

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



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 2. No. 6—March, 1962

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IS MEASURED
BY ITS MUSIC

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IMPROVEMENT
AND PROGRESS

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Any experience that is too deep for words finds expression in music. Music is the language of the heart. If the heart would be pure, the music must be sublime—not sinful.

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Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

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Glen Berry, Editor

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Youth's Living Ideals

Elon College, N. C.

Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 2. No. 6—March, 1962



A Nation Is Measured By Its Music

— Mrs. W. J. Berry

IT IS HARDLY possible to exaggerate the importance of music in our lives. The greatness of a nation is measured to a great extent by the quality of its music. The character of the home is established by the music heard there. If nothing is heard but Rock 'n' Roll, and songs suggestive of the baser side of life, we may readily ascertain the character of its occupants. As we hear only the better music—classical, inspirational, and devotional—we know that those who live there are gracious characters.

We are what we hear. As we hear only that type of music which is degrading, we develop a taste for it. As the enjoyment for it increases there is a lowering of the ideals. We unconsciously identify ourselves with the hero or heroine of the story or song. If the song is "slanted" to the baser instincts, naturally these are developed. It is an insidious thing. So slowly does it effect its evil that we are hardly conscious of its influence. There is in the best of us a nature, which, if not subdued, tends towards degeneracy. And much of the modern music heard today does nothing to subdue this nature. Rather, it is designed to encourage a full expression of the baser instincts.

As we hear sin set to a catchy tune and sung in an insinuating suggestive manner, with sultry voice, it slowly but surely

destroys the finer instincts, and tends to a lowering of ideals. It glamorizes sin and lust and infidelity.

Two songs which are currently popular will demonstrate this. "Walk on by—wait on the corner; I love you, but we're strangers when we meet." This suggests illicit, dishonorable relations. Thus is deception glamorized by the clever music and plaintive, appealing voice. I must *appear* honorable before others. I am not free to go with you; I am bound by sacred ties to another. But you wait—I'll see you after dark in some seeret, out-of-the-way place, is its message. Before we hardly realize it, our evil instincts are excited, and our imagination goes with them to their shameful rendezvous, instead of being disgusted with the deception and dishonor.

The other song is sung by such an evil-sounding voice that we *know* the sin of lust underlies each word; and yet as we listen, before we realize it, we begin to feel that she is, after all, being "noble"! "Go on home—you don't belong here with me," she sings with enticing voice. We do not ask ourselves what she has done to bring about this "noble" position. If we do not come down to reality, our sympathy will be with such a character rather than with the anxious, neglected one waiting at home. We just don't see the reality of a situation as we hear sin being sung in a glamorous manner. If we did, we would wonder what the poor deceived person at home would want with him who was so "nobly" (?) sent home! In the name of love, the very word is debased, and changed from purity to putridity!

As we consider these things, we can see that music has its influence in the formation of character. As we realize that such songs as these—and much worse—compose the great majority of modern music, do we need wonder that infidelity is so common? Do we need to wonder at the appalling number of broken homes, which is causing such a bountiful harvest of delinquency? We do not have to allow a taste for this degenerate jargon to develop. We do not have to listen to it. We can develop an appreciation for the good uplifting music by listening only to that which inspires the heart to nobler ideals. We can also help and en-

courage others by writing to our radio stations and condemning the bad and commending the use of the good we hear.

We hear America singing, but what? Our homes are filled with music; the very air is filled with music. We are blessed more than ever before with musical attainments, and what a blessing it could be if it were inspiring rather than debasing. There is a sad lack of contemporary, inspirational music. Where are our Brahms, and Beethovens, our Wesleys and Cowpers? If the measure of a nation is its music, how must we fear as we view our poverty in contemporary music! The lack of stirring, inspiring compositions manifests the shallowness of the age in which we live.

But we have a rich heritage from the past. Good music never dies. Its inspirational quality increases with the passage of the years. Evil music is popular today—forgotten tomorrow. But it has had its evil influence during its short life, nonetheless.

Early America sang, and their songs have endured. They were composed out of hardship and toil. Stirring, martial songs expressing love of country and the virtue of bravely defending his country have ennobled many a soldier. The singing of inspiring words to a stirring melody has helped him bear suffering and sacrifice. There were few trembling knees that marched to the inspiring accompaniment of "Onward Christian Soldiers." Few succumbed to fear who sang together:

"Long may our land be bright, with freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might, great God, our King!"

Yes, early America sang her songs of freedom; they sang hymns of praise for God's providence; there were songs of love of home. The poor slaves left us their plaintive airs. The country that enslaved them is richer for their songs. Music helped them to bear their endless toil in the cotton fields of the southland.

There is nothing more inspiring to noble, natural life than beautiful love songs. We have a rich heritage in our folk music and rustic country ballads. They told of true, pure love. Our ancestors also brought with them beautiful music from the countries of their birth. Beautiful compositions of an age that

is gone come from England, Germany, and Ireland. Love was sung about in a way to lift the heart to a higher plane.

So though we are poor in good music today, let us look back and remember the beautiful music of the past. As we sing to our beloved one: "Because God made thee mine, I'll cherish thee," our hearts are humbled and enlarged. Every sensation of the heart strives toward nobility. We sing: "Oh promise me that you will take my hand, the most unworthy in this lowly land," and we feel a humility and love akin to that divine. Such inspiration must lead us on to a nobler life in the world. So we set our love to music and sing, and both singer and hearer is enriched by the song. There is much power for good in this kind of music.

From the past we have beautiful lullabies. We cannot hear, no matter how old we have grown, the beautiful strains of Brahms's Lullaby without the heart being made nobler. As the loving mother sings: "Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee, all through the night; Guardian angels God will lend thee, all through the night," the little one sleeps and is secure in its mother's love, and faith in the dear Father above is instilled in its little heart from earliest infancy. Both Mother and child are comforted by the loving, prayerful words set to soothing, inspiring music. There is peace in this kind of music.

Where are our present-day lullabies? Our babies for the most part go to sleep to horror and crime by way of television. Too many mothers are too absorbed by these to sing lullabies, even the lullabies of the past—if they even know them. Should we wonder at juvenile delinquency?

Yes, there is great power for good or evil in music. As we sing of spiritual love, our hearts are filled with deep gratitude to God above. The one who has truly sung a hymn of praise can never go back to the evil life of sin again, such power is there in this kind of music. So let us set our praise to music and sing on.

