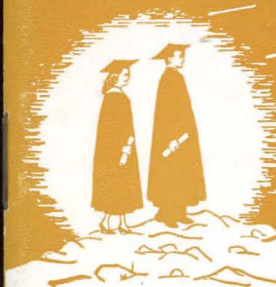


"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 5. No. 12—September, 1965

IN THIS ISSUE:

AMERICA HAS
REJECTED GOD!

WHAT I WOULD
TELL A SON

WET CARDS AND
FORSAKEN
WINE FLASKS

SPEAKING DISTINCTLY

"NAME SOMEONE
YOU LOVE"

TRUE EDUCATION

A LONESOME BOY

TEEN-AGERS WHO HAVE A STRONG SET OF STANDARDS TO FORTIFY THEIR NATIVE INTELLIGENCE DO NOT FALL PREY TO THE SMUT MERCHANT, THE NARCOTICS PEDDLER, OR THE RODENT SWARM WHICH FATTENS COMMERCIALY UPON THE INEXPERIENCE AND NATURAL CURIOSITY OF YOUTH. THESE YOUNG PEOPLE HAVE DEVELOPED, UNDER PARENTAL AID, THE MORAL RESTRAINT TO RISE ABOVE TEMPTATION, TO TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE "SMART SET," AND REMAIN TRUE TO THEIR IDEALS.

—F. B. I. Director J. Edgar Hoover

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

Published monthly in the interest of young people
at Elon College, N. C. 27244

Second Class postage paid at Elon College, N. C. 27244

Glen Berry, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$3.00 a year — Two years, \$5.00

In clubs of 5—\$2.00 a year

Address:

Editors, Youth's Living Ideals

Rt. 2, Elon College, North Carolina 27244

• Any material may be reprinted from YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS without special permission—except in cases where certain articles are copyrighted by other magazines. Due acknowledgements for all material reprinted should be given. We will also appreciate your sending us a marked copy for our files. Let the good that is found here be shared.

In This Issue . . .

America Has Rejected God, Editor	321
"Here Comes the Mailman"	324
What I Would Tell a Son, J. Edgar Hoover	326
Wet Cards and Forsaken Wine Flasks	331
Song In Autumn (poem), Leona Rochelle	333
Notes from Mom, Mrs. W. J. Berry	334
Round Table Discussion—	
"What can be done to stop gambling among teen-agers?" ...	336
Speaking Distinctly, Walter E. Isenhour	338
The Guide Book—"Name Someone You Love," Editor	340
A Lonesome Boy	342
What the Twenty-Third Psalm Means to Pamela Orten, age 9	343
True Education, Mrs. W. J. Berry	344
Students! Note This Comparison	347
Dancing	348
The Devil's Twenty-Third Psalm	348
A Look at Life, Ralph Van Dorn	349
News Items	350
A Young Boy Who Refused To Cheat, Dixon	351
Words Fitly Spoken	351
Bread and 'Serves (For the Kiddies)	352

CODE . . . ZIP CODE . . . ZIP CODE . . . ZIP CODE . . . ZIP

Be SURE to include your Zip Code with
your renewal and communications.

AMERICA HAS REJECTED GOD!

(An Urgent Message)

Fellow Young People! Hearken! The trumpets of God's judgment are blowing! Destruction lies in store for all who have not the God of Jacob as their refuge!

Strange words? True words. God is not mocked. Contemplate seriously the following four paragraphs taken from Dr. Mark Fakkema's "American Education De-Christianized" (that is, the dethroning of Christian principles as the basis of all instruction in our schools):

"In 1647 the General Court of Massachusetts issued the following order: 'It being the chief project of the old deluder, Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, effort must be made to thwart this old deluder. It is therefore ordered that every township in this jurisdiction, after the Lord has increased it to the number of 50 households, shall then appoint one of their town to teach all such children as shall report to him to write and read.'

"It is not without a touch of irony that we must report that 309 years later—in the year 1948—[and increasingly since—Ed.] the Supreme Court of our land banished the teaching of [Christianity by the Bible] from public schools.*

"In 1777 our Continental Congress voted an expenditure of \$300,000 to buy, mind you, copies of the Bible for purposes of distributing them throughout the country. Contrast this with the recent Supreme Court decision which IN EFFECT forbade the Gideons to GIVE AWAY New Testaments to pupils on public school property.

"Note, once our Government BOUGHT Bibles for its citizenry. Now it may not be GIVEN to children on Government property!"

Something *has* to give! As teen-ager Sherry Cornell says on page 324 in this issue, America has been blessed as a leader among nations because America has, more than other nations, recognized God and followed Him—but now we have fallen.

Something *must* give! In one century God is recognized by a nation's people and a nation's government. Blessings flow from

*We maintain that the church must NOT join the state in teaching religion in the public schools, for Christian training is the God-given responsibility of the parents. But we give these quotations to show how far we have departed. Originally, the schools emphasized moral instruction based on Christian principles and ideals.

YOUTH'S

Living Ideals

● Vol. 5. No. 12—September, 1965

God upon that nation. In another century THE NATIONAL POLICY is to REJECT God and His Word. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

Something *will* give! Psalm 33:12 declares, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Then the opposite is true—Cursed is the nation who rejects the Lord! Proverbs 14:34 states, "Righteousness exalts a nation." Then the opposite is true—Unrighteousness DEBASES and DETHRONES a nation.

Something *is* giving! We are living in extremely perilous times. The reckoning of God Almighty *has begun*. Our nation is CURSED! The people and the government have rejected the God of all blessings. Only cursings—the opposite of God's blessings—can follow while we are in such an unrepentant state.

And such cursings *are* coming. The judgments of God have begun. God has begun with the outer fringes of the geographical nation—Alaskan earthquake, Northwestern floods, Hurricane Betsy bringing tragedy to thousands in Louisiana, Tornadoes and floods dipping into Ohio and Mississippi, leaving death and devastation. Then we have major weather upsets all over the nation,—drought in New York, flooding in Mississippi and elsewhere, new dust storms in Texas, etc. I tell you, this nation does not need to fear bombs when Almighty God is against us! He can bring the bombs, too, but His hand alone can destroy a supposed "Great Society" when that society turns against Him—rejecting Him nationally.

"Don't be deceived; God is not mocked." Not only have judgments begun geographically but on the fringes of human society as well. Our forefathers—for the love and greed of money—brought a race to American shores and sold human flesh as slaves. These slaves were notoriously mistreated. God restrained His wrath. But now, generations later, judgments are coming in the form of ungodly race riots and blood-letting.

