

HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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God's Way Is Best

HAZEL MC ELHANY-GREER

IT was a pleasant home, in one of California's most fertile valleys, nestled among the fruit trees, the tasseled cornstalks, and blooming sunflowers. The rising sun turned the window panes of the living room to sheets of gold, while the low, flat roof sparkled like so many diamonds. Everything seemed to bespeak rest and quiet contentment.

At the time of the beginning of this narrative the occupants of the little cottage formed a triangle—father, mother, and a small daughter, the pride of her fond father and the idol of her mother's heart.

Christians?—Oh yes, they were church members in good and regular standing. The writings of Mrs. E. G. White, almost complete, in limp leather added beauty to the small, but well chosen library. The *Review and Herald* made its visit weekly to the home, and found its place with the *Signs, Recorder*, etc. on the library table. Each Sabbath found the small family in its place at church, prior to which the babe

attended Sabbath school, and much to the satisfaction of proud parents, repeated the memory verse in baby accents. Oh, yes, indeed, they were Christians, there was no question about that.

They were young and life lay before as one long dream to be fulfilled. Ambitions were to be realized, success that must be attained, and goals far in the distance that must be reached. But all was not to be sacrificed for the future, for happiness must be found along the way. And so many a pleasant hour was spent around the festive board, where gathered friends, both old and young; for their home had long been known as a place where all were welcome, whether expected or otherwise.

But prosperity is not always the surest way to successful Christian living, nor reputation the safest road to heaven. Both came to our young friends and also added responsibilities and cares, until it seemed that every moment of the day was crowded to overflowing. Little time was given to family study, no time devoted to happy home evenings alone, and morning after morning passed with an apology only for lack of time for family worship.

Thus the months slipped by, filled to the brim with deeds useful and deeds better left undone. If the child had once been idolized by the mother, she was doubly so now. It was the studied aim of the mother to make for her young daughter the most exquisite of wardrobes, and to dress her in the most fetching of styles. The fashion quarterly became an almost constant companion, and being thus naturally inclined, the deft fingers fashioned garments of pleasing style and beauty. Her nerves were sorely taxed, and her time more than filled and yet something always remained unfinished. But her pride was gratified when the appearance of her child called forth exclamations of delight and surprise from friends and strangers alike.

But while the outward appearance of the child was beautified and enhanced, the



little life, which the mother could not lengthen one short moment if God should decree otherwise, was left almost entirely without cultivation. Often the little voice might be heard, "Mother, please tell me a story" or "Please make my dollie a new dress," but mother was always too busy with the all-important unnecessary things of life. When evening, the story time, came, mother, too weary and too nervous to enfold close within her arms the babe, hurried her off to bed with only a short, half-told story and a good-night kiss on the pleading lips with a promise of more another time.

The popular magazines found their way into the home, just for the recipes, hints on housekeeping, and good articles, of course. But when weary and nervous the young housekeeper sat down to rest, her mind too tired to think and her fingers too weary to work, a piece of fiction was read, then another and another, for as she said, "When I am too weary for anything, a story is just what I need to relax my tired nerves."

And indeed she needed relaxation, for with entertaining, sewing, work within and work without her home, the days had become well nigh filled with drudgery. To her it was work from morning till night, with something always yet to do.

But now new tasks loomed large. Camp-meeting was near, and the lassie must be prepared to look her best. There were new dresses to plan, make, and embroider, and of course new hair ribbons and socks must be purchased to go with each dainty frock. And so the days that followed were filled with work, and the nights too, for the little brass clock ticked steadily on as the needle plied silently back and forth to beautify the garments of the little sleeper.

Weary in body and unrested in mind each day was begun, and more so each day was closed, until at last came the first evening meeting. There had been no time for quiet heart preparation, no time for study and thought as to the purpose of such gatherings; in fact, the necessity for such procedure had never entered the mind of the busy mother. But as the words of

the preacher reached her ears, a sleeping conscience began to awaken and she determined to get what she could from the meetings and make up as far as possible for lost time. Nevertheless a sense of pride and satisfaction welled up in her soul as she decided which of the new frocks the little daughter should appear in next day.

Meeting followed meeting in quick succession as they always do at such times. In no uncertain tones the ministers faithfully portrayed the sins of the age, the folly of youth, and the vanity of life. Worldliness in the church was unsparingly denounced, and God's displeasure severely pictured.

Thus our young friends were led to take an inventory of the past. The Testimonies no longer remained unopened, but were carefully read and studied. Every command was neatly underscored for future reference, for these young people heartily believed in the old proverb, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Reformations were made in one thing after another—dress, reading, eating, family worship, etc. But this was not done without a struggle, for hard and bitter was the battle. But the recompense was sweet, for a knowledge of truth adhered to is always a joy.

The months came and went and with them temptations large and small. Sometimes everything seemed dark and hard, for the yoke of obedience was heavy to bear. More than once the question, "Why, oh, why is it so hard to do right?" was forced from an anxious heart and no answer was received. "Why *must* I do this, or do that, and not the thing I want to do?" were questions ever unanswered to the sorely tried soul.

But the kind All-Father does not leave His children to wander on unguided and unanswered, and so He was hearing the cry and preparing an answer for the overburdened heart.

There came a guest into the home, and by his simple courtesies, cheerful words, and full-hearted faith, he quickly won the confidence of the little family. Daily they

drank in his words of hope and courage, until their hearts were full and God's way seemed bright and beautiful. But still more, light and beauty was to come. As they sat about the friendly board, and partook of the simple Sabbath meal, no idle words were used to fill the few remaining precious moments of companionship of this little group.

"Yes, we are saved by faith in Jesus." The guest was speaking. "You remember Paul said to the jailor, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' He did not say, 'Believe and keep the Sabbath,' nor 'Believe and stop eating meat,' nor yet 'Believe and dress as you should, and be saved.' Ah, no, he said merely, 'Believe on Jesus and you shall be saved.'"

Ere this had all been said, the hostess had ceased her eating and was listening with bated breath, lest a syllable escape her notice.

And her guest continued, "But this does not give us license to disobey God's Law. Far from it, for you see if we *really* believe, really accept Jesus, our hearts will be full of Him. Our greatest desire will be to *please Him*, in dress, in conversation, and in all our manner of living. God makes no requirement without a reason for so doing, and if we are thoughtful, and careful to look for that reason, we shall find the requirement is for our good. If we can not find the reason, our faith in a good God gives us the assurance it is for that purpose, and we must not complain."

With a tender look toward the child, the guest asked, "Why can you so willingly care for your little one?—Love! Ah, yes because you love her more than life itself. Love makes it easy. And so our love for God makes obedience a pleasure; love makes the burden light and the yoke an easy one to wear."

For a moment no one spoke. Then in an almost awed whisper was the silence broken. "Oh, the difference comes in our own feeling toward God. Love makes the way easy! We pray for more love for God and all else comes with the answer to that prayer?"

A nodded assent was the answer. The meal was finished and the guest departed, that he might carry to others the beautiful truth of "justification by faith."

The months had passed by and God's grace had been sufficient. Though mistakes were still made, it had become easier to do the hitherto hard things, and many "first things" had at last taken their rightful place in the home, and God's smile lighted the little dwelling place constantly.

The low western sun had just flooded the dainty white kitchen and seemed gently to kiss the roses on the table a sweet good-night. The young mother stood at the window and watched the clouds of gold and purple and scarlet shape and reshape themselves. She heard the happy voices of children at the door and the sweet melody of song came through the dusk. Looking straight up to God, as it were, through the blue sky, she whispered reverently, "Surely, Oh Father, Thy way is best."

When Papa Was a Boy

WHEN papa was a little boy, you really couldn't find
In all the country round about a child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once, and he was always there;
He never made the baby cry, or pulled his sister's hair,
He never slid down banisters or made the slightest noise,
And never in his life was known to fight with other boys.
He always rose at six o'clock and went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon; and never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French, and Greek when he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet as soon as he was told.
He never, never thought of play until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day until the set of sun.
He never scraped his muddy shoes upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma, and never banged the door;
"But, truly, I could never see," said little Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things and really be a boy."
—Selected.

The Mother's Work and Influence

AGNES LEWIS CAVINESS

TO one who has children and who loves all children, there comes an increasing sense of the magnitude of parental responsibility. Lately I have been deeply impressed with our need of wisdom as parents. Our children and young people of today must carry the burdens of evangelization tomorrow, and we must prepare them to do it acceptably. In this age of looseness, of immorality, disobedience, and disrespect for authority, we must bring up men and women to finish the work of God in the earth! Small wonder that we tremble at the task, we must tremble at it, and then we must, in the fear of God, set about to accomplish it.

We must educate our children with this thought before us. To their teachers belongs the school instruction, but it is ours to educate them,—to teach them to use their minds intelligently, to work with their hands deftly and willingly, to accept the day's duties with courage and gladness, to be quick to believe the good in those who work beside them and slow to see the evil, to develop a disinterested love for all men—joy in their joys and sorrow in their sorrows; in a word, to teach them how to live. This is our task! May we not well contemplate it with fear before God?

There was a time when some believers in Jesus' soon coming, shirked the responsibility of their children's education, excusing themselves with the thought that Christ would so soon come that there was no need of spending money and effort upon preparation for life here. Many of these have been compelled to see these children grow to manhood and womanhood robbed of their birthright of a liberal education, and more than that, lost to the eternal world. But that time has passed. We now realize that we must prepare their minds and bodies for life and their souls for eternity. Then when our Lord shall call us to Himself, we shall not be ashamed.

I believe we often fail to realize our special duty toward our daughters. It is comparatively easy for parents to recognize their sons' need of preparation for life, for it is upon their shoulders that the burden of earning a livelihood must soon rest. But our daughters, what of them? "Oh," you say, "some of them will be Bible workers, some nurses, some teachers, though the most of them will marry." We are in danger of feeling that the money we spend on those who marry is largely lost. Let us consider that question a moment. Daughters who marry enter into the most sacred and responsible obligations of life. They will be mothers. And the mother is the greatest power in the world. "No other work can equal hers in importance. She has not, like the artist, to paint a form of beauty upon canvas, nor, like the sculptor, to chisel it from marble. She has not, like the author, to embody a noble thought in words of power, nor, like the musician, to express a beautiful sentiment in melody. It is hers, with the help of God, to develop in a human soul the likeness of the divine."

