

HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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CONTENTS

RAISING AN ORCHARD	Mrs. Clinton D. Losey	359
JUST AS IMPORTANT AS THREE MEALS A DAY	Genevieve Fox	360
*SCHOOL SPIRIT — HOW TO DEVELOP IT	Blanche Hicks	362
OUR CHURCH SCHOOLS	Blanche Davies	363
SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL TIME	Martha E. Warner	364
A MAID OF MIDIAN		365
A WILDWOOD PARADE	Elvira Andrews Webber	366
IT'S UP TO YOU (Poem)		370
AUNT HARRIET'S NEPHEWS		370
ARE YOU HELPING YOUR CHILD?		371
TILL EIGHT OR TEN		372
PARASITES		372
AND NOW TEACHERS		373
LITTLE GID-AP		373
THE DISCIPLINE OF THE PRIMARY CHILD	Winnifred James	374
MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE BIRDS	S. Louise Patteson	375
JUNIOR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER WORK IN OUR CHURCH SCHOOLS		376
PLANT LIFE HOLDS HUMAN LESSONS		376
"I'M A TRUTH BOY"	Lamont Thompson	377
WHAT SORT OF A FATHER ARE YOU? (Poem)		379
THE APPEAL OF THE CHILD		379
EDUCATION OF THE BABY (Concluded)	Belle Wood-Comstock, M. D.	380
MY MOTHER'S SONGS	Ennis V. Moore	381
THE BOAT ON GALILEE (Music)		382
PROGRAM FOR YOUNG MOTHERS' SOCIETY	Mrs. W. L. Bates	383
HOW I WISH I KNEW (Music)		384
BOB WHITE (Music)		384
SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS (Poem)		385
I WAS WONDERING		386

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Raising an Orchard

MRS. CLINTON D. LOSEY

"RAISING an orchard is too slow and expensive a business to suit me," said Farmer Goodenough.

"But," said Neighbor Lookahead, "just see my fine young trees! It seems only a short time ago that I started them, and now I have a steady income, to say nothing of having all the fine fruit my family can use. I feel repaid already for the work I've put on them. Do you know, the more time and money I spend on this orchard, the richer I feel! I just enjoy coming out here in the afternoon to rest and sit in the shade, and smell the perfume of the apple blossoms or the rich aroma of the ripe apples. I wouldn't be without this orchard! You'd better start one, too. It will pay you in the end."

Farmer Goodenough, stretched full length in the shade of one of his neighbor's apple trees, chewed a grass blade reflectively before answering. Finally he said:

"Yes, I know you're pretty sure of a steady income when the trees begin to bear, but I'd rather raise oats. I already have plenty of seed oats. It seems like a sinful waste of money to invest so much in trees, with all those seed oats in the bin. It will be so easy to turn them to account."

So Farmer Goodenough planted oats again.

And Neighbor Lookahead is still enjoying a regular income from his orchard.

I'm so glad some folks believe in orchards. What's that? Oh, yes, oats are good. But I never found an apple in an oat field.

I believe in orchards with all my heart. For several years I have been an orchardist. Each year I have charge of from twenty to forty young "trees of righteousness." They are "the plant-

ing of the Lord." Isa. 61:3. You see, He must believe in orchards, too. The trees in this year's orchard are just about all of them bearing—some only a little, but most of the older ones yield quite a crop. The fruit is very sweet. It is called the "fruit of the Spirit," and is very pleasing to the Owner. It makes me happy to present it to Him.

Quite often the Master brings some young trees to me, and asks me to transplant them into His orchard, where they can have the love and care they need. It is quite wonderful to see how they respond. Sometimes just a few days make a difference. Sometimes it takes longer. But you know a worthless tree would feel out of place in a fine orchard. Just seeing the good fruit borne by the other trees is an inspiration.

Of course you know what I mean. Start a church school. Have some fruit coming on. If you already have one, spray it each year with a strong solution of interest, and fertilize it monthly with sacrifice. Before you know it, you'll have a full-grown orchard, where you can find grateful shade in the afternoon of life. The air in your vicinity will be sweet with the perfume of holiness and the aroma of good deeds. And your annual income of prospective missionaries may be reinvested at a large profit to yourself.

Start an orchard this fall!

WHEN did darkness ever call for light, or error seek to reclaim itself? Or when did indolence attempt to shake off its own torpor? Or when did men devoted to the pursuit of pleasure or wealth, strive to cultivate their own benevolence and sense of duty, without some influence from abroad?—*Selected.*

Just as Important as Three Meals a Day

GENEVIEVE FOX

TIME was when people thought that play was a necessary evil a child indulged in if he was not provided with something better to do. Now we know better—most of us. We know that play is the real business of a child, and that it is only by getting enough of it and the right kind of it that a child grows up to be a mentally and physically well-balanced person.

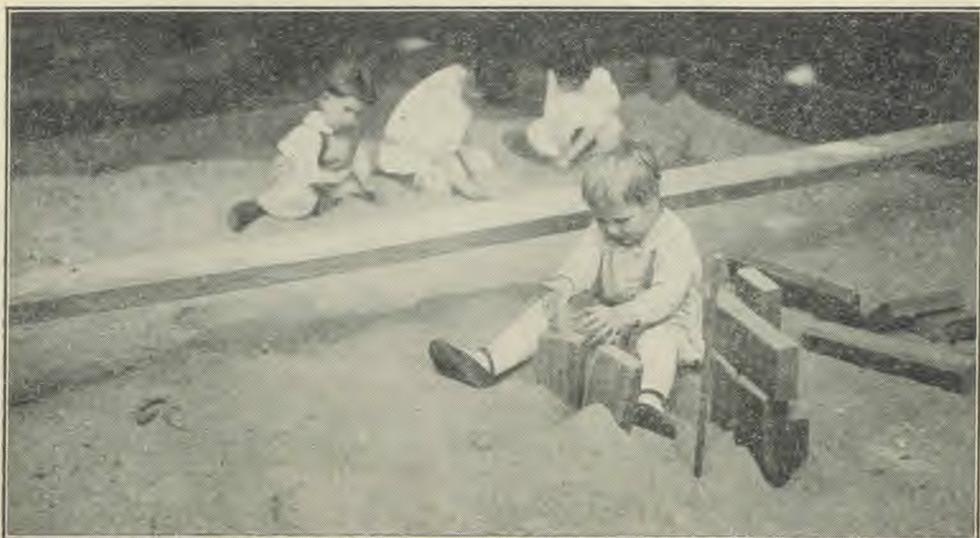
A good many fathers and mothers are realizing nowadays that, along with taking thought for their children's food and clothes, they need to take thought for their play. Of course not every child can have a big yard to play in, or a special playroom. But it is surprising how many pleasant things can be provided for a child if his parents will give a little time and thought to the matter. For example, a horizontal bar and a few traveling rings in the attic or back yard take up little room and can be rigged up very easily.

And oh! the delight they will afford an active, growing boy! And the

mighty biceps they will develop! Every child enjoys a garden in which he can watch things grow. And though modern living conditions often make a real garden impossible, there is no reason why every child should not have a window-box garden where he can plant crocuses or pansies or geraniums,—or beans and peas, if his taste inclines to vegetables.

Several towns in various parts of the country have been encouraging parents to increase the quantity and quality of the play their children have, by means of home play campaigns. The Community Service Committee of Visalia, Calif., originated the idea two years ago. All one week a big map hung out in front of one of the stores on Main Street. One's name and address on this map meant that he was providing at least six of the following pleasant things for his children:

1. Play space. Outdoors, clean.
2. Swing.
3. Horizontal bar, or trapeze.



Courtesy of Community Service



Courtesy of Community Service

A Home Gardener Inspects His Produce

4. Garden. Must be child's own garden. May be only a window box.

5. Pet.

6. Sand-box.

7. Museum. Child's own collection, and a special place to keep it.

8. Workshop. Hammer, saw, etc., and special box or space to keep them.

9. Equipment for playing ball, tennis, or croquet.

10. Regular playtime with parents.

11. Story hour daily. Should be at regular time.

12. Subscription to *Popular Mechanics* or other popular science magazine.

13. Music lessons, voice or instrumental.

14. Bird bath.

15. Doll house and doll carriage.

16. Playhouse.

For children under three years:

1. Six colored balls, preferably worsted.

2. Hanging prism.

3. Tiny wagon or wheelbarrow.

4. Carpenter blocks.

Other interesting features of this home play campaign were the exhibit of books on play, at the public library; the special children's films, shown in moving pictures; and a demonstration, by the children themselves in the city hall, of some of the things children like to do.

During Home Play Week in Ottawa, Kans., there were story hours in the afternoons at the public library, when

both children and mothers were entertained, and the mothers incidentally learned much about the art of telling stories to their children.

The Community Service Committee of Seattle, Wash., stimulated interest in children's play by arranging the following exhibits:

Books and pictures for children — arranged through the library and the Fine Arts Society.

Pets — arranged through the children of the different neighborhoods.

Play clothes for children — arranged through the mothers and the Camp Fire girls.

Toys — homemade and schoolmade.

Home garden and window garden — arranged through the School Garden Department.

Songs for children — arranged through Community Service and local musical talent.

Stories for children — arranged through professional story-tellers.

Bird study — arranged through the Audubon Society.

Games for the home — arranged through school game teacher.

Devices for self-entertainment — arranged through the kindergarten teachers.