And even more severe is the judgment of God's allowing our moral decline in America. "And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness,

covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-brakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful: who, knowing the judgment of God that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them." (Rom. 1:28-32) Yes, this is a severe judgment. This is what we have today on a large, horrible scale. How much more severe could God make a judgment than to allow a nation to reprobate itself? He says in Rev. 22:11, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: . . . And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

Yes, these are PERILOUS times. The people live in wickedness, the government denies God, and public education relegates God and His word as a myth worthy of the wastebasket.

Think as God thinks. Don't be lulled to sleep by thinking "all will be well." This nation falls under a curse. God is showing Himself not to be mocked. The nation is not worthy of blessings and salvation. Professing Christians are lukewarm—not hot (Rev. 3) and are worthy of being "spewed out" of the mouth of God. The Church—God's people—need purifying and God knows just how to bring this about. Look to Him for salvation. The God of Jacob is our refuge. Beside Him there is no other. Is the Lord *your* LORD? Is the Lord *your King*? If not, He is not your *Savior*! Or don't you think you need salvation? "Now is the day of salvation." "Now is the accepted time."

The Bible states plainly that when these things begin to take place, the redemption of God's people is very close. That commodity we call "time" has just about emptied its hour-glass. Young person, if you want salvation just to dodge hell, you shall NOT have it. If you want God purely for your own selfish security, you shall not have Him. But if you want God and salvation for His own sake—because you love Him, you shall have Him, His security and His salvation. Is the God of Jacob your eternal Lover and your Refuge? —Editor ◀

'Here Comes the Mailman'



LET US WEEP WITH HER . . .

... AND LET US REJOICE IN HER UNDERSTANDING

*A Teen-ager Who Is Awakening to Her Need of Christ
Speaks Out With Some Good Advice*

Dear Mr. Berry,—Today I read the first copy of Youth's Living Ideals. I don't know what to say. So many things came to my mind and I cried. I really cried after reading it through. The article responsible mainly is "The 'Dreamy' Dress" (May, 1965 issue).

Mr. Berry, I wish parents, all grownups, knew how depressed a teenager feels. If only they felt like we do sometimes so they could guide us better. My mother and father are wonderful! I love them with all my heart. Like so many teens, I argue with them and say things I shouldn't. Afterwards, I feel so sick and insecure and very very ashamed. I didn't mean to do it but deep inside I do have the feeling that I, like many other teens, need discipline.* I feel that our parents really don't mean to neglect us. They're trying to keep up with the world. The atomic age, the nuclear age—all of these bring new things and new problems. Our parents and those older than I am (seventeen) are afraid of this new progress in science. As for me, well, I don't care right now and news doesn't interest me that much. I believe that America has always been the leading nation because they follow God more than any other nation. But now we are falling down. Your magazine is right, we need more Christian magazines in the home.

Mr. Berry, I never had evil thoughts until I read "True Story"—you know—the one that's suppose to keep a girl from making a wrong deed. Well, it doesn't and it can't. And as for "Play Boy," etc. how did these magazines get put on the market? [Parents and adults put them there.—Ed.] I wonder over and over if the American people care anymore.

There is something else that I pray we Americans can correct. That is our attitude in explaining sex to the next generation. It's easier for a girl to be told about sex than a boy. But the Bible wasn't for girls to read and pattern their lives after two years before the boys. If parents follow the Lord and teach their children to do so, then boys and girls would have their pattern for life. My parents don't "spank" or "punish" me much because they feel I am too old and, of course, because of the changing world.

We teenagers (mainly women and girls), sometimes can't help the way fashion designers fix our clothes. They are so, so wrong and also need to see how our country is falling down in its standards. I read recently about different problems Americans answer.

*Don't miss J. Edgar Hoover's article on page 326.

Most of the adults said that the sex problem wasn't any worse—there are more people to cope with it. The teenagers said that they thought it wasn't getting any worse.

All through the Bible the scriptures talk about evil doings and evil thoughts. And it doesn't keep repeating stealing and killing as the main thing.

Don't you see? Every teen-ager isn't a Christian. They can't afford the wonderful Christian books; they don't have time; they're afraid to be different; they work, and many other reasons. America needs people to go around just as missionaries in other lands do. Our pastors have so little time and so do a lot of the American people. We need material like yours handed to every teen-ager and even those older. I have read classics and near classics at school that have pushed a dirty expression toward the mind—literature for school kids!

"The 'Dreamy' Dress" and "The Mayor Looks at Dancing" made me realize how far I had drifted from God. After I had read both of them I cried and prayed. And the thoughts of the girl in "The 'Dreamy' Dress" keeps coming back to me. Oh, how often I could have been her but God helped me. I'm so ashamed of some of the crazy things I did because I'm a teen-ager and "everybody does it!"

The Lord woke me up today to some terrible facts. I don't ever want to drift from Him again and I know He won't let me with His wonderful love and guidance through His book, the Bible, and the Christian material today that I read.

... Thank you for the material and love you give us young teen-agers. Truly, we are young, immature, and need the guidance of the Lord and our older generation.

—Sherry Cornell

Editor's Note: Any who, like Sherry, are seeking divine guidance for their lives, we have an excellent leaflet on the subject. For your copy, write to the Editor.

Letter from Leona Rochelle

Star Route, Centerville, Tennessee

Dear Mrs. Berry,—If you have thought of me at all this summer, I'm sure you must have wondered what happened to me. On the 8th day of June I had surgery and on the 25th I was hospitalized with another heart attack. I am still convalescing, actually, but am allowed to do a few small chores.

Thank you for using my poems in your May and June issues. I am so sorry that I was unable to get anything seasonal to you for the summer issues. I am enclosing two that I think are suitable for any fall month.

I hope you will find time to write to me soon. I enjoy your letters so much; they give wings to my faith. Until we meet, may God keep you in the hollow of His hand.

In the hope of His coming, I am sincerely yours,—Leona Rochelle

Editor's Note: We know our readers will be sorry to know of Mrs. Rochelle's illness. We are grateful for her help in sending her beautiful poems to us. They are written especially for Youth's Living Ideals. We are sure she will appreciate a note from you.

What I Would Tell a Son

J. EDGAR HOOVER

(Director of the F. B. I.)

AS I PONDER the problems we find ourselves all but swamped by today, I cannot help thinking that the rules which prevailed in my youth would still work for boys and girls now.

The Hoovers, for example, were a close-knit family. My mother and father shared equally the pleasures and the responsibilities of one daughter and two sons. Our circumstances were modest; yet none of us ever wanted for any necessity of life—and those necessities were, then as now, affection and the security of a balanced home.

Our parents taught us to have a good time, but do it without trampling on the rights or property of others. The boy who went astray in those days worried a lot more about the punishment he knew was waiting for him at home than about the treatment he might expect from the police, the courts, or other authority. How seldom is this true of "problem" youths today!