—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 378.

Our daughters who shall be mothers, what manner of children shall theirs be? Weaklings—mentally and morally,—or obedient, intelligent, industrious members of God's great family? The answer depends upon the education we give our children now. Is it worth while to sacrifice greatly to give them the best?

Many parents excuse themselves saying, "I can not do much for my children; I have had no opportunity for instruction myself." It is not too late to remedy this, if we have the desire and will to employ every opportunity God has placed within our reach. If we will study the beautiful book "Education" and prayerfully put into practice the principles upon which it is based, we will find life taking on a new purpose and meaning. God has given us

our work in our children. Let us do it reverently "as seeing Him Who is invisible." Our example in thus living to His glory is the greatest heritage we can give our children. Let us discipline ourselves

and teach our children to discipline themselves that we may all one day stand before our Master in the School of the Hereafter. "They shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads."

George Washington—The Schoolboy

GWENDOLINE LACEY

"THE boy is the father of the man" is an oft-quoted saying, and one to which we perhaps give our assent with very little thought. We realize far too dimly that what the man will be is predestined by the habits, training, likes, and traits of the boy. George Washington's life as a schoolboy is but another illustration of this universal law.

One of the strongest and most beneficial influences that the boy George Washington knew was the life of his courageous, resourceful, strong-charactered mother. His father died in 1743, leaving a widow with five children, George the oldest, being eleven years of age. The will provided that she was to look after the proceeds of the estate for the children until they were of age. In her faithful discharging of these business matters, as well as in the rearing of all of her children so that they were able to fill places of usefulness and trust, she proved the worth and stability of her character.

Of course, in these early Colonial days, there was no system of public schools such as we have today. The population was too scattered and meager, and the distinction between the rich and the poor too marked to allow a democratic system of education for all, such as we have now. The wealthy sent their sons to England there to obtain an education fitting them to be gentlemen of their communities. Those not so favored secured tutors for their children, while still others relied on the poorly-trained teachers of the schools for what learning their children should obtain. Often these teachers knew little more than the very rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic; in rare cases,

they were able to impart a knowledge of accounting. Washington's two older step-brothers had gone abroad to England to complete their education, but, his father having died, George was obliged to fall back upon the educational opportunities to be had in Virginia.

The lad proved to be a diligent student, faithful in his work, and eager to learn. There is still preserved the copy-book that he used when only a boy of thirteen. This book shows how anxious he was to improve and perfect his knowledge and use of the business terms of his day. Young as he was, he realized that to be a successful man of affairs he must be familiar with practical things of business. In a clear, round, neat hand are written out in this book, bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, wills, and so forth.

A book, "The Young Man's Companion" which Washington ran across while at school, had a strong influence in his education. It was far more than a theoretical textbook. Starting with the three R's, it dealt with almost every subject of practical interest of the day. Instruction in how to build houses, make ink and cider, navigate, measure, survey, plant and graft, and even in how to deport oneself in company, was all contained in this one work. That young Washington studied this very carefully is shown by the entries in his copybook which are many of them quotations from it. He was preparing himself, in these school days, for the time when he should assume the responsibilities of a man.

Washington's training in mathematics seems to have been more thorough than his

training in language. The book that he used at thirteen years of age shows that he had already mastered arithmetic, and was even then commencing to study geometry. During the last two years of his school life he studied not only geometry but trigonometry and surveying. He put this knowledge to a practical use, too, for during his last summer at school he surveyed the fields and plantations around the school. But his education was rather deficient in grammar. His first writings, in not only spelling but in grammar also, show many faults. But a man of Washington's caliber would not continue to make mistakes. By careful study, practice, and properly selected reading, he was able so to improve his literary ability that in his

later compositions he used very good language.

His mental development was not to the detriment of his physical well-being. He was a real boy, loving out-door exercises and sports. He was especially fond of running, jumping, tossing bars, and in fact of all feats of physical prowess. Even his school games were prophetic of the latent military genius in the boy. He loved to organize his companions into armies, march and parade them, and even hold mimic battles. In all of these, of course, young George Washington was the commander-in-chief.

As a lad even, George Washington had high ideals of moral conduct. An interesting section of the copy-book referred to above is one entitled, "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation," taken from various sources, and arranged under this heading by him. These rules deal with a range of subject matter regarding one's relation with his fellow-men, from the etiquette of the day, to moral obligations. By nature Washington was fiery, ardent, and passionate, yet his later life shows a self-control which is to be credited to the influence of these rules, copied and put into practice by the school-boy.

If one knew nothing of the story of the man George Washington, the perusal of the life of the boy would lead him to predict a noble career. The early training, the habits of diligence and thoroughness shown in the boy bore fruit in the life of the man. He became "The Father of His Country."

Our Tribute

C. A. RUSSELL

Its towering shaft points upward toward the blue,
Mute witness of the worthy, high ideals
Of Him whose life was pure, whose heart rang
true

To every impulse noble manhood feels.

We honor still his treasured memory,
The Father of his Country him we name,
And we his grateful, glad posterity
Inscribed his name within the hall of fame.



National Photo Service
Washington Monument

A Few Glimpses at the Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln

ON February 12, 1809, fifty miles south of the present site of Louisville, Kentucky, was born a baby who was destined to be one of America's greatest of great men. This was Abraham Lincoln. He was born in a very rude log cabin which contained only one room and had no furniture except such as had been hewn by his father from the trees of the forest surrounding the cabin.

Abraham's father was very poor. His father had died when he was only ten years old, and he had been left to shift for himself and get along the best way he could. He grew to manhood without some of the training which kind and wise parents give to their children, therefore he had not formed the best of habits, and had been given no education.

His wife was a different type of individual. She possessed a more refined nature and also the qualities that make for scholarship, and would doubtless have been an educated woman if she had had the opportunity.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were born three children, Sarah, Abraham and a baby girl that soon died.

Abraham was like his mother; he inherited her fineness and her love of learning. He had little opportunity for schooling, for schools were few and poor, and boys must work. He learned more from his gentle mother than from the schools. She had a great anxiety to give her son an education. He learned to read and write and figure. He was observing, and learned from the things he saw, and from what he heard people say. He read and loved the Bible, from which his mother taught him.

Thomas Lincoln had lived in Kentucky all his life, and he could remember when there were very few white men there.

He knew little about any better way of living than was provided for these pioneer families. He was of a roving disposition,

restless and easy-going, and another place was apt to look better to him than his own after he had lived on one possession for a little while. He well knew how to handle a gun, and was happiest when by the stream or in the forest with it. He was a good shot, and that was an important matter in those days for much of the food of these pioneers consisted of the wild birds and animals of the forest. His son seems to have been different in this respect for he did not like to kill anything.

Abraham's father told many a story of still earlier pioneer life, of perils with the Indians, and of perils with the beasts of the forest. His own father had been killed by the red men, and narrowly had Thomas Lincoln escaped being carried away by the Indians.

Little Abe was a sturdy lad who loved the forest and the little creatures which inhabited it. At night he loved to listen to his father's stories, but better still were those that his mother told. He was learning, and was always resolved that he would learn more.

When Sarah was nine and Abraham seven, the father again became dissatisfied with his location. Some of his friends had crossed the Ohio River into Indiana and had given good reports of the country, so Mr. Lincoln decided he would move there. He sold his farm in Kentucky, taking in part payment barrels of whisky. This seems very strange to us, but in that country in those days there was very little money in circulation, and many things were paid for with whisky. He built a flat boat and floated down the creek to the river where he found sale for his whisky. Then he pushed off into the wooded wilderness to the north. When he found the land he wanted, he drove some stakes and then set out on foot for the government office to buy the land. After making a partial payment he turned back toward Kentucky to get his family. Perhaps the

tired mother dreaded the change, but not so with the children. The trip to them was a round of pleasure; they were seeing new things and learning all the time. At night they built a big fire and slept under the stars. If it rained, they slept under the cover of their wagon.

Arrived at the new home site, Mr. Lincoln set to work to make a place to live. Winter was already coming on, so a little rough log shed was thrown up; three sides were enclosed and the other open, and just outside this open side a big fire was kept burning. Rain or shine, this was the fire by which Nancy Lincoln cooked their food, and it was the fire that kept them warm through all that winter, for a real log cabin was not ready till the next fall.

On their arrival here, Abe was given an axe. His father said, "Hy'ar, Abe, you'll never l'arn any younger. Get busy on them saplin's." From this time till Abraham Lincoln was twenty-two, the ax was his companion.

Only two or three years passed before a great sorrow came to the little family. The mother sickened and died. A few neighbors buried her about a half mile from the cabin without even a prayer, for there was no minister in this wild place. This greatly troubled the boy, and long after, when a minister was available, the good man went at Abe's request to the grave and offered prayer, repeating, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

It was a very lonely home for the two children and their father. Abe sadly missed his mother and her counsel.

Mr. Lincoln pitied his motherless children, and by and by left them and went on an errand back into Kentucky. He went to see Mrs. Sarah Bush Johnston. We are told that he said to her, "Sarah, you are a widow woman and I am a widow man. Our children are growing up—yours without a father and mine without a mother. I came down here a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you as a gal and you knowed me as a boy. I'll do by you the best I know how. What do you say?"

For Abraham Lincoln's sake, we are

glad that this trip was a successful one. Great was the joy at the log cabin in Southern Indiana when Thomas Lincoln brought home the new mother and two new sisters and a brother.

Mrs. Lincoln brought with her some real furniture and bedding. She made a better home of the cabin and was a good mother to the children. It seemed that her quick eyes saw promise of a great future in the tall, awkward, gangling boy.

