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Ten Reasons for Having System in the Home

MRS. ERNEST LLOYD

1. *Because of our relation to God and His plan.* God is the great organizer. We have only to look about us in the world of nature to see what a wise and careful planner He is. Every flower, shrub, and tree shows how minutely He plans for the needs of all. It is evident, too, that God has a great and wonderful plan in the spiritual world. We know that God's work will be finished in the earth because He has a plan, and we have abundant proof that He is working that plan. If it is necessary for God to have a plan for His work, how important that we should have a plan, a system, in our homes, if they are to accomplish what He expects of them. God is our Father, and we are His children. Our homes are to represent Him, and He is "a God of order." They are to fit into the scheme of preparing for the heavenly home, where love and order are supreme.

2. *Because system makes for success.* Successful men and women in every field of endeavor have system in their work. We expect the school-teacher to have a program, a plan, a system. Why?—Because he cannot do the work he is expected to do without a definite, daily schedule. But the home is the first school the child attends, and the one from which he never graduates. It was said of a man possessing unusual ability, but who had miserably failed in his work, that he was "a victim of disorder." Had he been taught the worth and importance of system in his boyhood days, his record would doubtless have been different.

3. *Because system is an excellent habit to cultivate.* Life is made up of habits. They either bless or curse. System in the home is one of the habits that blesses.

When shall it be formed?—Unquestionably, in the plastic days of childhood. Once thoroughly formed, the habit is fixed for life. It goes with the child into everything—work, play, reading, study, eating, and sleeping. Suppose the habit was not formed in youth. "It is the duty of every Christian to *acquire* habits of order, thoroughness, and dispatch."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," p. 344. But the easiest and best way is to form the habit early in life.

4. *Because system is the great economizer of time.* Time is the greatest talent. "Of no talent He has given will He require a more strict account than of our time."—*Id.*, p. 342. "Some who are engaged in domestic labor are always at work, not because they have so much to do, but because they do not *plan* so as to *save* time. . . . In their work let them have a *definite aim*. Decide how long a time is required for a given task, and then bend every effort toward accomplishing the work in the given time. The exercise of the will-power will make the hands move deftly."—*Id.*, p. 344. System helps us to adopt the best and quickest methods of doing things.

5. *Because system emphasizes the essentials.* Time is short. The days come and go quickly. We have not time to do everything, but the God who made the day gives us time to do the important things, and we do well to leave out the things which are not of vital worth. Some things must be left undone, and planning will help us to know what they are. God does not desire that we shall walk "in a treadmill of care and anxiety" for the things that are not of eternal interest. Yet He tells us to be diligent, and diligence calls for careful planning. And careful planning in the

temporal affairs of life is "as much a part of true religion as is devotion."

6. *Because system gives every one a place in the home work.* The mother need not and should not do all the work. Each one in the systematic home is given his work to do, and thus relieves the parents. System distributes the responsibility, and responsibility develops the youth. God's plan for carrying forward the gospel work includes every member of the church. So every member of the Christian home should have some part in its work. Every little child naturally desires to help mother; and if mother is wise, she will encourage that desire. Soon she will be able to assign little tasks, and thus cultivate the spirit of helpfulness. How pleasing it is to see this spirit manifested by the youth in a home! Yet how rare it is today!

7. *Because system prevents overworking.* Each day is given its appointed duties, and one is kept from attempting too much and overtaxing the strength. Overworking brings on nervousness and irritability. In this condition the problems of the children only vex the mother, and it is easy for her to say, "I am too busy, don't bother me now," or, "I have too much to do, go away and leave me alone." Little do some mothers realize the influence of the constant repetition of these expressions. Small wonder that so many boys and girls seek companionship among their neighbors. It is a pitiable condition when parents are "so busy" that they cannot help the children with their problems. System shows parents the way.

8. *Because system prevents rush and hurry.* The world about us is permeated with the spirit of haste; and if we are not careful, it will get into our homes. When it comes in, poise and calmness go out. Work cannot be well done when we are in a hurry. Hasty work is usually shoddy and poorly finished work. Good planning helps to keep the hurry spirit out of the home. Early rising is a very helpful factor here, and *regularity* in the hours for rising, working,

eating, studying, and sleeping, makes for home tranquillity.

9. *Because system in our homes influences our neighbors.* Every home has its influence. Adventist homes should be models in this generation of home decay. We are a missionary people, and our homes, as well as our tongues, are to witness for God. Indeed, the influence of the former is greater than that of the latter. "The light that shines the farthest, shines the brightest nearest home." We cannot measure the influence of a well-ordered home upon our friends and neighbors.

10. *Because system will give us time to live with our children.* This is to be the great aim of system in the home—more time to read, study, play, and work *with* the children. If the daily program allows little or no time to spend with the children, then it is faulty and needs revision. In this age of moral laxity, and of cheap and corrupting pleasures, Adventist parents must *know* what their children are thinking, what they are reading, where they are going, and what they are doing. This means close companionship with the children, and more thought given to making home the most attractive place, and father and mother the best chums. Any system in the running of the home that will give more time to be with the children is a blessed thing.

Here is the cost of system:

- a. Careful planning.
- b. Determination to carry out the plan.
- c. Perseverance to continue.

The results of system are always gratifying. The effort will develop us as parents, and train the children for successful careers in this life, and help to fit them for the future one.

"THAT man is richest in soul who has given most to enrich other souls; that man is a beggar in his spirit who has never done kindly ministrations to his fellow men."

Quoting Solomon

MAX HILL

FUNNY thing about this discipline business. One fond mother goes to Home and School Association meeting and talks against the rod — talks strong. Another gets right up and quotes Solomon,— mis-quotes him, to be truthfully accurate,— saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," meaning all the time, in the language of Mr. Dooley, "Spoil the rod and save the child."

"But," fond mamma gasps, "would you beat the dear children?"

"Solomon for it," retorts the stern one.

A merry scene follows, with a multitude of wise words from both sides of the question. One holds for "good old-fashioned" methods; the other pleads for "rule by love." Yet both declare they love their children, and doubtless both do.

Then those mothers go home unchanged in views; both follow out their own ideas of rearing children, one spoiling the rod and one saving it. And my word for it, fond mamma has a boy preaching the gospel, and another carrying heavy responsibilities in actual leadership, and rearing a family in a seemingly successful manner. And stern mamma has one son who is a very successful city evangelist and another a Christian physician, both heads of families respected and welcomed everywhere. And each of these mammas has a daughter to be proud of, both doing useful work in a needy world.

Which goes to show that the G string of a fiddle is not the only one on which you can play a real tune. I understand some old ladies have a saying, "What is one man's food is another man's poison," or something to that effect. It seems that is true, at all events.

Seriously, it would seem that no one can say the last word on many subjects that pertain to homes and schools, not to mention the state. Many parents, and

many teachers, would succeed in discipline if they followed, and followed consistently, a system in which they have confidence, and that gets results. But the tendency is to listen to a roseate account of "How I Succeeded with My Children," or "How I Solved the School Discipline Problem," and then straightway cast aside a half-worked-out but promising plan, and adopt instead the new scheme of an idealist. And this without considering their very probable lack of the skill of a Nell Cutter or a Jean Mitchell — or Solomon.

Result? — Possible and probable poor success, followed by discouragement, followed by confusion, followed by utter failure.

Which goes to show, again, that the home or the school is more or less like a laboratory: you must try things out. The problem is complicated by the fact that the elements you deal with are not all accurately described in the textbook, and they do not always react in the same way. Solomon himself had a pretty headstrong and foolish boy.

Plans that bring good results with one child or group, fail utterly with another, and possibly succeed well with a third trial. A vital point to remember is to try new plans slowly and carefully; be ever watching and ready to vary the procedure as conditions demand. It is observed that people who keep their heads and use them all the time, get results that flighty people do not secure. Laboratory methods, based on sound principles, are the safest for home and school.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on Thy works I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.

— Bryant, in "A Forest Hymn."

The Results of Properly Assigned and Recited Lessons

IRMA SHAFER

THE results of properly assigned and recited lessons might be briefly stated in the words of the children of a certain school. They once said of their teacher, "She doesn't make us do anything. She just tells us what she wishes us to do, and explains how she wants it done, and we do it." If the teacher has taken the proper care in making the assignment, the child should have a very clear idea of what is expected of him, so that getting his lesson will not be drudgery, but pleasure. The assignment should not only tell the child what is expected of him, but should give him a desire to know more about the subject, thus giving him an incentive to study.

In the assignment the teacher should hold up high ideals for the children. It is better to correct careless work before it is done than afterward. If the children understand that careless work will not be accepted, they will put forth more effort.

Part of each recitation must be given to assigning work for study. This may occupy a minute or two, or, in some cases, a rather large part of the recitation may be taken for it. In either case the assignment should be clear enough and full enough so that no mistakes can occur. Every pupil should know just what is expected and have an idea of how to go to work. There should be no excuse for argument later as to where the lesson was to begin or end, or how it was to be done in general. A teacher's indefinite assignment is often responsible for a child's indefinite achievement. This may hold equally true when the assignment is from one topic or page to another, or when the whole lesson being development, the assignment, in a way, occupies all the recitation period.