Make no mistake: my young friends and I were healthy, active boys. We had the same boundless energy and inquisitive nature that have marked young people since mankind began. Yet we keep out of trouble, and when we didn't we were man enough to face the music.

Why? I feel there were two basic reasons: first we came from well-disciplined homes where the same definition of right and wrong applied to all members of the family; and, second, we honored our mothers and fathers and respected their word because, by their unfailing example, they merited our honor and respect.

If I had a son, I believe I could help him most by providing him with these five indispensables: a personal example to follow, an understanding of the importance of restraint and ideals, a sense of discipline, a pride in his heritage, and a challenge to meet.

Children certainly need an example to follow. I feel the most important lesson which my sister, my brother and I received at home was the example set by our honest, hard-working parents. A plaque on our living-room wall summed up the whole thing. It read: "To command the respect of others, one must merit respect himself." Under this definition of responsibility, how many of today's parents can honestly claim the respect of their children? Certainly not those thousands who subscribe to the "do as I say, not as I do" philosophy!

As youngsters, we enjoyed life and the humorous give-and-take of healthy family relationships, but that was something far different from today's child-dominated "democracy," which all too often creates chaos in the home. Contradictions and inconsistencies never existed in our household because my parents took the long view: they felt that whatever "privilege" their adult years bestowed on them were inconsequential compared with the responsibilities of parenthood.

If I had a son, I'd think constantly about the part I had in helping him become a man. I would do my level best to understand him, to be a pal without being a pest, to encourage his boyish love of games and adventure, to direct him quietly to the right kind of friendships. I would not go out of my way to make life hard for him, but I would guide him to an awareness that life is not meant to be easy and that the best rewards come from the hardest efforts.

We would not have a forest of rules to cramp our growing up together—this son of mine and I—but both of us would know the handful of expectations I had established because I loved him. And both of us would know I'd see to it that he fulfilled those expectations, or else.

To help him grasp that while life may be hard it is also rewarding, I would impose the gentle pressure of performing regular tasks well within his capacity at each age level. I would gradually increase my requirements and penalize him proportionately if he let them slide—until that welcome day when he would begin to put the pressure on himself.

CRIMINALS SHARE A COMMON FAULT

Above all, I would teach him to tell the truth—and I, in turn, would tell him the truth no matter how it hurt or embarrassed. Truth telling, I have found, is the key to responsible citizenship. The thousands of criminals I have seen in 40 years of law enforcement have had one thing in common: every single one was a liar.

In addition to setting a good personal example, I would also teach a son the importance of restraints and ideals.

Contradictions arise continually in the lives of teen-agers, for today our youth must cope with the specter of an adult world rife with inconsistency. To the youngster, adults often appear by their attitudes to be saying: "Ignore traffic regulations!" "Make your own rules!" "Cheat whenever you think you can get away with it!" To turn the screw harder still, there are the unreasoning demands of an often arrogant juvenile world: "Don't be a square!" "You're chicken!" "Join the crowd!"

But teen-agers who have a strong set of standards to fortify their native intelligence do not fall prey to the smut merchant, the narcotics peddler, or the rest of the rodent swarm which fattens commercially upon the inexperience and natural curiosity of youth. These young people have developed, under parental aid, the moral restraint to rise above temptation, to turn their backs on the "smart set," and remain true to their ideals.

Today, too many young people are developing neither the moral standards nor the restraint necessary to get along in a free society. Every community has its share of these youth. They are the members of teen-age gangs who belligerently roam the streets in search of "a rumble"; the school "drop-outs" who waste endless hours in unproductive idleness and, often, wrathful despair; the juvenile thrill seekers whose early delinquencies inevitably lead them to progressively more serious crimes.

These are unhappy youth. Their arrogant defiance of author-

ity is a pitiful pose that seeks to conceal the tragic fear and insecurity which they feel. This fear, this insecurity exists because we have failed to prepare them to meet the personal demands and responsibilities of life in our American republic.

The way out of this dilemma is for youngsters to acquire a sense of discipline. But before a boy can practice self-discipline, he must learn discipline from others. We must establish for him standards of acceptable behavior—and we must enforce those standards.

"I tried to do the best I could, but I can't control him . . ." This was the weak lament of a doting mother whose 15-year-old son had been arrested for assault and robbery. How familiar her words are to every law-enforcement officer.

Children need guide lines. We owe it to them to spell out what they may and may not do. We must hold them strictly accountable when they breach the rules of decent conduct. When we are weak or inconsistent, when we pamper or over-protect—even in the preschool years—we set a pattern of confusion for our children. In the years ahead, our molly-coddling can lead only to their resenting and despising authority.

A youngster also must be taught to have a pride in his heritage. Theodore Roosevelt, a man of great strength and discipline, had boundless love for his country and her ideals. "Americanism," he said, "means the virtues of courage, honor, justice, truth, sincerity, and hardihood—the virtues that made America. The things that will destroy America are prosperity at any price, peace at any price, safety first instead of duty first, the love for soft living, and the get-rich-quick theory of life."

KNOW THE ENEMY OF FREEDOM

President Theodore Roosevelt knew that America was born of adversity. He believed that her people have risen to their greatest heights on the face of grave challenge. He knew also that softness—mental, physical, or spiritual—is the mortal enemy of all who cherish freedom.

Has a "softening process" begun to set in for this generation and its elders? I earnestly hope not. Still, the danger signs are clear. They signal the growing need for all of us to increase vigilance against this disease that eats from within.

Finally, I want to stress the importance of challenge, which is the indispensable compatriot of free men. It is a wellspring of alertness and vitality for nations which find themselves tempted to grow complacent and slothful.

Our youth need challenge. We must destroy the false conception which today increasingly saps their spiritual stamina with the lie that life in a democracy is a mere jumble of rights and privileges without responsibilities. From their very early years, young people should have individual chores, specific goals, constructive projects to help sharpen their capabilities and develop strong character.

Above all, our youth need our help to insulate them against the negative forces—immorality, overindulgence, apathy, neglect—which prevail in so many areas of modern life. For doing this vital job in a way that will last a lifetime, there is nothing like a healthy home.

By no choice of our own, we Americans find ourselves facing a deadly situation—the most critical in the nation's history. Communism, a treacherous international conspiracy which now controls nearly one-third of the earth's peoples, challenges our very right to live in freedom under God. Coupled with it is the menace of a growing crime problem, one that flourishes in—is, in fact, largely caused by—the prevailing atmosphere of adult aloofness and indifference.