As we put our ideals to beautiful melody, we are inspired to attain higher and still higher and nobler ideals. As we sing any virtue, our hearts must strive to attain it.

As each composition must have its minor phrases, so we make music of our very sorrows and sing them away. Any sorrow that we can set to melody, can be endured. As joy is heightened and enhanced by the singing of it, so sorrow is soothed and lessened by singing in minor strains.

Music has from the beginning of time, been a major influence. Miriam, in the days of Moses, sang her beautiful song of deliverance when her brother was victorious in battle. The wise man, Solomon, sang the most beautiful love songs. King David inspired the world as long as it will stand with his songs of praise. His songs reverberate down the centuries. They range all the way from sublimest joy to deepest pathos. Whether he experienced heights of joy or depths of sorrow, always he took refuge in music. The virgin Mary sang the most beautiful song of praise as she realized she was to be the mother of the long-expected Messiah. The very angels sang at His birth. Music alone could express the joy of the occasion. Any experience that is too deep for words finds expression in music. Music is the language of the heart. If the heart would be pure, the music must be sublime—not sinful.

Music acts as both cause and effect in our lives. Realizing the importance of music in our lives, we should choose it with great care. If our hearts are pure, our music will be likewise pure. And if our music is pure, it can but inspire purity of heart.



HARMONY

Music is a clear stream with a singing flow,
Touched by the moonlight to a radiant glow.

Music is the mountains in mist veiled array,
Cool and shadowy in shades of bluish gray.

Music is the pine trees fragrant green and tall,
Listening lyrics of the wind's weird call.

Music is the magic of the crystal rain,
Bringing joy and pleasure to native hearts again.

—Maysel Lamb

Selected by E. K. Adsit

Up the Road of Improvement and Progress

WHAT ABOUT THIS TIME NEXT YEAR?

HOW MANY STEPS WILL YOU HAVE TAKEN?

- "Real knowledge, like everything else of value, is not to be obtained easily. It must be worked for, studied for, thought for, and more than all, must be prayed for."—T. Arnold
- "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application."—A. T. Stewart
- "It is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last as long as life."—Queen Christiana
- "People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after."—Goldsmith

Looking back on your life, how much more do you know, how much more can you do than you were able to do this time last year? Are you satisfied with the amount of self-improvement you have made since last year? Probably not, but the opportunities of last year are now gone, never to be seen again. But take heart! Countless opportunities lie ahead. What do you intend to do with each day and each moment of the coming year?

Suppose you had a "money tree" and the more money you picked from its branches the more it would yield? Well, here's news for you! You have such a tree . . . only let's call it an "Opportunity tree." Opportunities are often turned into money, you know—but many opportunities are even more valuable than money.

Each day of the year has opportunities of which use should be made. And the more you develop these opportunities, the more they will produce and then reproduce. Soon you will be seeing so many opportunities floating around that you will not know what to do with them. You will find yourself wishing you had the power to live the lives of a dozen men, because *one* just can't do all you want to do.

God has created you as an intelligent being. The knowledge and skill the mind can retain and develop is almost limitless. True, some have more intelligence than others, but the amount of intelligence does not measure the degree of success you can

reach. An average young man or woman can surpass a genius in accomplishments. Whether you are a genius or below average in intelligence, just remember that your mind will never become so full that you cannot put more into it. For an example, let's take the task of learning to play a musical instrument. You may take lessons for two or three years and practice an hour every day. At first you learn simple little songs quite quickly, but then the more you learn, the more you find you don't know and your progress appears to stop. You may become discouraged and think, "I am not getting anywhere; it seems my mind just won't absorb or progress any more on this subject." Don't let this defeat you. Even though progress is so slow that you cannot see it, you are on a rewarding road—if you don't give up. You may be taking the same length steps down this road of accomplishment and success, but now you see how long the road really is—how much you don't know—and your steps seem to be about the length and pace of an old turtle. But just keep plugging away; stick to it and persevere. You know the story of the turtle and the hare: the turtle just kept up his steady pace and he won the race.

If you are average, you have told yourself that you just are not "smart enough" to accomplish certain things. But remember that the resources of your brain have never really been tapped. If you know what you want to do, go to it! It may take hours, days, weeks, months, or even years of hard work, but be assured you can reach most any goal in your program of self-improvement. It will surprise you how much intellect your brain is capable of providing—if you will give it some hard exercise.

Preston Bradley in *Courage for Today* says, "Let us critically examine ourselves, inventory our lives. Are we squandering our time and talents? Are we mutilating life by vicious habits or by idleness? Are we reaching ever upward for the best that we know? Are we ever aspiring higher and never being satisfied with what we have done? How many can return answers to these questions that will satisfy ourselves?"

So, let us never stop on our road of self-improvement and progress. If we seem to fail, let that failure be only a stepping

stone that will help us on to victory and success. Let's always keep moving our goals forward; always trying to surpass ourselves. If we don't, we will stagnate and begin to decay. One has said words to this effect: If you stop improving, you stop being good.

As responsible beings, we must ever be developing the talents and capabilities God has given us. Read Jesus' parable of the talents in Matthew (25:14). If we don't make the most of what we have, how can we expect to gain more? —Editor

Be On Time

A manufacturer was about to establish an agency in London. He had in his employ two young men whom he regarded highly, and both of whom he would like to advance to the coveted position. As it could go to only one, he watched the men closely for some time, while trying to decide which he should send to represent his interests in the English capital. One of the young men was an industrious plodder, always on time to the minute. The other was a much more brilliant fellow, who did his work well and easily, made friends readily, and was universally popular; but he had serious defects of making promises carelessly, forgetting them almost as soon as they were made, and of rarely keeping appointments promptly.

Finally the employer invited both of these young men to dine with him on a certain evening at exactly 7 o'clock. The plodder presented himself to his host as the clock was striking, and they two immediately sat down to dinner. Five minutes later the other guest appeared, with a laughing apology for being late, which, he said, was entirely the fault of his watch. On the following day the London appointment, with a large increase of salary, was given to him who had learned the business value of promptness. —*Youth's Guardian Friend*

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HAVE YOU READ . . . ?

"A Nation Is Measured By Its Music"?

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From Our Readers . . .

