

# HOME and SCHOOL

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# HOME AND SCHOOL

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## In the Midst of Things

B. B. DAVIS

"Too busy to talk, or even to think! That's just the way I feel all over," sighed Miss Teacher, as she dropped into a chair by the cozy fireplace. She had learned the value of five-minute rest periods.

The five minutes were over, and Miss Teacher rose from her chair calmed and rested. Her body had been motionless, but not her mind. First there had flashed into her consciousness that ever-pertinent question, "Why am I here trying to teach school, anyway?"

For answer fifteen children paraded before her. Minnie was at the head of the row. Poor, neglected child! No pleasant home for her, no kind words, no encouragement — only curses, abuse, and privation. Miss Teacher and the school were her best friends.

Henry came next — a great big, overgrown plodder; but had he not said only

last week, "I've never had a teacher who helped me so much as you have"?

After Henry came Tom, who was "as stubborn as a mule." This characteristic of Tom's had manifested itself one day when Miss Teacher had given him short but determined orders to "stop his noise." He sullenly continued his disturbance of the peace. A moment of perplexity, followed by a silent petition to the heavenly Father, gave her the key to the situation. Calling Tom to her side, she asked him in a confidential tone if he wouldn't like to run to her boarding place for something she had forgotten. This worked off enough pent-up energy so he could study for the rest of the session.

Eliza was very bright, and she was aware of it, yet under the teacher's watchful eye she could help the little ones so much with their drill work that she was called upon nearly every day.

Harry was a misfit — too good for grade five and not strong enough for grade six. A teacher's journal had suggested giving such pupils special topics to look up in addition to the regular class work. What interesting reports Harry could bring to the slower ones in his grade! It was just the right way to make his work most valuable.

Susan was an angel in disguise. It was she who took charge of the little ones at recess. She could bind up a bruised finger and kiss away the hurt as well as Miss Teacher herself.

Larry and Margaret were constantly coming to school late. What could be done about this bad habit? Miss Teacher did not know, so she wrote to a friend, Miss Experience, who suggested that she try giving them a part in the opening exercises. The plan worked, and now for a month neither of the children had been tardy once.

Next in line came Juhl, who had recently come to America. Such a time as he had trying to say things as the other children did! It had seemed funny to the other children at first, but Miss Teacher had finally made them understand how hard it was for Juhl to learn a new language which he had never heard. After that they tried to help him. He was one of the most interesting of her whole group.

Joseph couldn't be fully trusted. He wanted to do right, but he was so weak. Truly in his case it was "precept upon precept, line upon line." Many were the confidences and prayer seasons with Joseph. No one understood him quite like his teacher.

After Joseph, came the seventh and eighth grade group. Nellie wanted to prepare to be a nurse; but her father



objected. Josie would "work her arms off" if she could only be a music teacher sometime. Mother was willing, but where would the money come from? Hal said farming was good enough for him, and that it wasn't necessary to keep the Sabbath anyway. His father said so, and he guessed his father knew. Sylvia was planning to canvass next vacation to make a scholarship. She just must attend the acad-

emy and be a teacher. And wouldn't Miss Teacher tell her how? Marden was last in the line, but not the least. Was he not the best student in the school, the most dependable, and the leader in all Christian activities? Could he not hold the others back from presumptuous undertakings, and suggest something better? Did he not plan to be a missionary to China? Even Hal would listen to him sometimes.

Did all this actually come into Miss Teacher's mind in five minutes? It did. Besides, the old question was answered to her satisfaction, for she said aloud as she returned to her desk with its papers and books, "I know now why I am here. And there are some big questions yet for our prayer bands to solve."

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"In striving to improve our teaching, we must not forget that daily study is a necessity to growth. No brilliancy of mind, nor device, nor even experience can take the place of it. Knowledge, to be interesting, must be fresh. No matter how often we have taught a subject, unless we study it anew each time, we shall fail of the best results. The mind, like the body, can't feed upon itself, and grow."

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"THE essence of true politeness is consideration for others."

# The Language of Heaven

Sixth in the Series, "Great Possessions"

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

I do not know that heaven could be better described than in the elements of its communication: gracious speech, musical voices, the glory of song. In the kindergarten of earth we must make the beginnings of an introduction to the language of heaven.

## First, as to Song

"The melody of praise is the atmosphere of heaven; and when heaven comes in touch with the earth, there is music and song,—'thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.'" "Amidst the deepening shadows of earth's last great crisis, God's light will shine brightest, and the song of hope and trust will be heard in clearest and loftiest strains."—*Education*, pp. 161, 166.

Music must be, not only a part, but a great part of our Christian education. Glad song is both an indicator and a producer of a right spirit in the home and in the school.

"The value of song as a means of education should never be lost sight of. Let there be singing in the home, of songs that are sweet and pure, and there will be fewer words of censure, and more of cheerfulness and hope and joy. Let there be singing in the school, and the pupils will be drawn closer to God, to their teachers, and to one another."—*Id.*, p. 168.

There is no reason except the lack of teachers' preparation why music should not be made as much of in the school as reading. We should teach our children to read music as readily as they read print; there should be as much drill in the one as in the other, until the child comes to be as able to interpret written music as he is able to comprehend books. Elementary teachers should be trained in music and in methods of teaching music as well as in the other elements of education. It would add tremendously to the value of education and to the enjoyment of life.

The morale of the school is greatly helped by singing, and the better the training the greater the effect. Not only

is there the immediate inspiration of the music itself, but there is the *esprit de corps* built up by the co-operative effort. What teacher has not seen the disintegrating influence of fatigue and mischief dissipated by the vigorous singing of well-known and loved songs?

## Nearer to Heaven

And more than that, the hearts of the children are drawn toward God, if the music is of an inspirational and heavenly nature. But in this matter of heavenly song we have much need of reform. Some of the songs we sing religiously are far from heavenly. Musical tastes differ, and of course my judgment of values may not be yours; but I think it is beyond question that as to music the influence of the place of amusement has been too great in the place of worship. We cannot, perhaps, correctly and exactly stigmatize some of the lighter tunes in modern hymnals as "ragtime" and "jazz," but the effect is precisely the same. For instance, the tunes of "The Cloud and Fire," No. 518 in "Christ in Song;" "Lean on His Arms," No. 502; and that wearisome saxophone chorus which I have heard blared to death during a camp-meeting season, "If Your Heart Keeps Right." Even with the most shallow of souls such tunes wear themselves out in a short time; newer and still more "peppy" music is demanded.

And woven into this music are words often inane and characterless, not to say silly. The habit of singing without thinking of the words is responsible for much sufferance of doggerel. Why not stop and think whether we are singing nonsense? For instance, what is there in this jingle of religious cant and flashy catchword that compels thought or appeals to more than a superficial emotion?

"You may have the joy bells ringing in your heart,  
And a peace that from you never will depart;  
Walk the straight and narrow way,  
Live for Jesus every day,  
He will keep the joy bells ringing in your heart."

The heels of the mind may be set jiggling by the racy meter, but true religious fervor is not characterized by the cakewalk or the hoedown.

Compare with this trash the really valuable music of the church, which is so great in variety as to fit the needs of all classes and to express all the worthy emotions of the spirit. And I mean not only the ancient hymns, many of which remain as a precious heritage from our fathers: there is modern music as worthy, from the simple, "Take the Name of Jesus with You," to the glorious, "In Heavenly Love Abiding." In some way we must get a musical taste which will automatically reject the ragtag and bobtail of music, that we and our children may be prepared to sing with the angels.

"As our Redeemer leads us to the threshold of the Infinite, flushed with the glory of God, we may catch the themes of praise and thanksgiving from the heavenly choir round about the throne; and as the echo of the angels' song is awakened in our earthly homes, hearts will be drawn closer to the heavenly singers. Heaven's communion begins on earth. We learn here the keynote of its praise."—*Education*, p. 168.

#### Now as to Language

The value of speech is dependent upon these two things; first, the spirit that indites it and consequently the quality of voice; second, the correctness and beauty of the language used.

The first element is the more important. "The chief requisite of language is that it be pure and kind and true, — 'the outward expression of an inward grace.'"

"The best school for this language study is the home; but since the work of the home is so often neglected, it devolves on the teacher to aid his pupils in forming right habits of speech. The teacher can do much to discourage that evil habit, the curse of the community, the neighborhood, and the home,—the habit of backbiting, gossip, ungenerous criticism. In this no pains should be spared. Impress upon the students the fact that this habit reveals a

lack of culture and refinement and of true goodness of heart; it unfits one both for the society of the truly cultured and refined in this world and for the association with the holy ones of heaven."—*Education*, p. 235.

If the school is successful in impressing such lessons, it will have been successful in teaching language.

Correct speech is not a little dependent upon a pure spirit. It is noticeable that errors in grammar and rhetoric often have their origin in a spirit of anger or contrariness. The sulky boy who declares that he "ain't goin' to do no more such work," perhaps has heard and used the correct form, but feels that he emphasizes his protest against requirements of labor by consciously transgressing requirements of speech. A few repetitions, and the habit is more or less fixed. The rebellious girl who resents her parents' cautions and commands, flings herself with gusto into the newest slang, because it symbolizes to her the revolt of youth against life as it finds it. "Good night!" she exclaims at high noon, and, "I should worry!" when she is most hilarious.

Against this flood of purposeful impropriety, textbook teaching is helpless. Life must be ministered to cure the ill. The example of teachers and parents is of more value than all the didactic teaching they may essay. A sweetness and poise of spirit, together with the manifestation of vibrant life in the adult companions of the youth, is the best insurance that the boy and the girl will follow them and copy their manners and their speech.

