

# HOME and SCHOOL

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION



Photo by Eugene J. Hall

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DECEMBER



# HOME AND SCHOOL

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THE "OLYMPIC" STEAMSHIP OUT AT SEA

## Some Missionary Geography

WARREN E. HOWELL

DURING the two weeks I have been over here in Africa, I have often thought of our boys and girls who will be studying the map of this great Dark Continent this winter in school. I have wished as many times that they might be with me to see for themselves the things I am just beginning to see of the life of the people and the work of our missions. Perhaps the best I can do is to write a little now and then, as I can find spare moments, while attending a series of meetings extending over more than three months and traveling much day and night.

You will be as much interested as I was, boys and girls, in learning the way over to Africa (for I seem to be a school-boy again, studying geography). There is a line of steamers now beginning to run from New York to Cape Town direct, some of them carrying cargo only, while one a month carries passengers also. Look on your map and see if you

can measure the distance such a steamer has to travel. The ordinary steamer does not make more than an average of fifteen miles an hour. At this rate, how long would it take a steamer to run from New York to Cape Town? Remember that their great engines do not stop day or night from one harbor to another, unless something unusual occurs.

On my way to Africa, I came by way of England, leaving New York on the steamship "Olympic," the largest British-built steamer afloat in the service of the White Star Line, which carries many of our missionaries abroad. Her tonnage is 46,500. See if you can find out what that means. This line has another steamer larger than the "Olympic," named "Majestic," but she was built by the Germans under the name of "Bismarck," and turned over to England as part of the spoils of the World War. Her tonnage is 56,000, and she also runs



in the New York-Southampton service.

Look up Southampton, and you will find where we landed in England. It has a wonderful harbor, extending from the English Channel deep into the land, inclosing near its mouth the Isle of Wight. Above the island is a fine open stretch of water frequently used for yacht racing, including the royal regatta, in which the king usually races a yacht, just off the town of Cowes. They were just beginning to gather for this race when we passed by. These waters also afford a fine rendezvous for England's navy, the city of Portsmouth at the mouth of the harbor being one of her principal naval ports.

But to us this harbor has served a much more important purpose than has been mentioned. It is the place where the third angel's message first found entrance to England as it began to spread out over the world from America. Look up the story of this in "Our Story of Missions," by W. A. Spicer.

Here is where we landed from the "Olympic," about two o'clock in the morning, after six and a half days from New York, running an average of twenty-one miles an hour. How far is it from home?

Our missionaries usually travel second class, and so did we, in order to save money for missions. The fares are high

now, though I hear they are beginning to reduce rates since I came over. Before the war it cost me \$52.50 to come to England on a similar boat, but this time it cost \$133. What per cent of increase is that? How much would the pupils of your school need to raise apiece in Harvest Ingathering to pay the fare of a missionary that far on his way to Africa? Do you think your geography class could raise that much?

---

At Christmastide, oh, be thou tender, true;  
Thy friends make glad, and all thy foes  
forgive;  
With its sweet light begin to live anew,  
Ungrudging give, and, giving, much receive.

Be saviors, O my brothers, every one!  
Let the true Christ in your own soul be born;  
Thus thou canst be God's well-beloved son,  
And make each dawn a joyous Christmas  
morn.

— A. Judson Rich.

---

"As the mighty cedars rise,  
Slow and silent, toward the skies,  
Thus the influence of this Child,  
Through the ages, sweet and mild,  
Lifted still our fallen race  
Toward the vision of God's face."

---

A MERRY Christmas to you, a peaceful  
Christmas, a useful Christmas, and a

comforting  
Christmas. A  
Christmas to look  
back upon with  
pleasure, a Christ-  
mas of unruffled  
brow and smiling  
lips, a Christmas  
that will find you  
merry and will  
leave you glad.  
And if you can  
think of any other  
nice sort of  
Christmas for  
yourself, that also  
is wished you by  
me—your friend.  
— *Selected.*



"OLYMPIC" VERANDA CAFE



# Weeds and Violets

Second in the Series, Precious Stones

LAMONT THOMPSON

THE boy — three years old, and our first born — sat far back in one corner of the big, deep, tapestry-upholstered rocker. He looked out of his perplexed blue eyes on a world that had somehow made itself suddenly strange and foreign to him. Only a few moments ago the universe had looked good, and the old world seemed made just to suit. And now something had gone wrong! And, worst of all, he didn't know why or what.

"Laddie," I said in my most restrained and well-poised tone, that said clearly enough, 'This discipline will be handled with a cool dispatch, and in a thoroughly even-tempered manner,' and that boded fatherly and sure discipline — "Laddie," I said, "what *have* you done?"

A three-year-old boy knows and senses a lot of things about his dad! My even, tense tones, and the simple question, brought only an agonized flood of tears, through which blurted inarticulate, choking sounds meant for a baby's scared defense.

My heart warned me: "Better go slowly! How can you judge him when you haven't heard his story? How can you?"

I picked him up and pressed his ear close to my lips. "Say, let's go down the road and get the milk for mamma. What do you say?" He wiggled, and a smile like a burst of sunshine through the clouds of a gray day sprang forth and shone through the tears of a moment ago.

He wiggled, and said, "Uh huh."

So we started for the milk. Under the pine trees by the side of the road

the violets were blooming. How he loves flowers! We stopped and picked a large bouquet for mamma.

"Sonny," I said as casually as I could, while we gathered violets, "why did you pull up Mrs. Findlay's flowers? I wish you would tell me about it."

With a note of returned faith and confidence, but with just enough tremble in the baby voice to show how near the



ogre, Fear, still lurked, he said, "Well," and then swallowed twice, "Well, I was out in the garden with mamma, and *she* pulled 'em."

And there was the whole story! Mamma had pulled weeds in the garden, and so the neighbor had lost her flowers from her flower bed in her lawn at the hands of a baby boy who wanted to do what he saw mamma do.

I explained as best I could the whole problem involved — the difference be-



tween flowers and weeds, and between our garden and the flower bed in our neighbor's lawn. The whole lesson couldn't be taught in a minute, nor in a year, for it involved botany and property rights and boundary lines and other great and hard things beyond his ken; but he nodded his head wisely.

And my heart said again: "Do you remember the time this same boy was in the pantry, and you thought he was so suspiciously still that you investigated? And you found him standing on a chair with his chubby fist full of raisins? You remember, don't you? You knew how often he had been told not to get raisins without first having permission. And so you, having caught him red-handed, as it were, without a word, and very firmly, took the raisins away, and in spite of your boy's sobbing and incoherent efforts to say something, slapped the sticky, guilty hand, and made it red. And then you told his mamma about it, and she said, 'I told him he could have them.' You know how it spoiled your meal, and you couldn't eat until that same boy climbed up on your lap and

hugged you, and expressed his forgiveness in words his mamma had suggested: 'Don't feel bad, daddy; come and eat dinner.' You haven't forgotten *that*, have you? And you nearly did it again! It is easy for you to be cruel — and well-intentioned, — isn't it?"

And I said, with tears pretty near my own eyes, as I picked up the little blue romper suit with the happy boy in it and started down the road toward the farmer's house to get the milk, "Yes, I nearly did it again, I certainly did. I wish I had a moral thermometer that would help me to weigh the motives and know the intentions of those with whom I walk the way of life, and especially one to use on this little boy. And I wish I were not so impatient."

He put the violets up to my face and said, "Smell." And I said, "Uh huh."

They were unusual violets, for they were fragrant like flowers from a flower bed in a lawn in the city of God.

And we got the milk and went home.

And Mrs. Findlay thought our boy was a bad boy. But I didn't.

## Cold-Storage Homes

INEZ HOILAND-STEVENSON

A NOTED writer has the following to say about home: "A home where love is expressed in words and looks and deeds is a place where angels love to manifest their presence and hallow the same by rays of light and glory." As I read that, I thought to myself, What a warm, cheerful place that must be — a home hallowed by the light and glory of the angels!

And then I thought again — this time with a feeling of sadness tugging at my heart — of the thousands, millions perhaps, of homes where love is *not* expressed in words and looks and deeds; homes where rays of angelic light and glory never enter; where kind words, sympathy, and praise are crushed out by scolding, criticism, and family quar-

rels; where the affections are studiously repressed, to be demonstrative being considered undignified and a weakness.

Such homes always remind me of cold-storage plants. Did you ever visit one?

Two hours' ride by train from Buenos Aires, Argentina's capital, is located the city of La Plata, considered to be the most beautiful and artistically laid out city of its size in the whole republic. Armour's have an immense cold-storage plant there, where thousands of tons of meat are stored for shipping.

Upon entering the establishment, great padded doors shut behind you, preventing a breath of warm outside air from entering. Once inside the ice chambers, so radical is the change of temperature that one feels as if he had passed from a



midsummer's day into Greenland's icy mountains. There in long rows hang hundreds of beeves frozen stiff. It needs but a few moments to make one feel chilled to the bone—your blood seems to fairly coagulate. Shivering and all a-chatter, you beg the guide to open the doors. What a relief to get out into the sunshine and thaw out a bit!

Too many homes are just like that,—veritable refrigerators, where the atmosphere is enough to “freeze the genial currents of the soul.” So much time is taken up with pointing out failures, faults, and blunders, that the kind, tender words must go unsaid.

Of course, cold storage has its place. It is the best known method of preserving food and annihilating offensive odors; but it never was intended as a treatment for human hearts in the home. It takes the sunshine of smiles, the warmth of the tender embrace, the breath of kind, gentle words, and the dew of praise to draw out the sweet fragrance of the flowers of the human heart, and give to them their delicate tints.

Why, I wonder, should we be so sparing of our words of love and praise in our own homes? The whole world is suffering from war, sorrow, and pestilence. Never before has it so needed the soothing touch of love. And our homes need it most of all.