Today the bright burden of freedom rests squarely in our hands. Tomorrow we must pass it on to the new generation—to the boys and girls I have been talking about here. It is up to us to make sure that we hand it over to strong young citizens capable of meeting the test that lasting freedom imposes daily.

—Reprinted from *The Truth*, Austin, Texas



The greatest boon to this generation financially was learning to spend the income of the next generation.—*Sunshine Magazine*

Wet Cards and Forsaken Wine Flasks

One lovely Sabbath morning eight young law students were walking along the bank of one of the tributaries of the Potomac River. They were going to a secluded spot in a grove to kill the precious hours in playing cards and drinking wine. Each of them was the son of a praying mother.

As they were sauntering along, and amusing each other with idle jests, the court-house bell, used for calling the people to the house of worship, commenced to ring. Although fully two miles away, it sounded in the ears of these thoughtless youths as plainly as if it were on the other shore of the narrow creek.

Suddenly one of them stopped, and told the writer of this narrative that he would go no farther, but that he would return and go to church meeting. Then the writer shouted to the other six, who were a short distance ahead:

"Boys, come back here: George is getting religious. Come, we must assist him. We must baptize him by immersion in water."

Speedily we all surrounded George, and told him that only by going with us could he save himself from a cold bath. To which, in a calm, soft, but earnest tone of voice, he replied:

"I know very well that you have the physical ability to put me into the stream and hold me there, even till I am drowned, and, if you choose, you can do so without my showing any resistance, but before you do it I have a few words to say:

"You all know that I am nearly two hundred miles from home, but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I cannot remember ever having seen her out of bed; and I never did see her out of her room. I am the youngest of the family.

"When my father concluded to send me here (he having been a life-long friend of our preceptor, who charges nothing for my tuition), he could scarcely prevail upon mother to permit my leaving her. At length, after many prayers upon the subject,

she consented, and the necessary preparations for my departure from home were speedily made.

"My mother never spoke to me upon the matter until the morning on which I left for the East. Then, after I had eaten breakfast, she sent for me and asked if I had everything ready. She wanted to have a prayer before I left. Kneeling beside her bed at her request, with her loving hands upon my head, she prayed for me.

"Many and many a night since, I have dreamed the whole thing over. It is the happiest recollection in my memory. I believe that to the day of my death I will be able to repeat every word of that prayer. When she ceased praying, she spoke to me thus:

"My precious son, you know not, indeed you can never know the agony of a mother's heart when parting forever from her last born, to her still a babe. When you go forth from the home of your nativity, to pursue the profession of your choice, and of your dear father's choosing as well, for the last time this side of the grave, look upon the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father is not able to pay your expenses home during the two years of your course of study. I cannot possibly live so long as that. The sands of the hourglass of my feeble existence have nearly run out. In that distant and strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to whom you can apply for counsel when assailed by temptation. You must, therefore, while a boy, learn to say No, when urged to do wrong. I cannot be with you, but I will daily commit you to the care of God, who is everywhere, beholding your evil acts as well as your good deeds. Every Sabbath morning from ten to eleven o'clock I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this blessed hour, when you hear the church bell ringing for the assembly of God's people, let your thoughts carry you to this chamber of death, where your dying mother will be agonizing for you in prayer. Commit to memory the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the first chapter of Proverbs. Kiss me farewell.

Now the last words you will ever hear from my lips are, in the language of Solomon, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' "

When George had finished, all were weeping. Involuntarily we opened the ring we had formed around him. He had stood up for the right against heavy odds, and we admired him for doing that which none of us had the courage to undertake, to break away from wicked companions and go to church meeting.

He led off without a word, and we silently followed. Without either one knowing that the other had done so, too, each of us managed to throw his cards and flask into the creek, so that by the time we reached the church, every pocket was emptied of its former contents.

Six of that little company have gone to their long home, each a Christian. Only two of us are yet living—George, an able lawyer in Iowa, and the writer of this incident. Both of us have been church members for many years.

—Reformer and Free Press



SONG IN AUTUMN

By Leona Rochelle

I know it is autumn, the day is so still—
White cloud sheep are resting on top of the hill.

The robins are gone—katydids slumber,
Brown leaves fall down—too many to number.
Bob Whites call out from fields of ripe clover,
My heart aches sharply as geese fly over.

I know it is autumn, the air is rare wine—
Bright bitter-sweet berries hang red on the vine.

The pine's song is hushed for want of breeze—
Red wasps drone lazily under the eaves.
Jack Frost has written his name on my lawn,
In scrawls of silver, then left before dawn.

I know it is autumn, still my heart can sing —
The robins will come back to see me next spring!



From a school boy's exam paper: "Matterhorn was a horn blown by the ancients when anything was the matter."

—Good Reading

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

Warren was very happy when Granddaddy loaned him his little transistor radio. His own radio would not pick up a very important ball game. The game was between the team of the college where his daddy works and another college team. He happily took the radio, hoping to describe to his daddy when he came home, the different actions by which "Daddy's college" had won the game. It didn't happen like this, though. When Warren returned the radio, Grandmother did not really have to ask, "Who won?" for his dear little face told the story, sad to him, that "our" team had lost. He looked so sad that I said, "You almost wish you hadn't heard it, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "but thanks anyway for the radio," and he was gone. It was not the time, I thought, for a lecture on sportsmanship.

Grandmother was not interested in the game, but she *did* feel the ache of the little ten-year-old heart. But Warren will be all right. He has a Mother and Dad who will help him to see the most important thing is to play fair—win or lose. They will help him to cheer the winning side, even as his little heart must know the disappointment of defeat. If "our" team does not win, we can be happy for the *other* team.

Warren's dear daddy was only a little older than Warren is when he was on the baseball team. It was something he wanted to do so badly that Mom and Dad consented, rather reluctantly, not wanting him to be unhappy. Soon there was an important game with a school at some distance. Mom was elected to take him, and as many as could crowd in the car, to the game. I might as well be honest: If he had to go, I did not want to trust him with just anyone.

With the car in the shade of a tree, I waited out the game

patiently, until I saw a great big man-sized boy run for him, entirely careless of possible injury. In fact, it seemed as if he *meant* to hurt that little quick moving "half-pint." My heart almost stopped as I saw my precious twelve-year-old almost literally carried from the field. His poor leg was very painfully skinned and bruised by the heavy shoes. It was the end of the game, and his pals helped him to stand and cheer the winning side. For he, too, must feel the disappointment of defeat. I thought perhaps the game had been won by just such unsportsmanshiplike ruthlessness as had caused his painful injury. This was the only time I had to endure this anxiety. He and his brothers, loving music, chose music above sports, when they realized, (with a little help from Mom and Dad), that they could not have both.