Time spent in manufacturing toys and apparatus for your children, in telling them stories and playing games with them, is time invested in their health, their happiness, and their characters. If you don't like the boys your son plays with, or if you don't think Mary's chums

are the best, start a little competition in the way of play of the homemade brand. If you want your children to acquire a love for good books, good pictures, and good music, don't leave the matter wholly to accident and to their teacher. If you want them to love nature, take a few minutes now and then to teach them things about birds and flowers and trees. If you want them to be lithe and strong, see that they have a chance to do things that will make them lithe and strong.

First aid for mothers who are starting home-play activities may be secured from Community Service, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City. This organization is glad to give information on how to make simple play apparatus for the back yard. It also gives information concerning games to play. An inexpensive handbook devoted to home play is shortly to be issued by Community Service.—*Weaver Pangburn Community Service.*

School Spirit--How to Develop It

BLANCHE HICKS

It is not easy to define, but the words "school spirit" carry with them certain definite emotions. It may be that our minds go back to a humble schoolhouse where life's horizon began to broaden; or perhaps there come memories of happy days spent in college, when learning was sweet and friendships were many. There is something about the right kind of school spirit that proves an inspiration to students after leaving school. Especially is this true of a Christian school.

We might say that school spirit makes of the students boosters and not knockers. It is loyalty to the principles for which the school stands, and respect for those who instruct. It is whole-hearted co-operation between teachers and students. It makes students willing to deny themselves certain rights when it is for the common good.

A man who had achieved success in the world, was once asked what school subject had been the most help to him. He replied, "I don't remember what I studied, but I remember my teachers." It is often the unconscious influence of a faithful teacher's life that serves as a guiding star to the youth. The stronger the bond of sympathy between teacher and student during school days, the more the teacher can do to influence the student in his future life.

It seems to me that the first requisite for a desirable school spirit is a real

teacher — not a person who can test the children on textbook facts merely, but one who can reach the inner life of the student and stimulate him to noble impulses. The life of such a teacher will be in harmony with what he teaches, and will command the respect of his pupils. If students have genuine confidence in a teacher, he may lead them where he will. They will rally to his support in anything reasonable.

Sometimes it is hard for a worthy teacher to gain the confidence of a whole body of students, but usually there is a way to the heart if one can find it. When going to a new school, it is sometimes a good plan to enlist the co-operation of those who may seem hard to reach, by allowing them to assist in some little duties about the building. This may be regarded as an honor, and in many cases will help such students, and help the teacher in gaining their confidence.

School spirit is not an abstract something that can be bought or sold. It is the outgrowth of the school activities. Engaging in certain enterprises as a school, and striving for a definite goal, breeds a good spirit. The special object may be Harvest Ingathering campaign or a Thanksgiving for the poor. Local conditions will suggest many opportunities for such campaign work. Wherever it is possible, a school paper will be a

great molder of sentiment among both parents and students. Have a school band or orchestra which may furnish music at Parent-Teacher meetings or other school programs. As far as possible, motivate school work; for instance, very good essays may be selected for the school paper. Above all things, be thorough and undertake only those things that you are reasonably sure of carrying to success. Make all classwork definite, or in other words, make students feel the need of study.

The schoolroom environment has much to do with character building. No one feels like doing his best in an untidy room. Disorderly surroundings cause disorderly thinking and acting. Make the room as cheerful as possible. Have something different in the way of poster or blackboard drawing or calendar every month. Do as much as possible to break the monotony of the schoolroom work. Try to have some little surprise frequently. It may be just a different way of conducting the recitation, but it acts as a stimulus and promotes a good spirit. Whatever may come up during the day, strive to send the children home happy.

Nothing will spoil school spirit more quickly than insubordination on the part of some student. There are times when it is better to separate a student from the school, rather than spoil the harmony of school life. One insubordinate student may undo much that the teacher and other students are trying to build up. This is especially true if the grumbler happens to be a leader. Strive to make grumbling unpopular.

One very important and vital element of school spirit in our schools is the spiritual atmosphere. The teacher's greatest privilege is to lead the students to Christ. Many students look back with sacred memories to the Week of Prayer and the weekly prayer bands. Some way it draws both student and teacher closer to each other as they meet and pray together over their problems. When they learn that God is counting on them to help finish His work, many will respond and make that work their goal.

If a teacher sees that the desired spirit is not pervading the school, he should look carefully into the situation and learn the reason. Then put in operation plans to change things. If school is not a pleasure for both students and teacher, something is wrong. Sometimes it is hard to locate the difficulty. When it is just a general spirit of indifference, it may easily be changed. A special prayer band may help in some cases. I have known great changes to come as a result of the petitions of a few faithful students who knew how to pray. Let us strive in all our plans and work, to send them from us with a determination to make life worth while, and to give that life in willing service to others.

Our Church Schools

BLANCHE DAVIES

NEARLY fifty per cent of the child's waking hours are spent within the precincts of the schoolroom. This being true, how can parents, who have the God-given privilege of training their children aright, be indifferent to the influences brought to bear upon them for so large a part of the day?

In the beginning, God's plan of education centered in the family; but in this, as in much else, we have wandered away from the divine plan, and the parents themselves need instruction and discipline.

"Through unfaithfulness in the home, and idolatrous influences without, many of the Hebrew youth received an education differing widely from that which God had planned for them. They learned the ways of the heathen. To meet this growing evil, God provided other agencies as an aid to parents in the work of education."—*"Education,"* pp. 45, 46.

While these words were written with special reference to the children of Israel, they seem to apply with special force to us as a people.

To meet the situation at that time, the schools of the prophets were established, "where the instructors were not only versed in divine truth, but had themselves enjoyed communion with God."

To take the place of those schools we have our church schools, where such a class of teachers are ready not only to instruct the children in the common branches, but in the more important subject—the Bible. The teacher has the welfare of each child at heart and takes a personal interest in the salvation of his soul. As in the schools of the prophets, so in these schools they are taught the duty of prayer and how to pray, also how to understand and obey the teachings of God.

In order that the utmost may be accomplished in these schools, the cooperation of every parent is needed. If more parents would only realize the true worth of the church schools, we should find them to be one of the most effective means of saving our children, for in no small degree they lay the foundation of the future greatness and goodness of the child. Lessons learned in childhood are remembered throughout life, and will often help the child to resolve to prove himself true.

She Didn't Have to Kill Time

MARTHA E. WARNER

It was the discontented look on your face, little woman, that first attracted my attention. You looked so out of sorts with life, that I said to myself, as I moved along to where I could get a better view of your face, "Is she sick, or in trouble, or just plain cross?"

You were looking at a coat marked \$275, which was displayed in the show window of a large department store.

What was the matter, little woman? Did you think you needed that coat? The coat you were wearing looked very nice to me, and honestly, now, weren't you satisfied with it until you saw the one in the window?

As you turned away, I followed you, little woman,—yes, I did,—hoping that something would happen to make you smile. You see, I had an idea that your face would be worth looking at, if you should smile. And I was rewarded for

my trouble, for as you were getting change from your purse for the *matinée*, a friend greeted you, and you *did* smile.

O little woman! if that had been my first glimpse of you, I should have thought you just radiated happiness. But when I heard you say you were "trying to kill time," I felt sorry for you, sorry that you did not have something worth while to do.

Let me tell you of another little woman who found time heavy on her hands.

She was tired of play, and she was tired of doing nothing. She wanted to work, to do real work, work that would count. And so one day while the visiting nurse was telling her of two war orphan babies who were desperately in need of a home, she saw her opportunity to help straighten out a tiny corner of the chaos the war has made, and she told the nurse to bring the babies to her.

They had been in their new home two days when I saw them,—little Janet, two weeks old, just a tiny rosebud; and little Edward, fourteen months old. But when you looked at Edward, you would not be reminded of a rose. He was the most repulsive-looking child I ever saw, and cross—but that does not half express it.

A month later I called to see the babies again. Little Janet was asleep, but oh, so dear. "Made to love," I remarked, as I turned to find Edward.

He was playing in the dining-room with some blocks, but he was a transformed Edward. It seemed incredible that that wholesome baby with his happy smile was the cross, repulsive child I had seen four weeks before, and in astonishment I asked the woman, "What on earth have you done to him?"

"Oh," she replied, as she took the little fellow into her arms and gave him a hug, "I gave him plenty to eat, and loved him up a bit." She "gave him plenty to eat, and loved him up a bit"! Ah, that was work worth while, and work, little woman, that would chase discontented looks forever from *your* face. I wish you could be persuaded to try it.

The Story Circle



A Maid of Midian

ONCE there was a little girl named Zipporah. Maybe you think that is a funny name for a little girl, but it sounded beautiful to her father and her mother and her brother and her six sisters; for Zipporah means "little bird."

Now Zipporah lived near Mt. Horeb, in the land of Midian. Her father Jethro was a chief and a priest of the Midianites. They had many sheep; for there was a great deal of grass in the valley and around the mountain of Horeb, and nearly all the people there were shepherds.

Zipporah loved the little lambs when they came in the spring, and she loved to take care of them and play with them. But that was while she was a very little girl; and like all little girls, she grew up, year after year, to be bigger and bigger and bigger. And when she had grown to be a real big girl, her father said, "Zipporah, you must help me keep the sheep, you and your six sisters; for you have only one brother, and he is little."

So Zipporah and her six sisters took care of the sheep. In the morning they led them out to the fields to eat grass, and toward evening they led them to the well in the valley, and drew the water, and poured it into the troughs for them to drink; and then they led them back home and shut them into the folds, to keep them safe from the wolves and the bears.

One day when Zipporah had grown to be a tall and beautiful maiden, she and her sisters took the sheep out to the pasture, and let them feed all the day. Then toward evening they took them down to the well to water them.

