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The Boy Problem*

EDITH SHEPARD

BOY problems, like boys, are always with us. Wherever there is a boy there are problems to be solved. The perfect boy may live somewhere—but he is not attending your school. One time when mother was trying to tell my brother, Reid, what kind of a boy he should be, he said, "But he's a story-book boy, Mamma, he doesn't really live." Even though he possesses many of the attributes of perfection, he will be found wanting in industry, or thrift, or orderliness, or courtesy, or studiousness. He may even show such traits as disobedience, untruthfulness, selfishness, truancy, thievery, or immorality. The complete boy does not just grow—he is builded. The parent is both architect and builder while the teacher helps in this building.

All parents at some time, and some parents at all times, seem to regard boys as necessary evils, to be endured with varying degrees of patience. What is your attitude, do you simply endure the boy for a year and when he passes on to the next teacher feel glad that it's she who must contend with him next year, or if it is an ungraded school, do you change schools rather than face the situation another year?

Intelligent training is the birthright of every child. If he does not receive it from your hands, he has been cheated. Will you rally to this precious task, prepare yourself by earnest prayer and faithful study to make yourself the best possible teacher; or will you say that this "call" from God is too big, it takes too much time, too much energy, too much study, and too much prayer? God forbid that any teacher here today make this latter decision. No, for every true teacher who sees the heavenly vision and hears the commission will give himself to the doing of his best each day.

Now we are ready and happy to study the boy problem. We must begin by real-

izing that the true function of education is first of all to build strong character, second to develop a virile physique, and last of all to impart knowledge and discipline the mental faculties. The boy at six, ten, fourteen, and eighteen years of age is four different personalities, and he requires four different methods of treatment. The psychological prescriptions are as dissimilar as the medical prescriptions for boils, measles, influenza, and typhoid. The methods and plans suited for one period are unsuited for another. The realization of this truth is the first step toward the solution of your boy's problems. Since most of our teachers must deal with boys of two or three of these stages, we will try to consider each briefly, for our slogan should be "Better Boys."

The Imaginative Period

He starts to school during the imagina-



* A paper presented at the Indiana-Illinois Teachers' Institute.

tive period. He lives in a land of air castles, day-dreams and mental inventions, interspersed with pangs of hunger which assail him at intervals of great frequency. It is the period in which make-believe is as real as reality, and this furnishes the explanation of many of the so-called falsehoods of this age. But the development of the imagination should be guarded, not suppressed, for all the great inventions which have advanced civilization, the political reforms which have contributed to our liberties and happiness, and the great works of literature, music, art, and science began with imagination.

It is a period when the boy's mother should be his teacher, and the home and God's great out-of-doors his schoolrooms. But the hard, cold world has planned it differently, and let us pray that every teacher of the first grade will receive the Heaven-sent gifts of love, sympathy, tenderness, and insight into the soul of childhood that her work may be effective.

Never shall I forget my first school composed of six boys and two girls in the first grade, one girl in the third grade and one in the sixth grade. It was only a mile from home. I rode back and forth on my wheel. Eight little tots left their homes and started to school for the first time. How I loved them; how they loved me!

One little fellow always came to school with dirty face and hands. One day my wheel carried a wash pan, soap, scrub brush, wash cloths and towels, together with my dinner and books in the rack behind. What a scrubbing Willie got, and when no one was looking I pressed a kiss upon his cheek, and added, "It's easier to kiss clean little boys."

I hoped I had made a good impression and that Willie would ever after come to school clean and white. But imagine my disappointment the next morning to see part of his breakfast (supper too, I suspect) on his face, and hands as grimy as ever. When taken to task for not remembering to wash before coming to school, Willie shyly said, "Muzzer doesn't kiss when she scrubs." One little fellow walked more than a mile with a bleeding finger and ointment and

cloth in the other hand so Miss Edith could "do it up." Yes, those were blessed days, and I thought teaching would be a joy forever; but I got another viewpoint the next year. Shall I tell you about it?

