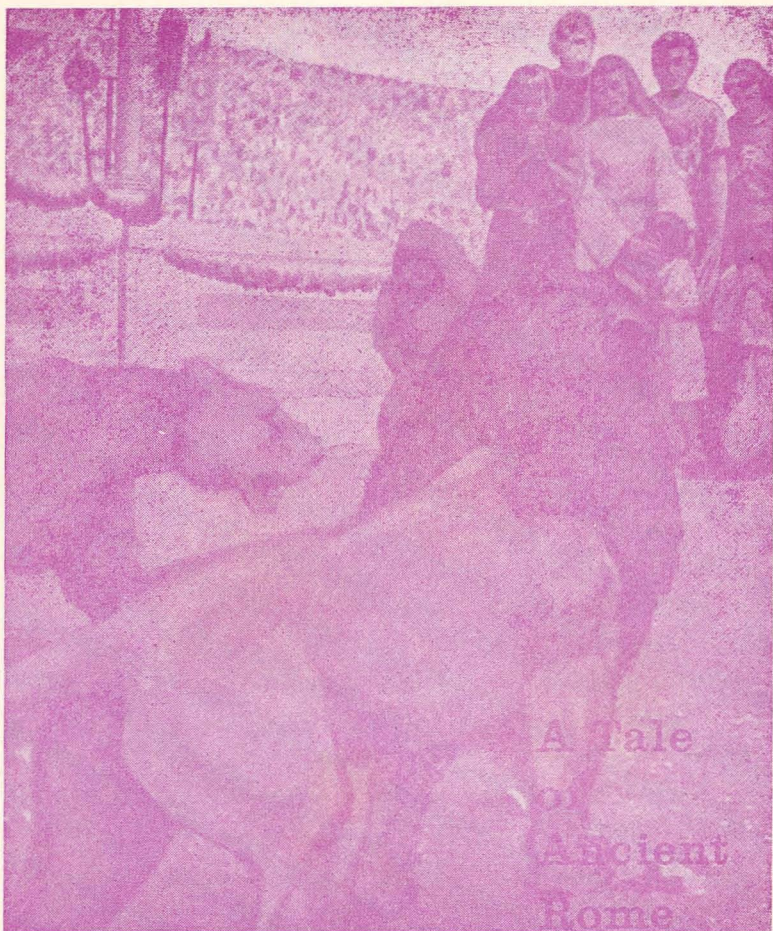


Last Sunday morning, we had pancakes for breakfast. Melody really likes pancakes. She said, "I'm going to eat as many as Daddy eats."

This reminded us of a story we had read about a little boy getting sick because he had eaten too many pancakes. As the story went, the little boy's uncle had come to visit him and they had pancakes for breakfast. The little boy thought he could eat as many pancakes as his uncle ate. His uncle was a big man with a big stomach and a big appetite. He could eat twelve pancakes with ease. The little boy had eaten six pancakes and was halfway through his seventh when all of a sudden he cried, "My tummy hurts."

He was asked why he had eaten so many. He explained that he was only trying to eat as many as his uncle ate.

The little boy's uncle then explained to him that it was impossible for him to eat as much as a grown man with a big stomach, because little boys have small stomachs. He explained that God would have us to eat enough good food so we can stay healthy and strong, but we should never eat enough to make us feel sick. We should eat enough for our *own* stomachs and not try to eat as much as someone else.



MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS

(A TALE OF ANCIENT ROME)

A suspense-filled story of early persecution of the Christians in Rome.

The main character, Marcellus, was a high-ranking Roman soldier, a captain in the Praetorian guard. Upon being assigned the military commission of hunting down the Christians in the Catacombs, and having them slaughtered, he himself becomes a convert to the Christian faith. But what a predicament this puts him in! His confession is his death warrant. He takes refuge in the Catacombs with the other Christians, who are considered by the Romans as the scum of the earth.

Then there is Pollio, a brave 13-year-old Christian. He risks his

life daily, leaving the underground hiding place, the Catacombs, and going into the city of Rome for provisions. He also makes dangerous trips to the Coliseum where they go to claim the mangled bodies of their fellow Christians.

What becomes of Pollio, the courageous faithful Christian youth?

What is the final fate of Marcellus? What part does Lucullus, a friend of Marcellus in the Praetorian guard, play after Marcellus flees to the Catacombs?

An awe-inspiring book. It holds you spellbound from beginning to end. When you lay it down, you will get up feeling inspired, knowing that come what may—bloody persecution and cruel treatment—through Christ we will be victorious and can face a terrible death—and face it rejoicing.

Excellent.

Paperback .60c

The Complete Sayings of Jesus (pocket-size) Clothbound \$1.50

Pilgrim's Progress, John Bunyan. Beautifully illustrated. Cloth \$2.95

Little Pilgrim's Progress, Helen Taylor. Illustrated. Paperback .. \$1.00

Based on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Excellent.

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Why We Believe in Creation, Not Evolution, Fred John Meldau .. \$2.75

The Pathway Upward, Mrs. W. J. Berry \$3.00

Out of the Depths, a romantic story of sailor John Newton 50c

Mary Bunyan, the blind daughter of John Bunyan,

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