Do we realize that all about us—right around our family hearths—thousands are starving for the word of love, praise, or sympathy that is due them? Why should we withhold that which costs us nothing to give and means so much to them?

Strange we should find in business and society so much affectation of politeness and formal courtesy, and in the home a dearth of tenderness, love, and Christian courtesy. Why should we be so sparing of our praise among those nearest and dearest to us, and at the same time lavish favors and compliments upon those we scarcely know?

In “polite society,” when a thing is good, or beautiful, or well done, we do  
**December, 1922**

not hesitate to say so, and with emphasis. In fact, the tendency is to go too far in the matter of praise, often stretching our sense of truth or conscience in order to make a complimentary remark. That is only “good form,” we say. Of course we do not want to hurt anybody's feelings.

O that there were more “good form” in the family circle, that we were more thoughtful of the feelings of those who love us most! As Margaret Sangster puts it:

“We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for ‘our own’ the bitter tone,  
Though we love ‘our own’ the best.”

And why do we do it? If courtesy and praise are helpful and necessary to the success of any business,—and we know they are,—how much more do we need them in the home, the cradle of all virtues and the model of society? And yet, strange as it may seem, the clerk who is all smiles and bows to his customers, is a grunter and a grouch in his own home. And the mother who seems the embodiment of grace and good nature when entertaining callers, turns out to be a scold with her family. Surely it should not be so.

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home!” How restful, how soothing, the sound of that wonderful word. A little kingdom, a paradise, a heaven itself within four walls. That is what our homes may be if we pour into them all the love, praise, kindness, and courtesy that they will hold, and more—let them fairly overflow with it.

“If you love them, tell them so.” Make that your motto. Mothers, encourage and praise the many honest little endeavors to help and please which the tiny folks are constantly making. Let the children feel that they are absolutely necessary to the success of the home and indispensable to your happiness. The child who is constantly being called a “bother” and told he is “in the way” will soon seek other environment, possibly among the inmates of a reformatory or the county jail. Remember that the



eyes of love are slow to detect faults and ever ready to see virtues. Be as blind as possible to the children's blunders and failures. The rest will do your own eyes good, and the children will profit immeasurably thereby.

Greet your husband with a smile. However dark the world without, let him know that having crossed the threshold of his own home, he will find a kingdom of sunshine and good cheer. That is his right. When he returns from work, instead of filling his ears with the day's troubles (he surely has had his share already in his business), cheer him up with a funny recital of the children's escapades. Instead of exhausting yourself preparing an elaborate dinner, get something simple that he enjoys, and come to the table fresh and smiling. "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

And just a word to the husbands. If you have been laboring under the delusion that a little praise will "spoil" your wife, sweep away once and for all that ancient cobweb. Just think back a little into your courting days. Did you have any such ideas then? Not if you were like most ardent lovers. Why, you fairly hurt yourself looking for new ways and words to express your love.

You praised her accomplishments, her charms, her beauty. And why? One reason, at least, was because you knew she liked it. Now just remember she has not changed, she still likes it. Just for old time's sake put your arm around her and tell her that you love her, that she is the dearest on earth to you. It will add years to her life and luster to her eye; it will ward off the doctor and scatter a thousand imps of wickedness which are lurking around the corners of the household.

And do not forget to compliment her occasionally on her cooking. I shall never forget a dinner scene I happened to witness. The mother, who is an excellent cook, evidently hungry for a word of appreciation, asked her husband, "Do you like the pudding today, papa?" And this is the answer he growled back:

"Why, I guess it's all right. If it hadn't been, I'd have said so, wouldn't I?" And he certainly would. For he is one of those men who live in constant fear of "spoiling" their wives with a kind word of praise, but who have no scruples about emphasizing the fact if the gravy is too thin or the pie crust tough.

And yet, that long-suffering wife was big-hearted enough to say to me afterward, with a smile, "Oh, don't pay any attention to what he says — that is just his way. I know he thinks I'm a good cook, but he wouldn't say so for the world."

The selfish brute! Wilfully withholds a merited compliment from his lifelong companion so as not to please her, when hardly a day passes that she does not do something especially to please him.

Your home — what is it like? Are the fountains of love and praise frozen up? Then why not have a housewarming? Open wide the windows, open wide the doors, *let a little sunshine in*, — the sunshine of praise, love, kindness, and courtesy! Let us invite them into our homes to remain forever with us, warming our hearts, broadening our souls, and enriching our lives, until our homes become what God intended they should be, — a bit of heaven on earth: "a place where angels love to manifest their presence and hallow the same by rays of light and glory."

---

### Mr. Grumbler

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL

He grumbles when it's windy,  
And he grumbles when it's dry;  
He grumbles when in public,  
And he grumbles on the sly;  
He grumbles at his neighbors,  
And he grumbles at his foes;  
He grumbles, grumbles, grumbles —  
Grumbles everywhere he goes!  
He grumbles in the morning,  
And he grumbles late at night;  
But his grumbling, grumbling, *grumbling*,  
Never grumbles things aright!

---

"THOSE who think must govern those who toil."



# Healthland Flyer

VEDA S. MARSH, R. N.

HEALTHLAND has just recently been opened up to tourists. Many thousands have been visiting it the last few seasons. Our Healthland Flyer is a very safe train to travel on, especially for children, since we allow no fried potatoes, mustard, pepper, or other explosives in the baggage car.

We start on the Rosy Cheek Local from Toothbrush Heights. Our first stop is at Drinkwater. This is a beautiful town on Crystal Creek. Please notice the reservoir on the highest hill. This contains an ample supply of good drinking water so that each adult can drink at least eight glasses a day, and each child can drink at least four glasses a day.

We now stop at Bathtubville. This is where all men of eminence stop. There are no charges for stop-overs. You can stop several times a week. We should like to have you stop every morning.

Orange Valley is half a mile back from the station, but they have auto-busses, so you can easily make the side trips to Fruit Juice Springs and Lemonadeville.

The next important stop is at Cereal Plains, where the train waits long enough so that each one can have breakfast here every morning.

Hot Soup Springs is a beautiful summer resort in the mountains. It has splendid hotel accommodations for large crowds, and the rates are so reasonable that large families can go and stay for an indefinite period. Each one is given a bowl of hot soup upon his arrival.

All the fathers and mothers are anxious to have their children stop at Spinach Greens, for it gives them such nice red blood and rosy cheeks. There are some very nice picnic places near. One is at Lettuce Woodlands and another at Red Beet Hill.

Milky Way is the capital and most important city in Healthland. It is in

the center of the richest agricultural and mineral district, and exports annually tons of lime, fat, sugar, mineral salts, and other valuable products. It is noted historically as the battleground where the famous battle was fought in which King Coffee was defeated.

In the center of the Starch District are the famous old Baked Potato Hills we all like so well. The residential district of this town is on Butter Creek.

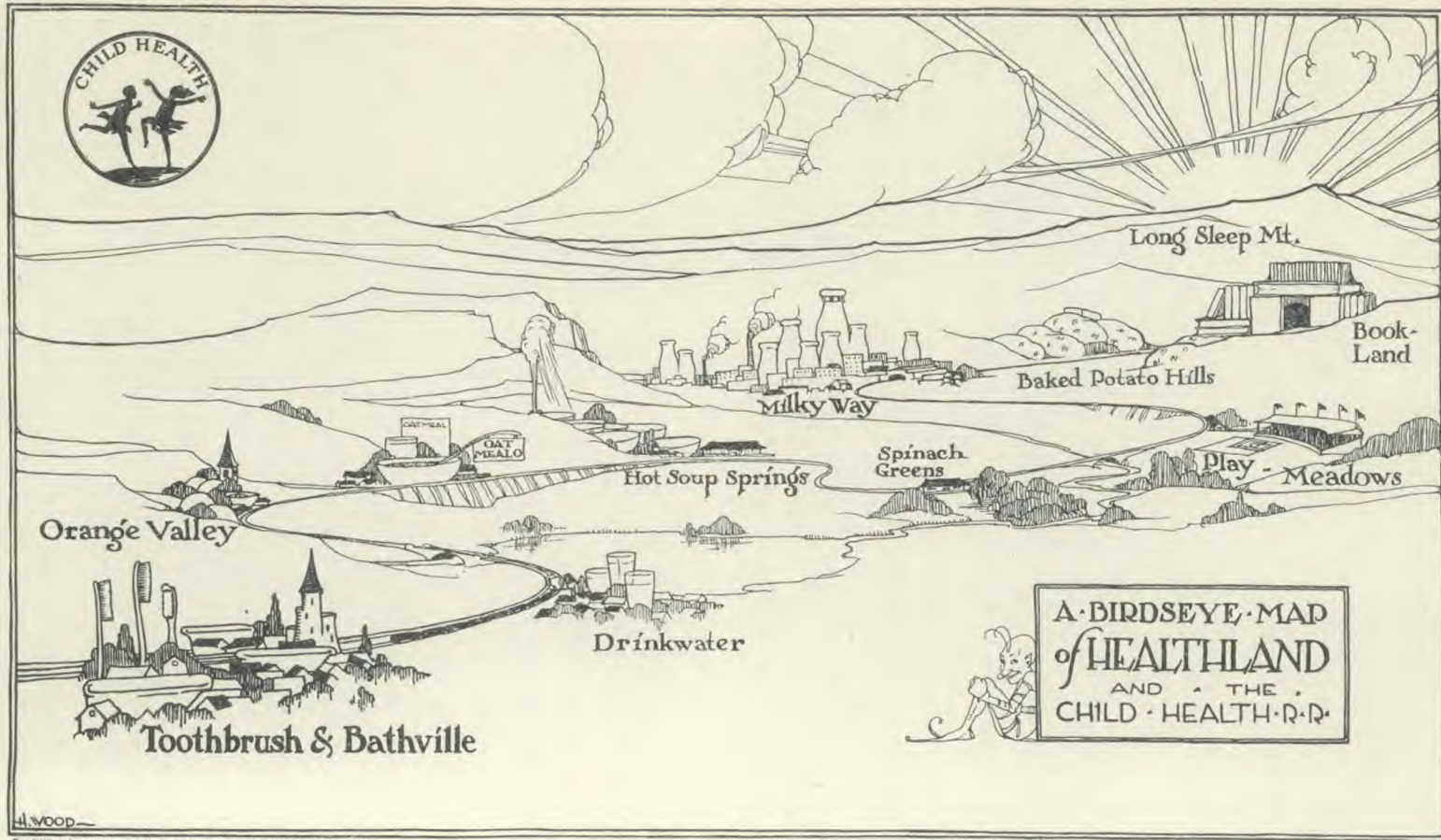
Our train stops for half an hour at Play Meadows, while all the tourists watch the game of baseball which is in progress. Our Healthland players use Baked Onions for baseballs and a good sized carrot for a baseball bat.