Early Boyhood

At the age of eight or nine, the boy emerges from infancy into early boyhood. He is selfish, careless, forgetful, and thoughtless of others. He lives in the immediate present; he does not plan for the future—not even for the morrow. You see that as Johnny comes home to supper from the playground, whirling through the house



like a cyclone, leaving a trail of gloves, hat, overcoat, etc., on chair, lounge, or table, intent on the only thing—something to eat. Everything else is forgotten. The next morning when preparations for school are begun, all remembrance of the places where his wearing apparel was deposited is forgotten. Then ensues the daily hunt for the missing garments. "Where's my hat?" is as common as oatmeal for breakfast. Order and system have little place in his life. But nevertheless, he enjoys keeping his desk as neat and tidy as teacher does hers.

Collection Craze

About the tenth year he begins to make collections of various sorts of junk. This is the beginning of the collection craze. First it is a collection of foreign and domestic postage stamps. Geography now has a new and personal meaning as "the places where his stamps come from." The wise teacher will use it to a great advantage. Drawing that map will not be so difficult or disagreeable a task when a stamp may be pasted on each country. Other collections are made of marbles, agates, tops, buttons, bird eggs, leaves, minerals, cigarette pictures, and cigar bands. What a joy if the teacher likes worms, stones, etc.! My pretty corner room in our home city school looked like a menagerie for five years. Children from other rooms begged to come to see our bugs, worms, stones, etc. The little chaps would line up outside the door long before the first bell rang, anxious to see "things." Our picture gallery (mounted Perry Pictures caught in chicken wire) was in one corner of the room. One little boy seemed to love the pictures so much that I asked him why he liked that corner best. "Please, Ma'am, we haven't any pictures at home." Then I understood why he wore such poor clothes, and learned that he had no mother until 6 p. m., (she worked in the paper mills from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m.) and then she only cooked for him and washed and scolded him. Teachers teaching in large city schools do not know home conditions—what a disadvantage! The Picture Gallery also gave me a key to his dull head, for I learned that Johnny loved pictures. Soon he was drawing them, and today he is quite an artist. Did the expense of my picture gallery pay?

To every child his school should be, and can be made, the most pleasant place in the world next to his home. The teacher can make such a school, no matter what the surroundings are, no matter what the material may be. Some children receive their only conception of home brightness from the school-home, and the teacher-mother gives them the only real mothering they ever receive.

Did You? I Did

There are snow balls to come, if these feathery flakes in the air mean anything, and that new knife can whittle just fine. The marbles in the pocket are smooth to feel, and several boys mean many pocket-fuls of marbles. All these things are more interesting than the multiplication table. What do you say to those eyes that are on the window instead of studying the arithmetic lesson? Do you tell the little folks you have a snow surprise for all who study well? The surprise for them may be cutting out snow flakes, and for the older ones the building of a snow fort at recess. Did you take the marble that happened to slip from those fingers? Did you promise to keep the next one that fell? I did. I never dreamed how cruel it would be until I learned that the big, streaked, striped, noisy marble was one given to papa when he was a little boy. But I must keep my word and neither did I break it until that angry parent sent me a mean little note. But I needed that note. Of course Sam should have been working problems instead of showing Mary the queer marble. If it had stayed in his pocket where it belonged, I never would have taken it. But what about my rule? It belonged to the Medes and Persians' kind, you know. Well, I decided it was an unfair one, and at last told the children so and withdrew it. I asked each boy to pick out the marble he liked best for me to see, and after a pleasant chat about how marbles were made and the different kind of games one could play with them, all decided to put their marble bags in their desks. I provided paper bags for those who didn't have them. This experience taught me a severe lesson, and I never was guilty of taking any plaything, or even gum away from a pupil after that. Didn't they ever bother me? Oh, yes, sometimes. If it was a plaything I always became much interested, and if possible examined it just then. John and I would have a little whispered conversation, and he would put it in his pocket or in my desk, or some safe place until he could take it home. I never asked children to throw gum in the stove or waste paper basket

after that. It seemed too bad after spending a penny, to throw it away so quickly. Neither would I permit gum chewing. We talked over gum chewing, and I asked the pupils to wet a corner of their handkerchief and put it in that until dismissed. If a child forgot, just to catch his eye and point to my lips would usually help him to remember. If it didn't I would make a quiet call at his desk and hold a little whispered conversation. That method stops almost any disturbance. So few in the school realize what it means, and it almost always works. Yes, it takes us from our chair, and takes a little time, but when children find out that you won't make them throw the gum away but just won't let them chew it during school hours, they soon conform very cheerfully, and the ugly feeling in the child who must throw his gum in the basket is never developed.