Books were few in that wild country, but young Lincoln read every one on which he could get his hands. He would walk for miles to borrow a book when he heard where there was one. Having obtained one, he laboriously copied portions of it into note books of his own manufacture. His pen was made from the quill of a wild turkey and his ink from the pokeberry or from the brier root. It was fortunate for our hero that not all the kinds of books which flood the land today, and poison the minds of many of the finest of youth, were available at that time.

Someone loaned the boy a copy of Wiem's "Life of Washington." He took it up to his attic room with him, and one night it rained, thoroughly wetting the book. He dried it out as best he could and took it to its owner, telling him he would pay for the damage. He was required to work three days for it. But joy! It was then his own! He could read it, and then read it again. He pondered much on the life of the boy who in young manhood surveyed the forest lands far to the east of his cabin home. He thought of that other boy's honesty and faithfulness, and of his great service to his country. And more and more the dark, awkward boy determined he would have an education and be a blessing to others, as George Washington had been.

His father never could just understand the boy. Many times his step-mother, who had a broader outlook on life, took his part when his father lost patience with him over the matter of study and reading. "Let him alone, Tom," she would say; "he's just got to have book learnin'." It was born in him." And his vexed father

would growl, "What good can *he* do with book l'arnin', I'd like to know?" To which his wife would reply, "Well, he might be a teacher, or a lawyer, or a preacher."

"Yes, and starve to death at all three of 'em. What's the use of wastin' time when there's work to do?"

But all this did not discourage the love of learning in the boy. He worked by day, and he studied by night. He lay flat on the floor by the fireplace and by the light of the blazing logs studied and read. He used the wooden shovel for his slate, shaving it off when it became covered with figures.

He started in school several times, but it seemed that whenever he started his father "needed him" right away and he was put at jobs where he could earn something, so he went to school less than a year in all.

He was so big and awkward that the children laughed at him when he went to school; but nevertheless they always came

to respect him because of his kindness and because of what he could do both as a scholar and as an athlete. They liked his droll stories, too, for he was a good storyteller. He liked a joke, but he never allowed his jokes to be of a character to hurt others.

Today many say, "I would like to be great and wise, but I have no opportunity; my circumstances are against me. I can not get an education." But where can one now be found with as poor opportunities as Abraham Lincoln who lived a life of great usefulness and left the world having given to many persons higher ideals and helped to build in them greater strength of character? His monument is a beautiful marble structure built but a few years ago, and is situated in Potomac Park near the river, and near the Washington Monument—that gigantic needle that pierces the sky.

But he left behind a greater monument to his memory than any that can be built of marble—the work that he did.

F. H. W.

Little Lessons in Teaching Honesty

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

WE can begin teaching honesty to our children almost before they are out of the cradle. How? Again it is by example rather than by precept, though precept is of course important. Don't tell a child, no matter how young he is, that you will either reward or punish him and then fail to do it. A broken promise is a lesson in dishonesty.

A father once told his son that he must do a certain piece of work during the day. If he had failed to accomplish it by evening he was to go without his supper. The other children laughed. "Pa won't make him do it, and he'll get his supper, too." The boy idled away the summer day. When evening came he was provided with an adroit excuse to give to his father. That continued for a week. Every morning the father made the same threat; every evening the boy had an excuse, "I don't know

how," "It has been too warm," or "I was too tired." Finally, when Friday evening came, the father whipped the boy. Would it not have been more effective, not only as a lesson in honesty, but in obedience as well, if the boy had been required to go without his supper the first evening?

It is not hard to teach lessons in honesty this month for in the lives of both Lincoln and Washington, whose birthdays come this month, we find most interesting incidents illustrating our lesson. If you have not a life of Abraham Lincoln, you can obtain one from your church school library or your public library. In it you will find the story of a borrowed book that was damaged and how the inherent honesty of Lincoln led him to pay for it. Again, you will find the account of his honesty as a storekeeper. That was before the days of profiteers, but knowing Lincoln's character

as we do, we can not doubt that he would have continued to be honest at any cost.

George Washington said, "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain the character of, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, an honest man."

We should give our children right principles of honesty to guide them in their every-day life at home and at school. The other day an Italian woman said to me, "My Tony (a first grader) brought home some chalk from school. I ask him if the teacher give it to him. 'No.' Then I tell him he must take it back. I write a note

to the teacher. I say, 'Dear Teacher: Tony he brought home chalk from school. I know not whether on purpose or mistake. Please excuse. He never do it again.' Then I wrap the chalk in the note and I make Tony take it to school and give it to the teacher. The other children say he give it to her." I could not but think as I looked at Tony that there had been indelibly printed on his active, little mind an important lesson in honesty. Surely if this mother could do that to make her boy into an honest American citizen, how much more could many of us do with our greater opportunities and understanding.

"Play With Georgie!"

G. G. BROWN

GEORGIE'S father is, of course, no busier than other fathers, but he does have a few things to do during the day. The things that pile up while he is making the rounds of the Tehuantepec Mission require attention. There are letters to write and calls to make, funerals to conduct and family differences to untangle; besides these there are things about the house left to receive his attention when he returns. Sometimes there are rats to kill, and again furniture to mend or the garden to clean. These are the chores that "Daddy" must attend to at his home coming.

George, however, does not appreciate these things as necessities—they can wait. His demand is, "Play with Georgie!" Naturally enough, the appeal is strong, for what father is there that can resist the request of his firstborn when he is not yet three! But Daddy thinks of his duties and tries to explain the dire necessity of completing the task in hand. Such reasoning does not appeal to a baby. "Play with Georgie"—this time the words come with a plaintive note that begins to melt the affected hardness of Dad's heart. He is not ready to capitulate and continues the work, whatever it may be. In a moment or two a pair of blue eyes look up into those of Daddy and then the words, "Play

with Georgie!" come in a voice mixed with disappointment and faint hope. He has waited long days for Daddy and now he is here and will not play with his boy! Yet former occasions have shown that Daddy cannot resist much of that tearful tone from his pleading baby—for George is still a baby. Well right there Dad gives in, and there is a lot of fun. George likes noise, and anything that has motion and makes noise is a good substitute for an engine. Chairs make fine cars and cabooses. His little box-and-spool wagon and his wooden-wheeled wagon make an acceptable train when hooked together. Daddy can play "bear" and bite and growl until in his baby's mind it is the real thing that confronts him. "Play horsey." Does anyone know of the little boy that doesn't like to play horse? I do not. "Catch Georgie." This is a hide-and-seek game through the two rooms of "Mama's House." I tell you what, Dad and George have a good time when Dad consents to "play with Georgie."

Many say that it is a fine thing to play with their children and that they have regular hours for that purpose. That is splendid. Seemingly a child's life is made up of eating, sleeping, and playing. It is by playing that he exercises. A child

usually manages to get enough play if he is placed under normal conditions. George plays very well alone, but occasionally he wants some one to play *with*. It is then that he comes to his father for this companionship. Do you think that he should be refused? I do not.

In the distant past I can call up a few — yes, a very few — times when from among the busy cares incumbent on the pursuit of daily bread for a family of ten or more, my father emerged from the press of business and played with his boys! I was the middle one and grew up among my younger brothers and sisters when my father was wrapped up more in the necessity of feeding the brood than in playing with them. "All work and no play makes Dad a dull sport"—this is my motto. Companionship in work is fine and what every boy needs, but he also needs the companionship of his father in play, as well.

So when *my* boy comes to me and says, "Play with Georgie," here's one dad that is going to break through the crust and be human enough to satisfy that desire now, with the prayer that the time may never come when George would rather play with another than with his dad.

The Fight

MARTHA EVELYN WARNER

ON the trolley car one day, there was a fight. And it took place between a bobbed-haired, short-skirted young woman and a tiny boy. And it started like this:

The boy snatched some sticky red candy away from his baby sister, and the baby sister yelled and screamed. Now maybe you think I should say the baby cried, but she didn't cry, not one tear, I looked to see. She just screamed.

And the mother immediately snatched the candy away from the boy and gave it to the baby, who immediately stopped howling. Then the boy slapped his mother's hand; whereupon the mother said, "Don't you dare slap me again."

For a moment the boy looked at his

mother, then sticking out his tongue at her, struck her in the face.

With, "I'll fix you when I get you home," the mother struck back. And, as the boy was about to return the blow, she sprang to her feet, signalled for the car to stop, then with the baby under one arm, she grabbed the little boy, and fairly dragged him off the car. Poor mother, and poor little boy.

In this training of children there is not the slightest use in thinking that it can be accomplished without parents first learning the lesson of self-control, patience, forbearance, gentleness and love.

It has been truly said that "The youth of today are a sure index to the future of society; and as we view them, what can we hope for that future?"

Why These Interruptions?

MRS. D. A. FITCH

TIME was when it was considered a breach of good manners to interrupt another who was speaking. I have often queried why one who considers himself well bred can gain the consent of his mind to perform such an unkind act, for it certainly belongs to that class.

There may be two reasons for this procedure. It is possible that the one who interrupts is hard of hearing and does not realize that another is speaking. He certainly is not dumb. Usually it appears as though it is considered that what is being said is not of enough value to be listened to, and so the interrupter thinks he will give the hearers that which is worth hearing.

Too often in the social circle as a narrative is being given, someone who is sure he can tell it better will take up the thread and finish relating the incident, or, perhaps worse, go back to the beginning and correct all mistakes made. Such things will not be practiced where Christian love prevails.

THOSE who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

—Barrie.

A Parable

LETHA LE FEVRE THURBER

NOW when the cool of the day had come, I sat me down under my great oak trees to rest. An my eyes wandered to the broad river and the winding white road that led to the City-under-the-Smoke. And as I gazed at the smoke I breathed great draughts of the pure air that was all around me, and my heart rested quietly within me.