Dear Editors:

Flint, Michigan

Since receiving the samples of Youth's Living Ideals, our household—from our 4½ year old daughter to the 72 year old grandfather—has been absorbing some wholesome reading material. We've "combed" those four copies from cover to cover and agree with the contents 100%. You are to be complimented for your strong stand against Satan and his cunning craftiness toward our young folks. We especially appreciated the article on "Music—Soothing, Sedative or Savage." We have always opposed the "Elvis-type of music" but really didn't know why.

We can hardly wait to see what is revealed in the next issue so we are sending a subscription for ourselves and also for five friends.

Could we get all of the back issues of the magazine? We can't stand the idea that we have been missing all of those copies. Let us know the cost on those—if they are available.

Sincerely yours,

—Frank and Gladys Staggs

Portales, New Mexico

Dear Mr. Berry,

After reading your letter of December 9, I have done some study on the questions asked for a discussion in Youth's Living Ideals.

... Also I would like to take advantage of the special gift offer. A few weeks ago I sent you a check for \$5.00 for two years' subscription for myself and a friend. I am now sending an additional \$5.00 and four additional names for gift subscriptions. I have carefully picked people who I believe will get the most good out of our paper. . .

If everyone could read Youth's Living Ideals, and would take heed to the warnings therein, this world would be a better place to live. However, since many will not heed the writings of such a paper, I hope the few people whom I help to receive this magazine will be benefited by it.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to help you "get the ball rolling" [on the "Round Table Discussion"].

Yours very truly,

—Wanda Fenter

Seal Beach, Calif.

Dear Editors:

The youth of our nation is, without doubt, in drastic need of proper training: most of which is because of a deficiency in the home life; laying at the door of parents who are either unconcerned or too busy on the outside.

The condition is a pitiful outlook for the adults of tomorrow.

Not only in our churches is there a falling away, but in our American homes.

—Olva Browning

March, 1962

The New Minority

There must be a vast number of persons like myself who belong to a new minority. Nobody gets excited about us. Many do not even know that we exist.

Who are we? Some might say that we are "the discriminating people." We do not belong to any one class—we are found everywhere. Though we do detest shabby living, we are not saints, and we are not fuddy-duddies.

We regret that the American conception of freedom of the press allows so much space for obscenity and crime. We abhor the ugly plays that seem to dominate the theater. We are disgusted by the "girlie" books that clutter the magazine racks. And we are saddened by those who believe that, in order to be gay and acceptable, you must smoke and drink.

Must we seem like a people apart because we refuse to lower our own standards to meet the trend of the day? Time and again we read the words, "We give the public what it wants." But are *we* not of the people—and there is so much that *we* do not want!

On the other hand, are we really the minority? Could it be that there are more than we suppose who, if conditioned properly, might prefer "the good things"? Could we all not, in one way or another, be victims of those who stress ratings, and put the dollar first? Mediocre writing, like mediocre thinking, comes quickly and easily, and there may be many who deliberately keep standards low.

Just what does the public want? Many individuals, if asked, could not say. There are many persons who will listen, watch, and read anything, just so it is entertaining. Surely, some have been forced by circumstances to listen to a program they simply knew they could not possibly like. And how many hospital patients have, for the first time, discovered the pleasure that worthwhile books can give because the library-cart distributes only good reading matter!

What a challenge to writers, producers, and publishers who

too often cater to the tastes of the so-called "majority," or to inferior minds. Could they "trick" those who are "supposed" to like the mediocre, the trashy, and the obscene in enjoying something better? What a service to the American people could thus be performed!

But if we must think of the so-called "majority," let us remind ourselves that it has always been in *minority* thinkers and doers who have advanced civilization. The Bible was not written by just anybody and everybody. Our Constitution came from the dreams of a few dedicated men. Certainly, we all respect eminence, but how many reflect reverence for excellence by improving the mind and morals?

Anyway, here we are, wondering how alone we are in our thinking. If we are in the minority, then let us ask for "time" for our way of life, as others ask it for theirs.

Even though we be in the minority, we do not hunger for bread, but our minds do need good food for thought.

—Florence Bakalyar (*Sunshine Magazine*)
135 Ashbury Ave., El Cerrito, Calif.



HOW TO MAKE A STRAIGHT LINE

The snow covered the ground and three young lads were playing. A gentleman came along and said to them, "Would you like to try a race and the winner receive a prize?" The boys agreed and the gentleman told them that this race was to be different. "I will go to the other side of the field," he said, "and when I give you the signal, you will start to run. The one whose footsteps are the straightest in the snow will be the winner." The race commenced and the first boy kept looking at his feet to see if his steps were straight. The second lad kept looking at his two companions to see what they were doing but the third boy just ran on with his eyes steadfastly fixed on the gentleman. He was the winner, for his footsteps were straight in the snow. "Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus," etc. —Young Peoples Magazine (Presbyterian, Scotland)



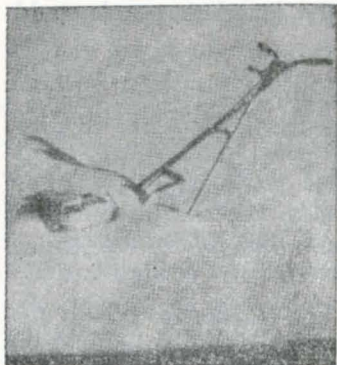
An Inspirational Thought for This Month—

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Jesus. Are you a peacemaker?

March, 1962

An Illustration from Life

OUT OF PLACE



DID YOU EVER see a snow-mower before? Well, this is not one—if there is such a piece of equipment. What you see is a regular power lawnmower held fast in winter's icy grip.

One cannot help wondering what happened to cause such a strange sight. You can almost hear Dad's voice echoing through the house, "I told you to put that mower in the garage!"

But what actually holds our attention in the picture is the mower is so OUT OF PLACE!

When we think of lawnmowing, we think of birds chirping and bees buzzing. We recall the pleasant aroma of new-mown grass and our memory brings us a picture of someone mopping perspiration from his brow. It is not difficult to understand, then, why this is such a peculiar scene. People just do not expect to see a lawnmower hibernating in a snowdrift.

In like manner, people do not expect to see a Christian in certain places. When others know that you are a part of the Lord's church, they would be shocked to see you walking out of the theatre, pool hall, or dance hall. They do not expect to see a cigarette between your lips, a beer can in your hand, or an obscene book in your locker at school.

Why?

Because it would be so OUT OF PLACE for a Christian.