At seven o'clock in the evening — and our train is never late — we reach Bookland. This is a very wonderful place. But we can stop here only about half an hour, as it is very important to get to Long Sleep Mountain early, for it takes nine or ten hours on the Shooting Star Limited to go from Long Sleep Mountain to Toothbrush Heights. Long Sleep Mountain is the highest peak in Healthland, and overlooks Dreamland, so every one must have his windows wide open, that he may not miss any of the sights in Dreamland on the way, and be rested for the next day's journey.

In order to live in Healthland and go on this Healthland Flyer, the rules on these posters must be observed:

1. A full bath more than once a week. (We wish that could be every day.)
2. Brushing the teeth at least once a day. (Some can't go on the flyer because they don't do this!)
3. Sleeping long hours with windows open.
4. Drinking at least four glasses of water a day.
5. Eating some vegetables or fruits each day.
6. Drinking as much milk as possible, but no coffee or tea.





The original of this chart, size 2 x 3 feet, may be obtained from Child Health Organization, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
Price, 10 cents. This picture has been slightly changed from the original.



7. Playing part of every day out of doors.

8. A bowel movement every morning.

The following time table lists many other places of interest which we have not mentioned. Study it carefully.

### Daily Train Schedule

7:00 A. M.

#### Rosy Cheek Local

Toothbrush Heights .....	7:00 A. M.
Drinkwater .....	7:05 A. M.
Bathtubville .....	7:10 A. M.
Dressquick .....	7:20 A. M.
Laughing Village .....	7:30 A. M.
Orange Valley .....	7:35 A. M.
Cereal Plains .....	7:40 A. M.
Warm Milk Crossing .....	7:50 A. M.
Health Cocoa Crossing † .....	
Butter Square .....	7:55 A. M.
Toast City .....	7:56 A. M.
Toiletville .....	8:15 A. M.

#### Forenoon Express — Makes NO stops

12:00 M.

#### Healthland Flyer

Hot Soup Springs * .....	12:00 M.
Egg Junction † .....	12:15 P. M.
Spinach Greens .....	12:20 P. M.
Carrot Gardens .....	12:25 P. M.
Rice Fields .....	12:30 P. M.
Buttermore .....	12:35 P. M.
Baked Potato Hills † .....	12:36 P. M.
Custard Vale .....	12:45 P. M.
Rest Haven .....	12:55 P. M.
Play Meadows ‡ .....	3:00 P. M.
Woodsy Lane § .....	3:00 P. M.

6:15 P. M.

#### Supper Express

Milky Way * .....	6:15 P. M.
South Omelette † .....	6:20 P. M.
Cereal Village † .....	
Brown Bread Woods .....	6:25 P. M.
Butterwell .....	6:27 P. M.
North Stewed Prunes † .....	6:40 P. M.
O-Stewed Fruit † .....	
Bookland § .....	7:00 P. M.

8:00 P. M.

#### Shooting Star Limited

McClean .....	8:00 P. M.
Fresh Air Junction .....	8:20 P. M.
Long Sleep Mountain .....	8:25 P. M.
Dreamland .....	8:30 P. M.
Moon Harbor .....	10:00 P. M.

\* Dining car service.

† Stops on signal twice a week.

‡ Daily except Sabbath.

§ Sabbath only — and only on signal of parents.

§ Parlor car service.

Rising Sun .....	6:55 A. M.
Healthland .....	7:00 A. M.

### Notice to Travelers

#### Important

The following trains will be eliminated on and after today:

Coffee Express  
Tea Accommodation  
Meat Local  
Midnight Owl

In place of these trains the

#### Cow's Milk Limited

will run daily in three sections.

The fastest engines and latest equipment will be used each trip, with ample accommodations for McClean and Brush Teeth before and after each meal.

Buy a Lettuce Leaf Scenic Folder describing Side Trips and Picnic Parks, as —

Red Beet Hills  
Fruit Juice Springs  
Lemonadeville  
Lettuce Woodlands  
Sandwich Mounds

No cucumbers, fried potatoes, radishes, or others explosives allowed in the baggage car. The Child Health Railroad needs

Conductors  
Engineers  
Telegraph Operators

Experienced Mothers, Fathers, Teachers, and Nurses preferred.

### A Creed

LET me be a little kinder,  
Let me be a little blinder  
To the faults of those about me;  
Let me praise a little more;  
Let me be, when I am weary,  
Just a little bit more cheery;  
Let me serve a little better  
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver  
When temptation bids me waver;  
Let me strive a little harder  
To be all that I should be;  
Let me be a little meeker  
With the brother that is weaker;  
Let me think more of my brother  
And a little less of me.

—Selected.

No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will.

—Selected.



# Health Inspection in Our Schools

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL

TRUE Christian education embraces the "harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers." This familiar statement from "Education" needs no emphasis. It is only by following this instruction that symmetrical growth may be attained.

Mental development has been the foundation stone in education for centuries. We are not likely to slight this phase.

Spiritual growth is one of the chief aims in any Christian school.

Physical training is no less important. "A strong mind in a strong body."

The public schools for years have recognized the importance of looking after the health of the pupils. This is especially true of city schools, where systematic health inspection is carried forward.

Illuminating statistics have been collected which go to prove that, surprising as it may appear, general health conditions of city children are superior to those of their country cousins. Apparently this is due to the fact that the health of the city child is more closely guarded through medical inspection in the schools, which work has only recently been taken up in rural sections.

In the year 1917 an action was passed by the Educational Department of the General Conference, as follows:

"Since many children are hindered in their school work by physical defects, such as weak eyes, imperfect hearing, adenoids, enlarged tonsils, nervous difficulties, etc., we ask our conferences to co-operate in establishing a definite system of health inspection and health development in all our schools, from the elementary to the college, and we request the Medical Department to assist in arranging for persons and plans to make this work effective."

In the carrying out of this plan, blanks were prepared, and in some conferences very commendable progress has been made. Workers in the Medical Department have very willingly co-operated with our educational workers. Most excellent results in improved health conditions have invariably followed.

It is very essential that this work of inspection be taken up early in the school year. Defects, diseased conditions, improper nutrition, and similar troubles may thus be discovered and corrective measures adopted in time so that the student may be enabled to carry on his work under conditions of the greatest efficiency.

One of the most helpful features of this movement is the promotion in the school of health habits. If such habits become fixed in childhood, increased vital resistance and comparative immunity to disease will follow.

If you have not seen the leaflet issued by the Educational and Medical Departments of the General Conference on "Health Inspection for Church Schools," send to your educational superintendent for a copy free of charge.

Our college and academy men, as well as the teachers in the elementary schools, should make arrangements as soon as possible for every student to be given this health inspection. The work is to be carried forward by the educational department of each conference, in co-operation with the medical department. The medical secretary is the proper officer to do this work, or to arrange with some medical worker to do so. In case there is no such officer in the conference, steps should be taken by the educational superintendent and by the academy and college authorities to secure some creditable medical worker, either physician or experienced trained nurse, to do this work. Our own medical workers should be employed in every case where this is at all possible, and, of course, our own system followed and blanks used. Even though the conference or the institution may become involved in a small expenditure of means through the carrying forward of this work, funds could scarcely be used in a more legitimate or fruitful way.



# The STORY ARCHIE

## Izabetta and Her Family of Snarls

MAUD WOLCOTT SPALDING

I KNOW a little girl named Izabetta, which is the funny baby way she used to say Elizabeth. And this little girl Izabetta has curly golden hair, and brown eyes, and a rosebud mouth, and — but I was going to tell you. You might think that her sunny hair would be something to be glad about, and that it would help the brown eyes to dance and the rosebud mouth to smile. But do you know, there's the *strangest* family lives in that curly hair, three boys of them and three girls of them. And their names are Johnny and Peter and Jimmy and Mary and Susie and Muffet — *Snarl*. Izabetta named them herself, for she's well acquainted with them.

One of these Snarl people lives by the Temple on the right side of Izabetta's head, and one lives near the Crown House on the back of the top of her head, and one lives in the place called the Nape-of-the-Neck, and the other three live just all over, wherever they happen to be. And every morning, when Izabetta has dressed herself, and washed her hands and face, and her mamma says, "Now, Izabetta, let *mamma* comb your hair," why, every time there are Mary and Johnny and Peter and Susie and Jimmie and Muffet Snarl right on

hand to make trouble. Whatever makes them love to make such trouble I don't know, but just as soon as that long curl in front of Izabetta's right ear gets the comb started through it, out jumps Mary

Snarl and wails right out loud. "Ow-ow-ow-ow!" she says, so everybody all over the house can hear her. And daddy jumps up from his reading, and brother stops playing, and sister nearly drops the dish she's carrying; for it's such a *dreadful* wail that Mary Snarl puts up. And then, when *mamma* gets up to the Crown House with the comb, there's Peter Snarl all waiting to do his part. "E-ye-ye-ye-ye!" he yells, and you'd think somebody was being killed. And then there's Susie, who lives in the Nape-of-the-Neck, and Johnny, and Muffet, and that bad boy Jimmy; every one of them makes that little girl Izabetta screw up her face and open her mouth, and nearly drive every one out of the house.