Presently my ear discerned a babble of voices, and I perceived that my neighbors that lived on the winding white road had come. So I arose and inquired their business, and found that they desired to buy themselves a home. Then my heart warmed towards them and I spoke much of the beauty and the quiet and the healthfulness of our Home-on-the-Hill. And our children spoke to their children of the great pasture, and of the horses which the

kind farmer let them ride, of the brook to wade in, and of the berries and the nuts that were free for the picking. So we with one accord invited them to come and dwell beside us. And immediately I perceived that the man's heart was touched, for he loved all these things. But his wife's eyes followed the winding white road to the City-under-the-Smoke, and she judged me as one gone mad.

Then she told of how her tribe and family had dwelt in city apartments for many generations, and she declared that her life would be as a slave's without running water and electric lights and street cars and autos. When I spoke of birds and flowers and a garden of growing things, her ear was dull of hearing and she laughed me to scorn, for she knew not one bird from another and the grocery was her



garden. So I held my peace, but I marveled that a human soul could be so shackled by the conventions of man.

Then they said farewell and went to their home on the winding white road that leads to the City-under-the-Smoke. And not many days hence they loaded their wagons and traveled to the City-under-the-Smoke, where they found a house with running water and electric lights and a garden at the corner grocery. But when I last spoke with her, she made a great lamentation of city taxes and the high cost of living. Then was my heart moved with compassion, and I said, "Come with me, and I will give thee rain from heaven to wash thy body, and food that costs naught but the seeds and the hoe." But she answered me never a word.

An Infidel's Discovery

THE *Record of Christian Work* tells of a young infidel lawyer who, having completed his professional course, avowed his intention of settling in some place where there were no churches, Sunday schools, or Bibles. He would thus express his utter repudiation of Christian superstition. After careful search he found the desired spot and settled there. In less than a year he wrote to a classmate, a young minister, begging him to come to the place to start a Sunday school and preach the gospel. "Be sure to bring plenty of Bibles," he said. He closed his letter with this confession: "I have become convinced that a place without Christians and Sabbaths and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in."

The only thing remarkable about this is that a man considered intelligent enough to practise law needed such an exceptional experience to open his eyes to facts so obvious. His tardy discovery should be one of the first to be made by any person not utterly blinded by prejudice or inexcusable ignorance. Every infidel, or agnostic, or atheist of average intelligence understands this so well that not one of them,

possessing any claim to respectability, could for love or money be induced to live anywhere apart from churches and the Christians who build and support churches. And yet with almost incredible folly they do all that lies in their power to discredit and injure that to which chiefly they owe the security of their lives and property, to say nothing of the many things that minister to the sweetness and beauty of life.
— *Home Department Quarterly*.

The House by the Side of the Road

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In the fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by,
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I,
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their
tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan;
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long
afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they
are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

— *Sam Walter Foss*.



EDITORIAL

As the Snow from Heaven

EVERYBODY—every child, anyway—loves a white Christmas. “Oh, it looks so beautiful,” they say, “the soft, white feathery flakes coming down, or the driving sheets of snow, covering the dead brown leaves, and clothing the bare outlines of the trees and the fence posts and the houses and the hills. And then of course the coasting, and the snow-balling, and the building of forts and houses!”

Not all of the benefit of the snow lies in its beauty, however, though beautiful it is. When the cold shuts down on the world, and the ground is frozen, the earth needs its blanket of snow. Freezing and thawing on the grain fields is sure to heave much of the wheat out by the roots; but when the snow lays its soft blanket over it, there is no heaving. The plants are protected. And then, too, there is seeping away into the soil the slowly melting moisture from the snow, storing up in the deep reservoir of the soil the water needed in the growing season for the food of man.

“As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall My Word be, that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.”

What a lesson for our wintry hearts! It is cold, the wheels of life move creakingly, the blanket of dead hopes closes down over us. We sigh and despair for the summer of peace and plenty. But it is God's way of making provision for the fruiting time. As the snow cometh down from heaven, so the word of the Lord. It is not for naught; it has a purpose. In His own good time it shall accomplish the thing which he purposes. Patience!

Watch Your Step in English

IT is a bit difficult for the teacher with his varied lines of instruction to see that what he has taught in one class is applied in another class. In other words, it is easy to fall into the error of English for the English class, geography for the geography class, and Bible for the Bible class, and forget the one while teaching the other. In no case is this more noticeable than in the use of English. Speaking reminiscently of his school days, one writer says:

“If a mathematics student slipped up on some by-product, if he made an error in spelling or in English, Professor Blank would stop the demonstration of a proposition in solid geometry to correct the careless boy. I remember that a boy said something about what he ‘done to this here tetrahedron.’ I don't recall the teacher's wording, but there was no more reference to geometry that day. The hour was consecrated to undefiling the wells of English. He said the greatest object of the study of mathematics was truth, and that you couldn't say what was true unless you meant what you said, and that was impossible if you didn't express it, and you couldn't express it in slovenly English.”

Why teach English at all if it is not to be used in the geography class and the Bible class and outside of any class and everywhere and all the time?

The Grin That's Coming Off

ONCE in a while there arises a Superior Person who grins at the returning of thanks—though he is dependent upon the Giver; who grins at the idea of making a garden—though he lives on food from the soil; who grins at the suggestion of studying child training—though he came from a baby himself, and not so very far either.

There seems to be a special temptation to men to loose a spurious smile when the mothers start talking about holding mothers' meetings. Not all of the men, not any real fathers, but some progenitors

ETCHINGS



at least. "Oh, yes," they say to their wives, "go on and hold them, by all means. Let Aunt Nannie teach you how to raise kids. I'm going down to the crossroads store. Have my dinner ready when I come back."

It appears to us, however, that the grins are becoming fewer and farther between. Have seen only one for eleven months, for a fact, and that was in captivity. The reason is that the fathers are waking up and beginning to appreciate that they have a responsibility to bear along with the mothers for the right training of their children; and they see, further, that the studies on child culture and home-making are bearing fruit. There are beginning to be more parents' meetings, with a pretty fair sprinkling of fathers among the mothers. There is increased interest among fathers in the study of the **PAR-ENTS' LESSONS**, and some fine reports are being received.

We are hopeful; we are happy. When the grin all comes off, and is replaced by an intelligent and purposeful smile, we'll bank on the fathers as forever and ever we have banked on the mothers.

Think Twice Before Answering

DO you wish your children to respect your authority? Then you must answer their requests wisely, and none of us are wise enough to make proper answers without thought, and sometimes we need to send a telegram to heaven before answering. Let's be sure we are right and then make reply. And having given a right decision, stick to it. Why should a child be taught to tease and argue by finding that by arguing he can change parent or teacher? Say "Yes," with a happy smile

that the child may know that you are glad to give him pleasure. Say "No," firmly, knowing why you say it. And the child will learn to respect your judgment.

Father, In Your Steps

HE was just a little chap! And how proudly he walked beside his father as the latter returned to his work after dinner, and he to his school! Then they met a lady. Father lifted his hat and bowed politely. Son watched every movement; the lady turned her eyes to the small boy just in time to see him doing the same thing in exactly the same way.

Oh, father! the boy is following in your steps. Do you know it? Do you realize it? What you do is right in his eyes. He will do it after you. Whether it be a matter of social etiquette, or a matter of business dealing, or a matter of home life, he is following in your steps.

"Climbing the mountain wild and high,
Bold was the glance of his eagle eye,
Proud was the spirit that knew no fear,
Reckless the tread of the mountaineer,
Up and through the fields of snow,
Down and down o'er the pathway steep,
On o'er the chasms wide and deep.

"Hark! o'er the mountain bleak and wild
Echoed the voice of a little child;
'Papa, look out! I am coming too,
Stepping in your steps, just like you!
Papa, Oh papa! just see me!
Walking like papa—don't you see?'

"Pale was the face of the mountaineer,
Pale with the thrill of an awful fear;
Paused he quick, and with eager face,
Clasped the child in his strong embrace;
Backward glanced, with his eye so dim,
Back o'er the path she had followed him.

"Fathers, pause in the path of life,
Rough with the chasms of sin and strife,
When you walk with a step so free,
'Mong the rocks where the dangers be,
List to the voice that is sounding sweet,
List! they are coming—the little feet;
Walk with care, they are coming too,
'Stepping in your steps, just like you.'"

From My History Note Book-No. 2

The General Divisions of U. S. History

BERTHA SHANKS CHANEY

HAVING discussed in a previous paper the general aims in teaching United States history, the next consideration is the specific details of the year's work.

There was published in the *School Review* of September 1918, the most carefully prepared outline of requirements in American history that I have found anywhere. I used the outline as a daily guide in teaching United States history, and felt that I had accomplished very definite results by so doing. It is worked out in careful detail, but not so much so that it is not practical.

It does *not* give the method of presentation, but it does tell exactly what events and dates your pupils should know, what maps they should make, what people they should be able to identify, and what topics they should be familiar with at the end of the year. No child can know all that lies between the covers of his history book any more than can his teacher. But in order to be passably intelligent there are certain dates, events, people, and places which must be drilled into the memory until they become an unforgettable as the alphabet or the multiplication table.

The outline of which I spoke has not been reprinted in any pamphlet or book. Teachers who have access to a college or public library may be fortunate enough to find the magazine filed. If you can obtain it, study it.

The time spent in making a careful outline of the work she intends to do for the year, or the term, or the month, or the day, is the most economically spent time that a teacher puts in. This does not mean that she has an ironclad procedure from which there can be no deviations, but it does mean that she has acquainted herself in a measure with the entire course, and that she knows from day to day whether the class is keeping up or gradually falling behind.

I know teachers of experience who either have very hazy plans, or fail to live up to

them, and the last two or three weeks of the term are a mad rush to crowd in half a term's work. I know such teachers, and so do you. Of what value is such "covering" of the ground? If your purpose is to drill in facts, or to develop skills, or to improve tastes, or to engender habits of body or intellect, you can reach that aim in one sure way—plan a definite course and live up to your plan.