There was a young man sitting by the well who looked like an Egyptian. He was a handsome young man, with his

curly black hair and his deep brown eyes and his noble face, though he was dusty from his journey, and looked tired and almost discouraged. Zipporah and her sisters stole more than one glance at him, but he didn't seem to notice.

So Zipporah and her sisters drew the water from the well, and poured it into the troughs for their sheep to drink. But just then there came up some bad men, who were shepherds too, and they had their flocks of sheep with them. They drove Jethro's sheep away, and led their own flocks to the troughs to drink the water that Zipporah and her sisters had drawn. And they started to drive the girls away too.

Then the young man who looked like an Egyptian sprang up and went for those shepherd men. "What!" he cried, "would you steal the water that these girls have drawn for their flocks? and would you drive them away too? I will show you what you will do!" And he drove the shepherds away from the well, and then he came and helped Zipporah and her sisters water their flocks.

So then Zipporah and her sisters led their flocks home, but they were too bashful to ask the young man to go with them, or even to ask his name. When they reached home, their father Jethro said to them, "You are early tonight. How did that come?"

"Why," they said, "there was an Egyptian at the well, and he helped us against the shepherds, and helped us water our flocks. So we got home early."

"And where is he?" asked their father. "Why did you leave the man at the well? Go and call him at once, that he may have supper with us."

So Zipporah went back to the well, and there was the young man still sitting; for none of the men had asked him

to go home with them. And Zipporah said, "Won't you please come home with me? for my father invites you to eat supper with us."

Then the young man gladly went with her. And when he came to Jethro, he told him that his name was Moses. He said he was not really an Egyptian, but an Israelite. The Israelites were chil-

dren of Abraham, and the Midianites were too. And Jethro welcomed him, and made him stay all night, and the next day, and the next day.

Then Moses and Zipporah loved each other very much, and so they were married. And Moses decided to stay with Jethro right along, and help take care of his sheep. s.

A Wildwood Parade

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER

WITH a whistle Jamie flung his hoe to his shoulder, and started out along the grassy, winding road that led to the back field. The hoe was not always necessary, but he generally took it. There was a big piece in potatoes out there, long rows that ran from the road away down to the meadow, where the sleepy, lazy meadow brook glittered and glistened all day beneath the summer sun. Jamie liked the stillness and the brook, and the green, growing things; besides, six of those very back rows of potatoes, the ones next the woods, were his — his to do with as he liked!

He had helped plant them, and he had spent many an hour wandering among them, tossing out, at every few steps, a saucy weed or a cumbersome stone. At the upper end of the rows, next to the road, his fancy had run riot. Here were a few heads of cabbage, some lettuce, a hill or two of cucumbers, some nasturtiums, and some poppies. To Jamie this was a hopeful spot, and he called it his farm.

The nasturtiums he had planted were in bloom now; and there were still a few straggling poppy blows, but among them were many green cups holding themselves stiffly and steadily erect. Jamie picked one carefully and looked at the perfectly fluted cover, the scalloped edge, the little give-away windows underneath. He tipped it over his hand, and out fell a hundred little brown seeds. How wonderful that such a thing could grow! It seemed to Jamie somebody

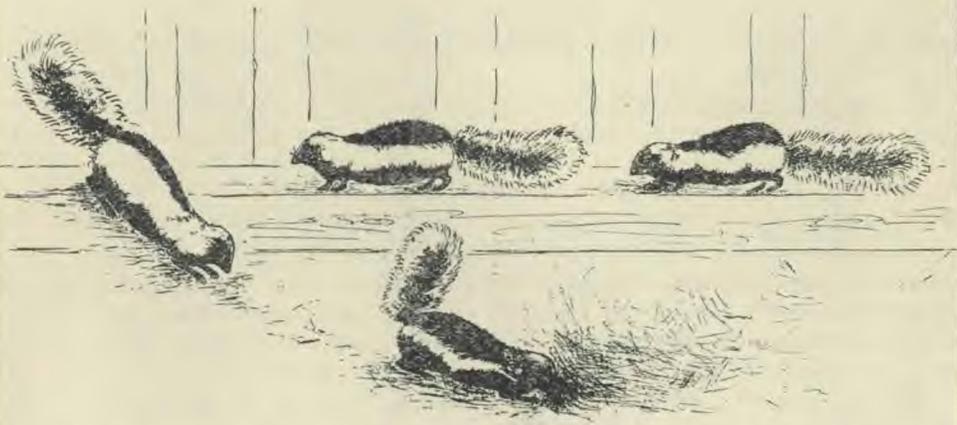
must have built it. And then his eyes opened wide. Why, yes, Somebody did build it! — and he looked up into the blue sky.

Last year Jamie had planted popcorn in this very same place; but when the nights of autumn came and the moon shone brightly, thieving raccoons had come from the near-by forest, broken down the stalks, and chewed and spoiled many a juicy ear. It discouraged Jamie about farming; but that was part of it, the older ones had told him.

Nature pulsed and throbbed in a thousand different ways out here, away from human habitation. Frequently as the boy walked up and down among the growing vines, he looked up to see a woodchuck, straight and alert as a sentinel, watching him narrowly from some neighboring knoll; and always there was a squirrel dashing along the fence rails, or climbing, spirally, some tree trunk, to perch at last among the leafy branches, and nibble a cherished titbit it had produced from a crowded cheek and held in its forepaws.

But the songs of the wood birds! Jamie loved them best of all, carrying so sweet and clear across the open in the stillness of the long afternoons, when little else was to be heard but the hum of insects, or the momentary flutter of a leaf as some playful breeze seized it. Sometimes a new note would surprise him, and he would listen intently to catch it again, or perhaps start off eagerly to get, if possible, a fleeting view of the odd-tongued songster.

NIGHT PROWLERS



Violet Ione Webber

But today Jamie walked among his vines for some time, undiverted by odd sights or sounds. The small black and yellow striped beetles on his cucumbers slipped out of sight under the leaves as his shadow fell across them. The worms

on the nasturtiums ate away, little heeding, themselves the delicate color of the leaves upon which they fed. Jamie wondered if that was true of all the world, that things were like what they ate. It seemed natural that they should be.

He thought, too, of how some of these olive-colored worms, ere the snow fell and the winds of winter blew across the fields, would weave pretty cocoons for themselves, and snuggle into them, and go to sleep to stay until the warm sun of spring came again, and the big blowflies began to buzz, and the bees to hum past. Then they would awake, and creep from their tiny, oval beds. They would not be unsightly worms then, but dainty, cream-colored moths, flitting from flower to flower in search of the nectar they liked best.

"Why! How like — the — the resurrection!" The thought was so big and so clear it almost staggered Jamie. He gazed a moment at the horizon with its undulating hills, and then at the dark soil at his feet, and presently, turning, walked away toward the potato vines. This boy's mother had taught him a great many things.

Something he did not like was on the potato vines, dirty red bugs of many sizes, and they clung with pertinacity.

"I suppose daddy will be spraying these potatoes again," thought Jamie, but just from sheer spite he shook the bugs from hill after hill, and crushed them with his boot.

He was thus employed when a sound from the direction of the roadway, a faint thud, like the turning of a stone, caused him to raise his head. Some small creature was stirring the grass of the road, which had grown tall and rank since the spring planting, and as Jamie gazed wonderingly, an utterly odd and unprepossessing nose poked itself into view. Soon a tiny animal emerged from between the grasses, and slid down into the narrow track that had been worn smooth by passing cart wheels.

The animal gazed around with unaccustomed eyes, sensing its new situation; and then — another followed! — another — and then another! Jamie stared, open-mouthed. He could hardly believe he saw right, that he was not in some dreamland. He wanted to scream from sheer joy, he wanted to move, but

he did not dare. Like the scarecrow in the near-by cornfield, he just stood there.

The smooth track made by the cart wheels in the soft turf made convenient footing for the huddling, animated group. Gradually they straightened out in a row, and began to move along in it, one behind another. Jamie observed them closely, their poky and nose-y aspect; their soft, dark, and withal pretty fur; their flaring, plume-like tails. He hastened to count them, and his astonishment grew! And then, some distance in the background, he caught sight of another!

It walked, or Jamie imagined it did, with a little less alacrity than the others; and yet it was evidently determined not to be left out of this jubilant, though doubtless stolen, daytime parade. In the same wheel track it doggedly followed on, its objective the long line of waving tails ahead.

Jamie squirmed. His eyes took fire, and on noiseless feet he began to glide toward the lone kitten. Stealthily he advanced. It did not appear to notice, yet its unpractised instincts must have partially warned it, for it turned, at length, quite awkwardly, though not at all nervously, to slink into the deep grass. Before it had done so, however, Jamie sprang and seized it, dropped it quickly into his cloth hat, and gathered the edges together in his strong, brown fist. Then he looked to see what had become of the others.

Perhaps some vague apprehension of danger had come to them, too, for they were leaving the wheel track. He saw the last two or three changing their course, but the wriggling grass heads revealed their line of march to him. A stone wall was close by the roadside, separating the field from the woodland, and as Jamie watched, he saw them slipping one by one into a hole in it. When all was quiet, he walked to the wall, and peeped and peered into it from both sides, sometimes with the shadow of a smile on his face, sometimes with an intent look. There was no sound, and no

indication of the throbbing nest of life within. Jamie was a bit disconcerted. They were hidden too well.

Back in the roadway, he raised higher the heavy hat he had kept in his hand, to inspect it critically, and then he started homeward.

When he had left the farm buildings he had been whistling; now, as he approached them again, he was plainly in a merrier mood. Seeing no one as he came nearer, he called out gayly, "Heigho, heigho! hee, hee, hee!" There was a jubilant note in his call.