The Reading Age

Now is the time when the boy starts to read stories. Be sure to help him choose the right literature. In absence of stories fitted to his needs, he will acquire a taste for the dime novel, nickel library, and other blood-and-thunder stories, the reading of which, if continued through the next period of his life, may result in truancy and leaving home to "see the world," and maybe, in something still worse. This period of motor activity should find its outlet, as well as its control, in play, athletics, and manual training. He is a bundle of twist, squirm, and wiggle which only time can convert into useful and productive activity. May Heaven help us to be masters of the situation during this period of the boy's life.

Adolescence

The period of adolescence is truly one of storm and stress, caused by the wrecking of boy nature to rebuild it into man nature. In early adolescence the boy is neither child nor man, he is part of both. This is the period of rapid physical growth wherein he shoots upward like a cornstalk under the impulse of a July sun. His arms and legs are now as conspicuous as they are unwieldy, and efforts to discipline them are futile. Truancy reaches its flood tide during adolescence. William has a disposition to find fault with his home, his clothing, his food, and restrictions on his conduct and routine.

He is a living paradox and displays at times the gallantry, courtesy, and chivalry of a knight, with the thoughtlessness, rudeness, and boisterousness of the harum-scarum rowdy. The foundations of will power are now laid in his efforts to propel himself into a choice between the good and bad, between right and wrong.

This is also the age of experimentation in which his longings to know the unknown leads him



to make short excursions into the fields of mechanics, physics, electricity, hydraulics, magic, etc. If you are not interested in electricity learn about it and like it for the sake of your boys.

This is the age of hero-worship, and every boy in this period, without exception, has a personal hero whom he looks up to and admires. Happy the boy whose father is his hero, and happy the father who is the hero of his son! Now is when the boy demands fairness and justice from those who govern him, teachers included. Pa-

tience, tact, and insight; insight, tact, and patience will work wonders with the boys. Train by positive, helpful suggestion rather than by the negative kind. Try never to prohibit an act without suggesting a substitute to fill the void. Give him your reasons for the change. This fall I found a teacher quite perplexed because her big boys had been playing "shinny" for two days. She begged me to stop them. I suggested some games in which all could take part, but they seemed rather tame to "shinny." At the afternoon recess I watched the boys play, but watched mostly how to avoid getting hit by that old beaten tin can which seemed to fly about the small playground. The best substitute I could think of was indoor baseball. That night at the Home and School Association meeting, I told the parents and patrons the situation, and about the substitute. In a few minutes more than enough was raised to buy the ball, and a few weeks later the teacher wrote me that she hadn't seen or heard of "shinny" since.

There was a playground problem at J— where I taught several weeks this winter. The school was only a few rods from town, and at noon the boys had been running to town or bothering the girls. I had heard of this complaint. The first day all were interested in playing games together, but I feared it wouldn't last long. I asked the boys what they would rather play than anything else, and in almost one voice they said, "Foot ball." I said, "All right. If you continue to be as good as you have been today, I will get you a small foot ball when I leave." They looked happy, but that didn't meet the present situation. So after school I went to the city and bought a foot ball for the boys, and a large soft rubber ball

for the girls. I know you have never seen such a group of happy children as they who tore the papers from the bundles the next day. Those two balls solved the playground problem. Yes, they cost me nearly three dollars, but they stopped quarreling and running away immediately. Best of all they brought a happy spirit to the play hour. Cheap enough, I say.