Eliminate non-essentials. Decide what is really worth while and insist that the students get it. In the first part of the course divide the year's work into six natural periods:

1. Introductory — The conditions in Europe which turned people's attention to the need of a western route.
2. Period of discovery and exploration (1492 - 1607).
3. Period of colonizing and of rivalry for supremacy among the four nations (English, Spanish, French, and Dutch), (1607 - 1763).
4. Revolution and establishment of the nations (1763 - 1789).
5. Period of growth, expansion, and civil strife (1789 - 1865).
6. Period of reconstruction and of rapid industrial development (1865 - present).

This organization, or outline of the entire year's work, may be taught inductively, with the textbook in the hands of the students. They come to this year in the study of United States history with a certain amount of historical knowledge, gathered from the stories they have read in their readers, programs on eventful days, facts and references constantly used in English, and many other sources. By the time the normal American child has reached the eighth grade, he really knows much of the story of his country, of the picturesque and interesting parts of it, and he knows many of the familiar figures. These unrelated facts are now to be systematized and related,—put into logical order and given an intelligent setting.

The enthusiasm for hero tales must not die out, but the field of interest must now be extended so that it becomes a continuous, consecutive, systematic development.

"It is now time to shift gradually the emphasis from single acts, men, and events to far-reaching, significant movements and constructive developments in the growth of the nation."

With textbooks open before students and teacher, go through the table of contents; show the six or seven natural divisions into which the history of the United States falls, put the outline on the board so that it will be spelled and punctuated correctly, and have it entered in the note books and learned.

Morning Exercises

MINA MORSE MANN

Ideals

THIS is a subject that should receive much attention in our church schools. The whole future life of the child depends upon his ideals. Today the country is filled with youthful criminals because of the low ideals mostly gained through cheap movies and cheap magazines.

The subject may be presented in many different ways. But constantly work to get each child to have a high ideal. Here is an acrostic that will be good for one morning:

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him."
 "Do with thy might what thy hands find to do."
 "Ever looking unto Jesus."
 "Abstain from all appearance of evil."
 "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."
 "Search the Scriptures."

Talk about the necessity of having ideals, first. Then write one line at a time on the board and talk about it. Our ideals are right ideals when in all our ways we acknowledge Him. You can enlarge upon this according to your time. Take each text up in the same way, showing how it applies to living or reaching our ideals. When the last is written, if they have not already discovered the acrostic, call attention to it and it will be a help to them to remember the lessons.

True Ideals

Here is another hint. Show how many people today are following low and false

ideals. Here are a few things that we can do to know if our ideals are true ones.

T	est	I	ndustry
R	eason	D	etermination
U	seful	E	arrestness
E	levate	A	rms
		L	oyalty
		S	elf-control

First we must *test* our ideals to see if they are helpful and educational. You may show ways in which we can *test* them. Then we should have a *reason* for those ideals—not just drift along without thought. Then our ideals should make us *useful* to others as well as to ourselves. Take up each word in the same way. Anecdotes to illustrate ideas may be told. Write only one word at a time. You can use other words commencing with the same letters if you find your school needs other things. Study your children and adapt each exercise to their needs.

Cultivate the Reading Habit Early

RACHEL S. DOERING

THE average young person finds that three factors strongly affect his success in acquiring an education,—the desire to get an education, the power to concentrate, and the ability to read proficiently. These three,—and the most important of these is the ability to read proficiently.

Given a burning desire to get an education, of what avail is it if a young man cannot read well? In the rush of these days our youth are trained largely to get their own education from books which their teachers suggest. Given the power to concentrate, of what avail is it if a young man cannot understand the material before him? He will spend his time slowly plodding through material lucidly simple to the good reader who sits beside him studying a commentary while he wrestles with the text. Given the ability to read rapidly and comprehensively, a young man may be astonishingly lacking in the former two, and yet achieve easily a good mental background for life. Therefore I am coming more and more to measure the success of my work with the children by their improvement in reading.

It is a reasonable test of progress; the results stare from every item in the program. As the children improve in reading, more easily they comprehend their Bible lessons, they grasp the problems of arithmetic, they visualize the facts of geography, they discover the points in language lessons, and they turn to their nature lessons as to the great out-door primer of the Creator. The spelling average rises steadily as the forms of the words appear more familiar, for a child can aid his memory by that instinct which decides that a word does or does not "look right."

I have been told that they learn most quickly to swim who are pushed overboard, and forced to find the shore, and that the best way to learn to ride a horse is to get on and ride. At any rate, those who ride a great deal become good riders, and those who swim a good deal become good swimmers. Why should not those who read much improve steadily in their reading?

I am proving the soundness of this theory with my children. I am convinced that I can leave them no better intellectual gift than a taste for reading. If through the years to come, their work is marked by a love for good and profitable books, I shall be reasonably assured of their success in education and service.

So I have planned rather extensively for supplementary reading courses. The idea makes a splendid variation for seat work, and takes excellent care of the bright children who finish their lessons before schedule.

The competitive idea of the reading courses stimulates them to *like* to read; presently they read any interesting book for its own sake. If the courses are made short and interesting, so that achievement is not too long deferred, it is surprising how much supplementary reading will be accomplished in a six-week period, and how much improvement shows daily in their ability to comprehend.

With the supplementary reading habit goes the cultivation of the dictionary habit. Even the third graders can use a little pocket dictionary, and take delight in hunting meanings and pronunciations

without the aid of the teacher. Such a habit is invaluable, later, in academic and college work.

Very interesting courses can be planned. First, of course, come the M. V. Reading Courses, already arranged with a view to the ages and interests of the children. These can be completed entirely during spare minutes in school, once the habit is established. Material on early American life, pioneer struggles, and experiences with Indians forms a nice introduction to the American history courses which are to follow in later years. From just such early reading will be born the child's interest in the deeds of men and nations now passed away. With such a taste already formed, half the conquest of history courses is won.

An important group is children's biographies of great men, which may leave impressions that may guide a child all through life. Splendid books for supplementary work in geography are available, which make interesting the explorations, the trading experiences, and the habits and customs of the peoples studied. Good courses in nature cry to the teacher from all sides, and there surely is nothing for which the children clamor more eagerly. Special activities of the school may suggest a combination of books that will hold the attention of the children, and develop their ability to read with accuracy and speed.

The reading done must be checked up constantly, so that the teacher knows that the material is being comprehended, not simply covered. Such tests are easily given in game form. The children pride themselves in their knowledge of the facts in the books read.

I believe that such supplementary reading, if carefully supervised, becomes one of the most valuable parts of the daily curriculum. It is a source of pleasure to the children, and it is a habit forming agency that will develop the most valuable habit of life,—the habit of looking upon good books as friends. The ability to read well is a precious accomplishment which will assure the student hours of stimulating intercourse with the best minds of the ages.

YOUNG MOTHERS

Leaving Babyhood

MRS. JOYCE M. FIELDS

"Sisters, we may do a noble work for God if we will. Woman does not know her power. God did not intend that her capabilities should be all absorbed in questioning, What shall I eat? what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? There is a higher purpose for woman, a grander destiny. She should develop and cultivate her powers; for God can employ them in the great work of saving souls from eternal ruin."—*Testimonies*, Vol. 4, p. 642.

"The greatest evidence of the power of Christianity that can be presented to the world is a well-ordered, well-disciplined family. This will recommend the truth as nothing else can, for it is a living witness of its practical power upon the heart."—*Ibid.* Vol. 4, p. 304.

DEAR, tired mother, think of our loving Father's plan for you and me. Are we prayerfully and sometimes tearfully accomplishing His will in our humble sphere, or are the children slipping away from us into that great procession under Satan's banner? Have we been too busy to study and pray, and put into practice the precious lessons which our Father has so lovingly given to us?

No institution or business enterprise can be successfully maintained without order and system. As builders of Christian homes are we "building according to the pattern" with divine regulations, or do custom and natural inclination rule over this most important institution in the world?

God has said, "True education is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers" and what "higher purpose or grander destiny" can we ask than to bring our little children to Him, confidently expecting His blessing upon them, as we strive to do our best to further this harmonious development in our own lives and in the lives of our children? Think of the golden opportunities we have with our children of various ages, but especially think of those precious days when "our baby" is leaving babyhood, but is still too young to go to church school.

I am thinking of a busy mother of young children. She has become a student with her children of the rudiments of Christian living. The youngest is fast leaving babyhood. She is a lively, happy child, with inherited and natural inclinations to be perverse; however, she has already learned that a loving Father in heaven has a definite plan for her little life every day, and that in order for her to fulfill that plan, Jesus must have control of her life and banish selfishness from her heart. She enjoys life because she knows He is blessing and helping her. By personal experience she has learned the value of the precious "Quiet Times" alone with Jesus.

There is a daily schedule plan for this young student, but it is made flexible in compliance to those words, "Commit thy works unto the Lord," Prov. 16:3. Never does it become necessary to sacrifice principles to accommodate a change of schedule. Her first morning thoughts are directed to a loving Father in heaven Who "giveth to all life and breath and all things." She takes the invigorating cool "splash" bath in a warm room, dresses quickly and is ready for family worship at 6.15 a. m. Breakfast, having been partially prepared the night before, is served immediately after worship. Her meals are regular and not too close together. Her appetite has never become perverted by the use of "knickknacks" so often prepared, or provided by weary mothers. Another reason for her healthy appetite is that she does not eat, even fruit, between the regular meals. In this home parents and children include in their studies the many phases of healthful living, so even the youngest understands why she is clothed in modest, plain, healthful clothing. Many questions arise in her little mind and lessons are not always easily mastered, but there have been many definite settled victories in her life. She observes that in the

Home Circle study of God's Word the older members of the family are striving to yield unquestioning obedience to His will and it makes obedience easier for her.

She surprises her mother with her willing helpfulness. Precious time has been spent in teaching her to help, but such joy as mother and daughter have as they wash, bake, sweep, dust, do dishes, can fruit, work in the garden together. And what a help and joy it is to both to find out that she can do many of the lighter duties alone just as well as mother can do them! As a result of such activity, body and mind are strengthening, and the joy of service is conducive to healthy development.

Though she no longer needs the afternoon nap of babyhood days, yet there is a little time for rest and reading in the early afternoon. There is also provision made for light mental activities in nature and sacred songs and verses.