The way sports are conducted in many cases defeats their original purpose. These games were to give physical exercise, and to encourage fair play, and the ability to accept defeat. Too many times, the waiting ambulance at a big game tells the sad story that some will win at any cost, even the more or less serious injury to some player. There is often actual dishonesty and cheating, which robs the game of any good effect.

So as you go now into a new school year, remember (if you "go out for sports"), that to win at the price of injuring someone, or by cheating, you really lose the game miserably.

It is the same in what we might call "the game of life." We might become so eager to win, or to be a success that we will do so at the cost of failure for someone else. It is fine to win, or to be a success in life, but if it must be done by hurting someone else, we had better not win. If we lose because we would not win at another's cost, we may feel the defeat keenly; but we will find our happiness in their happiness of success. No one can *always* win. It would cease to be "fun" if we could. And who would be so selfish as to want others to always lose? Oh, let us not forget that if we win dishonestly, or by injuring another,—in the game, or in life—we lose!

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM

Round Table Discussion

• YOUTH PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY OUR READERS •

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

QUESTION: "What can be done to stop gambling among teen-agers?"



Winnie Seward, 16, Jackson, Mississippi: "The best way is to stop it among parents. If the parents do not set a bad example, the child will come nearer to doing good."



Rodney Ross, 20, Portales, New Mexico: "It is necessary to get right to the root of this matter. If teen-agers had been taught that gambling was wrong while parents had complete control over them, and disciplined accordingly, they would not partake in it today. More than likely, today's teen-agers will refuse to change. But tomorrow's teen-agers will never have to change if today's parents would instill in the minds of young children correct practice."



Laura Cockram, 18, Stuart, Va.: "Start at home. Both parents should share equally in the punishing and the training, with the Father taking the lead, of course, as the head of the family, fulfilling the position God has placed him in. Don't fall into the habit of classifying your children. They're not to be 'wild Indians,' but like olive plants round about thy table. (Psa. 128:3) All teen-agers were little babies once. A truly obedient child will come from a truly obedient home."

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: "Assemble not in the presence of so much disgrace and dishonor. Oh, to be loyal and honest before God and man and shun such profane vanity." [Evil companions corrupt good manners, says the Word of God.]



Patricia Sandifer, 16, Jackson, Mississippi: "Parents should take time with their teenagers to talk to them about the Word of God and His commandments. The teenagers should be encouraged to take part in wholesome sports and in the worship of God. The general public also has a duty here. Everyone should do his part to discourage the teenagers from gambling. Everyone should set examples by not gambling themselves."



Cheri Baldwin, 16, Mrs. E. O. Baldwin, Fort Worth, Texas: "If one can truly and firmly believe he must obey God's word, he will not gamble. Money is for three things: spreading God's Word, our necessities (not our desires) and the necessities of those not able to obtain money. See 1 Tim. 5:8. A gambler usually does not provide for his own."



YOU are welcome to answer these—

1. "Should young people kiss while dating?"
2. "Is it right in the eyes of God to follow the dress styles of today?"
3. "Is it wrong in the eyes of God to attend or take part in such games as football, baseball, etc. I'm not speaking of boys having innocent fun in good clean exercise but of high school and college games where the spectators attend just for wordly sport and amusement. Are we to take an interest in these 'things of the world' which the ungodly take such pleasure in?"
4. "Is it all right to kiss good night after a date?"
5. "WHY should we live a good life?"
6. "Is it possible to always be happy and live away from God?"
7. "Will money and fine clothes bring lasting happiness?"
8. "For whom should we pray?"
9. "How can we overcome Satan?"
10. "I would like a certain amount of security in life. How can I know what to plan for my life?"

IMPORTANT: Can you list some questions young people ask?

THANK YOU!

Speaking Distinctly



Many of our youth will appear in public, more or less, across the years of life. Some will become ministers of the Gospel, teachers, politicians, lawyers, announcers, or fill other places in life where they will deal with the public, and shall have to use their tongues in important business, or as speech-makers otherwise.

Regardless of the position one fills in life in the business, educational, ministerial, political world, or other callings and professions, one of the most

important things to learn is to speak distinctly. Of course there are those who are handicapped in their speech and can't speak clearly and distinctly. Some stutter or have an impediment in speech, which they can't help. We have to bear with them and understand them the best we can.

However, much of the indistinct speaking is due to the lack of cultivating and practicing good diction. Some jumble their words because they don't take time to be clear in what they say. *If anything is worth telling and worth hearing, then it is worth delivering distinctly so it can be heard and understood.*

Have you ever heard someone telling something that you were anxious to get, but it was spoken in such a way that you could not grasp what the speaker was saying? Maybe he spoke entirely too low, or so fast that it was like running with something he wanted to get rid of as soon as possible. You listened and wondered what it was all about, and perhaps asked somebody else what he was saying.

Did you ever hear someone sing a song and wonder what the words were? It might have been a good song, but the singer was so indistinct with the words that about all you could hear was a voice saying and singing something, leaving you confused and in wonderment. Singing should be, as much as possible, in a clear, distinct voice in order to have the desired effect, especially real Gospel singing.

Young people, learn to be distinct in your speaking. Practice it. Don't speak so loud and rasping as to jar on your hearers nerves. Be clear in your delivery. Don't speak so fast that your hearers can't keep up with you and wonder what you are saying. Don't run away with your subject and maybe wonder why it was so ineffective. After all, if you speak so that your hearers can't grasp your words and message, what is it worth? You may be spending your time, and taking theirs, and accomplishing nothing worthwhile. Don't strain your voice in order to think you will be more effective and maybe exhaust yourself before you are through with your message.

Get this please: one of the most important and vital points in speaking and delivering a message, or testimony, is to be clear and distinct in what you are saying. If you have something worth saying you should want those to whom you are speaking to understand and grasp it; but if you don't have anything worthwhile to say, then don't say it.

We realize that only a few people can be called "silver-tongued orators," because of their mastery of language and its delivery, but every one who has a reasonably good voice and will use it as he should, can be effective to some extent. You may have a good education and a good gift as a speaker, but if you are indistinct in your delivery, and fail to make people understand you, you are seriously handicapped, or seriously disabling yourself.

Dear youth, you should endeavor to please God with your speaking and your conversation. Remember, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." (Prov. 25: 11) A beautiful picture made by the right kind of words.

—Walter E. Isenhour

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

“NAME SOMEONE YOU LOVE”

Name someone you love deeply—your sweetheart, your wife, husband, mother, father, sister, brother,—just name one person for whom you have a very deep and special love.