It is the work of this part of the recitation period to cause the pupil to find out what he is to learn and how he is to go about it; in other words, to bring him face to face with his problem for the next lesson, without which help he will often waste much time.

The teacher should, in her preparation of the lesson, consider the difficulties that the child will have, and clear them up in the assignment. This will save time and explanation later.

The recitation should be conducted in such a way that the teacher not only finds how much the child has studied his lesson, but should lead him to apply it. The lessons should be brought near home and made to apply to his everyday life. There are very many good object lessons to be drawn from Bible, nature, reading, and geography. If encouraged, the children are quick to draw object lessons and apply them.

The preparation for a lesson should be made by both teacher and pupil. Pupil failure in lesson preparation is not so disastrous as teacher failure.

There are many ways of taking up a recitation. The child may study his textbook and give it back to the teacher word for word in response to questions or topics, or he may study his lesson and give it back in his own words. The best way, however, is to make the recitation a thinking period. It should contain much discussion and much free interchange of opinions between teacher and pupils. The questions should be put in such a way that they will cause the child to think and show his ability to express his own thoughts.

The recitation should be a stimulus to both teacher and pupils. It should add much to the child's knowledge. The

teacher should tell him many things directly; she should tell him more indirectly—by showing him that he may find out what he wants to know either from books or from direct observation. She may also lead him to new knowledge by calling into his mind the information he has on the subject under discussion, and then leading him by questions to see new relations, new results, and so arrive at new facts. By means of such recitations the child grows broader in knowledge and gets increased power and skill in obtaining the knowledge for himself. This last is one of the great aims of education.

A good recitation must command the eager, interested attention of the class. The lesson should be introduced in a way striking enough to attract the attention of the children immediately, and attention once gained should be held. The lesson should be started in such a way as to make it serve as a preparation for the work to come.

Attention is the first step in gaining knowledge. Joseph Cook once said, "Interest is the mother of attention, and attention is the mother of knowledge. If you would win the daughter, be sure of the mother and grandmother."

For the holding of the attention, variety is needed,—new ways of taking up a subject, little surprises of manner or thought.

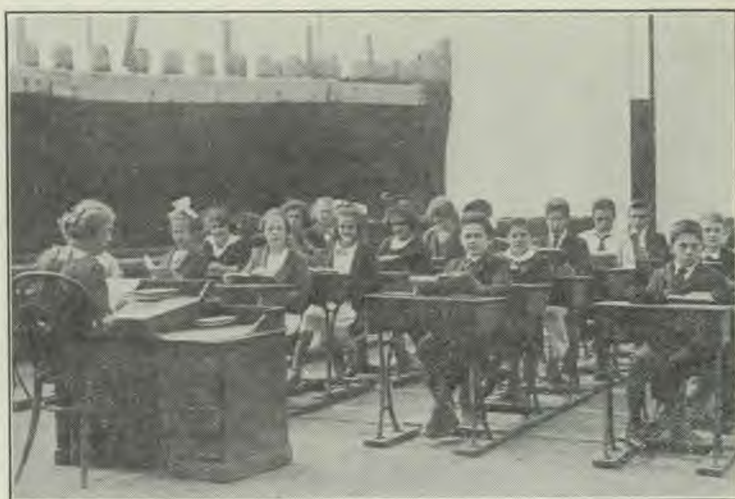
The child should be made to feel a responsibility for attention. The stimulus should not have to come wholly from the teacher. Praise is often effective in securing the right attitude, though some children, if much praised, think that they have achieved, and cease effort.

To make a recitation what it should be, the teacher needs to be resourceful; if one way does not bring success, another must be tried. Objective work will brighten impressions and create interest; so will encouraging the children to talk and to ask questions. There is nothing so effective in teaching as getting free, natural expressions of opinions from pupils. They should tell what they think and ask what they want to know, just as they naturally do out of school hours. Talking not only arouses interest, it shows what the child's difficulties are, and makes them easy of correction.

Sympathy between teacher and class is a great help in holding attention. They simply walk the path together with pleasure, the teacher's interest stimulating the child's.

Thus the teacher may become better acquainted with the child at recitation time, and find out what he is most interested in. And if the assignment has been properly made, the children are willing to do anything if they think it will please their teacher.

THRIFT is a matter of habit. To act from principle is hard, until it gets to be a matter of habit; then it is easy."—*Dr. Frank Crane.*



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"You Can't Tell Me, for I Know"

MRS. MABEL HALE

It happened in an ice-cream parlor. A group of young girls were occupying a table, and next to them sat a young woman with a small child about three years old. The girls had been discussing somebody's spoiled child, criticizing the mother's method of training. The woman at the next table stood it as long as she thought she could, then turning abruptly, she said, "I do not agree with you about the spoiling of children. I do not believe children are ever spoiled. It is what is in a child that will come out, and it will come, no matter how well you manage. Here is my child, for example. I have never spoiled her, yet she is very wilful and spiteful. I have seen her spit and strike at the one who had angered her. She will snatch anything out of my hand and throw it down, and take things from the table and sling them on the floor. I cannot do a thing with her a good deal of the time. Yet I have never spoiled her. Why, from the day of her birth I have never rocked her to sleep. I always lay her down on her bed, and that is the last I hear of her. Yet people will tell me she is spoiled. But she is not at all."

The mother waxed warmer and warmer as she spoke. "You can't tell me anything, for I know. I am a mother and you are not." With this parting thrust she turned again to her plate, and the girls, who had been listening to this harangue in surprise, now shrugged their shoulders slightly, and one said, "Let us go." The woman who had given her mind, sat eating her ice cream in a belligerent manner, as if challenging some one to com-

bat. Her face was painted more rosy than nature ever intended, and her hair was bobbed in the latest and most girlish manner. Her dress and her whole manner expressed vanity, conceit, and self-will. She gave one the impression of a spoiled child grown to maturity.

I watched her a bit, then thought, "Though your argument was rather surprising, you have after all expressed some truth. For by her side sat her little daughter, a miniature of herself."

It does make a difference what is "in" a child. Here was a baby whose spoiling began with her mother, and possibly her grandmother before her. She received from her mother by nature, and also daily by precept and example, a disposition as wilful and unreasonable as could be imagined. How could this young mother control or guide her child when she knew nothing about controlling herself? How could she teach her to be submissive when she herself could not stand to be crossed nor antagonized in the least manner? This very baby proved that by wise management she might have been a different child, in that in the one thing in which her mother was firm the



baby yielded obediently, lying down in her little bed at sleepy time.

Children can be spoiled, so can mothers. And both of them can learn self-control and good habits if rightly tried.

My Little House

You see, I have been living in my little house, that I took so much pleasure in planning, almost a year. To me it is a dear little house — or it was until a few days ago; then I had a caller whose visit was like medicine that leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. She dissected my little house — she cruelly pulled it to pieces. My kitchen was not the right size. A partition should have been “here” instead of the dropped beam. If it had been “here,” there would have been no place for my range, and somehow I have always felt that a stove in the kitchen is a necessity, at times a luxury, say on the days the furnace misbehaves.

And then I learned I should have had a pantry, and that it was a wonder I “lived without one;” that my breakfast-room, with its built-in seats and its nice table, was “cute,” but imagine living in a house without a dining-room, and with no sideboard on which to display the “cut glass”!

Up to the time of my caller’s visit I was not conscious of the fact that my living-room was hopelessly spoiled because it lacked an open stairway and a colonnade; or that my delicately tinted walls should have been resplendent with wall paper; or that my sofa pillows were not the latest style — they had always felt comfortable.

My caller did not notice the nice work on the rich inside chestnut trim, or the oak floors, or the built-in cabinets in the kitchen, or the shining white sink and drain board, the soapstone tubs, the glass shelves.

She did not notice that the house was so planned, that if necessary to conserve coal, the kitchen, breakfast-room,

and chamber could be heated from the kitchen stove; or that the breakfast-room would make a cozy reading-room when evening came. (My little house was built in “war times.”)

My caller did not notice how the sunlight brightened and helped heat each room in winter; or the arrangement of the doors and windows so as to take advantage of every breeze in summer; or the copper screens; or the storm windows; or the steam-heating plant. No, she saw nothing of all this; she saw only the many things I *might have had!*

And I know she pities me because I live in a cottage, close to the heart of nature, where the view is wonderful and the sunsets are indescribable; in a cottage without a pantry to clean, without an open stairway to dust, without a colonnade to give me the shivers on a zero day, without roses or poppies on the walls to count, without a dining-room to keep clean for company’s use, without anything for show, but everything for comfort and for making the work possible for me to do, for I am not blessed with a rugged constitution; but here, with the Man, in this, what was once a “dear little house,” — and I am sure it will be again, — I hope to spend the rest of my days.

I can almost hear grandmother say to me: “Never mind, child; you’ll feel better soon. Just eat this lump of maple sugar, and the bitter taste will all be gone.” I wonder how I came to forget my maple sugar! — *Martha E. Warner, in the Ladies’ Home Journal.*

HUMAN history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe. — *H. G. Wells.*

“I HAVE noticed that it is the fire engine that gets the right of way, instead of the ice wagon.”