Getting no response, he repeated it. "Heigho, heigho! haw, haw, haw!" Was it laughter this time? He looked in at the barn door he was passing, but no one was there.

"Well, anyhow, ma is pretty likely to be around," he reflected. He went toward the kitchen door, and his mother, who had heard his call, came out to meet him.

Knowing Jamie well, and guessing by his appearance that something interesting had happened, she smiled as he neared her. His laughing eyes challenged her, but he did not speak, so she said, with both question and banter in her voice, "Now, Jamie, what this time?"

"I'm going to empty him," he announced triumphantly, raising his burden high in air.

"Oh, no — no — don't!" she rejoined quickly, observing that the burden bobbed. "He will go somewhere — under the floor, or somewhere — and bother. We don't want him any place. What is it?" in a coaxing tone.

"He is one of the things that grow out on my farm. Some little beastie kitten — wildcat, or something."

She had started toward the stable, and Jamie followed.

"Put him in here," she said, indicating an empty barrel. Roomier quarters could be allotted after due inspection.

Jamie proceeded to do as directed, while she, wise from previous experiences, stood guard with an ample cover.

A furtive look or two into the barrel's depths revealed the nature of the "beastie."

"Jamie, Jamie — how in the world did you get hold of that hateful — dirty —" She paused, with trepidation. Her mind went back to certain disordered chicken coops and night escapades.

Jamie, with delight, was taking quizzical, pleased glances at his pet. He turned from his admiration with a beaming face. "My! but he's fine! You — you ought to have seen the others — thirteen of them! — honest, ma, honest and true — thirteen! — out on a real parade! —" the boy caught his breath, "and they all walked along in a row, a great long row, with their tails waving over their backs, as if they did it to look pretty. Honest, ma, it was just like the Fourth of July. Some had white stripes along their backs, and they ran up their tails, too; and some of them were spotted. The spotted ones were prettiest. I wish this one had spots. They were dandy, ma, I tell you, they really were. I'm going back and get another one."

Jamie's mother's eyes opened wide at the boy, but she was almost as breathless as he was at this showing of enemies. Thirteen skunks in a row! Out on parade! What a strange sight! It seemed almost as if it had been planned purposely to entertain her small son. Nature is so wonderful, and so full of mysteries!

"What are you going to do with him?" she asked.

"Oh, I'll keep him to play with."

"He may be a queer playmate. They are said to be harmless, though, until they are four or five months old, and they are affectionate and easily tamed. They will curl up and go to sleep in a little round bunch, just like a kitten."

She stood watching the boy, whose head was over the barrel.

"When I was a little girl," she said, "we had to go nearly a mile to school, and most of the way through a wood. The sun shone in and made pretty shad-

ows on the road. The schoolhouse was built of logs, and we enjoyed the novelty of going to school in it, for all the other schoolhouses in town were frame houses, though some of them had replaced log houses. Maine has grown a whole lot since then. Our schoolhouse was in a clearing with bushes all about it, and we always could imagine there were Indians back among the trees.

"One morning as my two younger sisters and I were entering the last strip of woods before reaching the schoolhouse, we saw beside the road some little animals, seven or eight of them, nosing about here and there among the dead leaves and underbrush, as if searching for food. They did not mind us, nor try to get out of sight, and we watched them for some time. We thought they were very curious and cunning, and were not satisfied until we had picked up one or two of them. At night when we told our folks about it, we learned with great wonder that they were baby skunks."

Jamie had been listening closely; now he looked up with a delighted laugh. "Well," said he, suddenly kicking one foot high at a buckle of the harness that hung from the wall, and setting it swinging, "there are lots of them growing on my farm. I'm going to get another!"

And away he rushed on the wings of the wind, leaving no chance for expostulations.

It's Up to You

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win and think you can't,
It's almost a cinch that you won't.
If you think you will lose, you've lost,
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you are outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise.
You've to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

— *Walter D. Wintle.*

Aunt Harriet's Nephews

THERE was scarlet fever in the town where Clifford and Olney lived, and all the schools were closed. So, as the two boys had not been exposed to the fever, they were sent to Uncle Percy's home in another city, to go to school with their cousins.

John and Wilbur looked upon this as great good fortune, and they were in high spirits when they went to the station to meet their cousins.

Aunt Harriet, on the other hand, did not feel overjoyed at the prospect of having two more boys in the house. She wanted to please her brother, and she needed the money which he had offered to pay for his sons' board; but she did not quite see how she was going to do all the extra work they would make. John and Wilbur were not much help about the house, for they were careless, forgetful boys, and seldom remembered tasks if there was any sport on hand. But they had promised to help, and so Clifford and Olney were coming.

Aunt Harriet had not seen her nephews since they had put on trousers, and they were such bright, manly little fellows that she loved them at once, and was glad she had said "Yes" to her brother's proposal.

After tea they went upstairs with John and Wilbur, but when the dishes were ready for wiping, Clifford appeared at the kitchen door.

"Auntie," he said, "if you'll tell me where I can wash my hands, I will help you with those."

"O no; dear! I can do them," his aunt objected.

"But I'd like to! I almost always wipe mother's dishes."

So Aunt Harriet and Clifford had a cozy little visit over the glass and silver and china.

Then next morning, after the four boys were off for school, Aunt Harriet went upstairs to make the beds. In the doorway of her nephews' room she stopped in amazement. The room was in perfect order, bed made, water pitcher

filled, and not an article of clothing lying about. In the next room, the one that belonged to John and Wilbur, she found plenty to do. "I didn't know before that there was so much difference in boys' ways," she said to herself. "I wish mine would take lessons of Olney and Clifford."

The mother's wish actually came true, for one morning she went upstairs to find nothing to do in her boys' room. The bed wasn't made very well. It was humpy and wrinkly, and the spread was askew, but it showed the spirit of helpfulness, and it lightened the mother's heart all that day.

"I guess if Olney and Clifford can make their bed, we can," said John.

"And we're going to sweep our room, too," declared Wilbur. "Clifford says they always do at home. And won't it help you, mother, if we do?"

"Of course it will," she assured them; "and it is good for you to know how to do all these things."

"That's what mother says," said Olney.

"I should never have thought that any of you were old enough to do them, though," confessed the mother.

"Well, we are," asserted Wilbur, "and we're going to do lots more things to help—oh, you'll see! I guess you'll be glad that Olney and Clifford came to show us how, won't you?"

"Indeed, I am," laughed their mother; but she couldn't help thinking to herself how she had dreaded their coming, never dreaming of the beautiful example they were going to set her own boys.—*Selected.*

"THE CROWN of all crowns has been one of thorns."

WHAT we wish to do for our fellow creatures we must do first for ourselves. We can give them nothing, save what God has already given us. We must become good before we can make them good, and wise before we can make them wise.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Are You Helping Your Child?

YOUR child's usefulness, happiness, and success in life are dependent largely upon the care you give it, the watchfulness you keep over it, and the intelligence with which you guide it.

You are responsible to a great degree for the actions of its future, be they for good or bad. A child forms its habits from what it sees, and the habits become a permanent part of its whole life.

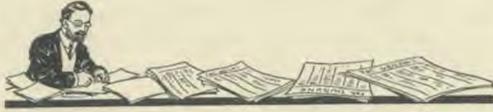
If a child sees clearly, he or she will be apt to think clearly. The eye is the mirror of the brain, and if each image that the eye reflects on the brain is in proper perspective, the impression made and concepts received will be correct. But if the vision is defective, the impressions made and concepts received will be defective, and thoughts and opinions expressed will be distorted.

This is not only true of a child; it is true also of older people. The World War proved that about twenty-nine per cent of the young manhood of the nation between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one years were suffering from defective vision.

The only way to correct this alarming condition is to adopt corrective treatment early in life. It is the mission of the Eye Sight Conservation Council of America, with headquarters in New York City, to acquaint the public with the great need for better vision.

The clarion call for eyesight conservation must ring through the length and breadth of our land. The responsibility must be placed and the evil corrected. Educators who are molding the lives of our nation's manhood and womanhood are doing their utmost to make the future generations a better people, physically, but they must have the co-operation of parents.

Father! Mother! are you doing what you can? Are you helping your child? Are you watching over it and guiding it intelligently?—*From the Eye Sight Conservation Council of America, Times Building, New York City.*



EDITORIAL

Till Eight or Ten

OUR schools are not wholly satisfactory, and not a few parents have a great deal of complaint to make of them. Justifiably? Well, truthfully, no doubt. They overload with studies, they do not sufficiently mingle physical with mental exercise, much of their education is artificial and unsuitable. But to be justified in their criticisms, parents must have done their own duty in the education of their children and in influencing the character of the school. And parents generally have not done this.

The Lord has told us that the child should not be sent into the confinement of the schoolroom until he is eight or ten years of age; that until that time his parents should be his chief teachers. Have parents obeyed? It is not, of course, meeting the spirit of this instruction merely to keep the children out of school without giving them instruction; nor will the laws in many States permit us to do so.

It is incumbent, therefore, upon parents to learn how to be teachers of their children at the earliest age, and to know how to give the instruction suitable to the advancing years of the child, until he is old enough to go to school. Seventh-day Adventist parents must come to be the teachers of their children until the children are eight or ten years of age. That means the training of parents. The Home Commission offers you help. Are you willing to co-operate?
s.