The world, as well as Christians know what is expected of a follower of Christ. "Let everyone that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." (2 Timothy 2:19) —Via *Anchor*



It is often surprising to find what heights may be obtained merely by remaining on the level.—The Defender

An Honest, but Sad Confession

Once I was an innocent, beautiful, virtuous, ambitious girl. I went to school and had lofty ideals of doing big things in life. I hoped some day to have a good husband and a happy home. I loved my church; I believed my Bible.

Then from other folks whom I thought to be my friends, I caught the "Repeal Fever." I bobbed my hair, rolled down my stockings, cut off my skirts, penciled my eyebrows and painted my fingernails. I was made to believe that my happiness depended on being "smart"; and that only popularity, pleasure and a sporty life were ideal: and I was told that "everybody was doing it."

After hearing the cigarette "ads" on the radio, seeing them in the magazines and on billboards; and watching my so-called friends indulging, I, too, was influenced to smoke, and got a great "kick" out of sitting in public places, puffing in other peoples' faces.

Having lost my desire to go to church, or to be with the church folk, I went with the crowds to the dance halls, the road house, the beer gardens, and to the cocktail rooms. I soon became brazen enough to call for a drink at the bar. Soon I learned to gamble, played the races, and had many after-midnight dates.

Now I have had my fling. I have been a "modern girl." I have had my "personal liberty." My virtue is gone; my religion is gone; my oldtime good friends are gone; my beauty is gone; my pride and holy ideals are gone. Here I am, an ugly, bleary-eyed, blotch-faced, cigarette-stinking, half crazed drunken sot. I have repealed everything that was good, noble, refined, beautiful, moral and spiritual in my life.

The new friends I have are as miserable as I am. My body is diseased; my heart is broken; my noble ideals crushed; my motherly instincts dead; my good family name disgraced; my character ruined; my ambition gone; and my soul is damned forever. My past is evil; my present is hell; and my future dark. Here I am waiting for death to end it, for I am nothing now but just a lost girl.—*Christian Cynosure* via *Old Faith Contender*

—"What think ye of Christ?"—



Notes

from

Mom

Dear Young Friends,

One of our *Ideals* readers is Mary Lynn Cipolla, age 13. She has had two very serious operations to remedy a spinal condition. She must lie now in a cast for eight months. She is very cheerful and brave about it, believing God is caring for her.

To show you the kind of a real little person she is, she is feeling sorry for her mother instead of herself. She told her mother it will be harder for her mother than for herself. It is a really mature person who thinks of another before self.

No one can know just how much a card or note can mean until he or she must be shut in so long. Mailtime is an important event in the otherwise dull days. Let us all write her, not only once, but regularly while she is shut in. I know that every one of you will appreciate knowing of her, and will want to send her a card or a note. Her address is:

Mary Lynn Cipolla
28 Leayercraft Lane
Caldwell, New Jersey

* * * *

It is wonderful to do a kind deed secretly. It is much better that no one know, if possible. This proves that we perform a good deed or a kindness for the sake of love, and the joy it gives us. If we give to receive recognition, that takes away much of the real pleasure. Our dear Lord told us this. He said not to let the left hand know what the right hand does. He says the hypocrite gives to receive reward. But He also says that as we give or do a kindness secretly, He sees it, and He will reward openly. The reward He gives will never cause sinful pride.

* * * *

I read a story of a musician who was asked to play for his

king. He played beautifully, but he was so proud of his musical ability and skill that he really played for his own benefit. He was not thinking of pleasing his king. His entire manner told that he played selfishly, thinking only of himself.

When the program ended, he expected pay for his performance, but the king refused firmly to pay him. He reminded him that he had played only for himself, and had already received his reward. He had not played with his king in mind, so why should the king pay him?

This is a good lesson for us. We should want to please others, while we ourselves remain out of sight. We should not try to build *ourselves* up, but the one we serve.

* * * *

Little three-year-old Mary Melody had been rather mischievous. She had tried the patience of her mother until she felt it was about time that she must chastise her. Melody answered her mother's final warning by saying: "I understand Mama—I'm not co-operating." Again the next day she was not as nice for a little while as she usually is. As her dear mother patiently talked with her, she said: "I know—I'm being ugly *real hard!*" Don't all of us have our days of being "ugly *real hard*"? I know I have these days. But when I can do as Melody did, quickly admit it, I seem suddenly to feel less ugly. If we say to those about us: "You must beware of me today—I am ugly," it is strange that the moment we recognize and admit our ugliness, it vanishes.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



Two men were talking about sin. One of them asked the other a strange question: "What is better than God and worse than the devil?" And then, to make his question all the more mystifying, he said: "One and the same word is the answer to both." His friend could not think of any possible answer, so the questioner announced the answer to his own question: "NOTHING!"

—Selected by Horace Walker

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. Please submit your answers to any question by the 10th of the month following date of issue.

QUESTION:

How can I take the best advantage of my opportunity to learn while in school?"

ANSWERS:

From Mary Ellen Hildreth, age 18, Opelika, Ala.: "The way to take the best advantage of your opportunity to learn in school is to do more studying than is expected. Take the subjects which you think will help in future years."

From Cheri Baldwin, age 12, Fort Worth, Texas: "You should study real hard, listen to what your teacher says, ask questions, and try to understand everything."

From Isaac Jones, Jr., age 10, Richlands, N. C.: "Obey school rules—for example, don't fight or argue; don't talk back to the teacher. Pay attention while a subject is being discussed. Try to do your best in getting your lessons."

From Esther Havner, Carthage, N. C.: "The question within itself shows that the questioner is anxious to take advantage of opportunity and therefore will learn. I would pray that such students be granted of God the ability to discern between right and wrong in the things they do learn in school."

For further help on this subject read "Up the Road of Improvement and Progress" in this issue. Also "School Is Life."

NEXT MONTH'S DISCUSSION—

In April we will discuss: "Is it right for a boy to kiss a girl on the first date? Is it more right to kiss after you've become engaged than on your first date?"

We can use a few more brief answers on this question. Will you help? Will YOU join the panel?

WE NEED YOUR ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS:
WE WILL DISCUSS . . .

IN MAY: "Should I have a television set in my home?"

"Should children go with their parents to church all the time?"

IN JUNE: Is it best for a high school student to "go steady"?

(PLEASE, readers, send us brief answers to both sides of this question, giving the advantages and disadvantages, when it is fine to do so and when it is not advisable. Don't "let George do it!" We want YOUR answer!—Editor)

These questions have been asked by young people—their ages ranging from 10 to 24. We ask all our young people and older ones, too, to help us with the answers.