Now suppose you commit some injustice against this person. Suppose you treated him or her cruelly or did something that hurt him. Suppose this loved one is innocently standing before you one moment—looking at you with loving eyes. The next moment he turns away or bows his head because something you did bruised and crushed him.

Then suppose that instantly you see what you have done. You have taken an innocent white flower and bruised it in your hand. Then you become very sorrowful because you realize you have wronged your loved one; you have given a slap in the face to someone who was standing before you to help. Wouldn't your heart be melted when you realized what you had done? You would actually make an “about face” and ask that person to forgive you. This is *repentance*.

Now you know no one is so good and so lovely and so pure as God. He should be the dearest One to our hearts. Our Lord is spoken of as the “Lily of the Valleys.”¹ He is ten thousand times lovelier than anything we can imagine. “The Chiefest among ten thousand.”²

Now suppose you slap your Lord in the face. Suppose you see Him bowed down because what YOU have done crushed Him, bruised Him, hurt Him, and even made Him bleed and die! Oh! That is just what we have done. It was our wrongs, our SINS, our wicked nature, that drove those nails through

His precious hands and feet. It was *us* who pierced His side with the sharp blade of the sword.³ It was because of us that God forsook Christ Jesus, pouring His wrath upon His only begotten Son.⁴ . . . Because of us! Because of *you*? Because of *me*? . . .

When we see that we have so sinned against our Loved One who loved us even before we loved Him,⁵ we become very sorrowful. We turn and ask His forgiveness! Oh how can He ever forgive so great a sinner? I don't know, but He does! The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only accepted sacrifice for the atonement of sin. He came for the very PURPOSE of suffering and dying to save His people⁶—all for the glory of God. When we truly see how we have sinned against God, then what follows is REPENTANCE.

. . . And all who do not REPENT will PERISH.⁷ May this gift of repentance⁸ be yours and may He continually "draw" you to Himself⁹ . . . and then draw you ever closer, ever closer, conforming you to His image.¹⁰

References:

1. Song of Solomon 2:1.
2. Song of Solomon 5:10.
3. John 20:25.
4. Matt. 27:47. (Read all the 27th chapter.)
5. 1 John 4:19—"We love Him, because He first loved us."
6. Matt. 1:21—" . . . for He shall save His people from their sins."
7. Luke 13:3, 5.
8. Acts 5:31; 11:18.
9. John 6:44; 6:64, 65; 15:16.
10. Romans 8:29—"For whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son . . ."



A poor little girl in the fourth ward, New York, as she was dying said, "I am glad I am going to die, because now my brothers and sisters will have enough to eat!"

A Lonesome Boy

The little boy sat huddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: "Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself around. He is soiling my skirt with his muddy shoes."

The woman in gray blushed a little and nudged the boy away.

"My boy?" she said. "He isn't mine!"

The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch the floor with his feet.

"I am sorry I got your dress dirty," he said to the woman on his left.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said. Then as his eyes were still fastened on hers, she added: "Are you going uptown alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. My father and mother are dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week she gets tired and sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I'm going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna home, but I hope she will be at home today, because it looks like it is going to rain, and I don't like to stay around in the street in the rain."

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat and she said, "You are a very little boy to be so knocked about."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I never get lost, but I get lonesome sometimes on long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty."

The woman put her arms around the tiny chap and "scrooged" him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless confidence looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best dress, but would rather he did it than not.—Selected ◀

Dear Editor,

In your March, 1963 issue you published one of my articles—"A Scientist Makes a Concession." I am wondering if you would be interested in this little discussion by our 9-year-old daughter. It isn't a profound one, of course, but I think it might help to make both young people and their parents more aware of their capabilities—capabilities which we often, I might add, allow to lie dormant, a fact which no doubt accounts for much of the "reckless youth" we hear about today.

Sincerely in Him,

—James Orten

WHAT THE

Twenty-Third Psalm

MEANS TO PAMELA ORTEN, AGE 9

"The Lord is my Shepherd." This means the Lord does the same things for us as a shepherd does to his sheep. He protects us from the devil and feeds us spiritual food through the Word of God.

"I shall not want." The Lord will supply us with every thing that we will need and we will not have to want for it. He does not promise to give us every little thing we want, but He will give us the things that are good for us.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." I think this means He will let us lie down in a good soft bed at night where we will be comfortable and safe.

"He leadeth me beside still waters." This means He will bring the Christians into a peaceful life. My daddy showed me in the Bible where Jesus said He would give us peace. (Jn. 14:27). But Jesus said this is not peace like the world gives. I think it is peace in our minds.

"He restoreth my soul." When you have sinned, if you pray for forgiveness He will give it to you. In this way you will not be guilty and your soul will be restored.

"He leadeth me in paths of righteousness for His name's sake." The Lord, in the Bible, tells us how to live. If we follow God's teachings we will have a good life. The people who do not follow God will not go to heaven; so when people are not following God they must be following the devil.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." When I am about to die of old age or of sickness I will not fear anything bad happening to me after death, for wherever I go with Jesus I know I will be all right.

"For Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." I will not be afraid because He will be with me. Like a shepherd protects his sheep with his rod and staff, God protects us.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." We may have enemies in the world but we will feel safe with God caring for us. Not only will we feel good but we will be able to sit down and enjoy God's blessings because God is watching over us.

"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." These two things tell how great God's blessings are to the Christians. Not only does He bless while we live on the earth but He promises us that we may live forever with Him in heaven. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

True Education

Sometimes we speak of "acquiring an education," from some institution of learning. This is a very small part of education really, important though it certainly is in the modern world.

Education is so much more than storing in our minds, facts taken from books. If this is all we attain in the way of education, we are pitifully lacking in the really higher and worthwhile education. Education is a development of mind, of heart, and of character. We are poorly educated until we can graciously give something dear to our hearts.

Education begins, not at Mother's knee as someone has said, but with the very first day of our life. As soon as an infant is born, it begins to learn. But its learning is an entirely self-centered thing. Gradually, with true education, the heart grows in knowledge of things disconnected with itself. Education ends only when life ends. That is, if one lives a normal, healthy life. Only the mentally deficient cease to learn. The mind that ceases to learn, is a sick mind. It begins to die when it ceases to learn.

When we are very young, we learn mostly from example—that is, doing what we see others do. As we grow older we begin to learn by precept. Mother and Dad begin to give very simple explanations: one marble and another marble make two marbles. Two apples here and two there make four, and so on. These are the first simple lessons by precept, the first step in learning the great mathematical pattern of life. But more important is learning from experience. For instance, we learn the effects of fire by being burned.