Parasites

IN our conception of education we are too artificial. We are slaves of the book. Books have a great part to play

in education, because they contain the concentrated knowledge and wisdom of many minds. But that knowledge can be made available to the student's mind only through that student's experience of life. Ability to repeat, parrot-like, laws and formulas and narratives, is no evidence of education. To know science, and especially to know the spiritual meanings of science, we must deal at first hand with the works of God. To know history, and especially the deep lessons of history, we must deal at first hand with men.

Those persons who are not rooted in the soil of experience, but who live upon the sayings of others, are mere parasites, like the mistletoe that saps the life of the oak, or the yellow dodder that tangles its way over its victim plants and makes a hideous blotch upon the landscape. Says David Grayson of such persons: "They do not see, they only glance; they do not hear, they only overhear; they do not smell the odors of earth, but only the odor of odors; they eat prepared foods and think prepared thoughts. A poor, sad, second-rate existence."

Especially in the early years of the child the environment must be such as to bring him into close and constant and sympathetic contact with the words of God and to give him the best possible association with men. It is a chief symptom of the indifference of parents that they will, for the sake of their own supposed advantages and perverted pleasure, take their children into the evil influences of the city, instead of into the country.

Let not such parents think that they will preserve their children in the truth. The truth is more than a set of doctrines; it is the atmosphere of God.
s.

ETCHINGS



And Now Teachers

WE teachers have great reforms to make in our elementary school work. Our educational system represents much of truth: it maintains the authority of the Bible and rejects false science; it teaches temperance and physical righteousness; and it holds the theory at least of industrial education.

But on the other hand, it is too crowded, and we have year by year been crowding it more. There are subjects which we can entirely omit from the curriculum, and there are volumes of matter which we can expunge from legitimate subjects.

We can come into the simplicity of Christian education by following God's directions and making the bases of our elementary as of our advanced education to be these: Bible, physiology, and agriculture. The garden and the field and the woods are an integral part of the school founded upon the Christian basis, and they are to be the laboratory and the schoolroom for a great part of our education.

In methods we have great need of reform. Textbooks are necessary, but they are not to be the sum and substance of our education. Science is to be taught chiefly through observation, experimentation, and creative effort. Physiology in a book alone is unutterably dull; in actual life it is inspiring and invigorating. We have much to learn about the teaching of Bible and the connecting of it with related studies.

If we may receive the support and cooperation of parents, we can make the most wonderful schools in the world, schools of life and not of deadening routine. Let us, in methods and matter and not in mere profession, have Christian education. s.

Little Gid-ap

YOU could see him any day, a little four-year-old hobbyhorseman, prancing along on his straddled stick, with a cotton-string bridle and a diligent whip. Going on an errand or engrossed in play, it was always the same: he must have his horse, and then he was ready. Some sharp, horsey smackings of his lips, a flourish of his whip, and—"Gid-ap, Beauty!"—he was off. I never heard him complain, I never saw him weary. "Gid-ap! Gid-ap!" was his constant slogan and inspiration, and so tirelessly did he use it that he came to be known among us as "Little Gid-ap."

Sometimes I wish that I could make all parents "Little Gid-aps." It's so natural to settle down in the easy-chair of intellectual laziness and say, "O yes, that's all so, I guess, but let the teacher do it." And, "I'd like to train my Johnny and my Susie to be real good, but it's too much trouble." And, "Well, I will study the question sometime, but just now I can't seem to find the time." Now, fathers and mothers, I have a fine model of hobbyhorse, and I should like for every one of you to own one, and whenever an opportunity comes, get astride, say "Gid-ap," and be off. You may cheerfully take all the opprobrium that usually attaches to hobby riding, if you will just go.

It's Christian education in the home. Mrs. E. G. White, in "Education," p. 276, says: "Never will education accomplish all that it might and should accomplish, until the importance of the parents' work is fully recognized, and they receive a training for its sacred responsibilities." s.

"It is better to do well than say well."

The Discipline of the Primary Child

WINNIFRED JAMES

THE teacher is the inspiration of the primary children. Then how can we always inspire these little ones during the first years of their lives to want to do the things they should, and thus form habits which will make them the men and women of worth?

The great basis of discipline is constant companionship between children and parents or teachers. The child should never be left alone to occupy his time to his own fancy.

First we shall take the play hour, for "play is the first period of apprenticeship in the life of the child. It reacts upon him and helps to make him what he is." His play hour, as well as the other hours, should be planned, and should be directed by the mother, teacher, or some older brother or sister. Watch a boy or girl play, and you will know how he works. If some older one has played with the child, he will have learned the art of playing.

Games show the real child, and bring parent or teacher and children closer together. They cast out monotony, arouse interest, and help discipline. They also show the initiative, inventive, expressive, and social interests of the child.

If you are companionable with the child and enjoy his tiny pleasures with him, then he is quite ready to work with you and enjoy his work while you are around. Let him think that you are enjoying the game, and that you need the play. Then when he works, he should work with you, and if he feels that he is a necessity instead of a nuisance, he will work ten times as hard, because you need him. Children, as well as grown people, find their greatest joy in knowing that they are needed. The child's work should be made as attractive as possible. Appreciate his efforts, when he has done his best. Praise him, and he will try harder than ever to do his best.

Leave out the "must's" and "don'ts" and use the "do's." It is a great deal better to ask him to do than to tell him he mustn't. If he is doing things you do not want him to do, try to interest him in the thing you do want done.

Often you can change his interest by means of stories of self-control, — and that is the aim of all good discipline, — stories of faithfulness to duty, such as "Little Hans and the Dike," and of the boy who would not leave his sheep, even to show the prince his way through the woods, and how he was rewarded. The little boys and girls love these stories, and they form ideals in their minds that will help in character building.

But of course we are bound to meet obstacles in our disciplining. Sometimes the parent or teacher is to blame, and sometimes the child. Lack of tact, lack of organized work, and failure to understand the case in hand, are some common obstacles. I have found that I meet the most difficulties when I am tired or nervous myself. That brings out a thought from "Education," that "the health should be as sacredly guarded as the character." We should get plenty of rest, so we will be "kept fit" all the time.

Often the obstacle to discipline may be in the child's temperament. The child has a little will all its own, and we are dealing with another human being. But we should remember, as Mrs. White has said, "The will should be guided, and not broken."

Corporal punishment should be used, but as a last resort, and after all other means have been tried to have the child do as he should. But sometimes we teachers find that corporal punishment has been used in the home as first, second, and only mode of punishment, and is the only language some children understand.

(Concluded on page 386)

Making Friends with the Birds

S. LOUISE PATTESON

Lecturer, and Author of "How to Have Bird Neighbors"

ONE day last spring, a little girl asked me if it were true that robins liked to eat other things than worms. I replied that robins would eat fruit when they were thirsty if they could find no water.

"Oh, just when they're thirsty!" she exclaimed in a tone of surprise. "Then I would better give them a basin of water, because father gets terribly provoked at the robins when he sees them in our cherry tree or in the strawberry patch."

I told her that in the strawberry patch robins were much more likely to hunt the grubs and cutworms that injure the roots of the vines than to eat the strawberries, but that they did like cherries. I asked her if she would like to make friends with the birds, and make a place in her garden where they could drink when they were thirsty, or bathe and splash about in warm weather. She was delighted with the idea of making something useful, and wanted to know how to build a bird bath. I gladly promised to help her make one, and accordingly I went to her home one morning soon after our conversation. Together we gathered several basketfuls of small stones from a vacant lot near her home.

Then we selected a spot in an open space in her garden where we set up a pyramid about three feet high. After we had finished it, we filled a big flowerpot saucer with water and placed it on the top of the pyramid.

When the warm weather came, the birds used this bath so much that the water had to be changed several times a day! But the pleasure of watching the different birds that came to the garden to quench their thirst and splash about in the cool water, more than compensated for the slight trouble of filling the bath. The other members of the child's family became as much interested in their feathery friends as the little mason who had built the bath, and the practical father

observed with satisfaction that his fruit trees were less attractive to the birds.

Some of the other children in the neighborhood became anxious to befriend the birds, and one of the best results of their new interest was that the small boys were less tempted to rob nests for the sake of collecting eggs, which were perfectly useless to them, and they became more interested to care for the mother birds in the nesting season and to protect their young, for all the children had become anxious to have as many bird neighbors as possible frequent their gardens.

One of the small boys was an only child whose hobby had been the collecting of minerals and quartz. He decided to make a practical use of his most treasured possession, four hexagonal blocks which had been brought to him from the Giant's Causeway. With his father's help he piled these heavy blocks of basalt one on top of another, and made a perfect column about two and a half feet high. On top of it he kept a large brown flowerpot saucer filled with water; thus the use of what had been a souvenir of questionable worth, helped to make a refreshing bath for the birds, and added a real ornament to his mother's garden. And what is more important, his parents were pleased to observe that the child's old desire to collect and possess mineral specimens was becoming secondary to an active, sympathetic interest in the beautiful little living creatures that enjoyed coming to the garden; and deeper love and greater consideration for all dependent creatures became evident. Thus the tender, cherishing instinct was developed in several children through a little girl's interest in the fare of robins!

Parents will find the following books helpful: "First Book of Birds," "Second Book of Birds," by Olive Thorne Miller, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.; "Bird Life," by Chapman, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; "Land Birds East of the Rockies," by C. Reed, published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.—*National Kindergarten Association.*

Junior Missionary Volunteer Work in Our Church Schools

[The following was not written for publication, but was caught from the field. The suggestions were made by the Indiana superintendent, Miss Shepard, to her teachers.]

Aims of Christian Teacher.—"All the boys and girls of the Sabbath school in the church school." "Myself and school for Christ."