So one morning her *mamma* said to Izabetta, "We'll surely have to do something about this Snarl family. I think they ought not to be let out of the front door; I think they ought to go out the back way, where they'll not make so much noise and disturb people. Don't you think they ought?"

And Izabetta said, "How?"

And her *mamma* said, "Why, I believe we ought to lock that little rosebud of a front door up tight, and when Susie or Jimmy or Mary or any of the family of Snarls jumps out, he can't get through, and so we'll drive him right out the back door through the end of the curl. S'pose we try."

So Izabetta said, "That's what we'll do." And when the comb started along there where Mary Snarl lives, and Mary jumped out and started to say, "Ow —" Izabetta shut





her mouth tight, and put her hand over it. And Mary Snarl took hold of the door knob, and tugged and tugged and tugged, trying to say, "Ow —," but she couldn't get the door open. And so she ran back through the curl, right ahead of the comb, and at last she went out the back door; and she didn't say a word.

And then Izabetta looked up, and her brown eyes danced, and her rosebud mouth smiled, and she said, "~~Mamma~~, I know just what to do now with Mary Snarl. She'll not get out the front door again."

So then they came up to where Peter Snarl lives, and just as soon as Peter saw the comb coming, he jumped up and took hold of the door knob, and started to say, "E-ye —." But Izabetta had her hand right over her mouth, and though she screwed her face up tight, she never let that door open a little bit. And so Peter Snarl had to run along the curl and out the back door, just like his sister Mary. And when he got out, he was

so tired he couldn't say a word either.

And then they came to Jimmy Snarl, and Susie Snarl, and Johnny Snarl, and wee Muffet, who always made such a funny little sound of "Ah-ah-ah" that everybody almost loved her. But every one of them just could not get out the front door, and so they had to run out the back way and keep still.

And you know, ever since then, Izabetta's Snarl family is just the quietest, most well-behaved family you ever saw; for not a one of them ever comes out of the front door, where they most certainly do not belong, but just quietly runs out the back door. All except little Muffet, whose voice has so improved that once in a while Izabetta lets her just step out for a minute, and then she sings, as pretty as you please, a sweet little song that goes up and down like this "Ah-ah-ah-ah ah-ah-AH!" And Izabetta thinks she'll change the little midget's name from Muffet Snarl to Miss Muffet Sing-asong.

So that's all.

## A Wonderful House

A Health Story for Children

MRS. MARTHA W. HOWE

It has twice been my privilege to visit the capital of our country. I suppose you all can tell me where that is? While there I saw many beautiful and wonderful things. I am going to tell you today something about just one of the beautiful and wonderful things I saw. It is a building, or house, called the Library of Congress. You know what a library is, don't you? This building is said to be the most beautiful one in all the world. The walls and ceilings are not papered or painted as are those which we are used to seeing, but have beautiful pictures painted on them, all of which mean something. I very much enjoyed looking at these, and I tried to study out what they meant. But that which interested me even more than the pictures, were the corridors, or halls, one above the other, running all around the room where the

books are kept. Standing in these corridors are many statues representing great men. It is very interesting to find out whom these statues represent. I could tell Columbus, for I had seen pictures of him. And I could tell Moses by something which he carries in his arms. Can you tell what it is?

Perhaps some day you will see this wonderful building at our nation's capital; but whether you do or not, you have the privilege of seeing and learning about a house even more wonderful and beautiful than the one we have been talking about. That building at Washington has to stay in just one place all the time, and in order to see it one has to go to Washington. But this house I am talking about now does not have to stay in one place all the time; indeed, it can go anywhere its owner wishes to go. Isn't



that more wonderful? So that if I cannot go where this house is, it can come where I am, that I may see it.

The Library of Congress is made of marble and stone and other building material, none of which is alive; but this house is alive, and it does not stay the same size always, but grows larger and more beautiful and useful. And while there is but one Library of Congress in the world, there are hundreds and thousands of these most beautiful houses; in fact, each of you has one, the very house in which you live all by yourself. Can you tell what house I mean? That building was made by man. Who made this house?

Wouldn't you like to go with me to make a little visit to one of these beautiful houses that God has made for us? All right. As we look at it before going in at the door, we see two lovely colored windows. What are they? Unless the curtains are drawn, the one who lives in the house is always looking out at these windows. We can tell many things about the owner of the house by looking at him through these windows. As we go in at the two pretty red doors,—what are they?—we find a number of servants all dressed in white,—at least they are dressed in white if the one who lives in the house is a good housekeeper,—and a large servant dressed in pink. Who are these servants?

Back of this vestibule are two long halls. The front one is called what? It leads to the laundry. What is that? The back one is called by a long name which you may not know, but it leads to the kitchen and dining-room. I am sure you know what that is. This house also has a library. Where is it? There is a boiler-room where the engine is; a wonderful telephone system; a wireless set for receiving, and another for sending messages. Can you tell what all of these are? If you read the book called "The House We Live In," you will learn many more interesting things about this wonderful house. If you do not have this book, I hope you can get it sometime soon.

Who did we say made this wonderful house in which we live? What do you suppose He expects us to do with it? If some one should give you a nice watch, do you suppose you would leave it out in the rain at night, or put it in the sink and pour water on it? No, I am sure you would take the very best care of it, first, because of the one who gave it to you; and next, because it has a work to do for you in keeping time, and you want it to do its best.

So with this house God has given to each of us. We should take the very best possible care of it, because God gave it to us and because He wants us to work for Him, and we can do our work best if our house is in good condition. Our next story will be, "How to Take Care of This Wonderful House Which God Has Given to Us."

#### Rest Exercise

(The teacher will, of course, commit the poem to memory.)

ALL may stand up  
In the aisle;  
Make good straight lines  
For a little while.

Hands on hips,  
Hands on knees;  
Put them behind you,  
If you please.

Touch your shoulders,  
Now your nose,  
Touch your ears,  
And now your toes.

Raise your arms  
High up in the air,  
Down at your sides,  
Now touch your hair.

Hands at your sides  
Now you may place;  
Touch your elbows,  
And now your face.

Raise hands up  
High as before;  
Now you may clap—  
One, two, three, four.

Now sit down,  
Hands folded once more;  
Eyes to the front,  
Feet on the floor.

—Selected.





# EDITORIAL

## The School a Nursery to the Church

IN a very important sense the church is a supplement to the home. There was no provision in God's original plan for a church outside the home. All its offices were to be performed by the father as priest, assisted by the mother as teacher. The failure of parents to fulfil these high offices, created the need for the church outside the home.

But the church can give only an incomplete service to the home in behalf of children, since these need a daily spiritual care that is too often neglected in the home. It is therefore necessary to bring in the school to supplement the work of the church for the home. To the school is committed the special care of the children and youth as a highly important part of the spiritual responsibility the church assumes for the home.

The school thus becomes a spiritual nursery to the church. The teacher's special office is the spiritual nurture of the children. It requires this combined and united effort of parents, church leaders, and teachers to make sure of saving the children of the church and bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

## The School an Annex to the Home

THE family is the greatest of all educational agencies. God's original plan for the home provided for spiritual, mental, and physical culture. The father was to be the priest, the mother the chief teacher, and both to be physical and manual trainers. Their failure, under sin, to fulfil these high offices, created the necessity for the school. The school was brought in as a supplement, or annex, to the home, so that the full function of the home might be realized.

It is highly helpful for the teacher to recognize and estimate properly his relationship to the home problem. He must look upon himself primarily as a secondary parent to the children to help restore the breach made in the home by sin. Regarding himself in this light, he will make every effort to acquaint himself with the parents and home life of every child under his care, that he may intelligently take up work for the children where the parents have neglected to function or are unable to do their part fully. The spirit of prophecy speaks of the teacher's work as a continuance of the work begun in the home. Hence the great importance of making proper connection between the two.

If both parent and teacher look upon the school as an annex to the home, they will see themselves more clearly as co-partners in the most delicate and the most promising work intrusted by the Creator to men and women.

## One Way

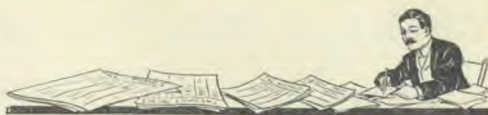
ONE way to stop a gas engine is to flood it. It doesn't make any noise then. It doesn't go, either.

One way — as many mothers know — one way to stop a child's whining and teasing is to stuff him with cookies between meals, in church maybe, or anywhere. He doesn't make any noise then. And he doesn't make any shining mark, either. It's a cheap way of managing a child, to feed and coax his appetite, and busy him with eating. It ruins his digestion, and that ruins his temper. It makes engine trouble for a fact, and by and by you will have to lay the little engine up for serious repairs, or maybe lay him away forever.

Don't feed your children between meals. Start in infancy on regular feed-



# ETCHINGS



ing, and keep it up. Be intelligent about when and how much the child should be fed, and see that he gets enough to eat, but at regular and proper intervals. If he whines and teases, something is wrong with him. Find out what it is, whether physical or mental, and apply the remedy. But that remedy, be sure, is not cookies between meals.

## You Get What You Expect

If you put on a pair of blue spectacles, the world looks dark. What do you put them on for? Why, to make the world look dark. It's what you expect, and you get it.