#### Barbaric Grammarians

It is not, indeed, a knowledge of the science of grammar that gives the habit of correct grammatical speech. Environment and personal influence are what determine the culture. Have you not noticed how many a person imperfect in grammatical knowledge has the culture of correct and forceful speech, because he has lived among careful speakers? and on the other hand, how many who have survived the purgatory of conjugation and declension and analysis and

classification and theme writing and criticism, yet remain barbarians in all their natural speech?

This is not to say that the study of grammar science is useless or unimportant. At the proper time it should be mastered as completely as the science of any other practical art. But they are few who receive their art from their science. And they are few who receive any great benefit from their study of grammar science, because it is taught at the wrong time. The study of grammar, indeed, though it has been greatly lightened since the days of the humanistic pedagogues, is still overdone, or rather, badly done. Grammar science, except for a very few of the elements, should not be taught at all in the elementary school. We should wait until the adolescent period to teach it. Why? Because its study requires the analytic powers of the mind, and these are awakened into real power in adolescence. There are preadolescent children, it is true, who are capable of comprehending grammar science, but in the great majority real liking for the examination, analysis, and synthesis of speech is not gained before the age of fifteen or beyond.

It is hard to convince teachers of this psychological fact, especially hard to convince teachers of English. For a large part of my teaching experience I was "a professor of language," and so I may speak with hardihood of my tribe: next to the theologian they are the hardest of all sinners to convert from the error of their teaching. And some of them take great delight in dialectic dodging. I sat recently in the midst of a group of language teachers and argued for reform. Some nodded preliminary acquiescence, some fought for precedent, some quoted Shakespeare, and some swore by Gould Brown. At last the preceptor of them all "agreed" by saying that we should not teach "technical grammar" to the preadolescent, but we should teach "practical grammar."

They showed me their "Practical Grammar"—that was the name of it.

But as I looked within, I found the usual amount of analysis and obeisance to inflections, only liberally larded with childish conversations. Better method, perhaps, of teaching a bad subject, but—it was the episode of the Hot Potato over again. In London, I am told, hot potatoes are sold by venders, and people eat them on the street. A gentleman, hearing the call, "Hot potato! hot potato!" bought one, and broke it for eating. "Here, you!" he called to the man, "this potato is stone cold. You said, 'Hot potato.'" "Yes, sir," returned the vender of potatoes, "Hit's cold, sir, but hit's a 'Ot Potato, sir. That's the *nyme* of it!"

But go your way, friends! Some day the world will awake to the nonnecessity of grammar in childhood, as they are even now wakening to the nonnecessity of measles. At any rate I, by an accident, escaped grammar till I was fifteen, and then gained in two years a better understanding of the subject than I would have gotten in six previous years. And also I enabled my own children to escape it until the proper time. And I have watched other fortunate fellows who were too busy with chores in their childhood to get either the measles or grammar. And from observation as well as reason I am convinced of the truth. If teachers will plague themselves and torture their children with cramming down a subject which the average child hates, and which in nine hundred ninety-nine out of a thousand cases he forgets after examination, they need not expect to be able to teach the beauty and power of language.

#### Language Culture

But there should be thorough language culture in the elementary grades. Of what should it consist? Reading and its concomitant, spelling, are of course a part. Then, as indicated in the article on Bible teaching, an introduction to, and constant association with, the best literature of the world should be a part of this language culture. Good literature is a partial corrective of faulty lan-

guage environment; it may, to a great degree, repair the damage that many homes and all communities offer to the language growth of the child.

Not only should the reading and memorizing and repeating of Biblical literature be prominent in our education, but other well-selected literature should be used, especially poetical compositions, which are more easily remembered than most prose. And as already remarked in this article, the songs used should have good literary value. Such training in literature should begin in the first grade and continue throughout the school life.

After this acquisition comes expression. In my opinion self-expression by the child is overdone in the theory of teaching today, and also in practice in some schools. In many schools, however, it is insufficiently emphasized, or at any rate unskillfully applied, usually because of lack in the teacher's pedagogical equipment, but also often because of the too-crowded program.

Adaptation and reproduction of literature studied, must be graduated to the child's ability and stage of development. Usually we attempt too rapid progress in his mode of expression. The oral reproduction of stories by the child is a natural form of self-expression, and may be begun at the very first. For the sake of occupying the children outside of recitations, teachers resort too early or too much to written composition. While the art of writing is still new to the child, and he must labor much over his forms, too heavy assignment in written composition cramps his style, and is a hindrance rather than a help. As the child's age and ability increase, written expression may rightly assume more nearly equal proportions with his oral expression.

Literature and self-expression, then, rather than the technical science of language, should be the keynote of language culture in the elementary school. To be sure, some of the levers of language should be placed within reach of the

child. It will do him no harm to learn the parts of speech, if he takes to them, and also the elements of the simple sentence; but individual treatment will differentiate between those who may or may not go thus far and those who may go farther; for without doubt there are some child prodigies who can swallow grammar whole.

Literature in our Christian schools may well have its primary source and its deepest inspiration in the Bible. Language study, in the deepest sense, is closely connected with Bible teaching. And let us not forget, in and through all our teaching, that prime law so beautifully stated: "The chief requisite of language is that it be pure and kind and true,—'the outward expression of an inward grace.'"

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#### The Sulkers

THE world's too busy now to pause  
To listen to a whiner's cause;  
It has no time to stop and pet  
The sulker in a peevish fret,  
Who wails he'll neither work nor play  
Because things haven't gone his way.

The world keeps plodding right along  
And gives its favors, right or wrong,  
To all who have the grit to work  
Regardless of the fool or shirk.  
The world says this to every man:  
"Go out and do the best you can."

The world's too busy to implore  
The beaten one to try once more;  
'Twill help him if he wants to rise,  
And boost him if he bravely tries,  
And shows determination grim;  
But it won't stop to baby him.

The world is occupied with men  
Who fall, but quickly rise again;  
But those who whine because they're hit,  
And step aside to sulk a bit,  
Are doomed some day to wake and find  
The world has left them far behind.

— *Edgar A. Guest.*

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"BEAUTIFUL hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true  
Moment by moment the long day through."

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"DARE to be patient and loving each day;  
Dare speak the truth, whatever you say."



# Health Education in the School

(Continued)

KATHRYN L. JENSEN, R. N.

AFTER the first six weeks' period has passed, where a real interest has been created and the children have truly tried to keep the good health habits, many of the red stars will usually need to be replaced by blue, and the blue by gold. The opening exercise may be some health song. One that all children will enjoy includes this chorus:

"All our charts show gaining,  
And our weight increasing;  
Some have gold stars pasted on,  
Some have red and blue.  
There's a golden lining  
Through the dark clouds shining;  
Turn the dark clouds inside out,  
Till the gold shines through."

This gain in weight will be one great incentive until the little child understands the relation between cause and effect.

The true teacher will be methodical in checking each morning the application of such habits as are under her control, until she has enlisted the will of each child. If the journey idea was used in presenting the health habits, the blanks checked each morning by the children might be termed the tickets, while the conductor collecting these and returning them to the teacher's desk would be chosen because of some special habit which he had finally overcome. In all this teaching we cannot but inspire children with a high motive for caring for the body God has given them.

"True Temperance Boys and Girls," by Martha W. Howe, 64 Brentwood St., Portland, Maine, includes all the health habits in its five verses, and also expresses the purpose for keeping them. Even the older folks will see the relation between such teaching and the giving of the third angel's message when the children give the yearly health program to the public, and ten children begin a symposium by saying in unison:

"I wonder what our missionaries in foreign lands would say  
If they could see our army in all its full array.  
I know they'd think health habits more than a bit of fun,  
Because it helps in heathen lauds much more than sword or gun."

All this can be done in the schoolroom, and still not the best results be secured for the individual child until the Health Habit blank for the six weeks' period has been sent home with the report card, and has received the parent's signature.

While all education in the school must be supplemented in the home, this phase of education in particular, while in great part taught in theory in the schoolroom, must have much of its application in the home. The other day a little girl of foreign parentage, not an Adventist but attending one of our church schools, walked down the street with me. In her childish way she told me that her mamma now buys fruit and vegetables "and lots of green things" for her to eat, instead of meat. Knowing her failing for sweets and eating between meals, I chided her, nurselike, "How about a little girl I sometimes see eating candy between meals?"

"Oh," she added quickly, "mamma doesn't let us do that now. She didn't know before that wasn't good for us."

Yes, teachers, you have wonderful opportunities to help the parents as well as the children to create health ideals which will never be forgotten. When you truly become interested in teaching children and not subjects, you will sense more fully the need of such health education. You will bring out its relation to true economy with the older boys and girls in history, mathematics, and civics. Louis Pasteur will be of greater interest to you than Napoleon; Robert Koch, than Bismarek; and Walter Reed, than Car-

negie. You will see a direct relation between the care of the handkerchief, the washing of the hands, the diet of the school child, and the ventilation of the schoolroom, and colds and illnesses.

Above all, if you yourself check each day with the children their single health habits, not only will you have occasion to demonstrate truthfulness to the children, but you will also find this phase of your daily school work a means by which your other tasks will be made lighter, and you will appreciate to a small degree the advantage regular habits of sleeping, eating, drinking, and living are giving to the growing boy and girl.