Good Judgment and Sympathy Needful

Again I must say, in this period of adolescence, our boys need to be governed by the rod of good judgment and sympathy. Now I will tell you of the saddest year of my teaching career. It came the second year. The first year had been so happy that I felt well prepared for another year.

Those adolescent boys would soon know that I was master of the school. It is true that they studied and behaved fairly well, but I wasn't living in the sweet atmosphere of the first year. The climax came when thirteen-year-old Tom who had been absent several days, returned to school. He was one of the bad

(?), dull boys, and his absence seemed to make him more mischievous than ever. Somehow he screwed his face up in a horrible manner which made the others grin. I could endure matters no longer, and at his second class commanded him in a stern voice to throw the gum in the stove and to straighten out his face. The boy looked shocked and almost frightened, but made no move to obey. Think of his impudence! I took a few steps nearer to him determined to be obeyed, and I imagine my black eyes snapped with anger. The boy cried, "I can't," and ran from the room. He never stopped for coat or hat, although it was winter and very cold, but ran with all his

The Teacher's Prayer

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
 In living echoes of Thy tone;
 As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
 Thy erring children, lost and lone.

Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
 The wandering and the wavering feet;
 Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
 Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
 The precious things Thou dost impart;
 And wing my words, that they may reach
 The hidden depths of many a heart.

—Frances R. Havergal.

might to his home one-half mile away. I was frightened at these strange and unexpected movements, and the pupils looked frightened, too. At once I realized I had made a terrible blunder, and I said to the class, "What was the matter with Tom?" They told me he had been sick, and his throat was swollen. When I saw what a crime I had committed, I felt weak and nearly fainted. That night I went to see Tom. I begged his forgiveness and tried to fix matters up with the other pupils, but they never forgot. The atmosphere was never very sweet. Because Tom was usually making trouble, I thought he must be guilty now. What harshness! What lack of sympathy! The doors of that school year were locked by a sad, careworn girl. True my rod had kept order, but it had failed to build sweet characters in those boys and girls. It was a year of failure to the children, but a valuable year to the teacher. I had done little praying, had studied character building less. I lacked good judgment. The next year found me with forty-eight boys and girls in all eight grades. It was a wonderful year! Why so successful? Because I had seen my weaknesses and was applying the remedy. These boys and girls had terrible habits,—throwing stones at passing teams, running off at the noon hour, fighting, etc. How I dreaded the recess and noon hours—trouble always seemed to develop then. About the second week I was hearing the eighth grade arithmetic, but praying more earnestly, for in a few minutes it would be noon and I had overheard their plans. The newness of school had worn off, and they were going to try some stunts.

Like a flash of lightning, as I was praying, the word "club" passed before my eyes. This was before the days of electric signs. Joy filled my heart. We would organize a club for better endeavors. God knew these boys were in the gang-spirit age, and that a club would appeal to them. He gave the plan to me, but I mustn't take the time to tell you how marvelously it worked. This is the time when the boy passes through the emotional stage. He is either strong for religion, or wants nothing

to do with it. The praying teacher may help him to make Christ his Saviour, and create a desire within him to continue his education, and to become a worker in some dark land.

Next comes the reflective age, but this is beyond the elementary school age, so we will pass it by. Would you solve this boy problem successfully? Study your boy, locate the period he is in, know the characteristics of boys in that period, and you will be able to reach his heart and do real character building for now and eternity.

I Was Wondering

(Concluded from page 31)

quently to make commands indirect rather than direct. Instead of saying, "Johnny, come here!" or "Johnny, bring me the broom," you may say, "Mother wants Johnny," and, "Doesn't Johnny want to get the broom for mother?" To the nervous or the self-willed child a direct command is a challenge. It startles his nerve centers, and his reaction is very likely to be that of instinctive rebellion. But an invitation appears to leave the decision to him, and he more easily engages his will on the desired side. Besides, the request rather than the command gives a greater leeway for the parent's final disposition of the matter. His authority is not always challenged if the child demurs; the matter is put on the ground of a favor rather than of a command, and he may be shown the reasonableness of the request. However, never coax the child. Have him see either that it is a courtesy due from him or else that it is a command which you will enforce.