Now if the world looks too bright for you, put some grumbling spectacles on your soul. Try a pair of Pessimisms, or the Fear-and-Shudder make, or the Never-Was-in-My-Day sort. Expect that the cow is going to die: she will sometime, or else if you sell her you'll be cheated. Be afraid you will not have enough money to meet your note next June; you'll break a leg, or you'll lose a wad of bills through a hole in your pocket. Be afraid you are too great a sinner for the Lord to love: you will be a loveless creature all your days. You get what you expect.

Now I don't mean that just by being an optimistic fool you can ride the world. It takes effort and persistence and foresight and humility and courage and faith to make a success of life. But when you go to work, expect a reward; when you rise above discouragement, expect success; when you plan a thing, foresee its accomplishment; when you ask the Lord to bless you, meet His conditions and believe His promises, and you'll get what you expect. God hasn't deserted the world. Walk along with Him, and not with the imps of despair.

## The Parent, the Child, and the Bible

It seems to be wonderfully easy for the mother to give away her task to the church school teacher or the Sabbath school teacher, teaching the Bible included. But there is a basic Bible study that belongs to the home rather than to any other institution. Every act of life is governed by some principle, and the principles by which we should live are laid down in God's Holy Word. Many of these should be embedded in the child's mind before he is old enough to go to school. They should be there as a foundation before the mind is corrupted by the world's way of thinking, and after that it is not likely to be corrupted.

The psychological moment is always the moment of interest in the subject. The little girl has a new dress, or the little boy a new suit. This is the time to study clothing from those first fig-leaf aprons through to the robe of Christ's righteousness, which those who are saved will wear. There may be a study of the coats of skins, of Joseph's coat of many colors, of the robes of the priests, the goodly Babylonish garment, Elijah's cloak, the gorgeous apparel of King Solomon and the comparison of the beautiful lilies with it, the seamless coat of Jesus and many others which might be enumerated.

Through it all, lessons of simplicity and modesty of dress may be taught. Then, dear mother, do not spoil your teaching by failing to live up to the lessons taught, both in the building of the child's dress and of your own. Do not destroy *his* faith by *your* works.

This same principle may be carried out in the teaching of numberless lessons connected with the little things of everyday life.



# Teaching Suggestions for December

## Bible Six

FEDALMA RAGON

"NICODEMUS visited Jesus by night." When or where, our poorly taught sixth grader does not know, and as a result the story is to him a mere rehearsal of dry facts.

"Nicodemus visited Jesus by night. It was in the spring of the year. A Passover feast was being held in Jerusalem. Jesus had just begun His public ministry. A few days before He had cleared the temple of buyers and sellers. On this particular evening He had gone out into the Mount of Olives to be alone, and Nicodemus had in some way found Him." So said our well-taught sixth grader. Those were simple statements that he was rehearsing, but the addition of the "time and place" facts gave life to the story. Nicodemus had become to him a real flesh-and-blood man.

The words of John 3:16 were spoken by Jesus during that night visit. Do not those words take on an added meaning to the child if, in his imagination, he is present in the place where they were spoken?

Book Three divides the life of Jesus into three periods. The outlining of these periods by the children was discussed in last month's issue. By means of these outlines, events may be located and placed in their proper setting. Many people who think they know the Bible, have no idea that the conversation with the woman at the well came immediately following the visit with Nicodemus, as Jesus was passing through Samaria on His way to Galilee. They would be utterly unable to follow Jesus during the period of his Galilean ministry—two years crowded full of sermons and parables and acts of healing. Yet many a sixth-grade child is able to live over again, in imagination, the experiences of those full years. He can do this because he has mastered his outline and map

study as the lessons progress, and is thus able to give the events in their proper order.

## Physiology Seven

LOTTIE GIBSON

"NEXT in importance to right position are respiration and vocal culture. The one who sits and stands erect is more likely than others to breathe properly. But the teacher should impress upon his pupils the importance of deep breathing. Show how the healthy action of the respiratory organs, assisting the circulation of the blood, invigorates the whole system, excites the appetite, promotes digestion, and induces sound, sweet sleep, thus not only refreshing the body, but soothing and tranquilizing the mind. And while the importance of deep breathing is shown, the practice should be insisted upon. Let exercises be given which will promote this, and see that the habit becomes established."—*"Education," pp. 198, 199.*

"The dress should fit easily, obstructing neither the circulation of the blood, nor a free, full, natural respiration."—*"Christian Temperance and Bible Hygiene," p. 89.* "Let their [boys' and girls'] dress be simple, loose, and comfortable; clothe their limbs, and especially their ankles, warmly and evenly; then let them go out and exercise in the open air, and live to enjoy health and happiness."—*Id., p. 91.* Exercise in the open air "is the best safeguard against colds, coughs, and the internal congestions which lay the foundation of so many diseases."—*Id., p. 90.*

If we can but realize that the One who breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, gave us the instruction here quoted, it may help us to be more diligent in putting it into practice. Especially do we need to emphasize having the feet warmly clothed. Failure in this



respect is undoubtedly the cause of many a cold, as well as of more serious troubles.

The ventilation of the schoolroom is another matter that needs our attention. It is folly to talk to a class about the importance of breathing fresh air when the air in the schoolroom is so lifeless that every one feels worthless. Let us teach promptness in obeying the laws of health by keeping a good circulation of air in the room; and also by obeying all these laws ourselves.

## Busy Work

WINNIFRED JAMES

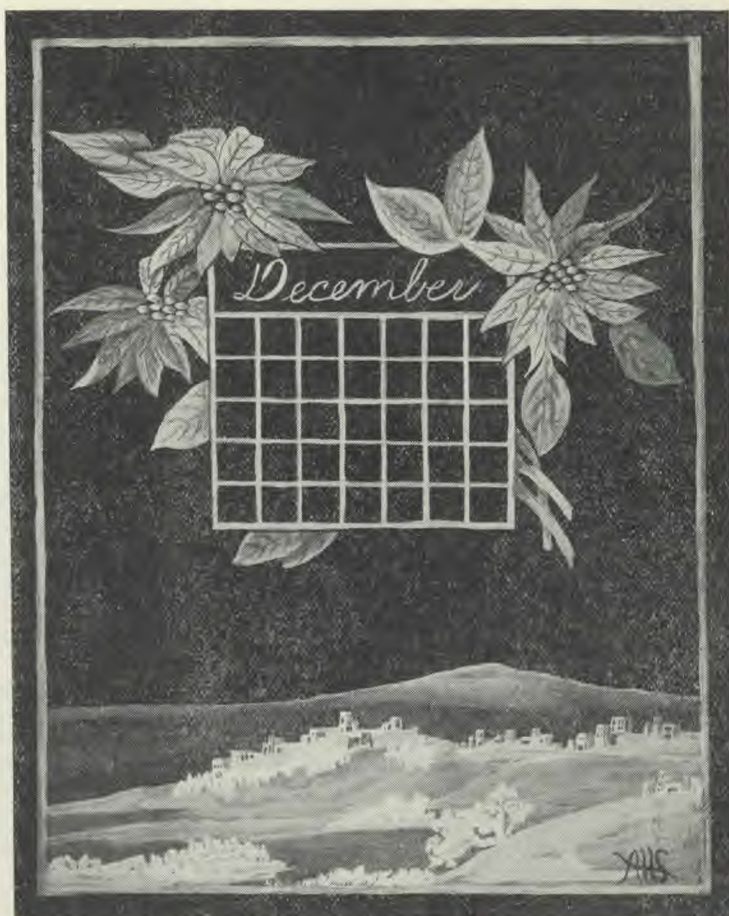
We are nearing the close of another year and the dawning of a new. This means holidays for us all. The child naturally has his thoughts on this and the spirit of giving which is all about him.

It is a right idea to bring some of this spirit into the schoolroom, letting the child work off some of his energy in schoolroom decoration, and by stories and admonition help him to know what real giving is.

Make your schoolroom really attractive with holly and evergreen and suitable posters. Many things can be done during the Manual Training period that will greatly delight the child, and still be a help to him. There may be some lines similar to the following that you yourself could develop.

As there are only three weeks before vacation, the following outline is suggested:

December, 1922



Monday — Room decoration.  
 Tuesday — Paper folding.  
 Wednesday — Sewing cards.  
 Thursday — Weaving.  
 Friday — Paper cutting.

### First and Second Mondays

Trace large holly leaves on green construction paper, and berries from red. Have children cut, then you help arrange in groups for a border.

Poinsettias could be cut for a border in a similar way.

Design for posters could be traced and given the children to color during the drawing period, and then cut and mounted during this period.

### Third Monday

Give children blotters of uniform size, also brown construction paper about one-fourth inch larger. These should be



punched, to be tied together at one end with a cord or ribbon. Decorate in some simple, seasonable design.

It would be a good idea to give the children holly leaves to trace, and green paper and red berries, or poinsettias; then encourage them to make up their own designs.

#### **First Tuesday**

Make a picture frame, using the dictation given in "Paper and Scissors for the Schoolroom," by Emily Weaver, page 14.

Decorate the points, folded back, by paper cutting or drawing, then put a picture inside.

#### **Second Tuesday**

Fold two sixteen-inch squares and cut to make a box with cover. Paste bottom of box a little snug, and the cover a little loose, so they will go together easily. These are pretty if made of light paper and decorated with some simple line conventional design. There are good suggestions in "Applied Art," by Lemos, page 28. You may cut a simple pine tree and paste on top.

#### **Third Tuesday**

From sixteen squares make a square basket, using an extra strip for the handle. Decorate in a way similar to the box.

#### **First and Second Wednesdays**

Cut five-inch squares from white cardboard. On these outline and punch any pretty flower design to sew.

Cut six pieces of tissue paper and tie at one corner. This can be used for shaving paper.

#### **Third Wednesday**

Sew an evergreen tree on pasteboard 6 x 4 inches, or any suitable size. This could be used as a cover for a booklet. Have the children copy some memory verses or some story they have written for this booklet. This little extra will greatly delight the parents.