Will the health inspector this year find a weight chart regularly kept in your schoolroom? And will each child present to the inspector his Health Habit blank, even though it may be his first feeble attempt to keep it? Not until these fundamental essentials in the school health program are intelligently carried out in "the annex of the home" by teachers enthusiastic for health of heart, mind, and body, can we feel that the words are true in the book which inspiration tells us contains the wisdom of the Great Physician: "Habit, which is so terrible a force for evil, it is in their power to make a force for good."

## A Good Lesson Spoiled

ROBBY'S mother had sent him to the fruit store with twenty-five cents and an order for two lemons. The tempter, in the form of a "street boy," waylaid him at the corner with a challenge to a competitive show of tops. The silver quarter was in the same pocket with Robby's new air top and card, the pride of his soul. He may have drawn it out with his handkerchief when he wiped his face after the game. The tempter may have known more about it than the tempted suspected. At any rate, the money was not to be found, and he was close by and ready with his proposition.

"Mother will certainly scold me this time," Robby said, turning every pocket inside out, and staring distractedly up and down the street. "I lost ten cents last week, and she told me to be more careful."

"Don't tell her! And don't pay for the lemons. When the bill comes in, your mother will have forgotten all about sending you for them, or she will think the lemon man made a mistake. I know lots of real gamy chaps who get out of scrapes that way. It's only milksops who run to mother with every little bother."

The experiment thus suggested and urged, was a success until mother demanded the change.

"He said there wasn't any!" faltered the errand boy.

"No change! out of twenty-five cents!" Then with a searching look at the scarlet face painfully averted—"Robby!"

The "milksop" bethought himself of the "gamy chaps."

"Honest-true, mother!" he plucked up courage to say.

"Put on your hat, my son, and go with me to the store where you bought the lemons. There is something wrong when my boy cannot look me in the eyes!"

Thus came about the tragedy that darkened the June day for the whole Doe household. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the falsehood was detected. At 2 p. m. Mrs. Doe brought up the prisoner's dinner. Only bread and water! He had smelled the savory soup and roast, and the cook had hinted at strawberry shortcake when he passed, whistling, through the kitchen, turning the silver quarter over in his pocket. That was almost five hours ago, and he was to lie here until suppertime, alone! When he had eaten the bread of affliction, seasoned with tears of self-pity and remorse, mother reappeared, with father.

"My son," said the latter, "I would rather have you die in your innocent

boyhood than grow up a liar! Tell the straight, simple truth always and everywhere. No brave man will lie. Father does not want his boy to be a coward. No honest man will deceive or tell a falsehood. Father does not want his boy to be a cheat!"

Mrs. Doe sat down on the bed when her husband had gone. "Mother is very sorry that her darling has been so naughty!" she said, bowing her head upon the pillow beside the mat of curls dampened by the rain from the culprit's eyes.

"Mother! Indeed, I will never tell another lie—not the least fib!" he sobbed.

"God help you to keep your word, my son. Every falsehood is like a drop of ink upon snow to your soul!"

Holding the chubby fingers in hers, she talked to him a few minutes longer of his sin, and to whom he should look for forgiveness; then bending over him, she prayed in simple words and few for the little one who had stumbled to his own hurt. "Lie still and think it all over, dear!" was her parting advice.

At the supper table, Robby was not disposed to talk. Indeed, his transgres-

sion had affected the spirits of the whole family. The very avoidance of all direct reference to his wrong-doing was significant and impressive. It was something too disgraceful for table talk. A blackened soul! soiled lips! These were the figures most distinct to his imagination as he crept after supper into the library, and sat down in the alcove window. He did not care to go out—the recollection of his sin and the consequent suffering was too fresh.

Nettie, the grown-up sister, had a visitor. Mother had joined the girls, and was chatting cheerfully with them.

"Mother," suddenly exclaimed the daughter, "there are old Mr. and Mrs. Bartol! I do believe you are to be honored by a call from them."

"I sincerely hope not," was the answer. "Father and I had planned a walk on this lovely evening, and our friends, the Bartols, are given to long sittings."

"Besides being so prosy," said plain-spoken Nettie. "They are coming in. Milly, you and I can run away!" and off they went through the back parlor door.

Mother's face was overcast with genu-



"WHAT DO YOU  
THINK OF THAT!" SAID  
ROBBY, UNDER HIS BREATH

ine vexation. Her sigh, "How provoking!" reached the alcoved auditor. Then she advanced to meet her visitors.

"Is this really you, Mr. Bartol? It is an age since I have met you. I am happy to see you both. Pray be seated."

"What do you think of that?" said Robby, under his breath, sinking back into his corner, actually sick and trembling.

When he could listen and think again, his father had been sent for, and Mr. Bartol was apologizing for mingling business with a friendly visit. He wanted to buy a house owned by Mr. Doe, situated near his own. The play of negotiation was courteous, but Mr. Bartol's intention to buy cheap, and his host's desire to sell dear, were plain even to the little eavesdropper.

"I am sorry you hold the property at so high a figure!" finally remarked Mr. Bartol, rising to take leave. "I must consult the friend who commissioned me to make inquiries, before I can say anything definite."

Mr. Doe was the impersonation of smiling indifference. "The truth is, my dear sir, I do not care to sell at all. The property is rising in value, and I may remove to that part of the city myself next year. I should lose on it were I to take less than the price I have named."

When the guests had gone, Mr. Doe turned laughingly to his wife:

"Well, my dear, you have lost your walk, but your husband has made four thousand dollars — clear!"

"You think he will buy the place, then?"

"I know he will! He wants to settle his daughter there. I had a hint to that effect some days since. I had the game in my hands from the first. I bought the property three years ago at a low figure. The rent has covered interest, taxes, and other expenses. I shall never live there myself. It would not be convenient for my business. I have been anxious this great while to sell. I am already carrying more real estate than I ought to hold."

"I am afraid Robby is less impressed by the lesson of today than we could desire," observed Mrs. Doe sorrowfully to her husband at bedtime. "He strode off to bed without saying 'Good night' to any one, and pretended to be asleep when I looked into his room just now, answering gruffly after I told him I knew he was awake. What shall I do if my child becomes a habitual deceiver?"

"We must watch his associations narrowly," replied the judicious father. "Everything depends upon the examples and impressions of early life."

Who, think you, was to blame for Robby's education in untruthfulness? — *Selected.*

### Health Song

(TUNE: "Jingle Bells")

(This song was sent in by the South Wisconsin superintendent.)

1. CHEEKS are all aglow;  
Eyes are sparkling too.  
We're the ones who know  
What exercise will do.  
Joyously we shout  
As out-of-doors we play.  
If you would grow well and strong,  
That's the wisest way.

CHORUS:

Exercise, exercise,  
Exercise and play;  
Oh, what fun it is to be  
Out-of-doors each day!  
Exercise, exercise,  
Exercise and play.  
If you would grow well and strong,  
That's the wisest way.

2. It is well to know  
All we're taught in school,  
Knowledge found from books,  
And the golden rule.  
But when playtime comes,  
Then our muscles grow;  
And we learn the other things  
That we need to know.

CHORUS:

Exercise, exercise,  
Exercise and play.  
That will teach us sportsmanship —  
The spirit of fair play.  
Exercise, exercise,  
Exercise and play.  
If you would grow well and strong,  
That's the wisest way.

## John Thomas and a Little Girl

MARTHA E. WARNER

JOHN THOMAS was a great big kitty-cat, who lived with a man and a woman, in a great big house. Now although he dearly loved this man and this woman, who were his master and his mistress, there were times when, 'way down in his kitty-cat heart, he longed for some small person with whom to play.

And so one day, when he came into the living-room and found that company had come, he was happy. And when he found that one of the company was a little girl, he was happier still, and he pit-a-pattered over to her, just as fast as he politely could, and rubbed his shiny back against her, and began to sing in his sweetest voice, purr, pur-r, pur-r-r.

And the little girl? Why, she immediately fell in love with him, and stroked his glossy fur, which so delighted John Thomas that he jumped up into her lap, and curled himself up into a big black ball, all the while singing purr, pur-r, pur-r-r. Then there was one happy little girl, and one contented John Thomas.

Now just about this time, the other one of the company, who was the little girl's mother, looked up, and she said, "Myra, put that cat down on the floor this instant, and don't you touch him again. Do you understand what I mean?"

Evidently the little girl did, for without a word of protest, she gently put John Thomas on the floor; but her eyes filled with tears, and her little chin quivered, for she knew that mothers had to be minded.

Now John Thomas did not like to be put on the floor, and he had it in his heart to spring right back into the little girl's lap, but his mistress called, "John Thomas, come here." And he came, and got up into her lap, because

he understood just what his mistress said, and he knew he must mind.

After a little he heard his mistress say, "If I keep John Thomas in *my* lap, may your little girl come over and love him?"

And the answer was, "*No, indeed!* I told her *not* to touch that cat, and I intend to be minded." And she *was*; but I am wondering, if at the end of the day, the recording angel wouldn't write beside that mother's name, something like this: "Grieved a little child between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, and in so doing lost a wonderful chance to make said little child happy."

Come to think of it, there is a verse somewhere in the Bible, which has something to say about grieving — no, about offending — a little child.

Look it up, mothers, and read it; then the next time you are about to deny your child an innocent pleasure for the sake of being minded, just think of it.

"If your lips  
You'd save from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where."