When our little tot was so fascinated with the gas log that we feared he would turn on the gas when no one was watching, we lighted the flame as he watched with great interest. When it was just hot enough to sting, but not to sear the little hand, we turned it off and allowed him to touch it as we said the word "fire" very solemnly. As he took his little hand away quickly, crying with fright, we said sternly, "burn!" We had no further anxiety over his becoming endangered by fire be-

cause of his curiosity. Each time he saw it, he would point to it, and in an imitation of our manner, he would say, "burn!" He had learned a very important lesson even before he could understand the very simplest problem by the first simple means of teaching.

Even though we might be able to explain fire scientifically, and describe the excruciating pain of burn, it would not be known, really, though we had attained a high degree of *letter* education, until we felt the results of it for ourselves.

. . . The heart must be truly educated that can forgive those who persecute—and understand the reason for the persecution. To understand the basic lack, or weakness in another which causes this defective behavior is to remove the pain or hurt of that behavior which may express itself by persecution. And to thus understand is to have attained a certain measure of true education of heart. It is the understanding of the reason back of such behavior—education, knowledge of the facts not readily seen, that enables one to forgive. That one is truly educated who can make allowance for the wrong-doer, while not condoning the wrong. He is a truly educated person who can allow another to dislike him and still feel no dislike himself; to judge another on his merits, and not by whether or not he himself is liked by that person.

It is our great fortune to know persons like this, though perhaps not all of them are so highly educated in the schools of men.

We learn many truths, if we are apt students, from hearing them expressed each day. This is by precept. Then we see qualities exemplified in others which we strive to emulate. This is learning by example.

We learn also negatively sometimes. That is, we see certain behavior so unpleasing to us that it causes us to be very careful lest we too should do the same things. We see how easily one slips into bad habits of behavior, and we are thus made to walk very carefully and prayerfully lest we likewise offend.

Then we learn even from unkind remarks or unflattering

criticism. Perhaps we may express the thought that we possess at least one small virtue—we have a cheerful disposition. But someone answers, "I don't see much of it!" What could one learn from this? Well, we can think of at least four good lessons at the first glance: first, that this is close to boasting, to claim any good for one's self; and are we *really* cheerful, since those who live on the other side of our face cannot recognize us from our own description? Can it be that we see ourselves as different than we really are? Third, whether or not the criticism is just and true, we, feeling the sting of the criticism, will afterward always be very careful to not speak so unkindly to others. It would cause us to be very careful, remembering how closely we held a pitiful little self-esteem to us, not to likewise strip it from another. The very fact that one tells of his own virtues is a pitiful expression of his hunger for encouragement and commendation; fourth, it would teach us to be quick to give a word of praise, and to recognize and speak of any virtue in another, thus encouraging him to the extent he would not have to seek commendation.

There are lessons all along the way, and dull students we are indeed to pass even one day without learning at least one important lesson. Education of heart, by which a fine character is developed, requires careful and diligent searching. It takes an entire life-time to become a truly educated person.

—Mrs. W. J. Berry, from *The Pathway Upward* (cloth, \$3.00)



"... RIGHT IN YOUR TRACKS!"

An old gentleman, by way of creation, cultivated a small garden of which he was very particular. One day, as he was walking through it, he espied his small granddaughter following after him, among his most delicate plants.

"Oh, Nellie!" he exclaimed, "be very careful not to tread on the vines!"

But the child replied unconcernedly,

"Grandpa, it's you that need to be careful, for I'm stepping *right in your tracks!*"

Students! Note This Comparison

Everyone is familiar with the lines, "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul." You are taught them in school and you here them all through life. Compare the poem "Invictus," which is the origin of these lines, with the poem which follows "Invictus."

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Earnest Henley

At least at the time of the writing of "Invictus," the poet was an unbeliever. And yet it is required to be memorized in our public schools. NOW COMPARE each verse of the following with the corresponding verse in "Invictus."

Out of the light that dazzles me,
Bright as the sun from pole to pole,
I thank the God I know to be
For Christ—the Conqueror of my soul.

Since he's the sway of circumstance,
I would not wince, nor cry aloud.
Under that rule which men call chance,
My head, with joy, is humbly bowed.

Beyond this place of sin and tears,
That life with Him—and His the aid
That, spite the menace of the years,
Keeps, and shall keep me, unafraid.

I have no fear though strait the gate:
He cleared from punishment the scroll.
CHRIST is the Master of my fate!
CHRIST is the Captain of my soul.

—Dorothea Day

Dancing

Fifty thousand women die every year as a direct result of immoral living, and 40,000 testify before death that it is a direct result of dancing. Dancing leads to sin and ruin, and by its fruits it shall be known. It is the cause of thousands of wrecked and ruined lives. It causes the death of thousands of beautiful girls each year. It is the hotbed of sin, and the rendezvous of the white slavery. It saps the soul of its spirituality. It drags its victims into the dark to do its fatal work. It fills its participants with lust, and low ideals, and crowds their hearts with secrets they dare not make known. They who practice such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. (Galatians 5:10-20) —Selected by the Editor of *The Messenger*.

The Devil's Twenty-Third Psalm

King Alcohol is my shepherd; I crave and want. He maketh me to lie down in mudholes; he leadeth me beside troubled waters; he damneth my soul; he turneth my car over for his taste's sake. Yea, though I ride in the valley of the shadow of hell, I will hold to the bottle, for the devil is with me. His saloon and his beer joint, they beckon me. Thou preparest an empty table before me in the presence of my family; thou anointest my head with bruises. My pocketbook is empty. Surely evil and misery shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the devil forever.

—*The Visitor*



Boleslaus, one of the kings of Poland, carried with him the picture of his father; and when he was to do any great work, or set upon any design extraordinary, he would look on the picture, and pray that he might do nothing unworthy of such a father's name. Thus it is that the Scriptures are the picture of God's will. Before a man engages in any business whatsoever, let him look there, and read what is to be done, and what is to be omitted.

A Look at Life

Born of a fine old Pennsylvania family, educated at the State University, he entered business with his father. The Trust desired his business, and after a bitter fight that killed his father, he was forced to sell at a disadvantage. His life and conscience seared by the heartless strife of competition, he left his sorrowing mother at home, set out for the West, and stopped on the deserts of Nevada.

Here were men with eyes so trained to see such magnificent distances that the mental vision unconsciously encompassed a broad outlook on life, the insignificance of self and selfishness, and the joy and value of an unenvying brotherhood. He felt this in the very air, but being suspicious of mankind, he did not heed.

Roulette, run openly, was a fascination. He risked a dollar and won, and the passion was on him. The fevered, nervous strain and sleepless hours required stimulants, hence drink, debauches and the gamut of fast living were a natural consequence.