CHARITY gives itself rich; covetousness hoards itself poor. — *German Proverb.*

Punishments as Related to Offenses

MRS. D. A. FITCH

PROBABLY the most customary method of administering punishments is that of inflicting pain on some part of the body of the child, without regard to the nature of the offense. Too frequently this is done in a spirit of impatience, if not in anger. Even when patiently administered, too often the force of correction is lost, the child is exasperated and hardened rather than reformed. When all other means of correction have failed, corporal punishment may be allowable; and not only that, but it is perfectly proper and absolutely necessary. But it should never be given in anger, nor until the child understands the reason why he is being punished.

Reformation is more likely to be effected in the child if the chastisement inflicted on him bears some relation to the offense. For instance: if the hands continue in disobedience, then with a strip of cloth or soft cord, gently tie the wrists together — but not until the child is told why the offending members are being hindered in their wrong-doing. In all conversation with children it is pleasanter and more effective to use persuasive rather than authoritative and commanding tones. Children are accurate imitators, and will be as sure to pattern after the tones you use as they will in other things. Stop just now and listen to the tones your children are using, and you must acknowledge they are but echoes of your own.

It may be the feet are just now the offending members. Let the cord be placed on them in such a way that the child is deprived of their use, not just until he cries and yells, but until, of his own free will, he puts into practice the teaching (which should have been previously given) — a decision to say he will try to do the right in future. But, father, mother, tell me what is the relation between the offenses of childhood, and ear cuffing, spanking, or shaking.

Why should a child be shut in a dark closet because he thought to take a race for pleasure in the sunshine of your own premises? What is the relation between the two, and how much of a reformation would be wrought by the imprisonment? Better clothe him properly, and, if necessary, accompany him in his desired perambulations about the farm. Or if your possession is only a few square rods, find there something to interest and instruct him. If his going out was really an act of disobedience, it might be well to make the punishment commensurate with the offense by compelling him to remain outdoors for a reasonable length of time to cause real sorrow for his disobedience.

Never require a child to confess sorrow until well satisfied that he is truly in that frame of mind. Real sorrow for misdoings is a rare thing in the heart of a child until love for the parent and a sense of right and wrong have found lodgment there. I well remember being compelled at one time, when a child, to tell some schoolmates that I was sorry for something I had said. I said it, but I knew I was lying, for there was not an iota of sorrow in my heart. As will always be the case, it gave me a low sense of what sorrow really is, and taught me to falsify.

The child who is reared in a truly Christian home will early in life know what is meant by a confession of sorrow, for he will witness it in his elders. He will be the recipient of such when parents have made mistakes. He will learn that faults are to be confessed to one another.

Great care should be taken as to what is required of children, but once made a principle of the home, obedience should be expected. If the obedience is prompt and voluntary, it is well to express a degree of appreciation. But if it is gained by effort, never say, "That's a good boy!" Does he conclude that the adjective "good" refers to his stubbornness, his obedience (which was not real obedience), or both? Time will tell.

For Parents of Young People

The Love That Wins

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL.

Like an oasis in the desert,
Like a coral isle at sea,
Is a heart of love,
Born from above,
That beats for you and me;
Is the touch that thrills
And with rapture fills
The heart till it's glad and free.

Like stars at evening gleaming
In the azure vault above,
Are the eyes that shine
As they look in mine,
And mutely speak their love;
As friend meets friend
And voices blend
Like cooing of the dove.

Like the sunshine after tempest,
Like the sunset's afterglow,
Is a smile to cheer
The heart, my dear,
In its sadness here below;
To feel its worth,
Just give it birth,
'Twill cheer the heart, you know.

And it does cheer! That is what this old world needs — cheer. You remember the word of the poet who says of a smile:

"It's worth a billion dollars,
And it doesn't cost a cent."

The world has a broken heart. Broken-hearted men and women are all about us. We meet them face to face. Often they try to mask their sorrow behind a smile. Courageous souls! We admire them. But, oh, deep down in that crushed and bleeding heart, how they long for some little touch of love and sympathy! As the flower turns to the morning sun, so does the heart respond to the expression of genuine love.

We love our dear ones, but too often we wait until it is too late to tell them so. They are starving for love and its expression. "There ought to be a well-

beaten track between the heart and the lip." We wait until the form is still and cold and white, and then we bring the flowers to cover the casket. But the eye cannot see their beauty, and the delicate perfume is wasted on the desert air, mute witness of the love which might have been spoken, but now, too late! Let's strew our flowers along life's pathway, where, through its storm and strife, its trials and disappointments, our loved ones may enjoy their beauty and fragrance. Post-mortem kindness doesn't help very much. One has well said, "If any of my friends have alabaster boxes filled with sweet perfumes of love and tenderness and appreciation, which they have set away somewhere waiting to bring out to break over my dead body, let them bring them out now when amid the trials of life I need their comfort."

Little Bessie came bounding home from school, burst open the door, and fairly flew into mamma's arms, when she said, "O mamma! Mary said I helped her so much today in school." Now Mary had just lost her little brother, and her heart was bleeding! Mamma, happy that her little daughter had been so thoughtful, said, as she pressed a kiss upon the rosy lips. "Why, dearie, what did you say to Mary that helped her so much?" "Why, mamma, I didn't say anything to Mary, 'cause I couldn't think of anything to say; but when Mary put her head down on the desk and cried, I just snuggled up close to Mary, and I put my head down on the desk 'side her, and I cried, too. And Mary said it helped her so much!"

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," is the injunction of Paul to the Romans. We wonder, sometimes, if "sympathy" is not becoming an obsolete word. Yet He

was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." "In all their affliction, He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: . . . and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." Isa. 63:9.

Some parents and teachers seem to feel that there is danger of losing the reins of discipline in the family or in the school if a spirit of love and tenderness and sympathy is manifested. So in place of the warmth of pure affection there is coldness and a sternness which repels, but never wins. It is but an acknowledgment of weakness to admit that the only successful way to deal with children and to secure respectful, prompt, and willing obedience is to resort to sternness and dictatorial commands.

I visited a country home some time ago. After breakfast, the father, turning to his sixteen-year-old boy, said: "Go to the barn and hitch up the horses, and go to the east lot and plow." The boy started for the barn, of course he did. He knew better than to do otherwise. When the taskmaster said, "Make brick," they made brick. When a little later he said, "Make brick without straw," and cracked the whip, they scattered to search for stubble, dry grass, and weeds, and hurried to the clay again. Did those poor Israelitish slaves learn to love those cruel taskmasters? Read the account.

I thought how much better to have said, "Well, son, what do you think we'd better do today? I think we'd better hurry that corn ground along, don't you?" And the boy would have started for the barn with a whistle upon his lips and sunshine in his heart. I think the horses, patient plodders, would have sensed the atmosphere, too.

How many times we provide food and clothing and shelter and schooling, and think it is enough. No use in being "sentimental." No. But did you ever stop to think what life would be, robbed of every trace of sentiment? Sahara!

She had gone to stay all night at the home of her little girl friend. When bedtime came, the little girls were shown up

to the bedroom with its spotless cot. After the evening prayers were said, and the little girlies were tucked up warm and snug in bed, the mamma leaned over and planted a kiss upon the cheek of her own little girl, and then she placed a soft kiss upon the cheek of the little visitor, as she said, "Good night, girlies," and turned out the light. When she had gone, the little visitor turned to her friend and said, "I wish *my* mamma would tuck me in bed sometimes and kiss me good night; *my* mamma never does." Poor, hungry little soul! starving for a little touch of love. Her bed was as spotless, her food as good, her aprons as smooth, but the poor little heart was aching for something else. O, the sweetness of mother love; yes, and of father love as well! It is but the reflection of the father-mother love of God. He "so loved" that He gave all the boy He had, and He gave Him to us to save us and to teach us that the greatest power in the universe is the power of love, for "God is love." "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love." 1 Cor. 13:13, R. V.

Yes, the greatest of these is love. And love, if we but give it expression, will win every time.

There is a peculiar stone, known as the sympathetic opal. It looks like an ordinary pebble from the street. You wonder why it is in the show case of the jeweler along with diamonds and sapphires and rubies. You ask. He asks you to hold out your hand. He drops the dull-looking pebble into your upturned palm. Wonder of wonders! What a transformation! It begins to scintillate and sparkle and glow with all the colors of the rainbow. What has wrought such a change? Just the warmth of the human touch.

Say it, don't just think it. We are not mind readers. Live it, don't preach it. "The most powerful argument in favor of the gospel is a loving and lovable Christian." The most fertile soil in all the world is in the heart of a child. It takes the same elements to germinate

the seed of a thistle as to sprout a grain of wheat. Be careful of the kind of seed you sow in the garden soil of a child's heart. It will grow, for all the elements of germination and development are there. Never forget the law of the harvest, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"An angel paused in his onward flight,
With a seed of love, and truth, and light,
And asked, 'Oh, where must this seed be sown,
That it yield most fruit when fully grown?'
The Saviour heard, and He said as He smiled,
'Place it for Me in the heart of a child.'"

So, let's be a little more kind — just more kind. A young man once said to an old gentleman, "Father, if you could live your life all over, what would you do?" The old man paused a moment, and then with a faint smile deepening the lines around his mouth, replied, "Well, son, if I could live my life over again, I think I'd just try to be a little more kind."