Sometimes the parent needs enlightenment. It is often a very real sacrifice to the child to leave what he is doing and do what you want him to do, just as much of a sacrifice at it would be for you to leave your work and attend to someone's demand. Put yourself in the child's place, and be courteous to him and considerate of his interests. He will sacrifice for love where he will not readily sacrifice for authority. And he should not be imposed upon by the blindness or selfishness of the parent.

In-As-Much

C. A. RUSSELL

"I WAS a stranger, and ye took me in."
"When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in?"

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A photograph is before me. It is the inspiration of this little sketch.

As I look into the laughing face of the darling child; as I picture in contrast her happy life with her former wretchedness; the wealth of love given and received with the lonely, loveless life of the poor little institutional waif; I am sure the "inasmuch" of the Saviour applies here.

Now, you take a good long, sympathetic look into that same sweet face. How does your heart feel? What a pity that life contains even one whose soul is so dead that the warm, clinging love of a little child finds no response! Do you remember what Jesus said concerning anyone who should offend "one of these little ones"? If you have forgotten, turn to Matthew 18, and read the first six verses.

What picture is sadder than childhood without warmth, sunshine, happiness, love! All these, and more belong to the spring-time of life. The withering blade, the fall-

ing leaf, the fading flower, come with the frosts of autumn and the blasts of winter.

But childhood! God bless the children. Jesus loves the children. He blessed them. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

We are a missionary people. We believe in missions. We send our missionaries to

the ends of the earth. We raise millions to support them. We do a vast amount of home missionary work. We circulate literature by the ton. We give Bible readings, and hold cottage meetings. We carry on Christian help work. Good! Splendid!

But can anyone conceive of a more beautiful piece of missionary work than was performed by the husband and wife in this childless home when they found this homeless waif

on the desert of life, and by doing so made a little oasis in their own Sahara?

Now, look again into this sweet face; and if her smiling eyes bring tears to yours, never mind. The heart and eyes are not so far apart. Then think, "Is there room in my home and heart for one of God's little ones—homeless, hopeless, loveless?"

"I was a stranger and ye took me in."



Civilization's Fabric

For the Geography Class

W. BERGHORN

FROM the vegetable kingdom comes Cotton. King Cotton has become an agricultural and industrial monarch, and today, supplies nearly three-quarters of our clothing needs.

Miracle working machinery, guided with human skill, transforms the tiny fibres into wear-resisting fabrics of highest quality.

The journey of King Cotton starts in the cotton field, where the darkies are filling their baskets with bolls picked from the cotton plants. The full baskets are weighed right in the field and carried to a wagon which is ready to take the cotton to the ginnery.

The wagons, loaded with cotton arrive at the ginnery and are driven under a galvanized spout, called the "sucker," through which a current of air draws the cotton from the wagons into the gin.

The most commonly used gin is known as the "saw gin." Its function is to separate the seed from the fibre. For over a hundred years the saw gin, with its improvements and modifications, has been used, almost exclusively, to separate cotton seed and cotton fibre.

Fibres and Seed Separated

The seed cotton is fed into a box, one side of which is formed of a grating of metal strips set close together, leaving narrow openings from one-eighth to a quarter of an inch wide. Into these openings a row, or "gang," of thin circular saws project, mounted upon a revolving mandrel. The long, protruding teeth of the saws whirling rapidly, catch the fibres, and pull them away from the seed. The latter, being too large to pass through the openings of the grating, roll downward and out of the machine.

The cotton next goes to a machine, known as the bale presser, which packs it into a bale to make it more convenient when transporting to the cotton mill. Before shipping the cotton, a sample is taken from each bale for use in grading

into the various classes by which it is sold to the manufacturers of cotton yarn or cloth.

Removing Impurities

At the cotton mill, as the bales are taken from the cars, a man removes a handful of cotton from each bale, marking it and placing it in a bag. After the bag has been filled, it is carried to the sampling room. A man known as a sampler examines each specimen very closely so as to be assured that the cotton is of the high quality necessary, as mature cotton of long fibres is essential for the production of high quality fabrics.