Finally his earlier training asserted itself, and his true nature revolting at the depths to which he had fallen, he packed a burro and started for the hills. Crossing a hot, sand-blown desert, his parched throat burned with desire for its usual strong drink, and later became caked hard and dry for the want of moisture, but he pushed on toward a known spring, and willed that he would not turn back toward the accursed abasement. Maddening thirst robbed him of his reason, and he wandered a maniac. . . .

Instinctively following his burro, he reached the spring, a pool worn in basalt which held but a gallon, supplied by a tantalizing drip, drip, from a crevice above. The burro having drained the pool, he laid on his back to catch each drop as it fell, lingering a night and a day between death and unconsciousness, and waking to bless each life-giving drop. He slowly regained his reason and strength.

As night stole over the desert, and the stars in their brilliancy

seemed to bend down to fraternize with man, he knelt in fervent gratitude to God. Searching the vastness of the universe, endeavoring to solve the problem of infinity, the seriousness and joy of life were revealed. What a puny man in the presence of such majesty? Yet man was an important part, and was given a soul. . . . The knowledge had come that true happiness is only attained by "loving thy neighbor as thyself."

While endeavoring to secure a greater supply of water at the spring, he uncovered a rich vein [of gold] and returned to his home and mother a wealthy man.

No kind word or act is now too small for him to do. He sends ten young men to college each year, and for whatever cause he chooses to champion, his personality insures success.

—Ralph Van Dorn in *Treasure Chest*

NEWS ITEMS . . .

A WORTHY PROJECT—A half-acre area on Heidelberg Hill, San Francisco, to be known as The Garden of Fragrance, has been created primarily for sightless persons. The emphasis is on plants which have strong fragrance, taste, and structure. All plants are labeled in Braille, in addition to regular labels.

—Sunshine Magazine

INTERESTING ORIGIN OF A WORD—The word "magazine" comes from two Arabic words—"Makhazine" (warehouse) and "Khazana" (to store up). Brought to England by 16th Century travelers, the word gradually came to mean a storehouse or treasury of information. It was first used in a literary sense in 1731 when it appeared as a name on the still flourishing Gentleman's Magazine, which described itself as a collection of subjects "to treasure up." Rival publications began imitating until finally periodicals monopolized the term.—Sunshine Mag.

CORRECTION NEEDED—About 112,000 women are arrested annually for drunkenness—the number one law violation for United States women. *

There are currently nearly 700,000 alcoholics in the State of California, according to a report from Governor Brown.

Over three quarters of the nation's teen-agers disapprove of high school students smoking. Almost 40%, however, indulge in it.

Drinking alcoholic beverages is the single greatest cause of high way motor-vehicle accidental deaths and disabilities.

—Selections from Listen, via Sunshine Magazine

A Young Boy Who Refused To Cheat

Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Romans 12:17.

A fourteen-year-old boy had a job of measuring cloth. One day his employer came to him and said, "Adam, I can't make any money if you insist on being so honest about measuring your cloth. I want you to subtract a few inches from every yard."

"I'm sorry, Sir," said Adam, "but that would be cheating, and I cannot do it."

"Well, if you don't obey my orders, I'll fire you," the employer retorted angrily.

Adam refused to be dishonest and lost his job.

But God blessed this boy, Adam Clark, in being honest, and he lived to become the editor of a commentary known throughout the world.—Dixon (From *Stories for the Children's Hour*.)

Words Fitly Spoken

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

Every good boy had a good "somebody" teaching him right from wrong.—Cal Farley in *Boys Ranch Roundup*

Smoking is a Trade Mark of the world.

A slave has but one master. The ambitious man has as many masters as there are persons whose aid may contribute to the advancement of his success.—La Bruyere.

Some careers are carved; other are chisled.

Always remember that there's a lot of things your eyes see, that your brain can't figure out. So, that makes it none of your mouth's business.—Harvey H. Springer

While the stream keeps running, it keeps clear; but if it comes once to standing water, then it breeds toads and frogs, and all manner of filth.—Spencer.

Borrowing makes sorrowing.

—Poor Richard's Almanac. Selected by Warren Berry

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that makes ashamed is as rottenness in his bones."—Proverbs 12:4

FOR THE KIDDIES



BREAD AND 'SERVES

Janie had been ill two years. Now she could run and play again, but there were many foods she could not have.

"Grannie," asked Dick, "how can she be happy eating with the rest of us? I'd bawl!"

"Honey," Grannie kissed the little upturned face, "your cousin has learned a lesson many grownups never learn. One day I almost bawled myself because I couldn't add preserves to her bread and butter, but she smiled cheerfully.

"Don't cry, Grannie," she comforted. "I'm so busy being being glad I can have the bread, I don't even think about the 'serves."

"Dickie, learn to be grateful for the *can's* instead of fretting over the *can't's*. For, when you're busy being thankful for blessings you can have, you just won't have time to cry for the food you can't eat, nor the nice things you can't afford, nor the sinful pleasures God does not want you to indulge in. You can't be thankful and bitterly unhappy at the same time. Try it and see."

*Count your blessings,
Name them one by one,
Count your many blessings,
See what God hath done.*

—Selected from The Truth

=====

► *We need your help to help someone* ◄

Send us a list of prospective readers
and we will send them a FREE copy of
Youth's Living Ideals

=====

Send for a FREE bundle of
Youth's Living Ideals
to hand out to your friends

=====

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Don't forget your YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS. Since the Post Office does not forward second class mail, your copies are burned. So please send us your change of address prior to the change, so you will not miss any issues. Give us both your old and new address. Be sure to include your ZIP CODE with your renewal and communications.

=====

THE OLD MCGUFFEY READERS

(These Are New Books)

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

Youth's Living Ideals, Elon College, N. C.

(Please be sure to include your Zip Code.)

=====

Two-for-one Offer

This offer is for at least one NEW subscription. This may include your own renewal or two new subscriptions.

You may send in two subscriptions for \$3.00 (price of one). You may have a brother or sister, or a friend who would like to have Youth's Living Ideals mailed to him in his own name. Take advantage of this offer and you will each pay only \$1.50 for a subscription.

SEND A GIFT TO A FRIEND

1 year gift—\$2.00

6 months gift—\$1.00

If you request it, we will enclose a Gift Card with your name in their first copy.

— Youth's Living Ideals, Rt. 2, Elon College, N. C. —

Attention! GROUPS!

We will send 5 or more copies of *Youth's Living Ideals* to one address for the rate of \$2.00 per copy per year.

REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year—\$3.00

1 year GIFT—\$2.00

6 months GIFT—\$1.00

If you request it, we will enclose a Gift Card with your name in their first copy.

— YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS —

Rt. 2, Elon College, N. C. 27244