#### **First and Second Thursdays**

Give each child six pieces of raffia, or yarn, to braid, using two pieces in each strand.

One child could hold while another

braids, and so on. These could be sewed from the center out to form a circular mat.

#### **Third Thursday**

Make a napkin ring of raffia or yarn, wrap on cylinders of pasteboard 8 x 2 inches, sewed or pasted in place.

Weave some contrasting color around the center, and tie in a bow on one side.

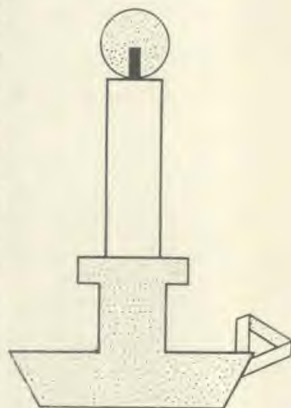
#### **First Friday**

Fold three-inch squares to the usual sixteen squares. Cut out the six center ones, making a fireplace. Draw the logs and fire. On top cut out circles for plates, or a small clock, so as to represent a fireplace.

#### **Second and Third Fridays**

Make a calendar. Use construction paper 12 x 5 inches. Cut a candlestick as shown in the illustration. Tie with ribbon and put calendar at bottom.

As you work, tell stories of giving. Give as Christ would give, and not as the world gives. Turn the mind from Christmas to the New Year as a day of special thankfulness and of new resolutions.



#### **Nature Five**

RUTH E. ATWELL

WINTER is an excellent time to study the heavens. There are many clear nights, and the stars shine out bright against the sky. Let us help the children to become familiar with a number of the constellations that are easiest to locate.

It can, in most places, be arranged for the class members and some of their parents to meet at least one evening in a place where the view will not be obstructed by trees or buildings. Among the parents or other friends of the school



there may be those who have given considerable attention to this study. They will doubtless be glad to help the teacher in making the evening both interesting and instructive for the children.

Some of the children may not know that the New Jerusalem will come down through the open space in Orion. (See "*Early Writings*," page 41, 1916 edition.)

The following plan can be carried out in many places, and will help make the proportions of our solar system more clear (Herschel is authority for all figures and objects used): A distance of one and one-fourth miles is marked off

on a road as the radius of the circle which incloses the system. At one end place a library globe two feet in diameter. This represents the sun. A mustard seed 82 feet away stands for Mercury. At a distance of 142 feet place a pea (Venus), and another at 215 feet (Earth). A rather large pinhead 327 feet from the globe stands for Mars, and a tangerine a quarter of a mile away represents Jupiter. A small lemon two fifths of a mile away answers for Saturn; and a large cherry at three fourths of a mile, for Uranus. Neptune is seen as a plum a mile and a quarter distant from the globe.

## Blackboard Lessons for Beginners

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

### Lesson XXXI

NAN:

O Ray, hear what mother says.  
We may play in the *garden*.  
You take one little chair.  
I will take one.

RAY:

Here is a box for a table.  
Let us sit by the grapevine.  
There the sun's rays will not reach us.

NAN:

What shall we play?

RAY:

Let us play the garden is your land.  
You stay here by the grapevine.  
I will till your land for you.  
You may pay me for it.

NAN:

All right.  
It will be fun, I know.

### Lesson XXXII

NAN:

Now, Mr. Green, you are to till my land well.  
Do not let the weeds grow.  
Weeds are not good.

RAY:

I will do my best, Miss Nan.  
Here I go. What time is it?

NAN:

It is nine right now.  
Come home in time for dinner.

RAY:

Right-o! Good-by.  
Have a good dinner for me.

### Lesson XXXIII

NAN:

Now let me see.  
What are we to have for dinner?  
I will see what I can get.  
.....  
Mother, play you keep a store.  
I have dinner to get.  
What have you?

MOTHER:

Well, Miss Nan, I have fine apples.

NAN:

Oh, apples will be good!  
I will take four.

MOTHER:

And here are good nuts.  
Do you care for nuts?

NAN:

In-deed I do!  
I will take many nuts.  
Will you come over for dinner?  
I should love to have you come.

MOTHER:

Call me at dinner time.  
I will come.

NAN:

All right.

### Lesson XXXIV

RAY:

Well, here I am.  
It is dinner time.

NAN:

All right, Mr. Green.  
Here is water for you.  
A man who tills the land needs water.  
O mother! You may come, now.

MOTHER:

All right, Miss Nan.



I am coming.  
 NAN:  
 Mother, you take my chair.  
 I will get one for me.  
 . . . . .  
 Now we are all here.  
 MOTHER:  
 What a good dinner you have!  
 We must not forget God.  
 He gives us all good.

#### Lesson XXXV

MOTHER:  
 A garden makes a fine home.  
*Adam* and *Eve* had a garden for a home.  
 They had apples and nuts to eat, too.  
 Growing flowers made their home pretty.  
 Vines and tall trees were there.  
 And God came to see them.  
 Adam and Eve loved the garden.  
 They cared for the vines and flowers.  
 They cared for the beasts.  
 No sin was there.  
 No *pain* was there.  
 God said all was good.

#### Lesson XXXVI

MOTHER:  
 Now, Ray and Nan, playtime is over.  
 Let us get *ready* for *Sabbath*.  
*Sabbath* is near.  
 Put away your table and chairs.

NAN:  
 All right, mother.  
 Come, Ray, you take one chair.  
 I will take one.  
 Mother, will you take one, too?  
 Ray and I will take the box away.  
 Good-by, little home, till Sunday.  
 We will make mother's home so neat.  
 God loves to see a neat home.  
 He loves to find us all ready.

#### Lesson XXXVII

MOTHER:  
 See, Nan, the sun is down, now.  
 The west is all red and gold.  
 NAN:  
 Welcome, dear *Sabbath* day.  
 We love you.  
 We are ready for you.  
 It is fine to be ready for *Sabbath*.

MOTHER:  
 Night is coming on.  
 In the morning we will go to *church*.

NAN:  
 Oh, I love the *Sabbath school*!  
 All the girls and boys will be there.  
 Let us not forget our dimes, Ray.  
 Other boys and girls are to be told of God.

#### Lesson XXXVIII

NAN:  
 Here is our dear little church.  
 See how white it is.  
 MOTHER:  
 God can make us white, too.

He wants to take away our sins.  
 NAN:  
 Now, Ray, we must be still in church.  
 God is there, you know.  
 I have my *lesson*. Have you?  
 RAY:  
 "For God so loved—" *"*  
 MOTHER:  
 Now, Ray, here we are.  
 Go and sit with Mrs. White.  
 Be as still as you can.  
 BOTH:  
 We will, mother.

#### Lesson XXXIX

TEACHER:  
 Good morning, children.  
 Today you are to hear of Jesus.  
 God was His Father.  
 God loved us so, He let Jesus come  
 down to us.  
 God said, "Man's sin must be paid for."  
 Jesus did not want us to die,  
 So He died for us.  
 Love made Him do this.  
 Now we need not die.  
 Jesus paid for our sins.  
 I love Him. Do you?  
 ALL:  
 O, we do love Jesus!  
 We love Jesus best of all!

#### Lesson XL

NAN:  
 The *Sabbath* is over.  
 See, the sun is going down.  
 Good-by, *sweet Sabbath* day.  
 MOTHER:  
 Jesus made the *Sabbath*.  
 He made it for you and me.  
 He knows we need rest.  
 He knows we need time to talk with Him.  
 So He gave us the *Sabbath* day.  
 How He must love us!  
 He knows what we need.  
 And all we need He gives us.  
 His way is the best way of all.  
 His day is the best day of all.

AN artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight,—the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary, dark house, lonely and desolate in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and cheer. The birth of Christ was just such a light in a dark world. —*The Sunday School Chronicle*.



# The Holidays

"CHRISTMAS is coming," is the note that is sounded throughout our world from east to west and from north to south. With youth, those of mature age, and even the aged, it is a period of general rejoicing, of great gladness. But what is Christmas, that it should demand so much attention? This day has been made much of for centuries. It is accepted by the unbelieving world, and by the Christian world generally, as the day on which Christ was born. When the world at large celebrate the day, they show no honor to Christ. They refuse to acknowledge Him as their Saviour, to honor Him by willing obedience to His service. They show preference to the day, but none to the One for whom the day is celebrated, Jesus Christ.

The twenty-fifth of December is supposed to be the day of the birth of Jesus Christ, and its observance has become customary and popular. But yet there is no certainty that we are keeping the veritable day of our Saviour's birth. History gives us no certain assurance of this. The Bible does not give us the precise time. Had the Lord deemed this knowledge essential to our salvation, He would have spoken through His prophets and apostles, that we might know all about the matter. . . .

As the twenty-fifth day of December is observed to commemorate the birth of Christ, as the children have been instructed by precept and example that this was indeed a day of gladness and rejoicing, you will find it a difficult matter to pass over this period without giving it some attention. It can be made to serve a very good purpose. The youth should be treated very carefully. They should not be left on Christmas to find their own amusement in vanity and pleasure-seeking, in amusements which will be detrimental to their spirituality. Parents can control this matter by turning the minds and the offerings of their children to God and His cause and the

salvation of souls. The desire for amusement, instead of being quenched and arbitrarily ruled down, should be controlled and directed by painstaking effort upon the part of the parents. Their desire to make gifts may be turned into pure and holy channels, and made to result in good to our fellow men by supplying the treasury in the great, grand work for which Christ came into our world. . . .

Youth cannot be made as sedate and grave as old age, the child as sober as the sire. While sinful amusements are condemned, as they should be, let parents, teachers, and guardians of youth provide in their stead innocent pleasures, which shall not taint or corrupt the morals. Do not bind down the young to rigid rules and restraints that will lead them to feel themselves oppressed and to break over and rush into paths of folly and destruction. . . .