"MYRA, PUT THAT CAT  
DOWN ON THE FLOOR  
THIS INSTANT"

## The Call of Gideon

ONCE in the days of the judges, the children of Israel were oppressed by the Midianites. When the barley and the wheat were ripe and were reaped and threshed in the land of Israel, then the Midianites would come up and take them away. And when the grapes were ripe and were gathered and made into wine in the land of Israel, then the Midianites would come up and carry it away.

At last the children of Israel cried to Jehovah God to save them from the Midianites, but Jehovah sent them a prophet, who said: "Jehovah, the God of Israel, says to you, I have delivered you from Egypt and from all who oppressed you; but you have not obeyed Me." Yet God was sorry for His people, and He made ready to deliver them.

There was a young man of the tribe of Manasseh whose name was Gideon. He had a little wheat, and to hide it from the Midianites, he went to thresh it, not at the threshing floor, but in the big stone wine press. While he was there beating it out, an angel from Jehovah came up and looked in on him. And he said to Gideon, "Jehovah is with you, you mighty man of valor!"

But Gideon said, "If Jehovah is with us, why is all this trouble come upon us? Jehovah has cast us off, and given us into the hand of the Midianites."

Then the angel stood face to face with Gideon, and said: "Go in the strength I give you, and you shall save Israel from the hand of Midian. Now I send you!"

"O, Lord," said Gideon, "how can I save Israel? My father's house is the poorest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house."

And the Lord said to him, "Surely I will go with you, and you shall smite

the Midianites as though they were but one man."

Then Gideon said, "Give me a sign, I pray, that it is you who talk with me. Wait here until I can bring you a present."

And he said, "I will wait."

So Gideon went into the house and made some bread and cooked some flesh, and brought them out to the angel. And he said, "Put them on the rock here." And Gideon put them on the rock.

Then the angel touched them with the end of his staff, and fire came out of the rock and burned them up. And the angel disappeared. So Gideon knew it was the angel of Jehovah.

That night Jehovah God said to Gideon: "Go up to the high hill where the people worship the false god Baal, throw down his altar, cut down the wooden image that is by it, build Me an altar, and offer there a burnt offering to Me."

So that night Gideon took ten servants and went up to the hill, threw down the altar of Baal, cut down the wooden image, built an altar to Jehovah, made a fire on it with the wood of the image, and offered a burnt offering there to the true God.

In the morning, the people of the city, when they found the altar of Baal destroyed, said to Joash, the father of Gideon, "Bring out your son and let him die, because he has thrown down the altar of Baal."

But Joash answered them, "If Baal is a god, let him fight for himself." And he turned them away.

Then Gideon blew a trumpet, and called all the people to fight the Midianites. But only thirty-two thousand of them came.

Then Gideon prayed to God, and said, "If you will save Israel by my hand,

give me a sign. Tonight I will put a fleece of wool on the threshing floor. If in the morning there is dew only on the fleece and not on the ground about, I will know that you will save Israel by my hand."

Then he put the fleece on the threshing floor, and in the morning there it was, all wet with dew, but the ground was dry. And he wrung from the fleece a bowlful of water.

Then he prayed again to God, and said, "Let me try it the other way. Tonight I will put the fleece on the threshing floor, and in the morning let the fleece be dry and all the ground about wet with dew."

So he put the fleece on the threshing floor again, and in the morning there it was, as dry as could be, but all the ground about was wet.

Then Gideon believed God had sent him, and he arose and gathered his little army together to fight the Midianites.

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### Joking on Serious Subjects

A JOKE may appear harmless, and many people are fond of a joke. However, there are times when a joke is out of place, and there are subjects which should be tabooed. We all know people who think it very funny to make jokes about the Bible and religious subjects. Such people little dream of the harm they are doing. When I was a little girl, I had a teacher who was fond of twisting passages of Scripture into perfectly ridiculous meanings, and singing some of our dearest old hymns in such a way that his pupils would be convulsed with laughter. That teacher died as he lived, a sinful man, and many of the boys under his charge grew into wild and reckless young men. If you wish in after-years to be able to enjoy the comfort and safety of religion, avoid joking on religious subjects as you would avoid a poison.

If one would just stop to consider, there is nothing funny in joking on a serious subject. People who can enjoy

such jokes have to be lacking either in brains or refinement. We have no right to joke about a thing which, if true, would call some person's virtue and honesty into question. Neighborhood scandals have been started in just this way. A man who can couple his wife's name with that of another man in a joke, certainly needs correction. A woman who can couple her own name with that of another man than her husband, is lacking in virtue or refinement, or both.

A married man once remarked to a young woman that when he came to C—, he would be so busy looking for her that he would be sure to run over somebody. In his weak and feeble way he was trying to be funny, but a stranger, listening, would have questioned the honor of both. Such jokes have a coarseness which grates on the ear of a person of refinement. Often, too, they may pave the way for actual immorality. A neighborhood was thrown into confusion, friends estranged, and a lawsuit almost ensued over a joke thoughtlessly made and as thoughtlessly repeated.

Such joking, indulged in by old or young, blunts the finer sensibilities and renders one coarse and callous. Dr. Mary Wood-Allen referred to it as "brushing off the bloom." It should be considered dangerous in the extreme. There must be something lacking in the make-up of persons who can enjoy such jokes. Children and young people should be jealously guarded from participating in such conversation. Its only result is to coarsen the one who indulges in it, and cause a lack of modesty. Fun is all right and good for us all, but there are some things about which it is an insult to joke, and they should be coldly resented instead of being laughed at.—*Flora Swetnam, in Young People.*

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"EVERY one is sowing  
Both by word and deed;  
All mankind are growing  
Either wheat or weed;  
Thoughtless ones are throwing  
Any sort of seed."



# EDITORIAL

## Teaching Children to Pray

I WAS the guest of honor in the church school that morning, supposed to tell stories and to conduct the children's lesson in the Week of Prayer series. But whatever stories I told and whatever lessons I impressed, they were not the chief thing that morning in the sight of Heaven. The chief thing was the children's prayers.

For the teacher said: "Now, children, we want to have several prayers this morning, and I'll ask Dolly and Johnny and Myrtle and Theodore and Adele to pray. What do you think we have to pray about? We are glad we're well today, aren't we? And I think it is such a beautiful day, don't you? I believe we ought to thank our Father for that. And what else? Yes, for our fathers and mothers; for if we didn't have any fathers and mothers, what poor little boys and girls we should be! They make our homes, and they care for us, and they love us so. Yes, Johnny, for our brothers and sisters, too. That's so, Archie, for our schoolmates, too. And I believe we want to pray that Jesus will make us kind to one another today, out there on the playground, don't we? You know it's pretty hard to play pom-pom-pull-away without ever growing angry and talking bad to one another. Even big folks have a hard time of it. Yes, I believe we ought to pray about that.

"And then there's another special thing I want to ask you to pray about, children. You know Miss Freeman is very sick. Last night they were afraid she was going to die, but they had prayer for her, and she is still living this morning. Don't we want to pray that the Lord will make her well? Yes, let's do.

"Now here are four things to pray for

especially: thank our Father for today and for all the good things He gives us with our life; thank Him for parents and brothers and sisters and schoolmates; pray to be kind on the playgrounds; and pray for Miss Freeman. Now let us all kneel down, and close our eyes, and Dolly will pray first, then the others."

I never heard sweeter prayers. I suppose those children were not angels, but they prayed as if they were in the courts of heaven, simply, unaffectedly, distinctly, as children talk to their father or their mother. They thanked the Lord for the things they had talked about and for some other things, like the flowers and the birds; and they prayed for patience and good will in "pull-away;" and they prayed for Miss Freeman. One little boy prayed: "And dear Lord, bless Grace Freeman. They think she's going to die. Please change their minds, so they'll think she's going to get well. And make her to get well, too."

I talked to the teacher afterward. I asked her how she got all those children to pray so naturally and simply and convincingly. She had already shown me how she did it, in the natural and specific way she talked with them. There was no sanctimony in her voice, no awe-inspiring tone, but just the conversational tone with which she told them stories, and talked with them about their lessons and their play. And she mentioned specific things to pray about. That is a very important thing in teaching children to pray; the poor little things, left to themselves, often grope stumbly after their elders' subjects and phrases. This teacher made God and Jesus very real persons, and very active in the children's lives.



# ETCHINGS



"Well," she said in answer to my question, "we start from the very first of the school year, and in connection with our Bible lessons — the creation — we talk about the flowers and the birds and the trees, and all the beautiful things God has made for us; and I tell them we love our heavenly Father who has made everything so good and beautiful for us, and of course we want to thank Him. And then we do. And so it goes on, month after month. They make their own prayers, but I furnish them some suggestions of matters to pray about, though they are very original, too, in selecting their subjects for prayer."

I suppose that most of our church school teachers follow this method, though seldom have I found so ready and natural an attitude on the part of the children, and so sincere and impressive an atmosphere. Every teacher needs to study the science of prayer and the methods of teaching the children. But do not parents also need to study it? I think they do. Most children in the home never are taken beyond the "Now I lay me" stage by their parents. If we would talk about things to pray about, and make suggestions in a natural way at family worship and at bedtime, how beautiful might be the lives of faith and happy communion our children would develop!

## Dear Pastor, the Lambs!

WHEN I go to church, I take my little daughter, now nine years old. She has come up from babyhood with a training for good behavior in church. When she was a baby, she went to sleep. When she was a five-year-old, she played with picture cards. When she was seven, *Our Little Friend* was her preacher. But

now she is nine, and more than intelligent enough to understand my speech, with occasional definitions.