If you have a question you want discussed, please mail it to us.



SUCCESS OR FAILURE

Will you succeed at something good?

Or will you answer "No"?

Will you be noble as you should

Wherever you may go?

Will you so live upon the earth

That you may bless mankind?

Or will you be of little worth

With this fixed in your mind?

It's up to you, my fellow dear,

To yield to grim defeat

And bring no others love and cheer

With whom you live or meet;

Or rise and say, "I am resolved

To work where God may lead,

In spite of all that is involved

Like those who do succeed."

Success or failure's up to you,

Don't doubt that this is so;

For no one plays a part so true

In saying "Yes" or "No,"

That means the higher, grander trend

That makes you truly strong,

Or spells your failure in the end

As you when you go wrong.

—Walter E. Isenhour, Minister



PROPOSES IN MORSE CODE

In proposing to his second wife, Thomas Edison used Morse Code, which he learned during their courtship.

March, 1962

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A Chat With Dad

Hi, Dad! Mind if I interrupt your reading for a few minutes?"

"Why, hello, there, Son! Didn't hear you come in. Sure thing! What's on your mind?"

"Well, Dad, it may not seem to be such an earth-shattering problem to you, especially in comparison with the headlines you have there—'Russians boast they'll beat us to the moon,' 'U. S. launches another satellite'—things are sure poppin', aren't they Dad! Makes a fellow's personal problems seem rather small, doesn't it?"

"Well, it depends on our viewpoint, Son. Things seem very important indeed, when they vitally affect our lives, though they may be of little consequence to anyone else. What seems to be your problem, Dave? Anything I can do?"

"I hope so, Dad. At least maybe you can advise me as to how to get out of the jam I have managed to get myself into. Leave it to me to get into a thing like this! But here's the scoop! Some of the fellows at college had just convinced me that I was the world's biggest chump because I do not date the girls at school. You know how it has been with Joan and me. We haven't made any definite plans—that is, I guess the understanding between us is unspoken, you might say. Though it is always there underneath, that we will make definite plans when I get on my feet. One thing I know—it's Joan for me from here on out, even though we are not actually engaged. But here's the spot I've gotten myself into: Acting on the fellows' advice, I made a date with a girl at school. She's nice; I would not want to give her any false ideas, and the way I feel, I can't enjoy being with her on a date. Still, I'd feel like a 'heel' to break our date."

"You say, 'the way you feel.' Do you mean that you feel that you are kind of cheating on Joan, and this girl, too?"

"Yes, I guess you might say that, though she has no hold on me, nor have I any hold on her—except—oh, I don't know! You see how mixed up I am, Dad!"

"Well, Dave, you must make your own decisions in a matter like this, of course. But maybe it will help to talk about it. Tell me this: Does Joan know about this date?"

"Oh, no!"

"Would you want to keep it from her?"

"Well, no, I'm sure that wouldn't be the answer, and yet, I don't want her to know. I don't know how I'd face her if she did find out."

"Do you think she would feel hurt?"

"Oh, I'm sure she would!"

"Would it hurt you, if she should date someone else?"

"Dad, don't even mention such a thing! I'd feel like the bottom had just about dropped out of everything if she so much as looked at another fellow!"

"How would you feel, then, if she should date another fellow, and kept it from you?"

"I guess I would be pretty disappointed in her—not to say, mad as blazes! . . . O. K. Dad, you don't have to spell it out! You've answered my questions by just asking me a few."

"No, Son, I didn't need to answer your question. You did that. You knew the answer all the time. My asking you these questions which were already in your mind merely helped you to crystallize your answer."

"It is true that for some at your age, it would be wiser not to concentrate on any one girl. But you and Joan have known each other for years, and you are both rather mature in your thinking. And since you cannot date other girls with a clear conscience, that, in itself, seems to be the answer. You know me, Son, I don't like to give too much advice, but take this from me, if the fellows at college try to pressure you into anything that causes an uneasiness of conscience, then obey that God-given guide instead of being influenced by them. If we never violate that inner voice, it will guide us safely through many temptations, when there is no one else to help us make decisions. Never silence that voice Son, for each time you do, it will become fainter and fainter until finally you will not hear it at all."

Stop and listen to it, and ask yourself if you are true to yourself like we have done tonight, and the solution will be clear in any situation. If you are always true to yourself, you cannot be untrue to anyone else. And you cannot be untrue to anyone else without being untrue to yourself."

"Thanks, Dad! Thanks a million! You don't know how much you have helped me!"

"Well, I feel very happy, Son, that you always feel you can come to me and talk out any problem. That means more to me than being president! You know, at all times, I am ready to listen, and to help if I can."

"O. K. Pop, how about breaking this date for me? That still hangs over my dumb head. You said you'd do anything to help me,—now, come on—get me out of this!"

"Oh, no, my boy, I have troubles enough keeping out of a jam with your mother—one woman is quite enough for me to cope with. No thanks! You can take care of that little matter yourself!"

"*Fine* helper *you* turned out to be, Pop! But seriously, I guess I had better get it over with, and let everyone know what a chump I am. Bye, Dad, thanks for the advice!"

"If this girl is nice, Son, she'll respect you for being honest with her and loyal to Joan. Bye now, Son. Let me know how you come out."



PRACTICAL ATHEISTS

If one should call you an atheist, you might resent it, and say you believed in God. But if you forget God day by day as He is your Creator, to whom you owe all, let me tell you in all affection you are a practical atheist. An atheist is one without God. The word is made up of two, which put together in English mean: "a person without God." And if you do not kneel down to Him, if you do not acknowledge Him as your Author, what are you but a practical atheist? If you do not ask Him to help you in your daily duties and difficulties and avocations, if you do not ask Him to guide you, if you think you will go here when you are old enough to do as you like (as men speak) and go there, and be this or that, without any thinking of and reference to God, you forget God in all that, and, forgetting Him, you are a practical atheist. This is the first thing: Remember that He is your Creator, and that therefore you are dependent upon Him.

—J. K. Popham in *The Gospel Standard*

School Is Life

"School was once said to be only a preparation to life. Now it is said to be life itself."

This old saying could have several meanings. To us students, school certainly is life itself. The majority of our activities, scholastic or social, center around the school and most of our friends are people whom we have met at school.