The secret of saving your children lies in making your home lovely and attractive. Indulgence in parents will not bind the children to God nor to home; but a firm, godly influence to properly train and educate the mind would save many children from ruin.

On Christmas, so soon to come, let not the parents take the position that an evergreen placed in the church for the amusement of the Sabbath school scholars is a sin; for it may be made a great blessing. Keep before their minds benevolent objects. In no case should mere amusement be the object of these gatherings. While there may be some who will turn these occasions into seasons of careless levity, and whose minds will not receive the divine impress, to other minds and characters these seasons will be highly beneficial. I am fully satisfied that innocent substitutes can be devised for many gatherings that demoralize.

Christmas is coming. May you all

*(Continued on page 125)*



# Program Suggestions

## Christ Was Born

CHRIST was born long, long ago,  
And cradled in a manger low.  
The shepherds found that lowly stall,  
And hailed Him "Lord of all."

### CHORUS:

Now we too can still adore,  
And praise His name forevermore;  
"Hallelujahs" all can sing,  
And praise the Saviour King.

"Peace on earth," the angels sang,  
"Peace on earth," the heavens rang,  
"Good will to men," was echoed clear,  
"Good will" both far and near.

"Glory in the highest," then,  
Sang the angels o'er again;  
Anthems rang that heavenly morn,  
Saying, "Christ is born."

— *Selected.*

## Christmas Candles

ANNIE WINFREY MEEK

An exercise for five children, each holding a lighted candle aloft.

### FIRST:

Each little child should ever be  
Like a candle shining bright,  
That lends its cheer to Christmastide,  
In mellow, glowing light.

### SECOND:

The Christmas candle sheds its glow  
Within a circle clear;  
I'll share my joy and happiness  
With every one that's near.

### THIRD:

The Christmas candle will consume  
The dross to ashes gray;  
I hope to banish every frown  
On Merry Christmas Day.

### FOURTH:

Though many winds may chance to blow,  
The candle rights itself, you know;  
So I will be most good and kind —  
No evil thought shall come to mind.

### FIFTH:

Then like a candle in a tree,  
Or on the window sill,  
Each Christmas child should lend a share  
Of peace and of good will.

— *Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.*

## 'Twas Night When the Lord Was Born

It was not in the glow of the noontide high,  
Or the tender grace of morn,  
But shadows were over the earth and sky,—  
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God molds His deeds —  
In silence and out of sight;  
They hide in the dark like the precious seeds,  
Then suddenly rise in light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing  
Folds darkly o'er our way,  
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,  
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say, when we sit in darkness long,  
With an aching heart forlorn,  
'Twas night when the angels sang their song,—  
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

For all the glad days that had rolled in light  
Since the first glad day had birth,  
Were not half so bright as the one dark night  
When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,  
With a finished life in view,  
That our darkest nights in the path of time,  
Were the brightest days we knew.

— *Selected.*

## Room for the Christmas Guest

EMORY H. MCCREARY

HAVE I no room set apart  
For the Saviour, in my heart?  
Will I, on this Christmas Eve,  
Ask God's only Son to leave;  
Tell Him I've no room to spare,  
No room, no room, anywhere?

Will I let Him find His way  
Out to where the oxen lay;  
Show Him such a place to rest,  
When He came to be my guest;  
Tell Him I've no room to spare,  
No room, no room, anywhere?

Is my heart so full of sin,  
I've no room to let Him in?  
Will I leave it thus, and see  
Jesus turned away from me;  
Tell Him I've no room to spare,  
No room, no room, anywhere?



Or will I this Christmas Eve,  
Bid Him enter, ne'er to leave;  
Throw my heart door open wide,  
Cast sin out, have Him abide;  
Tell Him I have room to spare,  
Room for Jesus anywhere?

Open, heart of mine, today;  
If you turn your Lord away,  
Sometime at His palace door,  
You may stand, knock, and implore;  
Then He'll say, "No room to spare,  
No room, no room, anywhere."

Open, heart of mine, today;  
Do not turn your Lord away;  
Then in turn, when you have knocked  
At His door, 'twill be unlocked,  
And He will say, "There's room to spare,  
Room in My home, anywhere."

### The Song in the Night

C. A. RUSSELL

I'LL tell you a story, children,  
A story of long ago;  
Come close to my chair and listen,  
For I know you love it so.

The night was still, and the moonbeams  
Were casting their silvery light,  
As a band of humble shepherds  
Were guarding their flocks by night.

Their eyes were growing heavy  
As the lonely hours passed by,  
When softly from the distance  
There came the faintest cry.

With beating hearts they listened  
As nearer came the sound,  
And then in humble worship  
Fell down upon the ground.

'Twas a choir of holy angels  
Sent down from heaven to earth  
To tell these simple shepherds  
Of the Christ-child's lowly birth.

The hymn which the angels chanted  
Was a song of praise and love:  
"Glory to God in the highest,"  
To Him who reigns above.

The wondering shepherds worshiped;  
Then, leaving their flocks behind,  
They sought the lowly manger,  
The sweet Christ-child to find.

Their gifts they brought to Jesus,  
The Child of Bethlehem;  
In worshiping and giving  
Today we join with them.

## Progressive Lessons in Phonics

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

### Lesson Two

(To Teach the Phonogram M)

"SOMETHING new every day" is a good rule to follow in teaching phonics as well as other subjects. Today tell the children about the "beautiful mountains where the grass is tender and green, how the cows like to feed among the daisies and then lie down in the shade and rest, then when milking time approaches, they come to the bars and" — suddenly — "what do they say to the farmer?" Some child will likely produce the correct sound.

"Now would you like to play a game? I'll be the farmer, and you pretend you are a whole herd of cows. Right here are the bars" (drawing a chalk line on the floor in front of recitation bench), "and you may come up to the bars and talk to me." After they have done this, go to the board and say, "I like the sound the cows make, because its picture looks like the beautiful mountains. Have you ever seen a mountain?" (In most cases the answer will be, No.) "Well, some day if we are all faithful, so Jesus can come while we are still living, we shall all see the mountains, for we expect to go there by and by to wait for Him. But for today, I'll just put the picture of this new sound on the board so that you can see what the mountains look like." Make the letter m very slowly, telling the children to count the mountains, "one, two, three, and part way up the side of the next one, so we can look around us." Tell them never to stop down in the valley, for they will want to see the country around. Develop the same as in Lesson I, calling for flowers, animals, foods, and lastly children's names, stressing capitalization as before. Finish with seat work.

"INDULGE no doubts; they are traitors.

"If you would have friends, make friends."



# The Over-and-Over Work

MARTHA E. WARNER

THERE is a woman — but I'll not tell you her name — who counts the steps it takes to cross the kitchen, who counts the trips she makes upstairs and down cellar. In a little book she faithfully keeps the record, and she quotes from it as she tells you how the day's record has been repeated, over and over and over.

She is tired and discouraged. Her back aches, she is growing old, and she knows she is headed for the insane asylum. Strange to say, as we listen to her story, we find that we have much in sympathy with her; and so we start in to tell our friend just how many times we have left our work to wait upon our invalid mother-in-law, and how many times we have hung up our husband's necktie, or put away his slippers. The more experiences we have in common, the more sure we are that we are shining examples of modern martyrs.

The visit with our friend does not rest or refresh us. Rather, we are strengthened in our belief that our family does not appreciate us; we pity ourselves; we grow old and discontented. We may not realize it, but it is true. This counting of steps saps our energies and makes us less efficient; and so, little woman, if you have contracted this habit, just set right about breaking it off as quickly as ever you can.

I know you will find this world a much better place to live in, and your home a much better place to love in, if you will stop counting steps and concentrate your mind on saving steps. When you go upstairs to do the chamber work, take with you everything that needs to go up, and if possible, finish your work before coming down. To go upstairs fifteen times during the morning shows that you do your work in a haphazard manner.

To save time and strength, know what your needs are before you go down cellar, and then make one trip suffice.

On wash days, don't carry out the clothes, then run back to the house for the line, then hurry in again for the pins. You can just as well take them all out at the same time.

While you are hanging out the clothes, never mind about reckoning up how many times you have performed that task in the last ten years; just to listen to the birds, look up to the sky, and the tired feeling will leave you as by magic.

The woman who spends her time counting the steps it takes to cross the kitchen or the number of times she goes upstairs, is growing old. She feels old, and she is old. Birds do not sing for her, neither are her clouds rose-tinted.

But the woman who has trained herself to have system and dispatch about her work, who has learned to save every unnecessary step and bend of the back, is growing young. She feels young and she is young, for there is nothing that equals housework for keeping a woman supple, and there is nothing like the song of a bird or a rose-tinted cloud for keeping the heart happy, as we perform the over-and-over tasks.

When you are about to pity yourself, little woman, just stop and think that God's work is an over-and-over work. For years, yes, for centuries, He daily has been making sunsets and flowers. Does He get tired and discouraged because so few stop to appreciate them? And there is something else He has been doing, hundreds and hundreds of times. He has been forgiving me, and He has been forgiving you.

O little woman, if you will count steps, if you will keep the record in a little book, write on one page, "What I have done for my family today," and on the opposite page, "What God has done for me today," then faithfully make the entries.

*(Continued on page 124)*



# FATHER AND SON

## How Are You Using Your Hammer?

WHAT a big fellow he's getting to be, that seventeen-year-old son of yours! Up to your shoulder now, and lengthening every day. He's fast getting to be a new man of the house. And doesn't he know it! He's about lost that early crack in his voice, and he plays the tuba in the new brass band. And you have to smile, with a little proud leap in your heart too, at the sudden note of authority in his voice when the discussion turns upon something his physics or his history has told him.