Some of you have read "The Parable of the Prodigal Father;" many have not. Here it is:

"A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel which falleth to me.'"

"And he divided unto them his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and sent him to a select preparatory school, and to dancing school, and to college, and tried to believe that he was doing his full duty by the boy.

"And not many days after, the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions, and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son.

"And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money, but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.

"And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him chairman of the house committee and president of the club, and sent him to Congress. And he would fain have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat, and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

"But when he came to himself he said, 'How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish here with heart hunger! I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father; make me as one of thine acquaintances.'"

"And he arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill at ease.

"And the father said unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend.'

"But the son said, 'Not so. I wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship. But I got the wrong kind, and now, alas, I am wrecked in soul and body, and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late, too late.'"—*Blake Godfrey.*

May the lesson taught by this adaptation of the parable burn its way into the heart of every father and of every mother, unless, alas, it is already too late, too late!

You may not be able to leave your children a great inheritance, but day by day you may be weaving coats for them which they will wear through all eternity.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

The Rain That Came Up from the Ground

It was in the savage island of Aniwa, down in the South Pacific seas, that the missionary John G. Paton said one day to the native chiefs, "I am going to dig a hole down into the ground to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below."

"Oh, Missi," said the old chief, "don't do that. Wait until the rain comes down and we will save all we possibly can for you."

For in that land they had neither well, nor spring, nor running stream, and since it rained but little, and since they could not use the salt water of the ocean, for the most part they had to drink the water in the coconut or go without. But they knew that water comes down from the sky as rain, and they never had heard of such a thing as bringing it up from the ground. And so they said, "How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?"

"But," said Mr. Paton, "it does come up from below in my land, and I hope to see it here also."

"Oh, Missi," they said, "your head is going wrong. You are losing something, or you would not talk so wild as that. Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never believe anything more you say."

But Mr. Paton got out his pick and spade and bucket and an ax, and went to digging a hole in the ground, near to the public path. Then the good old chief set his men to watch him, for fear he would become so crazy he would take his own life. But the missionary went on digging. And with fishhooks he hired some of the men to dig also.

After some days they had dug twelve feet deep, when during the night one side caved in. And after that no one of the men would help, for fear they would be buried. Besides, they said, it was all very foolish to think of rain coming up from below, and they only dug to get the fishhooks, and what good would fishhooks do them if they should be killed?

Then Mr. Paton rigged up a windlass and pulley at the top of the well, and with a rope tied to his bucket he went down and did all the digging himself, while a native teacher stood at the top to empty the buckets of earth.

Down, down went the hole in the ground, until it was thirty feet deep. And now the ground where Mr. Paton was digging down there began to be moist, so he had faith that God was about to give him water. And one evening he said to the old chief, "I think that Jehovah God will give us water tomorrow from that hole."

"No, Missi," said the chief, "you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what will be the end of this mad work of yours. If you do reach water, it will be the sea, and you will drop through, and the sharks will eat you."

But the next morning Mr. Paton went down into the well, and sank a narrow hole in the middle, about two feet deep. Then up rushed the water and filled the hole. He lifted up some of it in his hand, and tasted it. It was sweet water! And there with a full heart he thanked God who had sent it.

Then he filled a jug which he had taken down, and coming up to the top, he called to the chief and all his men to come and see the rain which Jehovah God had given them from the earth. They closed around him, and the old

chief took the jug in his hand and shook it, to see if it would spill. Then he touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted, "Rain! rain! yes, it is rain! But how did you get it?"

"Jehovah my God gave it," replied the missionary, "out of His own earth, in answer to our labors and prayers."

And the old chief exclaimed, "Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No god of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. The world is turned upside down since Jehovah came to Aniwa."

The Legend of Two Sacks

THERE is an ancient legend which tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hidden from view, and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling of his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other. "You'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One.

"Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them and take them out and air them. See, here is the half crown I put in the plate last Sunday, and the shawl I gave to the

beggar girl, and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy, and the penny I gave to the organ grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door, and —"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut!" said Number Two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had not thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when, happily, a third traveler — also carrying two sacks, as they were — overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

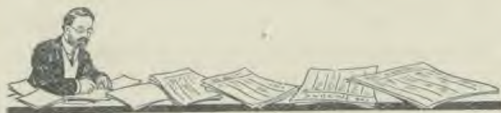
"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of good deeds of others."

"It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed Number One.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward."— *The Independent*.



EDITORIAL

When They Study Together

"MAY I study the arithmetic lesson with Mary?" That sounds familiar, especially to the older folk. How well they remember the old-fashioned double seat in the old-fashioned schoolhouse,—the kind of seat which never should have been. That seat made it so convenient to sit with Mary.

A good many unfortunate things happened because Jennie sat with Mary. There was discussion of matters not found in lesson books—discussions about their new hats and new shoes, and unfortunately some discussions that left the little minds not quite so white and pure as they were before Jennie sat with Mary. But this, though highly important, is not the subject of this "etching."

If pupils were exactly equal in brain power, studying together might not be such a losing proposition, but they are not, so it can hardly be otherwise than that the mentally slower becomes a parasite on the brain of the stronger. He doesn't mean to be; oh, no, he never thought of such a thing! The quicker thinker reaches his conclusions, and the slower one accepts them without effort on his own part. There is the crux of the matter. He is not robbing the stronger, but is robbing himself by failing to exercise his own brain. "Studying together" is therefore *especially* disastrous in case one of the pupils is a very quick thinker and the other a slow thinker.

In an old-fashioned rural school in Michigan two nice young girls sat in the back seat year after year. They were bosom friends, and had been from early childhood. They had always been in the same classes and always studied together.

Both recited well, and their teachers thought that they were about equally good students. They took their high school work together. Both decided to teach, and in the course of time both attended a teachers' examination. Here, of course, they were separated, and for the first time the fact was disclosed that one *knew* and the other *didn't* know. One had done the main part of the thinking through the years, the other had unintentionally been a parasite.

Have You Ever Tried It?

In your school you have some discussion each week concerning the happenings of the week, of course. But you have sometimes found it hard to get all the pupils interested in this kind of work.

The papers, and especially the magazines, are full of cartoons, and the teacher may make good use of them. Sometimes they tell quite a story in themselves.

Why not have in each school a "bulletin board," covered with burlap, and pin to it cartoons on various subjects? Have a corner for each topic that is attracting especial attention at the time. Appeal is thus made to the eye as well as to the ear.

You will find that there will be exciting times around the bulletin board. "What does this mean? Guess I will read something about it, for I don't understand it." Thus you will find new interest aroused.

The children should be encouraged to begin collecting new cartoons as soon as one Current Topic morning is past, getting ready for the next.

Doubtless the pupils may have access to papers representing different political parties. That makes the whole matter

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more interesting, for the children will get different viewpoints,— may see the subject from different angles. Of course the teacher must tactfully guard against strong party feeling.

Try it, and let us know how it works.

Telephone-Pole Government

A TELEPHONE pole is a useful thing, but it has very little judgment. Its sole idea is to stand stiffly in the place it is planted. The other day I saw a collision between a telephone pole and a whizzing automobile. The automobile was to blame, of course, for going against the telephone pole; but as I said, the telephone pole has very little judgment: it neither stepped out of the way nor gave ground when it was struck. It was a telephone pole, and its work in life was to stand stiffly in the ground where it was planted, let the automobiles do what they would. The result was that the automobile was pretty well crumpled up, and the telephone pole splintered a bit. It might have been broken off and left nothing but a stump; I have seen such things.

Now there are parents—more especially fathers—who in family government are telephone poles. They have a rigid code of laws, and they demand that their children live up to them. That is the way they did when they were young (or they think they did), and therefore that is the way their children shall do. They envisage their children as little telephone poles growing up around them, just as straight, just as rigid, just as fixed as themselves. But anybody who observes at all the society of today knows the average young person is much more of an automobile than a telephone pole.

Personally, I do not believe in young people's being automobiles any more than I believe in parents' being telephone poles. But the point is, if the parent has failed so to direct his children as to unite them with himself in ideal and in purpose, if they have come to the place where their impulses run away with them and their passionate wills are set against discipline, then for the parent to stand out in rigid, unreflecting opposition is to court disaster for both children and parent.

The preventive of such a state is continuous and progressive companionship of parent with child. The interests of the child from infancy to maturity must be made the interests of the parent, and there must be such pleasant association, with such assurance of parental leadership, that the matter of discipline is mainly settled by loyalty rather than by force.

And it must further be recognized by parents that the practices of society do change from generation to generation. It is a work of nicety to determine where the fashions of youthful conduct overstep the bounds of propriety or of decency, and where, on the other hand, while innovations, they are not actually harmful. The average parent is liable to emphasize nonessentials equally with essentials. Bobbed hair, for instance—"It isn't nice," and very often, for a fact, it isn't pretty; but can any one demonstrate its immorality?

Better go along life's pathway in companionship with your children, guiding them, accommodating yourself to their pace and theirs to yours, and so avoid the mishaps and tragedies that both the too easy and the too rigid parent are fated to bring into their children's lives.

A Day with the Second Grade

EDITH SHEPARD

LISTEN, the great town clock is striking eight. We must hurry if we reach the little white schoolhouse in time for a game with the children before school opens.