First Step.—Junior Missionary Volunteer work begins several days before school opens, when the teacher goes to the locality, visits homes, rallies prospective students, appoints "Gathering Bands," etc.

Second Step.—Monday: (a) Morning exercises—always spiritual; (b) Aim of school—"All the boys and girls of the Sabbath school in the church school;" (c) Results—depend upon teamwork by teacher and pupils.

- (1) Our school, the best school.
- (2) Always a good word for our school.
- (3) Perfect lessons every day.
- (4) Keep good order.
- (5) My part in general exercises.
- (6) Push all missionary endeavors.
- (7) Work and pray for our aim.

Third Step.—Tuesday: (a) Appoint and hold prayer bands; (b) Special subject of prayer—Aim of school.

Fourth Step.—Wednesday: Organization of society: (a) Object and plans of society; (b) Election of officers; (c) Appointment of committees; (d) Special prayer to seal work done.

Fifth Step.—Thursday: (a) Sacrifices and work of our pioneers in the message ("Early Writings" and "The Great Second Advent Movement"); (b) Testimonies showing work of children in the last days.

Sixth Step.—Friday: Consecration and testimony meeting.

SOME WORKING HINTS

1. *Christian Help Work.*—(a) At home; (b) at school; (c) in neighborhood.

2. *Literature Work.*—(a) Present Truth Series; (b) Reading racks; (c) Giving away papers and tracts.

3. *Offerings.*—(a) Harvest Ingathering; (b) Special mission field; (c) Library fund.

Plant Life Holds Human Lessons Burbank Sees a Guide in Nature

LUTHER BURBANK, plant wizard, who recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday, in an address at that time at a mass meeting in his honor, advocated the use of the lessons of plant life in the rearing of children.

"I am convinced," said the creator of thousands of new plants and trees, "that the same treatment and care necessary to the highest development of plant life is also essential to the highest development of human life.

"All animal life is sensitive to environment, but of all living things the child is the most sensitive. Surroundings act upon us as the outside world acts upon the plate of a camera.

"No boy or girl should be permitted to see the inside of a schoolhouse until he or she is at least ten years of age. I am speaking now of the boy or girl who has the privilege of being reared in the only place that is truly fit to bring up a boy or plant—the country, the small town, the nearer to nature the better.

"Not only would I have a child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with nature, a bare-foot boy, with all that implies for physical stamina, but I would have him reared in love. In the successful cultivation of plants there must be absolute honesty. You cannot deceive nature or thwart her without the consequences' falling back on your own head. Be honest with the child.

"The wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping over the country is chiefly due to the lack of proper training—breeding, if you please—in the formative years of life."—*Oregon Journal.*

FATHER AND SON

"I'm a Truth Boy"

LAMONT THOMPSON

He had returned from an errand to the store after what seemed to his mother and myself — I'm his dad — too long a time for so short a journey.

"Why were you gone so long, sonny?" queried mother.

"I didn't play or anything, mother. I came straight home just like I said I would." The straight look from his blue eyes held his mother. Then he glanced at me and back to mother again. We said nothing, but little boys have an intuitive way of reading the minds of grown-ups. Besides, our silence wasn't wholesome.

He stood and looked. Presently a big tear stood in each eye.

"Mother, I don't think it's nice to do that way — to act like I'm naughty. I'm telling the truth, I am. Mamma, I'm an honest boy, I am. I'm a *truth* boy."

He continued his protest. "Because I'm a little boy, big folks just come in the store and make me wait and wait and wait, and I get tired just a standin' there and standin' there."

We knew that he had spoken wisely. The rebuke from the lad whose sensitive nature resented suspicion was kindly given, and it was merited. We apologized.

He isn't an angel. In fact, we sometimes almost forget his virtues. We suspect each child and man we know just because all flesh is evil. So it was with him. But he told the truth when he said, "I'm a truth boy, I am."

Truthfulness is a sensitive plant. It withers in the soul of a child when subjected to the hot fires of suspicion and accusation. I never use to any child the ugly word "lie."

This boy of ours hasn't always told the truth, but he is fully as truthful as I was at his age, and I believe he excels



my boyhood on this point. It is a wonderful help to little boys to have fathers who remember the "naughty stories" of their own childhood.

So many things tend to make a boy tell things that are not true! Sudden and threatening accusation is thrust upon him, or he is challenged by a question that rings with the vindictiveness of judgment already passed. Punishment, and the fear of it, fill the whole field of his inexperienced mental vision. He follows that strongest of all instincts, self-preservation. He lies — because he fears. It is a mistake to make him fear. He has the right to tell his story and make his explanation to an unprejudiced and open-minded court. He must feel confidence in the power and reward of truth telling.

This lesson came home to me forcefully in an earlier experience with the boy. An automobile turned the corner where he had been busily engaged throwing stones — throwing at everything, and nothing, just as I used to do. As the automobile sped past him he turned and threw after it a stone that nearly hit the car. This was serious business! "How much of this," thought I, "has been going on?" I called him, and he came in high good humor with no thought of trouble. But my countenance must have had its own evil mark, for he stopped short in his laughing approach and with worried look asked, "What's the matter, daddy?"

"I saw you throw at that car, young man. How many times have you been told to be careful about such things?" was my greeting.

"Daddy, I didn't throw *at* the car. Really, truly, I didn't." He meant to say more, but why should I listen to further denial when I had "seen him with my own eyes"? "Seeing is believing." The time had come to "teach him a lesson," so I took him by the arm and we went to the basement, while he wept and tried incoherently to say something. I went out to cut a switch. He must know that he couldn't tell such

barefaced lies and prosper! I rarely punish him, but when I do it breaks his heart, and it is lasting. But this must not go unpunished. His lie had been too flagrant.

It took a little time to cut the switch, and as I trimmed it, something said to me, "Can't you see he is frightened? You have cut his defense short. You are fallible. Better hear him through."

"Not this time," I said. "I *saw* him. He has not told the truth either. He must learn this lesson."

In the basement, as the switch was about to fall, he suddenly mastered himself. Putting his hand on my arm, he said while he gripped me, "Daddy, won't you listen to me? I want you to listen to me. I think you ought to *hear* me." And then a burst of tears and sobs. Well, how could I switch him now?

That something was on the job again, "Better listen. Give him a chance. Justice isn't hurried. Listen!"

I took him on my knee. The switch fell to the floor. "Tell me all about it, sonny," I said. "I'll listen."

He rubbed his eyes with his fists, and it worked rings of briny mud; and I supplied a handkerchief to save his sleeve. "Daddy, I didn't throw *at* that car. I threw right by it just like I tried to do. I just thought it'd be fun to play like I was trying to hit it when I knew I wasn't. Why couldn't I do that?"

I sat and thought. It was a possible tale. Yes, such things have happened. Further, *I* had done such things. But how could I know? Was this just a smother lie?

His eyes were fixed on mine. He had only six years of experience and I had thirty odd. But he had made a defense that had stopped me. He waited.

"Sonny," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm not quite sure about this. You sound like you were telling the truth. But it does look queer. Suppose we just put this switch up here over this sill," — right here a sigh of relief showed

that the tension was off,—“and after a long time, if you always tell me the truth, I'll know that you were right. I will believe that you didn't throw at the car. How will that do?”

“All right,” he said, “and you'll find out that I'm telling you a true story, too, daddy.”

Weeks went by. He was sitting on my lap in the evening while I told him a story. He sat up quickly, and with a smile of joy at the thought, interrupted the story with, “Now, daddy, what do you say? Did I tell the truth, or didn't I, about that time when it looked like I threw at that automobile?”

“Laddie, you told the truth!” I said. “You have proved it to me by your truthfulness.”

So when he said, “Mamma, I'm a truth boy, I am,” the words took hold of my heart, and of his mother's, and we were thankful for the spirit of truth that is in him. We want him to have it and to be proud of it. Any fault he may have, and he has some, I assure you, is a much simpler problem, if only we can keep burning in him the spirit of truth telling. We want him to be a “truth boy.”

What Sort of a Father Are You?

WHAT sort of a father are you to your boy?
Do you know if your standing is good?
Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up
Your accounts with your boy as you should?

Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?
Are you all that a father should be?
Do you send him away when you're anxious to
read?
Or let him climb upon your knee?

Have you time to bestow on the boy when he
comes
With his questions — to tell him the truth?
Or do you neglect him and leave him alone
To work out the problems of youth?

Do you ever go walking with him, hand in hand?
Do you plan little outings for him?
Does he ever look forward to romping with you?
Or are you eternally grim?

Come, father, reflect! Does he know you today?
And do you know him as you should?

Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?

Take stock of yourself and consider the lad.
Your time and your thoughts are his due.
How would you answer your God should He ask
What sort of a father are you?

— *Selected.*

The Appeal of the Child

I AM the child. . . .
I demand a home filled with the atmosphere of
the highest,
So that the highest within me
Shall be wooed into noble expression.
I am the chief asset of the nation,
For I am the future nation in the making.
Can the acorn unfold into the giant oak
Without a home in the warm soil?
Can the lily unfold its fragrant beauty
Without a home in the earth for its roots?
To express the best that is in me, you must
surround me
With the influences that will call forth the
best.
If you expect the man to be good,
You must surround him with a good environ-
ment.

I have a complaint to make.
You think more of dividends than you do of me.
O foolish men!
To imagine that dollars are more valuable than
children.
Your world is bankrupt today
Because it thought more of profits
Than it did of me.
Wherein is a nation profited
If it piles up dollars and destroys its children?
I utter the complaint of millions of my kind
For the shameful treatment you accord us.