Yesterday, seeing how tall she has grown, and remembering how bright of mind, I thought to myself, "Now surely this little girl can understand the good preacher today; for he is one who talks very simply, and she likes him, too." So I hugged her close and whispered, "Listen to Professor Blank. You can understand what he is saying." She put down her *Friend*, and looked up at me with those tiny wrinkles showing between her eyes which are the embryo of my own deep furrows: "Papa, I don't *want* to listen to him," she said.

I did not make her. No use, in that frame of mind. Yet she could have understood him very well. I asked myself, "Why didn't she want to?" And I answered, "Because she has not formed the habit. And the habit is difficult to form because it is only an occasional preacher who speaks so she can understand." Maybe the preachers can't, but then, honestly, I don't think they try. Anyway, I should be greatly helped in teaching her a new church habit if all the pastors would speak so the children could understand. Before the Lord told Peter to feed His sheep, He said to him, "Feed My lambs."

"IN the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story,

Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still. . . .

Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory,

Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill."

"Do all the good you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can,  
Just as long as you can."

# Teaching Hints

## United States History

MRS. N. A. RICE

POSTCARDS containing historical views, are always interesting to boys and girls. Every teacher should take pains to collect historical pictures.

Very interesting men lived during the colonial and Revolutionary periods. Stories of various ones may be assigned to different members of the class to relate. The story of Benjamin Franklin may be intensified by securing an old-fashioned candle mold, and explaining how the candles were made of tallow and beeswax. His life story is told in "American Leaders and Heroes." Read the poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," or have the class memorize it in their reading class. When studying about the Declaration of Independence, tell the story of the bellman who rang the Liberty Bell that hung in the old Statehouse. Read the poem, "Independence Bell," to the class. It is found in almost any collection of historical poems, and also in Baldwin and Bender's Seventh Reader, page 129.

Following are some devices:

1775 — Lexington	Years
1776 — Independence	Covered
1777 — Burgoyne's invasion of New York	by
1778 — Evacuation of Philadelphia	the
1779 — Recapture of Stony Point	Revolutionary
1780 — Treason of Arnold	War
1781 — Yorktown surrendered	

Prepare cards with names of historical characters, and flash same to class, calling upon a member of the class to tell who the character is and what he did. The same may be used for drill of dates.

One of the most helpful things a teacher can do is to make a list of questions based upon the textbook. These questions may be numbered consecutively from the beginning and may be few or many. This is so simple that one hesitates to mention it, yet it is so practical and is always received with so much appreciation that it cannot be overlooked.

The twenty most important dates, arranged both chronologically and as to order of rank of importance (as compiled from questionnaire of most eminent historians of the United States), are as follows:

Chronologically	Rank of Importance
1492	1776
1607	1492
1620	1607
1765	1789
1775	1620
1776	1803
1781	1861 (April 12)
1783	1787
1787	1863 (Jan. 1)
1789	1820
1803	1812
1812	1765
1820	1783
1823	1865 (April 14)
1846	1850
1850	1854
1854	1775
1861	1781
1863	1823
1865	1846

To these must be added 1914 and 1917.

## Geography Seven

BLANCHE E. HICKS

Africa

(Continued)

1. ENGLISH POSSESSIONS: Make a list of the portions that belong to England. Study each from the standpoint of value to the mother country. Be familiar with the pronunciation and spelling of the names of places.
2. French Possessions: Study location of each, also surface, climate, products, etc.
3. Other European Countries: Outline these similarly to the preceding.
4. The student should be familiar with the following names; should know what and where, also the correct spell-

ing; and should have a few definite thoughts connected with them: Kimberley, Cape Town, Cairo, Alexandria, Victoria, Kilimanjaro, Atlas, Abyssinia, Tripoli, Madagascar, Good Hope, Guinea, St. Helena, Khartum, Timbuktu, Canary, Niger, Nile, Zambesi, Sahara, Kalahari, Monrovia, Free-town, Aden, Gibraltar, Mozambique, Nyassa, Orange, Port Elizabeth, Addis Abeba, Morocco, Port Said, Suez, Verde, Gambia, Johannesburg, Guardafui, Tanganyika, Tunis, Kenia, Chad.

5. With use of book and any other helps, write answers to questions on page 226. Papers may be handed in for teacher's check; books closed, class recite, giving definite, well-stated answers.
6. The following topics may be assigned for oral class reports. Give each child a list of material which has been previously selected from geographical readers, magazines, encyclopedias, and clippings from various sources. The child should carefully read his source material; then go over it and organize, and make an outline to guide him in his talk. It will pay to take the class period for giving individual help in preparing these talks, if the class need it. Avoid having poorly prepared, uninteresting reports given.

Why Africa Is Called the Dark Continent.

The Nile Valley and Its Part in History.

The Pyramids.

A Visit to a Diamond Mine.

What You Find in an African Jungle.

What Livingstone Did for Africa.

Stories of Our Mission Work. (See our current papers.)

The Great Sahara.

How the Country Is Changing, and Why.

Hindrances to Progress.

Story of How Our Mission Work Started: Present Workers.

If the teacher prefers, these topics may

be assigned for written work. If well planned, and children are put in touch with proper helps, this will be a very interesting part of the work.

### Work

#### WORK!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it —  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the brain and the soul on fire.  
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it?  
And what is so kind as the stern command,  
Challenging brain, and heart, and hand?

#### Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,  
Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.  
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,  
And what is so glad as the surge of it?  
And what is so strong as the summons deep,  
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

#### Work!

Thank God for the peace of it,  
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it —  
Fiery steeds in full control,  
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal;  
Work, the power that drives behind,  
Guiding the purpose, taming the mind,  
Holding the runaway wishes back,  
Reining the will to one steady track,  
Speeding the energies faster, faster,  
Triumphing over disaster.  
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
And what is so great as the gain of it?  
And what is so kind as the cruel goad  
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

#### Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,  
Passion of labor daily hurled  
On the mighty anvils of the world.  
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?  
And what is so huge as the aim of it?  
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,  
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,  
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
Doing whatever the Spirit wills —  
Rending a continent apart,  
To answer the dream of the master heart.  
Thank God for a world where none may  
shirk;

Thank God for the splendor of work!

— Home Department Magazine.

# Home and School Association

## Discipline According to God's Plan

### (Questions and Answers)

NOTE.—The leader must have a copy of the questions in hand.

1. What hedge should daily be built about the children?

"It is the duty of Christian parents, morning and evening, by earnest prayer and persevering faith, to make a hedge about their children."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 110.

2. What spirit should characterize the family altar service?

"Come in humility, with a heart full of tenderness, and with a sense of the temptations and dangers before yourselves and your children; by faith bind them to the altar, entreating for them the care of the Lord."—*Ibid.*

3. Will the Lord of heaven pass by such homes?

"Will the Lord of heaven pass by such homes, and leave no blessing there?—Nay, verily. Ministering angels will guard the children who are thus dedicated to God."—*Ibid.*

4. Should corporal punishment ever be administered?

"Whipping may be necessary when other resorts fail; yet she [the mother] should not use the rod if it is possible to avoid doing so. But if milder measures prove insufficient, punishment that will bring the child to its senses should in love be administered."—*Id.*, p. 116.

5. What should the child be helped fully to realize when it becomes necessary to administer corporal punishment?

"When this step becomes necessary, the child should be seriously impressed with the thought that this is not done for the gratification of the parent [or the teacher], or to indulge arbitrary authority, but for the child's own good."—*Id.*, p. 117.

6. What instruction from the Lord should be given the children in connection with corporal punishment?

The child "should be taught that every fault uncorrected will bring unhappiness to himself, and will displease God. Under such discipline children will find their greatest happiness in submitting their wills to the will of their heavenly Father."—*Ibid.*

7. How should corporal punishment be administered?

"Never correct your child in anger. An exhibition of passion on your part will not cure your child's evil temper. That is the time of all times when you should act with humility and patience and prayer. Then is the time to kneel down with the children, and ask the Lord for pardon. Before you cause your child physical pain, you will, if you are a Christian, . . . reveal the love you have for your erring little one."—*Id.*, pp. 117, 118.

8. In many instances how may corporal punishment be avoided?

"Neither parents nor teachers should allow disregard of their word to pass unnoticed. Should they neglect to correct the children for doing wrong, God would hold them accountable for their neglect."—*Id.*, p. 155.

9. What should be the law of the home and the school?

"But let them [parents and teachers] be sparing of censure. Let kindness be the law of the home and of the school. Let the children be taught to keep the law of the Lord, and let a firm, loving influence restrain them from evil."—*Ibid.*

10. What sound instruction is given by the Lord to parents?

"The requirements of the parents should always be reasonable; kindness should be expressed, not by foolish indulgence, but by wise direction. Parents are to teach their children pleasantly, without scolding or faultfinding, seeking to bind the hearts of the little ones to them by the silken cords of love."—*Id.*, pp. 158, 159.

11. What good instruction is given by the Lord to teachers?

"Teachers . . . need to be self-possessed, to keep their temper and feelings under control, and in subjection to the Holy Spirit. . . .

"Those who easily become impatient and irritated should not be educators. . . .

"Inquire, teachers, . . . Does the love of Christ constrain me, as I deal with the souls for whom He has given His life?"—*Id.*, pp. 191, 192, 193.

12. What special encouragement is given to both parents and teachers?

"Heaven is interested in this work in behalf of the young. The parents and teachers who by wise instruction, in a calm, decided manner, accustom children to think of and care for others, will help them to overcome their selfishness, and will close the door against many

temptations. Angels of God will co-operate with these faithful instructors. Angels are not commissioned to do this work themselves; but they will give strength and efficiency to those who, in the fear of God, seek to train the young to a life of usefulness."— *Id.*, pp. 148, 149.