Layers of cotton from a number of bales are placed on a traveling apron and gradually fed into a machine, known as the "bale breaker." The purpose of taking cotton from different bales is to secure uniformity.

The cotton is now in a loose state and is automatically fed into a large pipe and blown to the picker room, sometimes several hundred feet away. While in transit much of the heavier dirt falls between rods especially constructed for this purpose. The cotton is automatically fed in its fluffy state to machines, known as "pickers," whose function is to beat out the coarser impurities and deliver it in rolls of batting, called "laps," and from the last machine emerges a sheet of fairly clean cotton.

It is essential the "lap" be of uniform thickness and weight. This is accomplished automatically by an ingenious mechanism.

The huge roll is then weighed and variation of only one-half pound is allowed.

The next process is known as "carding," the purpose of which is to remove all short fibres, dirt, sticks, particles of leaves, and other impurities that were not removed by the pickers.

The work is done by millions of fine teeth. They do the final disentangling of fibres and lay them approximately parallel. The fibres are carded into a gossamer web,

usually about forty inches wide, which in turn is "doffed" into a light, round cotton rope an inch in diameter and is automatically coiled in a can. This clean, white rope of parallel fibres is called the "sliver."

The cans, when full, are removed from the carding machines to the drawing machine. Here six "slivers" are combined and run through rollers revolving at different speeds, drawing out the fibres into a smaller rope.

"Roving" is the next process, and here a slight twisting strengthens the inter-locked fibres and reduces the size of the strand gradually through "slubber," "intermediate" and "fine." It is then wound on spools, or bobbins, and taken to the spinning frames where the "roving" is spun, or twisted, into a fine thread. The ring frame is the most commonly used in the American Cotton Mills, for it draws, twists and winds the thread all at the same time. As it is spun the yarn is wound on bobbins.

Yarn Is Strengthened

From this point on, the yarn is merely being prepared for weaving into cloth. Filling yarn goes direct from the spinning frame to the loom, stopping only for a short process of "conditioning," but the warp yarn must first be prepared to stand a heavier strain in the weaving process. The warp yarn is wound on spools by a machine known as the "spooler." This is a simple operation, done very rapidly. The operator has to be on the lookout for broken strands which must be retied with the aid of a clever device held in the hand, called the "barber knotter." When the two ends are placed in the knotter, it ties them together by the mere pressure of the thumb.

Making Ready for the Loom

The spools of yarn are placed in "creels" and wound on section beams, approximately as wide as the finished cloth. The process is known as "warping." Yarn, after being spun, is covered with a fine fuzz, which would interfere with the weaving if it remained. It, therefore, is passed through a bath of boiling sizing in the "slasher," is dried on steam heated drums and the threads are wound parallel on a

loom beam. The yarn, after this treatment, has a hard, dry surface and is better able to withstand the strain of weaving.

The next step, before placing the beam in the loom, is known as "drawing in." This prepares the threads for the loom by passing them through the "harness" by means of an automatic machine. At the same time, the threads also are passed through individual stop-motion wires, relaxing on any one of which will bring the loom to a stop, and through the "reeds," the latter of which keep them in the proper position during weaving.

Weaving Without Human Help

The next step is tying the warp in the loom, and after it is done and the loom started, the actual weaving is accomplished, practically without human help. The shuttle flies back and forth at a terrific speed, and when the thread on the bobbin is exhausted it drops out and a new bobbin is automatically supplied to the shuttle, without stopping the loom.

The harness alternately rises and lowers, forming and reforming the diamond-shaped shed through which the shuttle passes; and after each trip of the shuttle the reeds press the filling thread tightly into the warp threads producing a wear resisting fabric.

The cloth is then removed to the cloth room, where it is carefully inspected. It is now known as "grey" goods and is a brownish white color. The snowy white finish, so necessary in modern cloth, is produced by bleaching. The first step is to sew the ends of the cloth together so that it can be run through the bleachery in a single unit. In order to remove objectionable fuzz, the cloth is run rapidly through gas flames or over hot plates, and is quickly cooled in water. This process is known as "singeing."