Yes, there they are already, and now they see their superintendent coming down the street, for several are hurrying to meet me. Little Jim reaches me first and insists on carrying the grip, but he can take the brief case, and big John, who has just arrived, will carry the larger grip — for truly the superintendent practically lives in her valise, so why shouldn't it be heavy? We scarcely have time to greet Miss — and the children ere a small bell rings. What's that for? But we do not ask aloud, for the silence on the playground suggests that we use our eyes rather than our lips. All play has stopped, and children are silently scampering here and there to attend to various errands. Now we hear another bell, and a straight line is quickly formed just outside the hall door. The organ can easily be heard, and at a smiling nod from the teacher the children march to their hall hooks, hang up wraps, and then march to their seats. Each one remains standing, however, until another nod is given. The big hands on the clock point to —

8:25: The eyes of the little folks are upon the board while the teacher explains the meaning of the words "fear," "wisdom," etc., in the Morning Watch verse. The older pupils learn the verse (Ps. 111:10) in full from their Bibles. There's little Mary's hand, and she repeats, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Other little folks give the sentence, and now older pupils are ready to repeat the verse in full.

8:28: Children mark Health Habit Blanks and receive the credit checks. We notice some "Sunbeams" (pupils earning 250 health credits receive a Sunbeam pin), "Diggers" (500 credits), and "Live Wires" (750 credits) among

the little folks as well as the older pupils. The monitors pick up the blanks.

8:30: Desk bell. School stands and chants the Lord's Prayer. This is followed by two short prayers, and the song, "Jesus Loves the Children" (tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"). Now the superintendent must tell the children a story, and then the little folks sing their Bird Song. (See March, 1923, *Sabbath School Worker*.)

8:50: Penmanship drills. "Go, go, go," page 41, was the lesson for the primary class. A real inspirational word to start the day.

9:00: Bible 1 and 2, lesson, "Daniel in the Lions' Den." How beautifully new the old story seemed as the teacher told it. (I learned later that "Easy Steps" gave her several new ideas.) Reverently all repeated the memory verse, "The angel of the Lord," etc. Ps. 34:7.

9:15: Each little fellow in his seat, and so busy cutting out an outlined lion, then coloring it. Now it's pasted in the Bible notebook. Then the memory verse is carefully written under the great lion.

9:45: An eighth grade boy comes to the second grade row, and by silent signals he soon has the little group off in a back corner of the room, drilling them on number combinations from cards.

10:00: Back at their seats and busily reading silently from supplementary books. All are seemingly so interested in their reading that we venture to listen to the seventh and eighth grade Bible class at recitation. How well the pupils can outline the topics, and how glad we are to see them gripping these blessed doctrines in their youth! Ah, what a wonderful knowledge of the Bible our youth who complete the eight grades in our church schools are getting! Then how sad we feel as we realize that only about half of the Seventh-day Adventist children of Indiana are receiving a Christian education!

10:15: A small bell rings, and all students are in position for recess. One fourth grade boy has been idle and care-

less. We heard the teacher say, "I will hear the memory verse at recess." How will it be done? Must Joe, the wiggler, stay in to learn his verse during recess, and then wiggle some more when he should be working arithmetic problems? He passes out with the others, but goes to one far corner of the playground with his book. There he stands with his back to the playing children and studies his verse. It isn't long, however, before he runs to the teacher, repeats the verse, and then joins in the sports. What a wise teacher! — Joe breathing good, outdoor air while making up his lesson; she supervising the playground.

10:27: Signal bell rings. All games stop and silence prevails immediately upon the grounds. Errands are attended to and a line is formed.

10:30: Pupils march in as at opening of school.

10:40: Word and phonic drills from blackboard, and reading lesson.

10:50: Children studying reading lesson and writing unknown words upon a slip of paper. An eighth grade pupil helping those needing it.

11:00: Reading lesson, page 115. "How Two Children Were Saved" fits beautifully with the Bible lesson.

11:15: Now the children are cutting out trees, a house, thicket, rock, dog, etc., to color and paste upon a large sheet of paper to form the language picture of the reading lesson.

11:30: Number drills for grades 1 and 2, taken from page 45 of the Curriculum. It is the day when the higher grades need special attention, so the little folks write review combinations upon the blackboard. These, a fifth grade boy marks, and then helps the children to make corrections.

11:40: Grades 1 and 2 should be dismissed, but as these pupils live too far away, they go back to their language picture study. The exercise seems so entertaining that all are as happy as can be until the noon hour.

12:00: A bell taps, and quickly the pupils get ready for dismissal. The

waste-paper basket is placed near the door.

12:02: Children stand, and a parting verse is repeated. All pass out, and stand in straight line while ten deep breaths are taken. Children going home for their dinners are dismissed; the others pass one at a time to wash hands. Monitors pass lunch baskets. All in seats and quiet while the blessing is asked by a large boy. Each pupil remains in his own seat while eating lunch. Several "thinking" games are played during the meal hour.

12:30: Waste-paper basket is passed, and pupils are dismissed for the play hour.

12:55: Signal bells, and pupils return to schoolroom as before. We notice that the blackboard, floor, etc., has been newly cleaned. How did it happen? It seems that each week two helpers look over the schoolroom at the noon hour and get it ready for the afternoon session.

1:00: Pupils stand and sing, "My country, 'tis of thee." All repeat the Lord's Prayer. Then the teacher reads from "On Our Block." (The pupils endeavor to earn both the Primary and Junior Reading Course certificates.)

1:10: Music or drawing period. Today it is drawing, and what fun the little folks are having making paper flower chains, for it is the day when Miss — must give her special attention and help to the higher grades.

1:30: Silent reading.

2:00: One tells the story he has been reading, while another reads her story. The other two in the class listen.

2:10: Teacher pronounces and explains spelling words.

2:15: Pupils studying words.

2:25: Pupils write words as a seventh grade girl pronounces them quietly (other classes in session). Misspelled words corrected.

2:30: A pause in the recitations, and all pupils stand while Mizpah is repeated. First and second grades dismissed. An older girl helps them to get ready and dismisses them. How the

little faces beam as they wave good-by. And it has been a happy day for me as I have observed how the busy teacher with her several helpers has made the day run smoothly. Truly, Jesus has been a visitor in this school, and it has been good to be here.

The Social Life of the Home — No. 2

MRS. ELIZABETH RUSSELL.

THE social life of the home should include both indoor and outdoor recreations and amusements. It means entertainment for the youngest as well as the oldest of the family circle.

Suppose, then, that we first consider the needs of the little children in the family. As I write this statement, my mind reverts to my childhood home. Our back yard was like any other back yard of the average city home, yet it seemed to have the most extraordinary fascination for all the children in the neighborhood. There was no costly playground equipment, but just such play materials as any home can afford. There was that delight of childhood, a sand pile. On the other side of the yard was a swing and a "teeter-totter," and an acting bar for my brother.

Whether it was in our mud-pie days, when boards laid across boxes served as a counter and with neighbor children we played store, selling those same mud pies, or whether, as we grew older, it was boys playing ball with my brother,

or other girls having tea parties with their dolls and ours, our own back yard and our own home always seemed the most desirable place to be. And that is as it should be. I say that, not because it is of my own home I am thinking, but because to give children such an experience is to provide them with a natural safeguard as they pass from the tranquillity of childhood to the storm and stress of adolescence. One of the government bulletins says: "Much wholesome amusement *arises naturally within the circle of a family*, and costs nothing." And again, "Make the home a more attractive place for both parents and children, giving them an opportunity for recreation and enjoyment *within the circle of family life*, and preventing them from seeking, perhaps, less desirable entertainment elsewhere." This should be one great object of our homes. If our children grow up finding in their own homes amusement suited to their years and adapted to their individual tastes, the counter attractions of the world will have no inducement for them.

When my father planted a garden in the spring, he would scratch our names in the ground and then allow us to plant the letters with some kind of seed. It is thrilling to watch one's name growing in the bright green of onions, and then to choose which letter should be eaten first! And it makes the task of learning to weed the garden much more pleasant. Incidentally I might say that if the parent allows the older children to have a share in the garden, "pride of possession" will turn work into play.



For the indoor amusement of the younger children, let them color pictures in catalogues. The pictures can then be cut out and used to furnish doll houses. The paper dolls themselves may be made by coloring the figures in the catalogue. I remember yet the vast assortment of paper dolls we had. It taxed our ingenuity to contrive enough names for such enormous families.

The children can make scrapbooks of ordinary wrapping paper. They will find it great fun to allow a page to a room, and furnish these rooms by cutting out the pictures of the different articles for each room from the pictures they have colored, and then pasting them in.

Let the children bind their *Little Friends* and *Youth's Instructors*. If these are bound by the quarter instead of saving a year's numbers to bind, several can enjoy them at the same time. Attractive and durable covers can be made from heavy cardboard covered with flowered cretonne. Picture post-cards can be pasted together with baby ribbon or tape to hang them by, or to bind them together. Memory Verse Cards can be arranged in the same way. These may be put into the box of treasures that are kept for Sabbath use only, or they may be given to sick playmates, to children's hospitals, etc.