O deluded mortals! Don't you know
That if you place me in the scales
With the wealth of the world, I outweigh it?
Don't you know
That I am the darling of the universe?
The precious life stuff out of which
Your future nation is built?
For you determine the destiny of the nation —
My destiny — by the environment you place
around me.

O ye parents,
Statesmen, teachers, and preachers,
To you is committed the supreme task of fur-
nishing
The environment that destroys or builds.
It is up to you.
I am the child.

— *Monte Vista Weekly.*

YOUNG MOTHERS

Education of the Baby

(Concluded)

BELLE WOOD-COMSTOCK, M. D.

WHEN baby begins to creep and walk around, there is nothing he so delights in as pulling down the papers from the shelf in the library, pulling off the table scarf with the books on it, emptying dresser drawers, and many other like activities. Again he must learn to listen to, "No, no!" and keep his hands off certain forbidden articles. Of course, too great temptation should not be placed in his way. Care should be taken that many of these things are kept out of his reach. There should be plenty of interesting things within his reach that he can touch, but never should it be conceded that he cannot be taught to let things alone.



It is the certainty of punishment that insures early obedience. Threats are unnecessary and suggest the parent's weakness. Simply let the child learn from experience the results of disobedience. Punishment persisted in for a few times will often make unnecessary any future employment of such drastic measures. On the other hand, to administer only an occasional spanking when especially exasperated, and to omit just as frequently when especially amiable or lazy, is sure to lead to never-ending necessity for chastisement, with humiliation and bitterness on the part of the child as he grows older.

Avoid continual "don'ts." The parent who is always saying, "Don't!" is most often the one who fails to enforce anything. Make every provision for baby's normal play and active development. Remember that he must do something.

The child can early be made to see that he must bear the results of his actions. Who has not seen the baby throw his rattle or ball on the floor for mother to pick up? Mother says, "No, no! Mustn't throw it." But he is insistent, and she picks it up for him, ever repeating her remonstrance. If baby throws it on the floor when mother says, "No," let him forfeit the pleasure of possession. If he persists in annoying brother, he may need to sit on a chair, or stay in a lighted closet where he will be out of the way.

The problems of training, if neglected, increase in difficulty in direct proportion to the child's age. It is easier before one year than after, easier at the age of two than at three, and after three the effect of neglected discipline in the early months may never be counteracted. Conversely, if discipline has been carried on as it should be up to the age of

three, the habit of obedience has in most cases become so well established that there should seldom, if ever, be any need for corporal punishment.

We do not realize how often babies are naughty just to show off. Have you ever seen a baby with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, pretend to disobey just to see what mother will do, or go as far as possible without actual disobedience, just for effect? These are the times when to have eyes that see not is a great advantage. Too much attention even to naughtiness has spoiled many a child. When baby finds that a fit of temper simply means that he is left strictly alone, perhaps in a big room all by himself, he will not try it many times. Who cares to play to an empty house?

Always call as little attention to baby as possible. This, as we all know, is a test of the parent's character; for how we do love to show off our babies, and how hard it is not to repeat their cute sayings before them. But never in baby's presence take anything as funny, unless baby intends it as such. Respond to his quaint little sayings in the same serious mood in which he gives them. Remember, too, that oftentimes the passing by of a misdemeanor unnoticed is better than the giving of too much attention to some trivial thing. Only careful, sanctified judgment can give us wisdom to deal in just the best way with the many situations that arise.

At first the education of the baby must be negative, teaching him to exercise his powers of inhibition, but later he must be taught to do. "Baby, please close the door," "Mary, pick up the shoe," "Billy, pick up the blocks and put them away." Care should be taken, however, that these commands should not too early become the basis for an issue between parent and child. Enlist baby's interest, and tactfully explain that "Playthings must always be put away." At first mother helps, but the child three years old should do it by himself. Not that we can expect a child of this age never to leave things lying around, but

August, 1923

at mother's request he should be willing to pick them up. In this way he should early be taught habits of order and system. At this age every child will be happy to have a place for his things, and can be trained to enjoy keeping them there. If our children live in homes where order and system is the rule, they imbibe the spirit of order. If the older members of the family are careful about putting away their clothes, and keeping everything in its proper place, it will be easy to teach the little folks to do likewise.

Most children enjoy "helping mother," "helping daddy," and they should never be turned away because of the bother their help will be. The little girl loves to help mother when she is baking, and the little boy to help daddy work in the garden and water the lawn. The two-year-old will delight in helping mother make the beds, sweep the floor, dust, and pick up things. It is surprising how much children can be taught to do and do correctly at even so young an age as this.

The first few months, the first two or three years of life, often tell the tale, and the salvation or loss of many a child may depend upon the parents' realization of the importance of the education of the baby.

My Mother's Songs

ENNIS V. MOORE

WILLIAM SUNDAY, the noted evangelist, relates the following experience: "I was in a town one day and saw a mother out with her little boy; he had great steel braces on both legs, to his hips, and when I got near enough to them I learned by their conversation that that wasn't the first time the mother had had him out for a walk. She had him out exercising him, so he would get the use of his limbs. He was struggling, and she smiled and said, 'You are doing great, son;' and he said, 'Mamma, I'm going to run; look at me.' And he started, and one of his toes caught on the steel brace on the

THE BOAT ON GALILEE.

Words and Music by BARBARA M. KNOX.

Moderato.

1. When Je - sus lived on the earth long a - go, ¹And taught the peo - ple here,
 2. He had toiled that day ³do - ing good to all, ⁴Was tired as he could be;
 3. ⁷Then the clouds grew dark and the ⁸winds blew hard, ⁹The waves rolled o'er the sea.
 4. ¹²When Je - sus woke and ¹³saw the storm, He said to the waves ¹⁴:"Be still!"

He went in a boat on the blue Gal - i - lee, With His dis - ci - ples dear.
⁵So He went to sleep in the lit - tle boat, On beau - ti - ful Gal - i - lee.
¹⁰The dis - ci - ples feared in that lit - tle boat, On storm - y Gal - i - lee.
 Then the ¹⁵sky grew bright and the ¹⁶winds were calm, The ¹⁷waves o - beyed His will.

CHORUS.

²Rock, rock, rock, lit - tle boat on the spark - ling sea, Rock, rock,
⁶Rock, rock, rock, lit - tle boat on the spark - ling sea, Soft - ly,
¹¹Rock, rock, rock, lit - tle boat on the storm - y sea, Rock, rock,
 Rock, rock, rock, lit - tle boat on the spark - ling sea, Rock, rock,

rock, dear Je - sus rides in thee, Rock, rock, rock, O'er the wa - ters swift - ly
 rock, dear Je - sus sleeps in thee, Rock, rock, rock, O'er the wa - ters soft - ly
 rock, dear Je - sus rides in thee, Rock, rock, rock, O'er the wa - ters swift - ly
 rock, dear Je - sus rides in thee, Rock, rock, rock, O'er the wa - ters swift - ly

flee, For Je - sus rides in the lit - tle boat on blue Gal - i - lee.
 flee, For Je - sus sleeps in the lit - tle boat on blue Gal - i - lee.
 flee, For Je - sus rides in the lit - tle boat on storm - y Gal - i - lee.
 flee, For Je - sus rides in the lit - tle boat on blue Gal - i - lee.

MOTIONS.—1. A large outward motion of the arms (palms facing) to represent a large multitude. 2. Raise arms elbow high, palms upward. Swing arms freely from side to side representing the rolling motion of waves. This motion is continued throughout each chorus. 3. Same as in No. 1. 4. Hands folded resting against body. Eyes looking down, head slightly bent to the left side and relaxed. 5. Recline head straight to the left side using hands (palms facing, bent at wrists) to represent a pillow. Eyes closed. 6. Chorus sung softly. Light motion of hands (chorus 1) to represent a quiet sea. 7. Both arms raised high, palms facing. Waving gesture from left to right to represent moving clouds. 8. Arms lowered, elbows slightly bent, wide waving motion. 9. Vigorous wave motion to represent a rough sea. 10. Face covered with hands, head slightly down. 11. Vigorous wave motion throughout chorus. 12. Repeat No. 5. 13. Hands down, head erect, surprised expression. 14. Right arm straight out in commanding gesture, descending, palm down. 15. Right arm upward, slight motion to right. 16. Same as No. 8. Quiet motion. 17. Same as No. 9. Quiet motion.

other leg, and he stumbled, but she caught him and kissed him, and said, 'That was fine, son; how well you did it.'

What was the inspiration of that little chap? It was the cheerful smile, the animating words, and the loving kiss of his mother that gave him so much courage. Mr. Sunday says, "There is nothing that will help and inspire like a mother's kiss." We can all well remember that bumps and bruises were healed and wiped from our memory in an instant by a kiss from mother.

I have been enraptured by the melodious music produced by the enchanting voices of such soloists as John McCormack and Geraldine Farrar; I have heard the voices of Caruso, Schumann-Heink, and Alma Gluck; but as I write these lines I can recall distinctly but one song that any of them sang,—"Home, Sweet Home,"—but well can I remember the songs of my mother, though she is not a musician and her name will never be written among the soloists.

I have sat infolded in my mother's arms of love as she sang:

"Into the tent where a gypsy boy lay,
Dying alone at the close of the day,
News of salvation we carried; said he,
'Nobody ever has told it to me!'"

"Smiling, he said, as his last sigh he spent,
'I am so glad that for me He was sent!'
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
'Lord, I believe; tell it now to the rest!'"

And, visualizing the scene presented in the song, tears of boyish sympathy trickled down my tanned cheeks, and there welled up within my little heart an ardent desire to tell that old, but beautiful story to others.