Her regular bedtime is eight o'clock, and after the bedtime talks, songs or stories, she cuddles down in her clean well-aired bed and with plenty of fresh air flooding her room; thus she is prepared for another happy day in service for Jesus.

Because the children are being educated for service, all the family work, so often sent out of the home, can be done in the home. Parents and children are happier. Mother has better health than ever before. She has more time to keep in touch with the mind of God and for companionship with husband and children. Blessings keep showering in this home as its members keep pressing toward the goal of Christian perfection. It is a "battle and a march" every day, but their Captain is the One Who never lost a battle.

Dear, tired, anxious mother, come, let us give our best to the Master; claim His mighty power for the accomplishment of His purpose for us—"a higher purpose, a grander destiny"—that we may save "souls from eternal ruin"! He has given us the precious duty and privilege of concentrating our best efforts in a humble place, but situated right at the "heart of the work." Let's rally to God's standard and build the home base on the Rock of Ages.

Mother and the Story Hour

FAITH BALDWIN

When candlelight and firelight paint shadows on the wall,
And children's funny shadows seem so grown-up and tall,

When bread and milk are cleared away and clocks a warning chime,
Then Mother weaves a little spell of "Once Upon a Time. . . ."

Her voice is like a happy song, and in the fire's glow

You see a million wonder folks that softly come and go—

Dear Alice, with her round-combed hair, slips down the rabbit hole,

While Davy and the Goblin start their journey to the Pole.

Aladdin rubs the magic lamp; the Sleeping Beauty stirs;

And Cinderella is aware how small a foot is hers;
The wee, lame Prince goes sailing in his fairy cloak on high:

And Jack climbs up the beanstalk green, 'most halfway to the sky.

Oh, nightgowntime and storytime, how very dear they are,

With Mother's eyes to shine on you, more kind than any star,

With Mother's voice and Mother's hands to weave a golden net—

The dearest "Once Upon a Time" that no child can forget.

Crops and a Child

I have seed to raise and I plough the field,
And I plant my crops with care.
And I thank the Lord for the rain He sends
As I watch them growing there.

But I don't sit down with a book by day
And let my fields run wild,
For crops won't grow by themselves, I know—
Is it different with a child?

I've a boy to raise and I want a man
When his growing days are done.
And a man must work for the crop he seeks—
Is it different with a son?

Will strangers care for my wheat out there
When the weeds grow rank and wild?
If my crop would shrink if I idled here,
Dare I idle with my child?

Yes, I'll work for him and I'll play for him.
And I'll do the best I can,
For the Lord has given me a son to raise
And I want to raise a man.

Yes, my eyes are set on the harvest years
When the long hard task is done,
So I'll pull the weeds from his life myself,
For I dare not shirk my son.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Home and School Association

How About Yours?

C. A. RUSSELL

ON another page will be found an announcement of the new revised School Manual. Get it, turn to page 147 and read the next seven pages. It tells you what the organization is and what it *does*. It tells you how to organize. It explains all about officers, committees, elections, and meetings. It gives a list of nearly fifty topics suggested for study at association meetings. It gives a bibliography of helpful publications. It gives a model constitution. A very simple form of organization is suggested.

Suggestive programs, as well as other helpful material, appear from time to time in HOME AND SCHOOL. Also the Home Commission of the General Conference is publishing in the *Parents' Lessons* material of great importance to the parents, not only of little children, but also those of the adolescent age.

Your conference superintendent is interested in this phase of local school work. Some superintendents are sending out to their schools very helpful suggestions and material to be used in meetings.

At every teachers' institute, this question comes up. Without exception, it receives favorable consideration. But in spite of all this, out of over 650 elementary schools in the United States, there are only 232 Home and School Associations actually functioning. And some of these are so feeble that their dissolution is daily expected.

Who is to blame? Ask yourself this question. Is it lack of promotion? Whose lack?

Is it lack of appreciation? Ask those who have carried this work forward steadily and for a period long enough to secure results.

What are you going to do about it? What *are* you doing about it? Your local

conference education department will be glad to answer any questions and to assist in any way. Your union educational department will do likewise. So will the General Department. Send in your problems to HOME AND SCHOOL. They will be considered. Think, study, pray, act! What shall be the record for 1925?

Winning the Juniors

HARRIET HOLT

"I have a little shadow
That goes in and out with me."

"I think of that childish rhyme every time I see John Merriman and Mr. Keeler together," said my companion with a chuckle.

"John would be highly indignant if he knew he reminded you of a gem from Stevenson's nursery poems," I replied. "All joking aside though, I wish every boy of fourteen had as fine a pal."

And John was indeed fortunate. He had been a rough and ready lad, one who enjoyed wrestling, the matching of brawn and muscle, a scorner of gentle arts and of reading, a veritable enigma to a professional father and an intellectual mother until Fred Keeler moved into the neighborhood.

The boys adopted him without a question. Uncle Fred was a good scout, at least that's what his young friends said. The parents admired him for his courage and felt confident of his influence. He had come to school after the Third Angel's Message had found him and awakened in him a desire to make the best of himself in the Lord's service. Already a man with family responsibilities he faced heavy odds for the sake of an education. That is why the gray heads of the community admired him. It was another story for the lads who made his home a rendezvous. Uncle Fred liked them, they were sure of it, and

then he could throw the swiftest ball, he could teach them all a few tricks when it came to wrestling, and he didn't mind spending a night or two out of doors under the stars with the "gang." What he did not know about tracking and wood lore wasn't worth knowing, according to the boys. And so, whenever anyone saw Fred, if he was at all aware of the neighborhood status, he expected to see a young attendant who walked and whistled as near like his older companion as two separate individuals could.

It must have taken time that Fred Keeler needed for his school work or to earn his bread and butter, but no one ever heard him say so. That was the price he gladly paid for being able to encourage Willie to stay in school a little longer and for helping John to understand that there were some things to be said in favor of books and teachers. But far more than this, it was worth the price he so gladly paid to be able to give the boys whose lives he touched a balanced outlook on life and an undeniable example of what Christ could do for one who had yielded to him. He won the Juniors for the love of One Who had won him.

And, after all, winning the Junior is not some great problem which yields only to the magic touch of a genius. The keys are already hidden in the heart of the adolescent and await the turn of an understanding hand. God has put them there deep in the very nature of the boy or girl just facing the problems of life. And are we who pass lightly by with a shrug of helplessness to be held less accountable because we will not sense our opportunities?

The Junior is an idealist. Circumstances have made him such. Up to the years of puberty if he has had a normal boyhood and happy home, he has taken pretty much of everything for granted. His food has come to him when he needed it, he has been kept warm and well without any particular effort on his part. But along with the first physical signs of approaching manhood comes a great mental awakening. Why! he is an individual! He

has a part to play and a wonderful part it must be in such a wonderful world as he awakens to. There is no end to the possibilities of his power. And he hasn't rubbed elbows with reality enough to make him realize that there are limitations. Of course, the misunderstanding adults bewail the insufferable ego which seems to have developed overnight in an erstwhile perfectly charming youngster.

It is not a time to bewail such as a calamity, it is a time for parents, the big brother or sister to be a friend and a true one. The ideals which are so accessible to him are sureties for the person he loves. There is nothing too difficult for that one to do. He too, is wonderful. Yes, our Junior is in a world of marvelous opportunities and he worships at the shrine of some hero. It may be the engineer whose hand controls a monster of fire and steel. It may be the neighborhood baseball star or it may be a Sabbath school teacher. But it must be someone and it will be someone who is a friend. What a challenge to a Christian parent, what a chance for influence to the Christian young man or woman who longs to serve.

How can I, an ordinary young man or woman prepare myself for such service? Miss Margaret Slattery asked two hundred girls to write a paragraph describing the woman friend they loved the most and tell why they loved her. The answers were enlightening. Very little was said about youth or beauty, the words "kind," "she likes me," "she always speaks when she sees me and she comes to see me when I am sick," "she is jolly and interesting," such were the sentiments expressed again and again.

A like experiment was tried on a group of boys and the answers were surprisingly similar. "He treats us like we were someone," "he is always so cheery," "he makes things interesting for us." Very little was said about strength or skill though these were mentioned more often than in the first test. In other words the essential qualification for this place of influence is a genuine love for and interest in the boy or girl. The Juniors will accept no sub-

stitutes. You can't sit down and reason it out with them. You might repeat the words a thousand times "I think a great deal of you boys and am interested in your affairs" and never "get it across" at all. Why? The Junior is more interested in action than precept,—that is another adolescent characteristic. And they are keen judges.

The price then, is a little time to prove your love and interest genuine. Perhaps it may be an invitation home to dinner or a chance to bob for apples in your cellar when the "gang" might otherwise be removing gates from sedate hinges or playing tick tack. Perhaps it's a half hour being umpire over a game at the community picnic or it may be a candy pull for the girls. It is surprising how little effort it takes, and what rich returns the time invested brings.

Every boy and girl has a heart. It is well to be confident of that fact before you start in because not many wear their hearts on their sleeves. They are not sentimental and the best that lies in them is usually hidden deep. A Junior finds expression of his emotions difficult, perhaps because he so little understands them; but somewhere in that mischievous untamed lad with a rollicking, pent-up energy, you'll find a heart. The devotion unexpressed by words will show itself in more substantial ways. He may walk a mile for an hour's chat with you if he knows you will make him welcome, or you may be surprised to have his mother stop you with the request, "Please won't you encourage Jimmie to study harder? He'll do more for you than for anyone else."

Then after you have found the Junior's heart and your own has been warmed by his loyal response, keep your faith in him. That does not mean, be blind to his faults, but let him feel that you are counting on his best, that you have a respect for him. It has been said that more boys have been held to worthwhile pursuits of life by feeling the rock of someone's confidence under their feet than by any other agency.