We spend six and a half hours in school each day and several more hours participating in outside school activities or doing homework. Combining this time most students spend an average of eight hours a day, five days a week in some type of school activity. This is the equivalent of the average forty hour work week in most professions.

Even though we know these facts, we never think of our education as a profession. It may never be the chosen profession of some of us but it is our profession now (chosen or not).

Since school is our present occupation, it is our responsibility to give it the attention and interest that we would give any profession and to try as hard to succeed now as we shall try when we leave school and are employed.

We would not expect to be a success in any profession without effort. Our education is also like this.

School can bring rewards just as other occupations do, although we often don't value our education during our school years, because it doesn't seem to have the bartering power of wages. Abraham Lincoln told a story about an under-paid teacher who used his knowledge in place of money he didn't have. He asked each of his students to bring an egg to school so that he could show them how Christopher Columbus had made an egg stand on end. If they couldn't bring an egg, he asked them to bring a slice of ham.

Learning will not stop when we finish school; it continues throughout all our lives. Life is a school and will continue to teach us.

—Jeanny Lambeth in *So-Hi News*, Southern High, Graham, N. C.

March, 1962

Character Lessons

Self-Control

Can you imagine yourself riding a high spirited horse along a narrow path which leads around the brink of a cliff? Suppose the fiery style and grand pace of this horse often, without notice, merges into a "bolt," to the peril of life and death. Would you like to ride such a horse that at the wrong moment might bolt off and plunge headlong down into the rocky gorge below? Such a horse has obedient restraint one moment and takes uncontrolled flight the next. If you were the rider of this horse, what would you do? You would, obviously, need to be *careful—watchful*—and must try to recognize some sure sign of temper in the horse's ways, and then take precaution accordingly. If you cannot tell when the horse is about to bolt, your danger is heightened.

Now we all have an uncertain horse like this to deal with. We must be careful how we drive him. We must be on the lookout for the first signs of bolting. We must learn how to *treat him*, to *check* him, and to *cure* him. Our runaway horse does not throw us into rocky gorges, etc., but he sometimes throws us into quarrels and fights.

● *Self-control is that careful watch we keep over ourselves to prevent us from giving way to temper or to bad action in any way, at any time.*

Almost the first thing to be learned in life is Self-control. Self-control is having one's faculties, and especially one's inclinations and emotions under the control of the will.

Obedience is the *first evidence* of moral growth, for the child can disobey, but *has chosen* what has the moral sanction of authority. Obedience to authority is the *foundation* of all government, but moral character requires obedience *without* authority—obedience to the ideal within—and that is self-control.

Self-control is largely a matter of the will, and serious determination is needed to acquire it. It is, perhaps, most

important to control one's temper, for that bears so directly upon the happiness of those about us. One should learn to control his tongue. Profanity is a vice for which there is no possible warrant or excuse. Editor Jordan says, "The second most deadly instrument is the gun; the first is the human tongue. The gun only kills the body, but the tongue kills reputation and oftentimes ruins character."

One can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. One of the best methods of strengthening will power, thereby gaining self-control, is by compelling oneself to do instantly the thing we shrink from—as jumping out of bed the moment one awakes, or taking a cold shower bath. The practice of these two simple actions is a wonderful assistant to self-control. . . .

There is only one safe course for those who wish to grow into successful and happy manhood, and that is to touch nothing that will intoxicate. It should be shunned as a contagious disease.

Regarding the use of tobacco, if a boy wants to grow up with all his faculties unimpaired, he must let tobacco alone. Life is of vastly more consequence than athletics; and yet when a boy goes into athletics his coach says, "Cut out cigarettes if you want to make the team." And life enjoins the same rule, if one would "make" a fine character.

George W. Wingate, former president of the Public School Athletic League, issued a circular, which was posted in class rooms of the public schools in New York, telling them what they must do to become athletes. "You cannot expect success in life, however well you may be educated, unless you have a sound body. Above all, you must not smoke cigarettes. It stunts your development, injures your heart and spoils your 'wind.' "

Even a dog can be trained to sit up with a piece of meat on his nose, and make no motion to eat it until the word is given. How much more should we obtain the same mastery over ourselves. And without such a mastery one is at the mercy of everything. The secret of success is to know how to deny oneself. Get

the whip hand over yourself, that is the best educator. There are times when one's only duty is to keep from talking.

Self-control gives presence of mind, which enables one to instantly decide new situations and new problems. No situation happens twice; there is no *next time*. The self-control in the daily round of school days will give self-control all through life.

A shipping merchant said to a boy applying for work, "What can you do?" "I can do my best to do what you are kind enough to let me try," replied the boy. "What have you done?" "I have sawed and split my mother's wood for nearly two years." "What have you not done?" "Well, sir," the boy replied after a moment's reflection, "I have not whispered in school for over a year." "That is enough," said the merchant, "I will take you aboard my vessel, and I hope some day to see you her captain. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must have good stuff in him." . . .

● *Practice.* Let each one compel himself to keep silence when called names. When angry, be quiet a bit, think it over. Do not act on impulse. It is helpful to jump out of bed the instant you are first awakened or called in the morning. Compel yourself to do *every day* some one thing you do not want to do. When angry try counting to twenty before answering. Use *self-control*.

—James Terry White

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—Milton

If thou would'st conquer thy weakness, thou must not gratify it.

—William Penn

The true man's desire is not to feed his desires.—From the Chinese

Strength of character may be said to consist of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint.—Unidentified

LOOK FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- "The Two-Faced Woman," by Mrs. W. J. Berry
- "WARNING—to Teen-Agers!" by J. Edgar Hoover

The Bucket of Stars

Mrs. Jessie Bothwell, North Lima, Ohio

(Reprinted from *Sunshine Magazine*)

VISITING in a small town, I went into a village church one Sunday morning. The minister was reading a letter, as follows:

Dear Mom and Dad: I love you both very much, but I am running away. Maybe you will miss me, maybe not. I don't know if you love me—you have never told me. When I wanted to talk to you, or ask a question, you were too busy. Many a time I walked to town with the boys, or went to my room, wondering why you didn't like me. Mom, you had time to visit, and talk over the phone, and go to clubs. The same with Dad. So now you needn't take the time to miss me.

Love, Ricky.

I looked at the folks sitting near me. Many had tears in their eyes. I never thought a church full of people could be so quiet. Even the minister didn't say anything for a long time—until after he had wiped his face. My thoughts went on a riot. Yes, we all have time, but how do we use it? Are clubs, a spotless house, more important than molding young lives?