In choosing games, you will find help in the government bulletin, "A Brief Manual of Games for Organized Play." A postal-card request to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., will bring a copy to you. Very helpful books for girls are "American Girls' Handy Book" and "Handicraft and Recreation for Girls," by Lina and Adelia Beard; and for boys, "American Boys' Handy Book," by Dan Beard. These books, as well as other books on similar subjects, can be found in most public libraries.

"The simplest way to establish a sincere companionship between oneself and one's children is to be simple, reasonable, direct, frank, and absolutely honest in all relationships with them. I suggest

that you start that relationship through a period of play with them. If you have not been in the habit of playing with them, the children may at first be surprised, but you will be astonished to find how quickly and willingly they will accept such a new attitude toward them. Spirited games with your children, throwing yourself soul and body into their life, proving to them that you appreciate their pleasures, their keen desire for activity and play, will bring them closer to you than any amount of preaching or teaching or conventional threats and rewards. After you have established that comradeship between them and yourself, all your relationships will grow smoother, the children will open themselves more freely to you, they will respond more quickly to your requests and wishes. You will gain a firmer hold on them, and you will find naturally developing in yourself that spontaneity and sympathy whose absence you deplore."

Suggestions for July

What are you going to do on the Fourth? So much has been said in favor of a safe and sane Fourth that our children are not likely to need any special coaching on that phase of the subject. The next thing, then, is how are we as an Adventist family going to celebrate? Celebrate we must. If your church has a picnic annually, it may be held at this time. If not, suppose you have a family picnic. Don't you know some family or families you could interest in the truth by asking them to go on a picnic or a hike with you and yours? If for any reason that is out of the question, you might plan a patriotic program with your children. Let them invite in any of the neighbor children that would be interested. If you want to serve refreshments, make them simple, — something that the older children can prepare and serve themselves, and they should be served at mealtime, not between meals.

Am I saying too much about the neighbor children? Sometimes it is pos-

sible to save our neighbor's children and our own children together. Have plenty of singing of patriotic songs, in which all can take part, patriotic recitations, etc., then let the children explain the meaning of the day and why we celebrate it. In a church picnic, especially, there are nearly always visitors who are more or less interested in the truth, as well as more or less ignorant of some of our strongest principles. This is a golden opportunity for some tactful older person to weave in the truths of religious liberty.

If there is some place of historic interest near your home, and nearly every locality boasts of places renowned in the early history of the State, plan a trip to that place this month. It is surprising how often we overlook such places at home while we read about those farther away and wish we could go to them.

If you are a member of the Young Mothers' Society, you are studying about birds. Are you spending some time with your children in the fields and woods, becoming acquainted with the birds first hand? Keep the children as close as possible to the heart of nature.

If a Handkerchief Could Talk

KATHRYN L. JENSEN, R. N.

I'm only a little piece of cloth, but I could be such a good friend to little boys and girls if they would treat me right. So few people know I should have a right and wrong side. I wish the mammas of all little boys and girls would mark the handkerchiefs so the right side could easily be distinguished.

If I am to be most useful, I must be clean each morning. Some people, I am sorry to say, don't know how to blow their noses. They just grab me any way and blow, and then stuff me any way into some pocket. I like to have my wrong side carry all the germs, and when this is kept inside of the handkerchief, I am a real friend to man, and do not scatter germs.

The other day there were twenty of us in a schoolroom. Twenty happy boys and girls were owning us. The happiest-looking teacher was showing the little boys and girls the right way to blow their noses and catch a sneeze and cough. I was so glad to hear her say that they should force the air through one nostril at a time by slightly holding the other. I'm so glad she said that, for only a few children really keep their noses clean; and I am always wanting to tell them they do not do it right. She also told them that when they sneeze or cough, they must cover both nose and mouth, or the little cold germs would escape into the air, and soon some other little boy or girl would catch them and perhaps get a cold.

She told them, too, that the hands of little boys and girls should not touch the nose, nor be put into the mouth; for no matter how hard we try, we are so apt to have some kind of little disease germs on our hands. These will not harm us unless we get them into our bodies. She told them that was why they should always wash their hands before they ate any food.

When she finished telling them all about the pretty handkerchief she held in her hand, they all practised this drill until the boys and girls knew just how to use me right.

Handkerchief Drill

This is the way I blow my nose,
Blow my nose, blow my nose,
This is the way I blow my nose,
When it is necessary.
(Blow correctly.)

This is the way I catch my cough,
Catch my cough, catch my cough,
This is the way I catch my cough,
When it is necessary.
(Catch cough in the handkerchief
by covering both nose and mouth.)

This is the way I catch my sneeze,
Catch my sneeze, catch my sneeze,
This is the way I catch my sneeze,
When it is necessary.
(Kerehoo! Catch the sneeze in
the handkerchief by covering
both nose and mouth.)

Your Children's Belongings

MRS. NESTOR NOEL

WE hear a great deal about the farmer who gives his children calves and pigs, and takes them away when these animals are grown. For years, people have been writing about this. There are other injustices which no one thinks much about, yet they are just as serious because the same lack of principle is there.

I allude to the cool way with which the mother frequently takes a gift received by one child and gives it to another. A child has some rights! Once you have given your daughter something, even if it be but a doll, this becomes hers forever, unless she herself chooses to give it away.

I recall a child of six to whom I gave several small presents. As soon as she returned home, her mother took them away to give them to a younger sister!

Very frequently an older girl is told to give something she prizes to the baby to stop its crying. This is not good for the elder child. It makes her look on the baby as an enemy, from whom her things must be hidden. It certainly is not good for the baby, because it makes her think that anything will be given her, provided she cries loudly enough for it.

What sense of justice can our children have in later years, when they are brought up in this manner?

Once when I gave a present to a little girl, she said, "Is it for me to keep?" It seemed that other people had given her things, and she had not been allowed to keep them.

There was another child to whom I gave a doll. I knew she had been longing for one for years, yet when I gave it to her, instead of being delighted as I had felt sure she would be, she looked at me sadly, while two great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"What is it?" I asked. "Do you not want the doll?"

"O, I do!" she cried, "but Helen has no doll, and they will give this to her as soon as they see it."



It was only by giving Helen another doll that I could induce the mother to allow the elder sister to keep hers.

A child's mind is easily influenced, and it is while one is still very young that clear ideas of right and wrong can be most easily implanted. Later on, there will be many things that we shall try to teach, and those first impressions will either help or hinder.

It is at home that a child should be taught his first moral lessons. What mother is fit to teach if she be not fair?

Even a very little child should be taught to respect his brothers' and sisters' toys. If an elder sister lends a toy to a younger one, the latter should be taught to be extra careful of the toy, because it "belongs to big sister."

Each child should have a place for his own toys, and these should not be lent about indiscriminately by the parent, especially while the owner is away at school. I have seen mothers lend toys when those to whom they belonged were not there to defend their property. I have known the big children to hide their things away, "in case mother might give

them to baby" in their absence. It is easy to see that no true love can grow up between mother and child under such conditions. Mothers should be fair to all their children, and not show favoritism. Above all, mothers should teach the little ones as early as possible the difference between "mine" and "thine."—*National Kindergarten Association.*

Talk on Citizenship

HON. P. P. CLAXTON

United States Ex-Commissioner of Education

DEMOCRACY is a co-operative institution in which every citizen is a shareholder and an active agent. Preparation for citizenship is, therefore, chiefly a matter of training for intelligent, effective co-operation. For such co-operation, health, strength, knowledge, skill, industry, self-respect, self-confidence, self-restraint, truthfulness, activity, and a clear recognition of one's own duties and of the rights of others are necessary; and above all, ability to play one's part well, easily, and gracefully in groups of equals, large or small. If these and other requirements of good citizenship are kept in mind, it will help in training loyal citizens for our great American democracy.

It should also be remembered that boys and girls of five and six, or fifteen and sixteen, are as true citizens as are men and women of fifty and sixty, or thirty and forty. The task is, therefore, not so much one of preparing boys and girls for future citizenship as it is of helping them now by kindly instruction, advice, and proper discipline. It is not so much a taking thought for their tomorrow as it is of helping them to live fully today. By such living today they will be better and more fully prepared for every tomorrow.

Neither in the home, in the school, nor in the state does autocracy prepare for democracy, but only for servile submission, or for revolt and violent revolution. The child who in home and school forms the habit of thoughtful initiative

and learns to use freedom without license and to substitute principle more and more for personal and institutional authority, is gaining at least one valuable element in citizenship. In learning to lose his selfish purposes in broader interests and a better understanding of the common good, he is gaining another indispensable element; and still another when he understands the importance of self-support and takes pride in it.

Therefore, the home and the school and all the groups and institutions of which the young citizens are a part, should be busy, intelligent, unselfish, and therefore joyous and happy, co-operative societies, democratic in form and in spirit.

The Influence of a Church School

E. R. NUMBERS

A STRANGER was passing the playground of a church school. His attention was attracted by the deportment of the children. He had observed before the good behavior of these same young people, but this time he stopped and inquired of the teacher the reason for the striking contrast between this and the average playground.

As a result, his boy began to attend in a few days, and remained a member of the church school.

Occasionally the teacher explained the duties of tithing. The truth thus learned fastened itself upon the conscience of the boy, and he has been faithful in tithing all that comes into his hands. Then he began a study of the subject with his father. He got the necessary texts from his teacher, and explained the subject to his parents. Then the father began to pay tithe, and gave it to his son to hand to the teacher.