"Tell it again! Tell it again!
Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say of the children of men,
'Nobody ever has told me before.'"

Although many years have passed since I heard the words of the chorus from my mother's lips, yet for me they have lost none of their meaning. They were burned into my very soul. Today they

are ringing in my ears, and the sound of my mother's voice as I hear it in memory is the sweetest music that I have ever heard; and this little song has been an inspiration to me during the years that have come and gone since that long ago. Yes, there is power in a mother's song, too. It's the best music the world ever heard. Mr. Sunday says, "The kind she sings gets tangled up in your heart-strings. To me there would be a disappointment in the music of heaven if there were no mothers there to sing."

Mothers, and fathers too, remember that in your every smile, your kind words and good songs, is hidden a world of inspiration for your little ones. Then, parents, let us have for our children more words of commendation, encouragement, and cheer,—plenty of those smiles of approval and recognition, and an abundance of good songs that have a message, for Jesus has said of our children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Program for Young Mothers' Society

MRS. W. L. BATES

First Meeting in August, 1923

Part I, Lesson 8

OPENING SONG.

In concert repeat Psalm 8. Remain standing while the leader offers prayer, petitioning a special blessing to accompany the telling of Bible stories to our children.

Two wonderful children's songs are given us for this month. We hope you can spare enough time to learn them well. Mother's songs will follow the children clear to the end of the road.

Secretary's Report and Roll Call: Response from Reading Course.

Report from Sunshine Committee.

Lesson: Call on different members for as many stories as your time will permit, allowing for ten minutes'

discussion and constructive criticism at the close.

Assignment for next meeting.

"Lest we forget:" What is necessary in order to receive a certificate, showing approval of work done, at the end of the year? How many certificates are required to finish the course and receive the diploma signed by the Home Commission? How does the secretary keep the record of attendance, and what is done with this record at the end of

the year? Is the Parents' Reading Course a necessary part of the year's work?

Closing Song.

Mizpah.

Second Meeting in August, 1923

Part II, Lesson 8

Opening Song.

Repeat in concert Psalm 5.

Prayer.

Secretary's Report and Roll Call: Response as usual.

HOW I WISH I KNEW.

GRACE GLENN.

"We have seen his star in the East."—Matt. 2: 2.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, I have oft-en wondered if you ev-er knew,
2. Did you see the cost-ly presents they had bro't? Did you see the sta-ble they in won-der sought?
3. Did you hear the moth-ers plead-ing thro' their tears For the babes that fier-od slew the com-ing years?
4. Did you watch the Sav-iour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sin-ners, how he gave his life?

How there 'rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Beth-le-hem.
Did you see the wor-ship ten-der-ly they paid To that stran-ger ba-by in the man-ger laid?
Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hur-ried in-to E-gypt guid-ed by your beams?
Lit-tle stars that twin-kle in the heav-en's blue, All you saw of Je-sus how I wish I knew.

BOB WHITE

1. There's a plump lit-tle chap in a speckled coat, And he sits on a zig-zag rail re-mote;
2. Ah! I see why he sings. In the mead-ow there, Hide his plump lit-tle wife and ba-bies fair;

And he whis-tles and sings in the breez-y morn, When the buckwheat is ripe, and stacked the corn.
So con-tent-ed is he, and so proud of the same, That he wants all the world to know his name.

CHORUS.

Bob White! Bob White! Hear him calling in the meadow; Bob White! Bob White! Calling to his mate.

The Boys may whistle the Chorus.

Report from Sunshine Committee.

This month's lesson on "Truthfulness" is of such value that we are desirous of turning the whole program into a volunteer testimony meeting. Let each part of the subject be introduced with a few remarks by the leader, and followed by a general discussion, each mentioning the points that have been of special value to her.

Five-minute Paper: "Poisons and Antidotes."

Have you a society library? If not, review the plan suggested in the May *Leader's Aide* for starting one.

Closing Song.
Mizpah.

"CONSECRATE yourself to God in the morning; make this your very first work. Let your prayer be, 'Take me, O Lord, as wholly Thine. I lay all my plans at Thy feet. Use me today in Thy service. Abide with me, and let all my work be wrought in Thee.'"

Send Them to Bed with a Kiss

O MOTHERS! so weary, discouraged,
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss,—
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right;
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morning till night;
But think of the desolate mothers,
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessing,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

For some day the noise will not vex you,
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet, childish voices,
For a bright, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom,—
You'd give all the world just for this.
For the comfort 'twill give you in sorrow,
Send the children to bed with a kiss.

— *Advocate and Guardian.*

"NEVER pretend to be what you are not."



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The Principal

I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Can a child who has a bad heredity be redeemed by a good environment?

The relative influence of heredity and environment is something on which scientists do not agree, and doubtless never will agree. We will all admit this, that the better both the heritage and the environment, the better opportunity the child has. We cannot change the heritage of those already born, but we can to some degree determine the environment. So, with whomever we have to deal, let us not worry about his heredity, but apply ourselves to giving him the best possible physical, mental, and spiritual conditions. And remember that the grace of God can do miracles in the transformation of character. Be hopeful. Anxiety defeats your purpose; good cheer, confidence, helps to accomplish it.

Do you think it is wrong to wear ear puffs?

No, I don't think it's wrong to wear ear puffs, but I think they're awfully ugly. I don't blame a girl for wanting to make herself beautiful; I commend her. I think that girls ought to be as lovely as they can be; for God made everything beautiful in its time, and beautiful womanhood is a part of His highest creation. But I do like to see women use good taste in trying to make themselves beautiful; for otherwise they do not succeed in being beautiful. Simplicity, honesty, health, goodness, and good taste are what make for beauty. As to the hair, there is no universally appealing style. It should be dressed to suit its character, the contour of the head, and the shape of the face. If any woman thinks that ear puffs help to make her beautiful, let her wear them; some women, who live far, far away, think that nose rings have such an effect. No-

body has any right to condemn them, though any one has the right to try to improve their taste.

The Discipline of the Primary Child

(Concluded from page 374)

So we are obliged to punish when we would rather use other methods. I remember one instance when the child thought I was calling him pet names when I praised him, and when I finally spanked him, he was a different child entirely.

As far as possible, make the correction fit the offense. For instance, in school, when a child abuses the privilege of sitting at a nice desk by scratching or continually whispering, deprive him of the privilege of sitting there. Let him sit on a front seat for a while. This will help him to appreciate his comfortable seat. Deprive him of something he likes very much to do, as playing a certain game, or going to visit some little friend.

Above all, keep him busy at work or at play. Plan his day, and, as already stated, make him your companion. "A child left to himself bringeth his mother [and father] to shame." We find that the children who have had their work systematized at home are the ones with whom we have little or no trouble in school.

This is such a wonderful work I sometimes wonder how it has ever been intrusted to us. It takes the love of God in the heart, and love for the children.

"Clear eyes of childhood look their trust to mine,

And small feet follow where I tread the way;
My heart misgives me! O, Thou hand divine!
Reach down and guide me, lest I lead astray."

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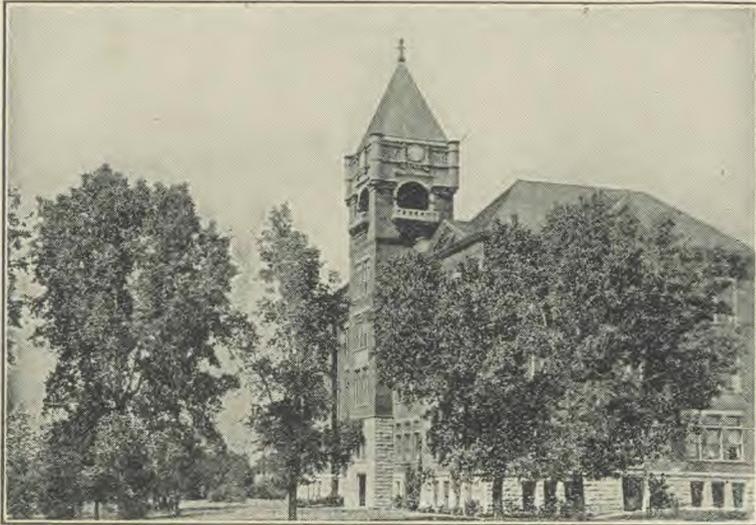
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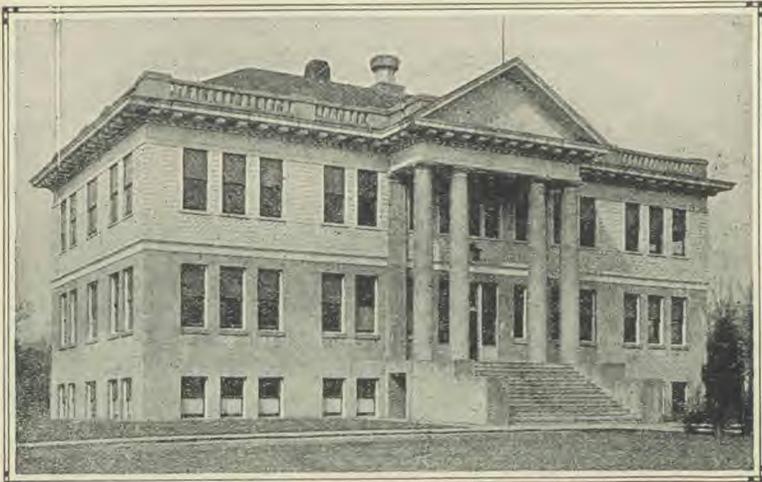
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