## Concrete Experiences

BY TEACHERS

PERHAPS the most serious problem confronting the mothers and teachers of today is the one of "discipline." All around us are the startling evidences of the truth of the "last day" prophecies regarding the children. "Disobedient to parents, . . . heady, high-minded."

To many parents, discipline means the same kind of punishment for every offense, no matter how small or great, or what the contributing causes might be — perhaps it is being sent to bed, or kept indoors, or something similar, until the child becomes so used to it that its effectiveness is lost. Or maybe there is a talk or a reproof or a warning that, if the fault is committed again, a more severe punishment will be given. This child is likely to think that all punishments consist of admonitions and warnings and nothing more definite.

Since the teacher comes in contact with so many different natures, it is well if she has first learned that he who would command must first learn to obey. If the teacher is not naturally endowed with clear perception, a keen sense of justice, and love for children, these traits should anxiously be sought. She should subject herself to a more rigid discipline than she employs with the children. She must have an ideal. Her eyes are fixed on a goal, and she endeavors to inculcate the great fundamental principles of honesty, respect for authority, reverence for God, industry, loyalty, and love for humanity. She keeps these great principles ever in mind. Whenever a child shows a weakness in one of these points, she endeavors to strengthen his character on that particular point.

The teacher should also be endowed with a broad mind, a sense of humor, and be able to distinguish between the

violation of a principle and a childish misdemeanor. No two children are alike, and no two can be treated just alike; but sometimes some of our experiences are helpful to others.

It was still the first week of school. I had heard of the "bad boy," but as yet he had not appeared, and I was just beginning to feel relieved. Perhaps he would not appear.

One morning while seated at my desk, an unusual commotion outside attracted my attention. The door flew open, and a belligerent-looking little lad stood before me. "Good morning," said I, and smiled. Perhaps my smile made the little fellow feel that he had not impressed me as he desired, so in his boldest tones he announced the fact that he was a "terror." I laughed aloud, and asked the would-be terror his full name. When told it was John, I patted him on the shoulder and remarked that every John I had known had been a good lad, and I felt sure he would be also. He smiled a knowing little smile, as much as to say he had heard such remarks before, and took the seat assigned to him.

The day had not proceeded far before I heard him "stirring," and said, "John, what are you doing?"

"Being mean," was his prompt and somewhat triumphant reply.

Calling him to me, I asked if all his work was finished and as neat as I desired it to be. He replied that it was. I explained to him that I could scarcely afford the time to correct his paper at that time, but that I would for once. "If you have finished and your paper is neat, I will give you more work; but if not, I must punish you for not doing your work properly, and also for delaying me." A glance or two at the child's paper showed me that it was better than I had expected, so I simply said, "I see, John, you were out of a job, and now since I have been delayed, I'd like to have you help me out."

I gave him a blue pencil and a few papers to correct, asking him to go over every word carefully, and put a small

line under each mistake. I also gave him some papers containing little problems in addition, which he was to mark.

It was not his aid that I desired, for of course I must go over them all again; but I wanted to know whether he was accurate and painstaking in his work. He enjoyed helping, and it kept him busy and happy. I called him to me one day, and told him that if he would finish and hand in to me some extra work each day, I would, in a short time, advance him to a higher grade. "You know," I said, "I told you that my Johns have always been bright, good lads." And he also proved to be such a one.

#### Another

Dick was the kind that most teachers dread more than the "out and out" bad boy. He was a general nuisance, a pest. He lived amid a constant commotion, and loved it. There was no peace near him. He poked this one, punched another, made a face at any who glanced in his direction, and never lost an opportunity to make life miserable for those who sat near him. The older children complained about him, the younger ones wailed when he went in their direction. Punishments, many and varied, failed to touch the vital spot, and I decided that too much of my time was being consumed by one child and too much of the joy taken out of my work. Something effective must be done.

The right day came. There was an unused room, light and airy, and I had it cleaned out and put in order. A desk was brought in, and, the weather being bright and warm, I decided it was a good time to try the experiment. Next morning the opening exercises consisted of a talk on how sin entered heaven; how Satan, since he was cast down to earth, spends all his time making others sin so there may be many to bear the penalty in the end; and how, in the end, Satan is to be "bound," for the righteous will be with Jesus and the wicked will be asleep. All are out of his reach; he has nothing to do. I referred to our room. We have

a work to do, and time is short. We must prepare; there must be no idlers. For the one who will not work, and keeps others from working, there had been a place prepared, where, though he himself may not work, he at least will disturb no others. The busy hum of work began; every hand was busy. Peace reigned.

Between classes I passed quickly down the aisles to pronounce a word here, or give a little aid to another; and I saw our "torment" poke the lad in front of him, who, I was glad to see, kept steadily at work. I invited Dick to take his books and come with me. He looked a bit bewildered as he took the seat in the empty room. I explained that I would drop in between classes and see how he was doing; that all arithmetic must be finished, and every word in his reading lesson that he could not pronounce must be written on paper, and I would pronounce them for him when I came in. Ten minutes before recess time I dismissed him for his lonely recess. He came in as we went out. At lunch hour he went to the part of the school ground assigned to him and played by himself.

He came in to recite with his class, but departed immediately after for his own room. When I stepped in to give him a little help in his work, I took the opportunity to impress him with the loneliness, as he had asked me if it was time to go home. I told him that if we do not regard the rights of others, and hurt them, we lose them as friends, and are forced to live in loneliness; our company is not desired. But Christ did good to all men, and the spirit of Christ enables us to help one another. He came for the closing prayer, but remained with me for a short time, that the others might have time to go.

I had another talk with him about the joy of having friends, and how we miss them. He performed some of the needed tasks for me, and as we went out of the room together, he said, "I'm going to be a better boy tomorrow." And he was; not that he never needed any other les-

sons, but there was a marked improvement in his behavior, and I found that a whole day in solitude had had a very good effect upon him, as well as upon us.

#### Another

One autumn, some weeks after school had begun, there was enrolled in my kindergarten a little boy about four years of age. He was a strong, sturdy-looking lad, with a well-shaped head and rightly proportioned body, a trifle heavy for his height (which indicates over-feeding), but his complexion was fresh and clear—that best sign of perfect health. He was bright eyed, and evidently entirely self-possessed, as he readily joined in the games and other activities of the kindergarten. In fact, he seemed to feel that they were being carried on for his especial benefit,—a not uncommon supposition of only children who have not been injured by being made self-conscious. The principal of the school told me he was an only child of well-to-do parents, who idolized him.

All went pleasantly for the first three or four days until one day, while at the blackboard drawing with a group of other children, he chanced to drop his piece of chalk.

Turning to me, he said in a tone of command: "Get me another piece of chalk."

"No," I answered, "pick up the piece you have just dropped."

Instantly his face darkened, his body stiffened, and he said, "I won't."

"Won't do what?" I asked, somewhat astonished by the sudden change that had come over him.

"I won't pick up the chalk. I won't mind you nor anybody! When I say I won't, I don't, that's all!" and this announcement of his defiance of authority ended with an emphatic nod of his small head.

Most of the children stopped their work and looked at him with wide-eyed incredulity. I saw that a battle was in sight, and that his small majesty would struggle hard for the divine right of kings. I therefore signaled to my as-

sistant to take charge of the kindergarten, and holding out my hand, said, "Come into the other room with me, Edgar; I have something I want to tell you about our kindergarten." My tone was entirely impersonal, but perfectly assured. I would have picked him up and carried him into the next room, had that been necessary. Almost all children respond to real authority, rightly expressed. It is only when the manner of the adult is arrogant, or when the tone is fearful of not being obeyed, that a child is tempted to show his resistance. Then he suspects and resents all authority. The boy looked at me for a moment, then quietly took my hand and went with me into the adjoining cloakroom. I closed the door, and seated myself in a chair directly in front of it.

I then drew another chair close to me, and said: "Sit down here, and let us talk this thing over."

He pulled the chair a little away from me, but seated himself; at the same time he announced: "I won't and I shan't; and when I say I won't and I shan't, I don't."

"None of my children say 'I won't' to me," I replied quietly. "They know I am here to help them."

"Well, I say 'I won't' to you. I say I won't and I shan't to my mamma, and I say I won't and I shan't to my nurse; and my papa says, 'Can't anybody make him mind?'"

**The king had issued his decree, as doubtless he had issued it many times from his home throne.**

"I do not want to make you mind me. I want you to do what is right," I replied, as calmly as if we were speaking of the chair on which he was sitting. Then I added, "Do you know why little children come to the kindergarten?"

"No," he answered. The cloud on his face lightened; his interest in something new was awakened.

"They come because I can help them learn how to make themselves do what is right, and that makes them happy, and they then make other people happy."

I paused, and then continued: "I want you to think real hard now, for I am going to ask you a question. As you dropped the chalk, don't you think it was right that you should pick it up?"

His face clouded again. "No, I don't, and I'm not going to mind you nor anybody. And I'm going back into the other room *now*."

"No," I replied, "we are not going back into the other room until you can think this matter over and are strong enough to make yourself do what is right."

"Well, I'm not going to make myself do what is right."

"Very well," I said, "we can stay here." And I settled myself into an attitude of repose and looked out of the window at the distant horizon.