Naturally enough, after becoming aware of themselves they like to know that others

are aware of them, willing to ask advice or to treat them as "man to man." It is here that the parent may fail in winning and holding the Junior. He has been used to unquestioning acceptance of his judgment by his son or daughter. It is hard for some to recognize the time when a boy or girl thinks for himself and resents being treated as a "baby." And never is it more true than now that he sometimes acts like one. Half man, half child, he still must have our respect and confidence. Do not expect too much of the adolescent. He has not yet learned to give direction to his energy, or thought. Responsibilities he wants, but do not expect from him what he cannot give, nor demand of him the finished result of a maturer mind and hand.

Lastly, companionship out of doors is a great binder of the Junior heart to that of his older friend. Boys are natural—and by that I mean attune with nature—if the conventional way of living has not pressed it out. And even grown up boys have confessed to an insatiable longing to run away and wander with a stream through the woods or climb a rocky promontory declared inaccessible, to pit the strength in them against the strength of the wild. There is companionship borne of such common desires not found in city parks or social halls. Sitting around a camp fire, taking with grace the unexpected somersault of your buttered bread into the ashes, telling a wholesome, true-to-nature camp-fire story, and sleeping under the stars, makes a boy your friend for life.

In short, the assured formula of success in winning the heart of the Junior is neither long nor complicated. Love him, show it, and meet him half way.

"A wise son maketh a glad father."

IF you would prepare boys for the intellectual stress of adolescence, adopt and live up to this rule: Never teach a boy anything he will have to unlearn in later life.—*A. H. McKinney.*

The Adolescent Awakening

ALTA DELL RACE

ONE of the charms of early childhood is its utter unconsciousness of self. A child's thoughts are occupied by those around him—father, mother, uncle, brother, maid, the milkman, or the conductor of the street car. He is interested in their actions, their speech, their dress. He doesn't even think about what we may think of him, he is not interested in our opinion of him. Whatever he does, he does with his whole heart, never thinking or caring what observers may conclude.

He accepts our statements, our actions as models or examples. They suggest to him something which his childish energy can imitate. He accepts without a shadow of a doubt all you tell him, for he believes in you. He says, "That's true, my father said it was." Upon being challenged, he continues, "Well, it's true anyway, even if it isn't so, 'cause my father said so!" How they bank on Father and Mother! How can we be careless in our actions, our speech, when children look to us in such implicit confidence? Could you trust your Heavenly Father if He proved untrue? Could you love Him if He made sport of you, lied to you, hurt your feelings? How often we do these things! But we still expect our children to trust us!

There comes a time when the boy or girl awakens to an intensified realization of self. He comes to this turn from childhood to youth sometimes suddenly, sometimes gradually. It is in some ways an uncomfortable period for him. A wider vision opens before him unexpectedly; he begins to grasp at his corner of the world; he is bewildered with life as he sees it, at the unfairness, the difference of opinions, the conflicting manners and ways of living; he notices the difference in homes, and in parents; new emotions thrill him; he is embarrassed by strangers; he does not understand his own motives and ideas, he is bewildered as the world with its varying interests unfolds before him. This strangeness and bewilderment, with the rapid growth, causes an awkwardness

which is more apparent to the child than to us. Still he hopes others will not notice this, for he desires as never before respect and recognition for himself. *We* call him a child, yet his thoughts and purposes are beyond those of childhood; his ideals are changing and he appears at a great disadvantage in this bewildered and hesitating stage.

Parents often do not notice this change until some incident thrusts a realization of it upon them with a shock. They notice how June acts when there are visitors. She may be very shy and awkward, or very bold, or she may stare at visitors without even speaking a word. They notice Jack's ungainliness and apparent forgetfulness of manners for the first time, and wonder at it. Sometimes friends are surprised at the difference in a boy and misunderstand him. Children are more often misunderstood at this period than at any other time. Boys and girls who before have always greeted you voluntarily, who were afraid you might pass them without noticing them, are now shy and reticent, and to your friendly "Hello, Donald," are apt just barely to reply or to mumble something to you. It is not because their feelings have changed towards you; their actions are merely due to sudden self-consciousness. Be careful not to misjudge them at this period; they still value your friendship, and they need your help now more than ever before.

Often these children understand the absurdity of their own conduct. The following story truly depicts a boy at this stage:

While teaching a country school, a man became greatly interested in a boy named Howard. He was a lad of about fourteen, bright, frank, and unusually intelligent. One afternoon they were walking together chatting pleasantly when Howard exclaimed in tones of deepest dismay: "Oh, just see! There's our minister coming!" "Well," said the teacher, curiously, noting the horror in Howard's voice, "Don't you like him?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "he's all right, but I always act like an idiot when he speaks to me. Now I'd jump the fence and run cross-lots home, but I s'pose

that wouldn't be polite." The teacher said, "I don't mind; run if you wish." But he advanced to meet the foe. The minister was a friendly, well-meaning man. His face lighted up with a happy smile as he spied them. Howard was walking in a rigid, military manner. He grasped the parson's hand with a grip so forcible that both trembled from the shock.

"Good afternoon," said the minister. "Good—good morning," stammered Howard. "How are you today?" "Not—not very well. I mean I'm quite well, thank you." "And how is your good mother?" "She's—she's well, I mean, not very well." "Not very well? What seems to be the matter with her?"

"I mean she's all right. She's getting along real nicely." "Getting along nicely? Why! has she been ill? She was at church Sabbath." "She's well, I mean she has a cold. She's all right. There's nothing the matter with her." The man looked mildly puzzled, but pursued his inquiries. "And how's your father?" "Oh, not very well. I mean he's real well. He's very well and Mama is well and Grace and Willie. They're all real well, everybody's well at our house."

After a few more questions had been answered in the same embarrassment, the minister walked on, trying, no doubt, to reconcile the varying statements. Howard looked at the teacher and the teacher at him, and found it impossible to keep a grave face. "Laugh right out, I don't mind," said Howard generously. "I know it was funny. Did you ever see anyone act so like a simpleton?" "Well," the teacher said, "I don't see why you were so embarrassed. You weren't afraid of Mr. Miller, were you?" "Afraid of him? No. But I always make myself ridiculous when I meet him. I think he's wondering how a big boy can be so foolish. That makes me uncomfortable and then I act silly. I s'pose I'll get over it by and by."

It was pure self-consciousness. He was not dull, yet a stranger would have thought him both awkward and stupid.

A Sabbath school teacher entertained her class of adolescent boys at dinner.

She announced the time for six o'clock. All of the boys came promptly at six except John and Frank. After waiting until 6:45 the hostess decided the boys were not coming, so she served her dinner. They had nicely started with the meal when the two missing boys arrived. One had been detained and had failed to make connections with cars, and as the other boy had promised to wait for him, they were both late.

Their embarrassment was very evident when they learned the others had started to eat. When told to come to the table John blushed and said, "Oh, we've had our dinner, Mrs. Root." Then he added quickly in a friendly, eager way, "But we'll eat some dessert." Mrs. Root understood the situation immediately. She realized these boys were afraid they had caused her trouble by being late. She didn't add to their embarrassment by saying, "Oh, no, you haven't," even though she knew their statement wasn't true. But she wisely said, "Oh, but you can eat some more with us; I'd be terribly disappointed if you didn't." They sat down with the rest and their appetites were exactly as good as the others. Their embarrassment left them for the evening, returning only when time to leave. Then if Mrs. Root had not been sorry for John she might have laughed at his awkwardness as he twisted his hat and blushing said, "I've had a peach of a time, Mrs. Root. Thank you."

Sometimes this trouble manifests itself in an entirely different way. The boy becomes very talkative, and asserts himself unduly. We wonder why William, who *was* so polite and respectful and quiet, is so noisy. He simply is getting himself adjusted, and is at a loss how to manage himself with all the new emotions that are sweeping over him.

One writer describes this stage as follows: "The primary teachers may train and develop the child's ideals. But there is a class of big boys and girls who think they are ideals themselves. There comes a time in the life of almost all boys and girls when they get a disease that is not

curable by any drug. It is worse than measles or mumps, for it lasts longer. It is not so unpleasant to the patient; indeed it is pleasurable. He wonders how the world ever managed to roll around before his advent; from the height of his wisdom he looks down in pity upon his unfortunate parents and friends. His supreme surprise is that there are so few like him. Some unkind persons diagnose this complaint as 'swelled head'; others describe it as a case of 'know it all.' It is a critical time in the life of every boy and girl. It takes both wisdom and skill, and also sympathetic understanding to manage them."

The best thing a *teacher* or *parent* can do when he comes in contact with a class or pupil so afflicted, is to be as patient as he can, remembering that time works miracles, and that *we have almost all of us* "been there ourselves at one time or another." Even in this period the boy or girl's ideal is not *self*, as we might expect, but they are very plastic, and if a teacher or parent is true to his duty, his boys and girls will be uplifted by his character. The highest ideal of each human being is the divine One. Deep in every heart is the yearning, confessed or unspoken, for the touch of God. The closer any teacher or parent lives to this great Teacher, Christ, the higher will be his ideals,—the higher those of the children, and the greater will his influence on these young lives.

Maintenance of Companionship

MINA MORSE MANN

OFTENTIMES when the children are small, Father, Mother and the babies have great play times together, each thoroughly enjoying the company of the others. Father is willing to give up his paper and help Sonny Boy make a kite or put wheels on his wagon, and he enjoys the task and Son's chatter and questions. Mother is ready to have play visits with Daughter or to help replenish Dolly's wardrobe, and the goodnight story is part of the daily program.

But as the years go by, Father and Mother grow older. The strenuous modern life has sapped vitality. Sickness may have taken its toll of strength, and when a chance comes for rest or a few minutes of needed relaxation, Son's or Daughter's call for help does not awaken an eager or even interested response. Mother is altogether too prone to say, "I am busy now. Why don't you read your new book?" Or, "I am too tired to listen even, today. Do keep quiet." Father may say, when Son wants to tell of some brilliant (?) feat he has performed or witnessed that day, "Oh, never mind, Son, Daddy wants to read. After a while I will listen. Go play now."