I was thinking of a friend, Mrs. Thurston. She wouldn't allow children to come and play in her house. "They brought in dirt," and she didn't have time to "clean up after the 'kids.'" Her little Jimmie, housed on doctor's orders, would stand with tear-stained face watching his chums in the block.

I have seen Harold Jones ask his Dad to help him with his school work. "Good night, son!" I heard him say once; "don't your teacher show you how? What's she for, anyway?" I can imagine what Harold thought. His grades went down, down. Some day, Dad Jones, you may wish that your boy was by your side. You didn't have time to help him; now he's gone!

Little Marjorie Smith wants Mom to go to the woods with her. "Landsakes, child, now wouldn't I look silly walking among the toads and snakes, and the dishes in the sink not washed! People will think I'm queer!" Some day Mrs. Smith may go to the woods alone, and recall a lonely little heart wanting her closeness and companionship and love, and the clasp of a tiny hand.

I know a grandmother who is tired, but who takes time to go

fishing, to take a walk, and to play ball, with the young ones in her community. There may be dishes in the sink, and lunch may be late, but "Grandma" will be out looking at a glorious sunset or counting the stars. She will see the little fellow who asked where the sun went. And she will dream of the little grandson whom she took to the moon to get a bucket of stars. She will still see the stars in his eyes.

Dear people who "haven't the time," in all sincerity, take time while you may! Keep that boy or girl close to your heart with your love and companionship and understanding. Don't let them write a letter like the one the pastor of the village church read. The hours spent with your children are golden hours. Don't let them become hours of regret and remorse—because you didn't have time to make them glow.

—Selected by Maryanne Berry

Words Fitly Spoken...

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

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it. Things do not turn up until somebody turns them up. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.—James A. Garfield

Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns. I am thankful that thorns have roses.—Alphonse Karr

Our destiny does not lie in our drive to be the first to set foot on the moon, or to have a space station for future conquests in our solar system. Our true destiny lies in an understanding of Him who is the power that governs outer space and the destinies of nations and men on this world.—Price Daniel in Christianity Today

There is no record of anybody ever being drowned in perspiration.

What's the use of seeing ourselves as others see us? We wouldn't believe our eyes!—Sunshine Magazine

Tell a man that no man is more fit for salvation than another—whether he be a good man or a wicked man,—both are equally undeserving of salvation,—and you will receive a scornful look. But when that man has seen himself as the chief of sinners, he will grasp your hand in hearing the good news that there is hope for him. Jesus died for sinners.

Especially for young college students who are facing men who will try to shake their faith by undermining the Bible.

No. 19 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE KNOW THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

19. *The Bible is the source and inspiration of man's greatest achievements.*

It is inseparably woven into the very warp and woof of our civilization. It is not a book on legislation, and yet Daniel Webster said, "A great jurist must go to school to the Book; lying back of Blackstone and the Habeas Corpus Act and the Roman Institutes are the statutes of the Mosaic code."

"It has breathed inspiration into the heart of almost every genius." The world's greatest Art, Sculpture, Music, Literature, as well as Morality and Law, have been inspired by the Bible. Milton's "Paradise Lost"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Michaelangelo's "David"; the masterpieces of Raphael, Rembrandt, Mozart, and innumerable others of the world's works of genius were inspired by the Bible.

To get rid of the Bible and its influence one would have to wipe out practically all libraries, art galleries, music conservatories, as well as all churches, and practically all humanitarian institutions.

Ruskin expressed what is true of thousands of earth's great men when he said, "All that I have thought of art, everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart." And another has said, "The finest ideals of art and the finest inspiration of music are borrowed from the Book."

—Fred John Meldau

This delightful and inspiring booklet will strengthen your faith in the Bible, the very Word of God. Order yours. 25 cents each.

Portraits from the Bible . . .

PHEBE

Mrs. W. J. Berry

In the little town of Cenchrea there was one of the early churches of Christ. Cenchrea was near the Ionian Sea. It was one of the cities on the route which Paul traveled in his active ministry. He was one who seemed to deeply appreciate the help of those who labored with him among those early churches. He made use of the saintly women in that time more than any of the other apostles. He spoke so lovingly of them, recognizing each by name. He traveled very extensively among the churches, and when he could not visit the churches in person, he sent his wonderful letters. He could not put a four-cent stamp on his letter and mail it as we do now. Letters must be taken by faithful messengers.

Phebe was one of these. He introduced her, describing her faithfulness very lovingly. She must have been a wonderful character to have such an important part in helping him in his service to their Lord. She was a true servant to the church at Cenchrea. He asked those to whom he was writing to receive her as in the Lord, just as they would receive him. They were to give her whatever she needed because of her faithfulness to him in the ministry. Not only had she been a "succourer" of Paul, but many others. Her life was spent serving the church and the saints. She gave of her substance to any who had need of what she possessed. She did not hold what was hers with "tight fist" as we say today. Her gracious hands were open as she gave of her possessions freely. And now we see her on an errand for Paul, walking the dusty road to deliver his letter to the church at Rome. Traveling then was not like it is today. It would not be too much trouble for us to get in a good car and deliver a letter for a minister today. It would not be a hardship. But at that time it really meant hardship to make such a trip. The roads were rough, hot and dusty, and many dangers

lurked on every side. But Phebe was accustomed to giving all of herself. She actually *served* her church and all of the believers and ministers who came her way.

What a wonderful ministry she performed that day. She did not realize that the letter she carried so faithfully would be read for centuries, and be as a guiding light to millions of saints. She only labored in her humble way, not understanding the real importance of her mission.

She is as a shining light to us today. Her name Phebe, means shining. Truly it is appropriate. As we think of her, it encourages us to perform our own little duties with patience and faithfulness. We may think them of small importance, but nothing done from love of God and His saints is unimportant.

This same Paul said, "You are laborers together with God." Just to think that as we serve Him by giving of our possessions, time and labor to His saints, we are fellow-laborers with Him! It is almost too great a position for us to occupy, isn't it? Even if it is only to carry a message from one to another, if it is done as Phebe did, as unto the Lord, it is more important than any work we may perform in this world, and like Phebe's labor, it will live through the centuries. This we see as we study the portrait of our shining example—Phebe.

Send for a bundle of free sample copies to give to your friends.