He arose and kicked over his chair. Still I gazed, sphinxlike, at the horizon. He walked to the other end of the cloak-room, jerking impetuously at the coats on the hooks as he passed them. Soon a hat tumbled down, and he gave it a kick across the room. I still gazed quietly at the landscape. I wanted to give him full time to realize that there was authority beyond his in our little world, and I wanted him to feel that I was merely the messenger of this law.

He walked to the window, looked out, then turned, and walking up to me, said once more: "I won't and I shan't; and when I say *I won't, I don't!*" This last was said very emphatically.

I took no notice of him whatever, but continued to gaze silently out of the window. He stood looking at me for a few puzzled moments. Then, giving another kick at his upturned chair, he walked off. His firm conviction of his divine right to rule was too great for him to cry, as a weaker child might have done. Besides, I had appealed to his control of himself.

Soon the music for the games began in the other room. He turned, and coming up briskly to me, said: "Get out of that chair. I want to go into the other

room to play. We have had enough of this."

I realized too fully the need he had of the lesson in obedience to law to make light of the matter; so I turned to him, and in a tone of surprise said: "Didn't you understand me? We are not going back to the other children until you are willing to do what is right."

He shrugged his small shoulders, gave another kick at the chair, and once more walked away; and again I gazed out of the window as if time and eternity were one to me. In a few moments he was back again. Laying his hand on my knee and looking earnestly into my face, he said, "Do you really and truly mean what you say?"

"Yes," I replied, "I always really and truly mean what I say to children."

"All right, then," he said, "let's go into the other room. I'll make myself pick up the chalk."

"I'm glad," I replied quietly. "I thought you could be a strong boy and make yourself do what is right." I took care to change the deed from the particular act to obedience to the right. Not vaguely, but specifically.

It was not a time for praising or petting. He was learning what must be an everyday occurrence, not some extraordinary experience. Hand in hand, we re-entered the kindergarten room. Unfortunately, some other child had picked up the chalk, so that the supreme test of publicly undoing his deed could not be made. He looked at me inquiringly to see what to do, and leaning down, I whispered, "Never mind this time. Somebody else has picked it up; but the next time I tell you to do something, you can show me you are strong enough to make yourself do it." He nodded understandingly, and together we joined the play circle.

What had happened to this little child and to me in the brief fifteen minutes we had been separated from all the rest of the world? He had learned that there was something called "right" which did not chance to suit his capricious little



will. Perhaps he did not yet know just what "right" was, but it was something that I respected and that he must obey, whether he wanted to or not. He had also had a glimpse, a dim one, perhaps, nevertheless a gleam of consciousness, of a power within him to which I had appealed, that could make him do what he did not want to do, what he had said he would not do. He had heard the "really and truly" in me, and had responded to it.

The soul of childhood is ever ready to respond to sincerity. It is contact with shallowness, or insincerity, that awakens a child's distrust. And I, what had I learned? To believe more reverently in the divine ideal which exists within the soul of each little one, ready to respond when the call comes from the depth of another soul. In psychological terms we would say that the inborn impulse which demands freedom of action had met with authority which must be obeyed, and had found that true freedom comes only through choosing the law of right.

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### Errata

ON page 21 of the November, 1923, HOME AND SCHOOL there appeared an article entitled, "Underlying Principles of Recreation," credited to Mina Morse Mann, who writes us that she is not the author, and thinks the real author may be considering her a plagiarist. Mrs. Mann was given credit by the one who sent the article to this magazine. Will the one who wrote this article be kind enough to write us concerning the matter? Thank you. EDITOR.

---

IF I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain,  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Into his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

— *Emily Dickinson.*

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BE noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

— *Lowell.*

## For the Help of the Parents of Youth

BEGINNING with the March number, we shall enter upon a series of studies designed to help parents in the management and training of adolescent children.

The Home Commission, as you know, has undertaken to help the parents of young children through the strong, progressive lessons provided in the Mother's Lessons for the Young Mothers' Society.

So many appeals have come and are coming from parents of youth, about the problems they encounter with their children, that the Home Commission purposes now to reach these parents through a new department in HOME AND SCHOOL. Look for the heading,

### "Parents and Young Folk"

In this department we shall deal, first, with general questions relating to the nature, tendencies, and opportunities of adolescence; then with the matters of physical states and impulses, intellectual interests, social impulses and guidance, and religious experience.

Put HOME AND SCHOOL into the hands of every father and mother of adolescent children. These Parents' Lessons will be for them what the Mothers' Lessons are for the young mothers.

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### A Secret of Discipline

"PRAYER changes things." It will change the restless spirit in your schoolroom to quiet, earnest effort. Have you tried it? A teacher there was once who daily prayed, "O Lord, subdue these children to Thyself. Make them obedient and teachable, for they are the lambs of Thy flock. Make me a true shepherd today." A sweet spirit of comradeship pervaded that schoolroom. "Prayer changes things."

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"THE greatest mistake you can make in this life is to be continually fearing you will make one."

---

"CONCEIT may puff a man up, but it can never prop him up."

# YOUNG MOTHERS

## The Children and the Family Budget

KATHERINE MARSH

A MOTHER of my acquaintance, who has made the training of her flock the subject of deep thought and study, as well as earnest prayer, has had some difficulty in teaching the children the principles of partnership. It had not occurred to them that there could be a limit to the resources that supplied them with life's necessities and occasional luxuries. The mother, being left in entire charge of the children, felt quite as burdened as Atlas, who bore the world on his shoulders. She had sound theories, but these, like faith, are dead without works.

The children had a small income, which the mother had taught them to use with discrimination, first giving God His portion, then paying any obligation due another person. What remained would be used for three purposes; one part to give, one to save, and one to spend as the child needed, or felt inclined. All seemed well satisfied with this plan, and thought to make use of it. (Who has forgotten the dreams of his childhood?)

Before this budget system had been tried out, however, the mother became ill, and found it necessary to be absent from the children for a few weeks, leaving them in very capable, but busy hands. They wrote often, telling of the happy times they were having, and one child said he was saving his money to buy himself a pair of shoes, since those he had were getting uncomfortably small for him. The mother smiled and waited.

Not long after this "good report" had been received, the mother returned, amid great rejoicing. In settling her own accounts, she inquired into the

children's finances. They were badly bankrupt. Everything useful had been forgotten, as they had feasted upon refreshing ice cream cones and luscious chocolate bars. Not only were they in debt to a small degree, but they had damaged some of the home property, which would require several dollars in repairs.

With quite a heavy heart the mother set about to find a way out that would be a lesson not soon forgotten.

During a short stay at home, the father had prepared a small garden spot for the boys to plant and care for, with the understanding that mother would buy the produce for the table; so mother settled the indebtedness, and took the sum in garden truck. The child who had decided to let mother buy his shoes was allowed to go barefoot until cool weather, which was really a pleasure to him.

However, it did not seem fair to let father bear the expense of his sons' carelessness and disobedience, therefore it was decided that they should work and earn the means to repair the damage. How they toiled in the heat, and what was their joy when the necessary sum was raised, with a surplus sufficient for caps and gloves for the soon-coming winter!

These experiences have done them far more good than either precept or example, and it is very gratifying to mother to notice their interest in increasing the elasticity of the family budget. They never tease for bicycles now, but plan on earning one another summer.

Frequently candy is made at home, to gratify their craving for sweets and help to keep them happy. Their mother realizes that there *is* some truth after all in the saying, "The cream of experience is always skimmed from spilled milk."

## Courtesy and Consideration

BERTHA JOHNSTON

"THE greater man, the greater courtesy."

In every home, opportunities should be made for the little children to practise consideration and care for something weaker than themselves. The cherishing instinct, both in the individual and the family, needs cultivation and direction. It is manifested in the love of little girls for their dolls and in the devotion of boys to their pets. If this quality of nurture is not exercised or properly directed, it withers; for affections must be exercised if they are to develop.

We often see spoiled children in American families where all their desires are gratified without effort on their own part, and they are given no opportunity to serve. Many a mother virtually makes a slave of herself for her children, humoring every whim, and relieving them of all care, trouble, and responsibility, only to find, when they are grown, that they are utterly selfish and inconsiderate.

Unfortunate, too, is the only child or the youngest member of the family, who is overindulged, with no more dependent member of the household to call forth his tender feelings.

For the child without companions in the home, the parent should provide occasions that require service or sacrifice for others. Arrange to have his friends come frequently to play with your little one, and share his toys, suggesting that the little guests must have the best.

Adaptability is gained through companionship with one's equals. From association with boys, little girls learn something of fair play, and become acquainted with the sturdier virtues; while from girls the boys learn to have a chivalrous attitude toward womankind.

The instinct of nurture is developed through the care of a garden or pets, for a child must exercise thought and put it into practice, in order to obtain results. Then, too, generosity and respect are stimulated by sharing the fruits of his care, a little bouquet for mother,

a head of lettuce for a neighbor, an extra kitten for a playmate.

If pets have young, the child's mother should call attention to the care of the mother for her little ones, and her courage and self-sacrifice whenever the young are endangered. A child should be taught to take entire charge of his pets, to weed and care for his garden, if he is to receive the full benefit in character development and achieve the self-respect which comes from responsibilities accepted.

Then, too, good manners, which spring from consideration, are as essential to the happiness of the world as are good morals, and parents should be examples of both to their children. How often virtuous people make us unhappy by their lack of tact! Courtesy and graciousness smooth out the rough places of life. A tiny boy of three can raise his hat, and one of five can rise at table and push mother's chair into place. When older people enter a room, children should rise; in fact, they should be taught to practise all the little daily civilities. But courteous manners are taught slowly, "for precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." Many a man of good character has greatly limited his usefulness by his lack of "polish," because his mother, either from stupidity or over-indulgence, neglected his social training.