Sadly or aggrievedly, according to the individual disposition, the children turn away, and either seek a sympathetic listener somewhere else, or nurse the grievance silently. Often they arrive at the conclusion that Father and Mother no longer love them, or care for the things in which they are interested. Ask hundreds of adults today if there was not a time in their lives when they really believed Father and Mother no longer loved them. You will be surprised at the number if they make an honest confession. To children and youth, love is shown in interest in their particular problems. And I am not so sure but that they are right. Why shouldn't we be intensely interested in what interests a loved one—if our love is unselfish? The children's interests may seem very foolish to us with our wider perspective, but to them they are very important. What if the story that Johnny tells when he comes from school is seemingly trivial, occupied mostly with, "he said's" and "I said's" and containing to us nothing worth repeating? To Johnny it is important enough to remember and carry home that he may have something of interest to tell Daddy or Mother. Listen carefully, ye parents, for in that seemingly meaningless jumble of words you may get a glimpse of your son's habits of mind and body. You may learn what his ideals are, what he most admires, what friends he is making, what their characters are. Oh, an infinite amount of information may come

to you through the stories you listen to! And if you are a wise father or mother, you will make mental notes of where Johnny's viewpoints must be changed or his ideals raised or help given him in many a line. Turning away from him now may mean many a sleepless night later, worrying because you no longer have your boy's confidence.

As our children grow older the tendency will be more and more to go to youthful companions with confidences. It is indeed a wise father and mother, with a wisdom which comes only through earnest prayer and study and training, who holds the confidence of children through the early and later adolescent periods. An impatient word or look may turn away a child's confidence. The Lord has given us so much instruction along the lines of child training and of making our homes "a little heaven on earth to go to heaven in" that we should be more successful in rearing our children. But how few parents are making a definite study of the most important problem on earth to them, how to save the children!

I heard a girl tell once of how she never attended a party or evening gathering without coming home and running to Mother's bedroom to tell her all about it. Mother would wake up, bright-eyed and eager to hear, and if it was cold, Mother and Daughter might wrap up in the bedding, but no sleep until the whole story of the evening was told. Do you think a girl would go far astray from such a home? But if even once she had acted as though it were such a bore, and she were tired and sleepy and didn't appreciate being waked up late at night to hear about a silly party, the beautiful confidences would have been destroyed, and soon Daughter would have ceased letting Mother know anything about how she spent her evenings. If I were making a set of rules for the maintenance of companionship, I should make as the one *great* rule—a sympathetic attitude toward *every* interest of the boy and girl, always and at all times. Sermons do not need to be preached to overcome wrong ideas or actions. Tact—

knowing how to speak a word in season, how to sow the right seed at the right time, constant and earnest prayer, will meet every need. "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," is just as sure a promise as any in the Bible. Nagging will never help children or young people, but it will often drive them to destruction. Do not think, parents, that you will come naturally by the wisdom of how to rear your children for the kingdom. It will take study and training just as it takes study and training for any work worth while. Never be too busy to be sympathetic. Do not turn away the youth one day and then, when you are feeling better, try to win him back. There must be a steady fire of love, patience, and tact. He must know that there is one place where he will always meet an understanding and sympathetic welcome. Oh, that all of our children might pray the prayer of one small boy, "Keep Mother and me intimate"! It is this intimacy that will keep the companionship of our boys and girls. It is a tender plant that will not grow in the cold or frost of nagging words, but must be tenderly nourished and watered with tears and prayers.

Does it pay? If it is your great privilege finally to gain an entrance through the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem and you can take your children with you, that will be the answer.

When Someone's Late

Someone is late, and so I wait
A minute, two, or ten;
To me the cost is good time lost
That never comes again.

He does not care how I shall fare,
Or what my loss shall be;
His tardiness is selfishness
And basely rude to me.

My boys, be spry, the moments fly;
Meet every date you make.
Be weather fair or foul, be there
In time your place to take.

And girls, take heed, and work with speed,
Each task on time begin;
On time begun, the work well done,
The highest praise will win.

—Max Hill.

The Superintendent's Corner

Some Methods Tricks

Here is a plan for teaching reading that was sent to me by Mrs. Mina Mann, of Southeastern California: Assign a paragraph to each pupil. Give a few minutes to look it over. Commencing at No. 1, have pupil stand and tell all he can of what was in his paragraph. No. 2 takes up the story and goes on. Others in the class ask questions at the close of the story. One may be appointed critic. Then one pupil reads the whole story. The object of this work is to have pupils understand what they read. Follow this plan with geography, Bible lessons, or any other book. The reason so many lessons are poorly learned is that pupils can not read understandingly. Encourage pupils who have looked up additional information along any line to give the information to the rest of the class.

* * * *

Many times children do not grasp a true idea of a story because they fail to understand important words. Be suspicious of every word a child cannot pronounce at sight; if he knew the meaning, he could probably pronounce it. But let us not feel that every word must be looked up in the dictionary, often at a real sacrifice of valuable recitation time; rather talk the words over together, study the context, do a bit of telling yourself. A social discussion of a story, with all freely expressing opinions and appreciation, will make the reading period better.

* * * *

If children do not grasp the principal thought in history or other lessons, try requiring them to bring to class a set of so many questions—not too many—covering the lesson. Then in class make a study of the questions, determining their comparative value. By the time the best questions are decided upon, most of the children will know the lesson. Keep the set of questions for review if there is not time for present use.

* * * *

Turn your grammar class into a store.

Customer: "I want a noun."

Storekeeper: "What kind of a noun?"

Customer asks for the kind he wants. Keep the conversation in terms of grammar. Let the customer make it hard for the storekeeper. Kinds of sentences, classes of verbs, adjectives, adverbs—anything may be used.

* * * *

Another trick in grammar: Send a child from the room. Others choose an object in the room. Call the child back to hear each pupil give a short list of adjectives describing the object. The one whose list helped most is the next to go out; or take regular turns with all. Animals, people, other objects may be used, whether in the room or not.—From *Normal Instructor*.

Clinton, Mo.

Max Hill.

What Are Your Children Reading?

SOME time ago I received a letter from a patron of a church school. There was enclosed a copy of a page of a book obtained from a public library. This particular page was unspeakably vile in suggestive immorality. Later when I visited a public library in a large city, I made inquiry about this book and was assured that it was one of the most popular,—that there were about twenty copies of the book in the public libraries of the city, and that they were out constantly, about five hundred times a year. This book made heroes and heroines of the vilest. This same book had been required in a review in a literature class in a high school.

How many times I have seen evil books in Seventh-day Adventist homes! The children took them upstairs to read, burning the midnight oil while the parents blissfully slept; and when these same children grew to maturity the soul wreckage was awful.

Parents have sometimes asked, "Can we expect our children to be interested in the Bible?" Thank God, through the influence of our schools, there are a few of our youth who esteem the Bible as the peer among books. How thankful I am for our Bible Year, Reading Courses, and Standard of Attainment, and for Professor Russell's little tract, "What Shall I read?" It should be in every home where books are to be selected for children. We have no longer any time to read *good* books, our children should have only the *best*.

Nevada, Ia.

Bert Rhoads.

"He best worships God who best serves men."

THE way to wreck our school is to criticize it; the way to build up our school is to work for it and pray for it. Which are you a wrecker or a builder?

I WAS WONDERING And So I Thought I'd Ask You

How early in life should parents allow their girls to have beaux, and their boys to pay attention to special girl friends?

THE mind can not remain empty. Either it will be directed into good and right paths and fill itself with the things in life most worthwhile, or it will take up with the trashy or sordid. The secret of keeping our youth in the right way is for parents to have a constructive much more than restrictive attitude.

The boy or girl, reaching adolescence at from eleven to fifteen years of age, soon begins to feel a special attraction to the opposite sex. This is natural; and because it is natural it is to be accepted by the parent, and directed, not repressed. Teach the adolescent boy and girl that their powers are just now forming, and that they are not ready for marriage or the courtship which precedes marriage, until later adolescence—the early twenties. Meanwhile they are to take due pleasure in social life, but not to occupy their minds with it. They have their school, their work, and their preparation in household or professional affairs for the serious but joyful business of married life.

Courtship is for the mature young man and woman. Good sense will show the sixteen-to-eighteen-year-old boy that he is not prepared either financially or socially to take upon him the family burdens. Then he must guard against dabbling in love, which will take him headlong into infatuation with "the sweetest girl in the world," the only proper end of which is marriage. Love is too precious, and at the same time too dangerous, to be played with.

The twenties constitute the proper time for courtship. But the parent who succeeds in piloting his children safely through the strong tides of adolescence, will do it by more than advice. He will lead those children to purposeful study, hard work, and helpful recreation.

Can you not do the adolescent boy and girl great injury by making light of their opinions? Do they not lose self-confidence when their ideas are made light of by parents?

EITHER that, or they are made impervious to criticism. It depends upon the kind of disposition. In any case there is lost that most precious relation of confidence between parent and child. It is unchristian to ridicule anyone, or to make light of his opinions. Most of all should courtesy be shown to those children who are coming into the estate of manhood or womanhood. For it is true that the adolescent mind is supersensitive, and slights and ridicule have disproportionate effect upon the youth. While it is of course true that his immature judgment is not likely to reach the soundest conclusions, the only way he can learn to reason is to exercise himself in it. If he seeks to bolster up his unstable logic by assertiveness and boasting, that is unpleasant of course, but no cause for hurting him. No bird is taught to fly by breaking its wing. Christian courtesy, parental love, will insure considerate treatment of the callow youth, as well as of little children and aged people.

School Manual for Elementary and Secondary Schools is the title of the revised manual which came out in December. As the title indicates, matter pertaining to intermediate schools and academies will be found, as well as that concerning elementary schools. The book is considerably larger than the old one and contains 219 pages. A full table of contents and a very complete index adds to its usefulness.

Principals, educational superintendents and secretaries, teachers, both elementary and secondary, members of school boards, ministers and other workers, and all who are interested in the cause of Christian Education, will find this new publication an invaluable companion. Price \$1.10.

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