IF A CHILD LIVES

With criticism, he learns to condemn.
With hostility, he learns to fight.
With fear, he learns to be apprehensive.
With pity, he learns to be sorry for himself.
With jealousy, he learns to feel guilty.
With encouragement, he learns to be confident.
With tolerance, he learns to be patient.
With praise, he learns to be appreciative.
With acceptance, he learns to love.
With approval, he learns self-respect.
With recognition, he learns to have a goal.
With fairness, he learns what justice is.
With honesty, he learns what truth is.
With security, he learns to have faith in himself.
With friendliness, he learns the world is a nice
place in which to live.—Selected

Capital "F"

Question:

"Should I put a capital 'F' at the beginning of father when writing of a Catholic priest or monk? In my English class my teacher corrected me, but I told her I had no relations naturally or spiritually with 'father Felician.'

"I have to write many essays and am in doubt, as I use this term frequently."

—David Huffman

Answer:

Dear David,

English Rule: "Use capitals in "titles, when they precede a proper noun: Such titles are an essential part of the name and are regularly capitalized." (Prentice Hall *Handbook for Writers*, p. 404.)

Such *grammatically* correct titles are: Professor, Doctor, Mr., Judge, President, Rev., Father, etc.

So to be *grammatically* correct you must capitalize such recognized titles. However, if there were no way around it, you could always refuse to capitalize titles which are against your religious convictions. Even if it subtracts a couple points from your grade. This is still a land of religious freedom. *But this is not necessary.* You can be grammatically correct and still express your convictions. I have seen the title capitalized but put in quotes, which indicates the writer himself does not recognize it as proper. However, this is stretching one of the English rules for the use of quotes and your teacher probably would not accept this use of them.

To be grammatically correct, this is what I suggest, and feel to be the best procedure in such a case. *Make use of the footnote* thus:

Suppose this is your essay—

ESSAY

... In the early history of our country the Catholics immigrated down from Canada into Michigan and Illinois and branched out from our middle western states. One of their early leaders was Father* Chiniquy, a Roman Catholic priest who, after fifty years in the Church of Rome, withdrew from them and

became a Presbyterian. This was the man who repeatedly warned President Lincoln of planned assassination plots by the Jesuits. . .

*The writer of this essay capitalizes such titles as Father and Reverend only for grammatical reasons. It is against his religious convictions to call any man "father" other than his natural father. This is in keeping with Jesus' command, "Call no man father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in heaven" (Matt. 23:9). The same would apply for "Rabbi" or "Master." (See Matt. 23:8.) The writer also does not recognize the title "Reverend" as valid for it is used only once in the Bible and it is referring to God only. According to Jesus, no man is good, much less reverend.—Your initials.

By the use of the footnote you can be grammatically correct and also have the opportunity to express your true convictions. Needless to say, just use this footnote for the first time the title appears in your essay. It will suffice for all that follow.

Before I close, there is one point I want to bring out. If you simply fail to capitalize "father," you make a grammatical error and still do not fulfill what your conscience is really telling you. Matthew 23:9 is not telling you not to say "Father," and allowing you to say "father" with a small "f." It simply says, "Call no man 'father.'" So whether you use a capital or lower case "f," you should use the footnote.

I hope this enlightens the subject for you. Thank you for your interest, and continue to write.

Yours to serve,

—Editor

P. S. It will be well for us to bear in mind that because of the differences between the kingdom of darkness and the kingdom of light, we cannot expect to live as Christians with no conflict with the world. In fact, the very opposite is true. The friendship of this world is enmity with God (James 4:4) and we are not to conform to its ways. (Romans 12:2)

For example, in our higher institutions of learning, we are confronted with agnostic and atheistic teachings and philosophies which are admittedly opposed to the Bible as the Word of God. If we do not accept these teachings, we will meet continual conflict, but may we be blessed to stand firm and wield the sword of the Lord as able and courageous soldiers.

NEWS ITEMS . . .

COMMUNIST BLUEPRINT—"War to the hilt between Communism and Capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in twenty to thirty years. To win we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeois will have to be put to sleep, so we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard of concessions. The Capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist."—Dimitry A. Manuilsky, speech in 1930

LETTING OFF STEAM—The emotions in a tiny child are NOT like compressed air in a bottle. Child psychologists have followed the theory that human emotions are much like compressing air in a bottle. The more it is compressed, the more resistance against a cap. Just like a pressure cooker, or a boiling pot of water on the stove, they theorize that resentment and rebellion, building up within the child, needs to "explode" and to "let off steam" every now and then! Actually, they are in total error!

The child who is supposedly allowed to "drain off his resentment" in this fashion is the child who could well be opening up his mind to extremely serious consequences in a spiritual sense—of which the child psychologists know nothing. Such a child will very definitely build up a habit of rebellion toward authority, disobedience, temper tantrums, and hatred. The thought of allowing a tiny toddling boy of barely over two years of age to shout and scream at his own parents "I hate you!" and even encouraging him in it is the exact thing J. Edgar Hoover talked about when he said our society has been substituting "indulgence for discipline!"—The Plain Truth

RED CHINA URGES CHILDREN: 'LOVE THE PARTY, HATE U. S.'

TAIPEI, Formosa (EP)—A mass indoctrination movement by the Chinese People's Republic is seeking to teach tens of millions of Chinese tots to "love the Communist Party, the Communists Party boss Mao Tse-Tung, socialism, labor, the people's communes, and to hate the United States."

The children are also allegedly taught that Christianity was "born among the masses of the lower strata, yet after it was proclaimed the state religion of the Roman Empire, through various forms of teaching, it defended the system of exploitation, spread the idea that existence of classes was necessary and praised timidity, humility, meekness, obedience and submissiveness."

Another report from a refugee is that while some churches are open for worship, Sunday Schools have been abolished.

CRIME RATE "APPALLING," SAYS HOOVER—The nation's crime rate is continuing to rise at an appalling rate, Director J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation reported. Crime records for 1960 showed a 14 per cent increase over the previous year, and the first six months of 1961 showed another 7 per cent increase over the same period in 1960.

—Signs of the Times

Suggested Reading

Your time for reading is limited—select your reading with much care. The Bible comes first, and is never even to be compared with any other book or paper. The news stands and book stores are flooded with trash, and should be avoided. You can depend on the books listed here as being worth your valuable time and money.



Enemies of Youth

By

John Carrara

(171 pages—\$2.00)

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