At this momentous time it is especially important that all means possible be employed to foster the instinct of caring for the weak and dependent.

It would be well if more children were made to feel responsible for some child of less favored circumstances. It is astonishing how boys and girls will rise to the occasion when responsibility is placed upon them.

---

"NEVER has a builder followed blueprints more exactly than should we follow the blueprints of God's plan of education for His people."

## Mothers, Watch Your Own Manners

Good company manners depend upon good home manners. As for table manners, the active child who from his earliest years has been accustomed to regular meals of simple food with sufficient variety for his health and pleasure, will be hungry enough at mealtime to eat anything that is put before him. If from the beginning he has been encouraged by example, then good table manners will be as natural as breathing. They will be a part of him, and he will make use of them wherever he is.

The place for a parent to begin training the manners of her child is with her own manners. Whenever a mother complains to me of the bad manners of her child, she is unconsciously lodging a complaint against herself as a mother. Of course a certain amount of boisterousness and wilfulness is to be expected in the child; but bad manners spring almost invariably from the carelessness, lack of consideration, artificial ideals, lack of time (many busy mothers, it is true, cannot give the time they wish to their children) of those who are responsible for the child's training.

The old ideal of training in behavior was based largely upon the principle of the child's consideration for its elders; the modern principle demands also the elders' consideration for the child.

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### Laddie Boy

ELIZABETH CORNELL MARTIN

LITTLE Laddie Boy of mine,  
Sturdy, rosy, squirming;  
Busy hands and busy mind—  
Lessons daily learning.

How your baby ways entrance!  
Make my heart adore you;  
Help to make me brave and strong,  
Living rightly for you;

In the hours of toil and care  
Help to make them brighter.  
Caresses sweet, and loving smile  
Make my burdens lighter.

Little Laddie Boy of mine,  
To the world you're showing  
Every lesson I have taught,  
As you're older growing.

---

## Adapting Songs

MRS. JESSIE SNIDER WAGNER

PERHAPS few things bring more joy and happiness into the home than the singing of sacred songs. First impressions being the most lasting, it behooves us to sow only choice seed. Most children love to sing and can readily memorize, hence if we do not teach them uplifting songs, they are sure to learn light and frivolous ones. At the age of two years my little girl began to learn this latter class from the children of a neighbor, and this led me to think she could as readily learn something of true worth.

I have secured good results by using her name instead of the pronoun in some of the hymns, thus making the thought more personal. I began by singing to her at bedtime, or when she was inclined to be disobedient, selecting a song appropriate for the occasion. As for instance:

"He loves Fern too, He loves mother too,  
I know He loves daddy too.  
Because He loves the little things,  
I know He loves Fern too."

Only a mother knows how many, many times we are at our wits' end to know how to do the right thing at the logical moment, but I find that when she is inclined to be disobedient, the singing of a stanza like the following, brings better results than corporal punishment, since it creates a desire to be more like the little children of whom we are singing:

"Little children, little children who obey their mothers,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.  
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty, bright gems for His crown."

---

CHARACTER lives in a man; reputation, outside of him.—*Holland.*

## How Do You Sign Your Name?

(The Home Commission sympathizes with the perplexed conference Sabbath school secretary who cries, "Who is who?" because she can't tell.)

It would be surprising, no doubt, if one could know how many people there are in the world who have no established signature. By this I do not refer to the criminal classes who are constantly trying to cover up their identity by a change of name, but the average person whose training has not been such as to call his attention to the sound business policy of using an established form of signature.

We may overlook with a smile the efforts of the boy or girl at the romantic age to achieve what may be considered a pretty or distinctive name; but surely with years there should come appreciation of the dignity and permanence of one's name.

There are several variations of form possible with the name of every individual. Take Mr. White, for instance: he may be known as James White, J. White, or J. M. White, all of which are correct. His wife might properly be known either as Alice White, Mrs. J. White, Mrs. J. M. White, Mrs. James White, or, she might choose to use the initials of her own Christian name, and be always within her legal rights.

The question is, which shall it be? Good form — which is generally the embodiment of good sense also — prescribes that a man use, if possible, a form of name that would be distinctive enough to prevent confusion of his identity with that of some other man of similar surname. For a married woman it would be apparent that the dignified thing is to use a form which at once identifies her with her husband. Therefore Mrs. James White or Mrs. James M. White is the most dignified form she can select.—*Edith Starbuck, in North Pacific Union Gleaner.*

Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor, on character.—*Cobden.*

February, 1924

## A Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

Following is a letter which we have lately received from Elder W. A. Spicer, president of the General Conference. We feel that the readers of your paper should have the privilege of reading this letter:

"Even to the ends of the earth they are thanking God for the Fireside Correspondence School. It is our largest school. Workers have brought greater strength into their work by following the courses of study. Young people in business who were unable to get to our schools have prepared themselves to go into the work by joining the Correspondence School while going on with their business. Hundreds more of those unable to enter our other schools should be enrolled for these classes, fitting themselves for stronger work in the message."

Very sincerely yours,

THE FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
(Signed) CLIFTON L. TAYLOR,  
*Associate Principal.*

## Education According to the Bible

THIS is the theme treated in Professor Cady's recent work, entitled, "Education in the Bible." The author makes clear and plain the superiority of the system of education of ancient Israel over all other systems, both ancient and modern. This claim is fully sustained by a thorough study and examination of the principles, practice, and product of that system, and a comparison with those of other systems.

Already nearly one half of the edition has been sold. This work is not only being read by the laity, but it is also being studied by students in our normal training schools, and made the basis of talks and sermons given by ministers and other workers when presenting the subject of Christian education.

The pamphlet, containing 192 pages, price, 50 cents, can be secured from our tract societies.

"A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Page 29

# I WAS WONDERING

## And So I Thought I'd Ask You

"Please give some suggestions for rainy-day games."

In answering this question, space will permit the description of but one game. This is a spelling game, and is valuable, not only for entertainment, but because of its educational worth.

Any number of players may engage in the game. The one who starts the game says, "I have thought of a word beginning with —," naming the letter. The second player thinks of a word beginning with the letter named, and adds a second letter to the word he has in mind. It, of course, may not be the word the first player had in mind at all. The third player must think of a word beginning with the two letters already suggested, and add the third letter. The object of each player is to prevent a word from ending with him.

The game proceeds until some player is obliged to end a word. If he inadvertently ends a word by suggesting a letter, while he has another word entirely in his mind, it counts just the same. When a player has been obliged three times to end a word, he drops out of the game. The other players continue until all are out save one. He, of course, wins the game.

The players who drop out one by one are permitted to talk to any of the other players, but no one still in the game is permitted to speak to one having dropped out, on pain of dropping out of the game himself. Proper names and foreign words are barred.

When it is a player's turn, if he thinks the one who has played before him has made a mistake in his spelling, or does not have a legitimate word in his mind, he has a right to turn to this player and say, "I challenge your word." The

one challenged must then produce the word; and if the spelling is found to be incorrect, or if he had no legitimate word in mind, he loses one of the three points the same as if the word had ended with him. If, on the other hand, the word is correct and properly spelled, the challenger loses one of his three points. When all the players but one have dropped out, the game closes and a new one may be begun. C. A. R.

Do you think that other people should correct children when the mother or father is present?

Not ordinarily; though for a fact, in view of the course of some parents, about the only alternative a person may have in the face of children's misbehavior is to turn his back and walk off. But it is of course true that some persons are hypersensitive about the behavior of children, and see misdeeds where there are in fact none. In any case, it must be recognized that God gives the parents the primary responsibility for the disciplining of their children; and the occasions will be few when the proprieties permit the interference of either aunts or uncles, grandparents, teachers, or friends of the family. Ordinarily, to do so is to make oneself obnoxious not only to the children and the parents, but to other observers as well.

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.—*Samuel Smiles.*

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

I HAD rather never receive a kindness than never bestow one.—*Seneca.*

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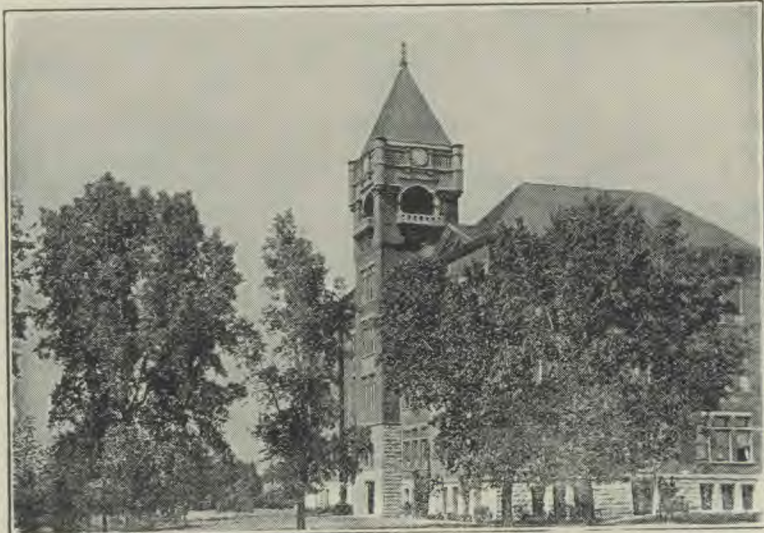
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