You walk along the road with him, and you fall silent, maybe. It's a little difficult sometimes to know just where to catch step with his mind. And by the way, it's not altogether easy to keep step with his feet. He doesn't seem to be stepping just right; and now that you notice it, he has a shambling gait, his knees let down a little with every step. And he doesn't swing his arms right, one of them hardly at all. And his shoulders droop. You've got to correct that; you want your boy to be admirable in every way.

"Bob," you cut in on the silence, "stand up straight. Don't let your shoulders sag that way. Throw 'em back! And swing your arms naturally!"

You don't know it, but Bob's nerves get a shock. "Here! here!" they are calling to one another, stumbling around among themselves, "here, you! Pull those muscles up! stiffen those knees! swing that arm!" They are a little raw at the business, they have had so many other things to do lately, and they don't know just how to go at it to execute the sudden commands.

Somehow they pull those shoulders

back, in a stiff kind of position, and hold them there by main force. And they swing that odd arm, but they make it odder than ever. And they take a whack at the sagging knees, but that's too concentrated a job, and while they are doing it, the shoulders come down, and the arm, after describing various antics, falls back to its accustomed little jump of a swing.

"Here," you say, "Bob, watch me." And Bob turns the tail of his eye on you, and watches you, whether with admiration or not is for him to say. Anyhow, he makes a poor job of imitating you. And he gets red in the face, and a little short of breath.

"Well, now," you say, resuming a supposed conversation, "what do you think about that deal that Adkins had with Smith?"

"Yes, sir," says Bob.

"I mean," you explain, a little uncomfortable in your mind, "if Smith had actually known that Adkins had that agreement with Carey, would he have accepted the terms he did?"

"I don't know, sir," says Bob. No wonder he doesn't. That's all the conversation you'll get out of him this trip. He's thinking about how mean he looks in his father's eyes: feet too big, knees weak, arm half paralyzed, too tall anyhow!

Of course you meant all right. You wanted to build your boy up into all the man he could be. And so you got out your hammer, and you began pounding. Well, there are various ways to use a hammer. You can pound all over a board and only succeed in bruising it. If you really want to fasten it in place, to build something, you have to hit the nail on the head, and have the nail in the right place.

*(Continued on page 125)*



# YOUNG MOTHERS

## You Mothers Will Want This

At the Fall Council of the General Conference Committee, the plans of the Home Commission were approved for the formation of a "Young Mothers' Society" in churches or communities where the circumstances are favorable, and for the conduct of a course of study in the society.

We plan to start these studies the first of the year 1923. Those who desire to enter into the work should write at once for detailed information, and should plan to have their societies organized soon, and ready to begin work by the first of January.

First, as to membership. The work is planned primarily for young mothers; that is, for mothers of children of pre-school age. But there are places and circumstances which make the inclusion of other women advisable. The Young Mothers' Society does not enter the field of the Parent-Teacher Association, in which the older parents find their interests centered. But conditions vary so widely that we leave it to the mothers of any locality to determine what ages and what classes shall be included in the membership of their society.

Second, as to leadership. It is evident that no society can be successful without competent leadership. The greatest essential of leadership is a sense of the importance of the work and an unselfish and unflagging interest in it. That helps to make enthusiasm, ingenuity, and tact, which are prime requisites in leadership. If there are mothers with this first great qualification, (and where are there not?) there is certainty of success.

Third, as to the course of study. Briefly, it will deal with Bible story-telling, nature study, health principles and habits, and home culture—the principles of child training. It is being pre-

pared by various writers, who have not only made a scientific study of the subjects, but who are parents of experience with their own children. Knowing the heavy burdens and limited time of most mothers, we have planned the studies to be light, with suggestions for further reading by those who have the time.

We are very desirous of having this work undertaken and these studies carried wherever there are mothers who sense the need of greater knowledge and efficiency in their work of training the little ones. We believe this is starting a work of very great importance, a work that lies at the foundation of the success of the church and of the finishing of the gospel commission. And so we want the co-operation of all our mothers and fathers and our church workers.

If you are interested in this matter, send for the Outline of the Young Mothers' Society, which will give you full information. And do it now; for we have little time in which to get ready. Address, The Home Commission, General Conference, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

ARTHUR W. SPALDING,  
*Secretary Home Commission.*

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## The Over-and-Over Work

*(Continued from page 122)*

At night, as you balance the accounts, you will not rebel at the over-and-over work, which is in accordance with God's great plan, but you will rejoice that you have a part in it.

"Forenoon and afternoon and night,  
Forenoon and afternoon and night,  
Forenoon and—what!  
The empty song repeats itself. No more?  
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And time is conquered, and thy crown is won."





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### The Holidays

(Continued from page 119)

have wisdom to make it a precious season. Let the older church members unite, heart and soul, with their children in this innocent amusement and recreation, in devising ways and means to show true respect to Jesus by bringing to Him gifts and offerings. Let every one remember the claims of God. His cause cannot go forward without your aid. Let the gifts you have usually bestowed upon one another be placed in the Lord's treasury. . . . In every church let your smaller offerings be placed upon your Christmas tree. Let the precious emblem, "Evergreen," suggest the holy work of God and His beneficence to us; and the loving heart-work will be to save other souls who are in darkness. Let your works be in accordance with your faith. . . .

Let there be recorded in the heavenly books such a Christmas as has never yet been seen, because of the donations which shall be given for the sustaining of the work of God and the upbuilding of His

kingdom. — *Mrs. E. G. White, in Review and Herald, Dec. 9, 1884.*

### How Are You Using Your Hammer?

(Continued from page 123)

Now you didn't reason, you just didn't think. You didn't know, perhaps, that the growing boy's anatomy takes time to get adjusted, that his awkwardness is increased by self-consciousness, and that the more you call attention to his defects, whether physical or social, the more self-conscious he becomes, and the more awkward as well as shamed. The best remedy, though a slow one, is to relieve him of self-consciousness by keeping away from discussion of himself, and projecting his mind to other things, — history, music, natural science, stock raising, gardening — anything. And the next best thing to cure awkwardness is well-directed physical exercise, some work, some games, some gymnasium or simple home exercises.

Next time you use your hammer, be a carpenter, not an infant. s.



# I WAS WONDERING

## And So I Thought I'd Ask You

*96*  
We as a people do not believe in religious legislation. To what extent should we compel our children to be religious, especially after an age when they begin to think for themselves?

*W. H. 2-2-23*  
No one can be compelled to be religious. Religion is the attitude of mind toward one's Deity. A man, as also a child, may be compelled to observe certain outward forms of religion, but in his performance of the rites his mind may be hypocritical, rebellious, or cynical. His religion is whatever he is; it is not what he is compelled outwardly to observe.

If we would have our children truly love God, we must lead them, — we cannot drive them. It is what we live, not merely what we command, that forms the ideals and finally the character of our children. We might drill them upon the ten commandments, we might require them to memorize passages of the Bible, we might force them to cease their work or play on the Sabbath, but we should not by that means make them religious. If there are manifest in our lives the reverence, the courage, the patience, the firmness, the temperance, of the Christian, and if in addition we actively teach and discipline our children, we shall be leading them along with God.

We are not, however, to confuse the nature of civil government with the nature of family government, as the question above seems to do. They have not identical provinces. The state has no business in religious legislation or teaching; the home has. The father and mother are the priests as well as the governors of the home, and they are responsible for the religious as well as the physical and the social training of their children. But in the execution of that duty they have to consider what are the best methods. The home should have reli-

gious legislation, but the laws it makes should be enforced with the spirit of love. The infant is dependent almost wholly upon the parents' judgment for his conduct; as he grows older he should be developed in judgment and given more responsibility, until by degrees he reaches maturity. If a parent has failed to hold his child to God, his only hope of redeeming his error is a new and deeper experience in Christ, which may enable him to change his habits and do to some degree what he has previously failed to do.

Do you think it is wrong for our children to spend time on the street playing marbles "for keeps"?

*Wat May 2/23*  
The essence of gambling is in the playing of marbles "for keeps." Marbles is a game of skill and not of hazard, but both kinds of games are used for gambling; and when there is any stake, as there is in playing "for keeps," there are present the spirit and practice of gambling. Marbles may be an innocent game when played only for pleasure and sociability, though the craze for it often involves a great waste of time, and the rivalry is usually bad. It is well to have our children under conditions and absorbed in interests, both of work and of recreation, which will lead them to escape from the marble craze. The schools, if they would, could lead in the obliteration of marbles, and the homes should back them up. It cannot be done, however, by mere forbiddings; it can be done only by introducing more healthful forms of occupation and pleasure.

S.

THE best home music can be brought out only in the fire of trial.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*



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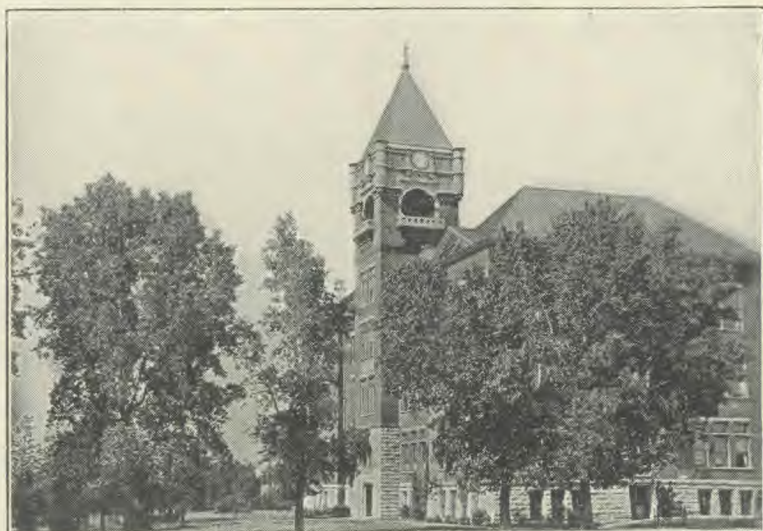
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