About twelve children from the surrounding neighborhood, whose families are not Seventh-day Adventists, are now attending this school. Six of these are attending the Sabbath services regularly in the church next door to the school.

None of these twelve children bring meat in their lunch baskets now, though ham sandwiches were common when they began attending a few months ago.

The mother of one of these children is in touch with the teacher, and has explained that as soon as she sells a piece of property which is now on the market, she expects to tithe the money, which will amount to several hundred dollars.

In another city a Chinese laundryman came in contact with the Seventh-day Adventists, and upon learning that they were conducting a school there, arranged to send his two boys, and they have been attending since that time.

We presume there are many similar experiences that could be gleaned from the field. Such results ought to put courage into the hearts of our church school teachers to do their best, and to give their lives to real soul-saving work in behalf of the children in their charge.

Rules and Regulations

VITA TYNDALL CHRISTENSEN

WE have all heard the story of the boy who was very vigorously complaining of the rules and regulations that bound him down. His uncle, listening very quietly, made this request: "As you go to town, will you go across the common and look at those young trees that were set out not so long ago? I want to know how they are doing."

Upon the boy's return at noon, his uncle asked, "Did you see the trees?"

"Oh, yes," the boy replied, "and they are growing fine,—so tall, and straight, and well proportioned!"

"But don't you think they would grow better if those braces were not built around them so closely?" asked the uncle.

"Oh, no, they need those to keep them in the right shape. If it were not for those braces, they would be crooked, and scraggly, and ill proportioned," the boy protested.

Then, observing the look upon his uncle's face, he colored up. "Oh, I see," he stammered. He remembered his own expostulations of the morning. He plainly saw the application of his own statements, how he, too, needed the restrictions of which he had been complaining, to keep him from growing "crooked, and scraggly, and ill proportioned."

This is only a story, but I think we can call it a "really truly" story. Do we not hear this same story, these same expressions, from children of all ages, even those grown tall? The smaller children complain of the literal "rules and regulations" made by parents and teachers to keep them growing "straight and well proportioned." Those grown tall complain of the "binding" caused by circumstances, ill health, poverty, bad luck, and such things.

Whether "small or tall," we must all learn that these bindings are to make us grow "straight and well proportioned" and into the similitude of God.

"Our lives may seem a tangle; but as we commit ourselves to the wise Master Worker, He will bring out the pattern of life and character that will be to His own glory. And that character which expresses the glory — character — of Christ, will be received into the Paradise of God."

"Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be.
Think! He has chosen you for it;
Work! loyally."

Pray and Wait

"I KNOW not by what methods rare,
But this I know — God answers prayer.
I know not when He sends the word
That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh soon or late;
Therefore we need to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.
I leave my prayers with Him alone
Whose will is wiser than my own."

Not Stupid, but a Stranger

SOME years ago I was spending a part of my summer vacation in a beautiful little town in the northwestern part of my own State. I met one day an old friend, whom I had not seen since my college days, and who was also spending the summer in the same town which entertains so many summer guests. He invited me to call at his home, so the next afternoon I started out. I was not well acquainted with the part of the town in which these particular summer houses were located. It was off the main thoroughfare, and it was not long before I came to the "parting of the ways," and did not know which way to turn. As if in answer to my mental query, a gentleman came from a near-by cottage, and I asked him the way to Dr. M's house. He directed me, and I went on my way, expecting to have no further trouble in locating my friend.

It was not long, however, before I realized that I could not be on the right road, so I retraced my steps. I met the man who had directed me at the start, told him my difficulty, and he re-directed me. I said, "I expected to have no trouble after you had once told me the way. I must be very stupid." In a kindly way he put his hand on my shoulder and answered, "No, not stupid; you're a stranger." I thanked him again and went on, and this time I had no difficulty in finding Dr. M's house. But the words of a very kind gentleman recurred to me again and again that day, and still come often to my mind, "Not stupid; you're a stranger."

Needless to say, I am a public school instructor. I wonder how many times in the course of my years of service I have taught a new lesson and "Tommy" has come back to me "lost," unable to find the way, and I have considered him stupid. My experience of that summer afternoon taught me that it may not be stupidity on the part of the boys and girls when they lose the way — they may be just "strangers," needing a kindly

hand on the shoulder, and a bit of encouragement to try again.

There is always the possibility, too, that the one who is giving directions or explaining new work is not quite clear enough to be well understood the first time by the "stranger" pupil. Let's try to be as explicit as possible in giving directions. Then let us remember, when "Tommy" doesn't "get there" the first time, that perhaps he isn't stupid, after all, but just a stranger.—*Pearl Grant, in Primary Education.*

The Need of the Hour

THE need of the hour is, not more factories or materials, not more railroads or steamships, not more armies or more navies, but rather more education, based on the plain teachings of Jesus. . . . Religion, like everything else of value, must be taught. It is possible to get more religion in industry and business, only through the development of Christian education and leadership. With the forces of evil backed by men and money, systematically organized to destroy, we must back by men and money all campaigns for Christian education.

We are willing to give our property and even our lives when our country calls in time of war. Yet the call of Christian education is today of even greater importance than was ever the call of the army or the navy. We shall probably never live to see America attacked from without, but we may at any time see our best institutions attacked from within.

Yes, the safety of our nation, including all groups, depends on Christian education.

I repeat, the need of the hour is, not more factories or more materials, nor railroads or steamships, not more armies or navies, but rather more Christian education.—*Roger W. Babson, in The Dynamo.*

"ALL His biddings are enablings."

YOUNG MOTHERS

In the Wilds of the Amazon

THERE are many interesting situations where the Mothers' Lessons are being used, from Maine to California, from Australia to Sweden, and from Singapore to Abyssinia. But I think none are of deeper interest than in that far interior, transmontane region of South America where Elder and Mrs. F. A. Stahl are piercing the darkness of heathenism among the savage and sometimes cannibal tribes of the Amazon.

You know that Brother and Sister Stahl were pioneers in the great Inca Mission field, where today we have thousands of believers among the Aymara and Quichua Indians, rescued from gross ignorance and degradation and become sober, temperate, hard-working, joyous Christians—a miracle of missions. And when the effect of the high altitudes of that Peruvian plateau finally forced Brother Stahl to leave the field, he said, "I can yet go to the lowlands and carry the gospel where it is not known." And so he went over the Andes and down into the forests of the upper Amazon system, and planted the banner of Jesus Christ in that stronghold of heathenism.

Well, over in Lima, the capital of Peru, we have a little group of workers at our headquarters engaged in administrative and school work, and there among them we have a Young Mothers' Society. Just about a year ago Mrs. Inez Hoiland-Stevens wrote me of the study and work they were doing; and in that letter of last July she made mention of Sister Stahl's participation in the society. I think that for the sake of the pleasure and inspiration you will get from what she said, both Sister Stevens and Sister Stahl will forgive my publishing some part of the letter, with its rather personal flavor.

"We have greatly enjoyed the lessons and the privilege of meeting together to discuss the topics. Rearing children in a foreign field is a real problem, and their later education a very serious one for every parent. So we appreciate this opportunity of learning how to build a sure foundation at least in the education of our little ones.

"The oldest mother of our group is Sister F. A. Stahl,—just past fifty-two,—but she is about the most enthusiastic member, I believe. Upon organizing the society, she remarked, 'Oh, I'm so thankful for such a thing! I never in all my life had an opportunity to



A WITCH DOCTOR

belong to any such society, and if I only could have had it while my children were small, how much it would have meant to our family!"

"As you may know, Sister Stahl is a trained nurse and has a large, kind, motherly heart, and her patients all love her. Her profession has taken her into many English-speaking homes, and the influence of the Mothers' Les-

sons has been felt there. Just the other day she told us how she had been telling stories to the children of some of her patients, (she was the *one* member who declared at the start that she simply could not tell stories!) and the mothers became so interested they begged her to tell *them* a story, and to teach them how to do it.

"Then one afternoon, after attending one of the meetings, she saw an opportunity to help a young mother for whom she was caring. 'What did you study about in your society today?' the woman asked, when Mrs. Stahl returned.

"'Cheerfulness in the Home' was one of the topics," answered Mrs. Stahl. Then she had a good opportunity to tell that young wife something of what her influence over her husband and children might be if she strove to be patient, kind, and cheerful. It so happened that no message could be more timely than just that in that particular home, and Sister Stahl felt so thankful that she could halfway blame it upon the society program, and the woman would not think she was 'preaching' to her.

"We are sorry that Sister Stahl will soon be leaving us, to join her husband at the mission in the wilds of interior Peru. But she is going to take her lessons along, and will continue to study them out there, and receive pleasure and help from them. I can just picture her telling those simple Bible stories to those ignorant savages, and of course they will enjoy them, even through an interpreter. They can at least understand Sister Stahl's kindly smile!"

Then last March came another letter from Sister Stevens:

"Elder and Mrs. Stahl have been here at their little home, resting up a bit the past

month. She arrived very ill with malaria, but is getting better. That is the scourge of that jungle district where they are now working. You see they have started work in an entirely new section of Peru, among an entirely different tribe of Indians,—several tribes, in fact, but they are working mostly among the Campas. This is indeed pioneer work; not even the Catholics have entered. However, I believe some did enter once, but were all murdered by the savages.

"The road to the mission had to be cut out with knives and hatchets, the shrubbery is so dense, and landslides and continuous rains make it almost impossible to travel at times. Still the mission is known and talked of all through the jungle, and hundreds of savages come to inquire 'about the true God.' Even the witch doctors come to him now for medicines, for they say he is the best 'witch doctor' of all. It is perfectly wonderful to hear Elder Stahl tell of his experience. He is surely a marvel as a pioneer."

On page 27 is a picture of one of the witch doctors, who, in fact, looks to me more like an Arab sheik. But maybe he was especially dressed up for the occasion. And then I want you to look at the picture below of Sister Stahl with her school children over there in the Amazon country. Really, they surprise me. And I think those little Indian girls standing over there by Sister Stahl are just the cutest things out.

I am sure that all the Young Mothers will be praying for Brother and Sister



MRS. STAHL AND HER PUPILS, WITH THE SCHOOL BUILDING

Stahl in their wonderful and difficult field, that the knowledge and power of the gospel of Jesus Christ may enter into the lives of those lowland Indians as it has into the lives of the Incas of the mountains, and that the making of Christian homes and the Christian-training of children may be as effective in that pioneer field as in our own more favored land.

A. W. S.

Our Wild-Flower Exhibit

MRS. E. D. WALTER

OUR mothers are getting to be very enthusiastic nature students. When we went out to study birds, we found very many wild flowers whose names were not familiar. One mother suggested bringing some of the most common to the society meeting and learning their names.

The plan was discussed at the next meeting, and we decided to hold a public exhibit instead. A committee of five made the necessary arrangements, and every one was invited to bring specimens. The church school pupils were especially invited to help.

At 9:30 A. M. the specimens began to arrive, in varying quantities, from arm-loads to the lone, precious specimen carefully treasured. The committee, with the willing assistance of boys and girls, were busy sorting, arranging, and classifying till time for the exhibit to open at 3 P. M.

Two of the committee, more familiar with their botany than the others, kindly volunteered to classify and label the specimens. The results were very pleasing in every way. The 143 kinds of flowers were arranged in vases, jardinières, baskets, or other receptacles to best display their charms; and it was a beautiful and fragrant display which greeted our many visitors.

The numerous expressions of pleasure and appreciation well repaid the hard work it cost, and in future many mothers will be able to give a more satisfying answer to the question so often asked on Sabbath walks, "O mamma, what is this?"

The Story of Life

LESSIE M. DROWN

"MOTHER, what am I made of,
And where did you get me?"
She had asked me over and over,
My sweet little girl of three.

So I told her, "*Love* is a wonderful thing,
Bigger than all you can see.
A little piece was broken off
And given unto me.

"So that is what you are made of,
My innocent little dove.
You know I have told you many times
You are just a piece of *Love*."

The Wee Little Brown Leaf

MADRID HEINE

A WEE brown leaf from the big oak tree
Fell into the rushing brook,
And merrily danced and pirouetted along
Till it reached a shady nook,
When, alas! all unawares it was caught
In a whirlpool's giddy swirl,
And round and round it was made to go
In a never-ending whirl.

Now the playmates three had sallied out,
In spite of the falling rain,
And gleefully hoisted umbrellas aloft
To catch the drops as they came.
"Oh, look," cried Bobby, "the wee brown leaf
The Water King's caught in his trap!
Let's go help it out, poor thing," he said;
"It got lost from its Mother Oak's lap."

So the playmates three, they sallied out
In spite of the falling rain;
And with long, long sticks they poked about
Till the leaf was free again.
But this time it soberly floated down
On its way to the big wide sea,
And cautiously seemed to inspect each place
As if choice of its liberty.

And when the playmates three in the gloam
Of the family story hour,
Told mother dear of the wee brown leaf,
How it danced in the whirlpool's power,
She wisely shook her pretty head,
And snuggled them up in her arms,—
"My children three, you now must see
The lesson of wee brown leaf;

"For when the night comes down on the land,
I want you home, so the man of sand
Can sprinkle your bright little eyes;
And I'll sing you to sleep,
Lest life's waters deep
Shall whirl you away from your mother's
home
And keep you fore'er in the whirlpool alone,
Like the wee little lone brown leaf."

I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

Where can we draw the line of distinction in reading matter? Are all stories to be prohibited?

There are two lines to be drawn. One is the distinction to be made between helpful and injurious literature; the other is the degree in which the reading habit is to be indulged.

Let me discuss the last of these first. It is easy to drift into the habit of reading too much, just as it is easy to drift into the habit of eating too much. We ourselves should read, and we should train our children to read, just enough to help us in our work, whatever that work may be. If children are given interesting, profitable work to do, and are encouraged and helped in that work, such employment will largely serve to keep the reading habit normal. The boy who is raising rabbits or building sheds or printing papers, the girl who is raising chickens or growing flowers or baking pies, that boy and that girl are going to apportion their time more naturally and profitably than the child who has nothing to do but to go to school and to read stories. In many, many cases there is too much reading, even of good matter. We may become mental dyspeptics through too constant reading of even true stories. What history and biography and all narrative are for is to instruct and inspire us for service. Then we must take time to serve.

Now to that first matter. No; we are not to reject all stories. The story is one of the most important means of teaching truth. There is, it is true, a selection of stories to be made. The stories that are good are the stories that help to make good men and good women.

As a rule, true stories are better for this purpose than fiction. Most fiction is too highly spiced to be the best mental food, and there is besides the fact that fiction is a "synthetic food." Instead of being fruit fresh from life's trees, it is made up of this and that, imagined and brought together into a special dish which the fictionist cook prepares for us. It may be said of certain fiction, and it may be so, that it is true to life, just as it may be said of a certain salad that it is composed of natural foods; but it tastes like everything in the world, and there is the constant danger that within it there is something slipped over on you of which you are not aware. It is better to keep to narratives which are true in fact as well as in form. Search, and you will find historical and biographical matter charmingly treated.

Watch the effect of your children's reading. Select the best books you can for them, preferably books concerning men and women who are the types you want your children to become. Give them also other interests and employment, so that they shall not read too much; and you may be saved from the modern plague of too much reading.

Is it right to use face powder and rouge?

It is right to be beautiful; for beauty of any kind gives pleasure to those who can appreciate beauty. The art of beauty-making, however, is not very widely nor very well understood. Beauty comes from within. Eyes that are lighted with intelligence and understanding, faces that reflect sympathy with every good and worthy thought, make more of beauty than either form

or color can make; and perfect health gives to the skin color and texture that nothing else can equal. Paint can never make up to the human face the loss and the ravage that ignorance and meanness and selfishness inflict. A sham, a false front, is never beautiful to the discerning eye.

Young women have no reason to paint their faces. If they are in good health, they have enough color; or, for that matter, paleness itself is interesting. Paint destroys in time the velvety texture of the skin. Besides, not one woman in a thousand can apply it skillfully. What an awful botch of art is on the majority of faces seen today! Powder is often used with as little art. It may be unobjectionable if used to remove perspiration or shininess of skin, and then itself is wiped off. But a floury face — spelled that way — ugh!

Besides, to be very candid, young women have no right to deceive prospective husbands! They will not be happier for

the attempt, afterward. If after marriage the husband does not object to his wife's cosmetics, that is a matter between them; but before marriage he is neither consulted nor enlightened.

But what about the morals of the matter? Those *are* the morals of the matter. Any woman who cannot choose candor rather than deception, who cannot appreciate the value of intelligence, understanding, and sympathy rather than that of a paintbrush in the making of beauty, who does not comprehend that the transgression of physical laws is a sin and the consequence moral disintegration, does not know what morals really mean. She may be bound by prohibitions, but she is not alive to truths. You cannot make a crow into a canary by plucking all its feathers.

“To every worker, Christ promises the divine efficiency to make his labor a success.”—“*Testimonies*,” Vol. IX, p. 34.

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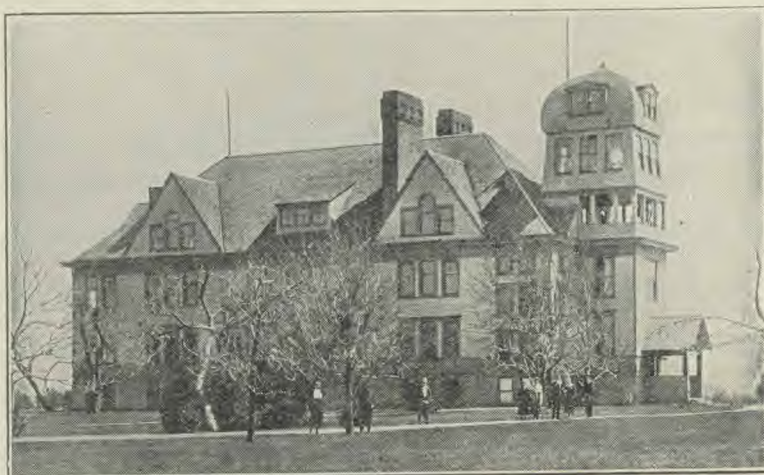
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