Washed, Ironed and Dried

Bleaching is accomplished by boiling the cloth, previously prepared, for several hours with live steam in huge "kiers." After boiling and passing through certain chemical solutions, the cloth is washed with clean filtered water in washing machines and emerges a snowy white fabric.

It is starched, ironed and dried on the tenting machine which also gradually and gently stretches it back to the finished width. The latter is accomplished by means of automatic clips attached to an endless chain which pulls a little wider as the cloth approaches the delivery end.

Calendering is the next step and is the manufacturer's equivalent of the housewife's ironing. This process consists of passing the cloth between rollers varying from two to six in number, some cold, some hot, according to the results desired. Pressure is added in many cases and friction obtained by varying the speed of opposite rollers.

After a final strict inspection, the cloth is folded to suit the requirements of the trade and, for identification purposes, is stamped or ticketed with such well known brands as Fruit of the Loom, Hero, Chapman X, etc., according to the construction of the cloth produced.

Understood

A MOTHER

USUALLY, when there were strange guests coming to dinner, Mother gave Little Sister a special part in the entertainment of the visitors, for it was oh! so much easier to forget to be shy if dear Dollie Dorothy's new curls were on exhibition, or the working of Brother's toy motor was being demonstrated.

Little Sister loved company—and dreaded it, sometimes.

Today she dressed and ran happily downstairs to wait for Daddy and the new friends. But she must have gone to see the guinea pig or the chickens, for she didn't see them come, and after the greetings were over Mother's quick look around didn't find her in the house at all.

A call brought her skipping to the steps, but protesting that she wanted "to watch for the company." Surprise and something like chagrin mingled in her face when she understood that the guests had already arrived.

Perhaps this accounted for the feeling that she just couldn't make up her mind to

face these new people. Mother thought the strangeness would soon wear off, and Little Sister would slip in. So she thoughtfully prepared the guests to be interested in other things at the moment of entrance.

But lions that we do not face grow more terrible, you know, and the moment of entrance did not come, so there was still a waiting chair when the soup was served.

Mother allowed her to go out of doors apparently unnoticed while the guests and other members of the family enjoyed the meal.

As they lingered and visited at the table, Mother excused herself and quickly made ready a place at the breakfast table where a shy little girl would be undistressed by strange faces and questions. Then she called Little Sister from a back window.

The wonderful relief that flashed over the child's face caused Mother to remember herself as a bashful little girl and her childish dread of strangers.

But the real reward came late in the afternoon. Mother and Little Sister had been alone for some time. Mother had been busy with a book. Little Sister had also been absorbed for twenty minutes or more. Unexpectedly she dropped her book, climbed into Mother's lap, and flinging warm arms around Mother, she exclaimed, "You're the bestest Mother! I love you! I love you, Mother!"

Now Little Sister was always loving, but there was an unusual something about this torrent of loving manifestations. And Mother read the expression of a little heart that felt itself understood.

"TEACHERS, what opportunities are yours! What a privilege is within your reach of molding the minds and characters of the youth under your charge! What a joy it will be to you to meet them around the great white throne, and to know that you have done what you could to fit them for immortality! If your work stands the test of the great day, like sweetest music will fall upon your ears the benediction of the Master, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

Retaining the Child's Confidence

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

IN my subject I use the word "retaining" advisedly. I believe that all parents have their children's confidence in the beginning. The confidence may even then be misplaced, but I believe the child has it, and the parent retains it, until he himself forfeits it. And what a sad hour it is for the child when he has occasion to feel that his confidence has been betrayed!

Benjamin West, the famous painter, said it was his mother's kiss that made him an artist. I recall reading an incident not long ago where a woman made the statement that when she was a child of four she took a childish drawing of hers to her mother and exclaimed with all a child's enthusiasm and eagerness, "Oh mother, see what I drew!" and confidently waited her mother's approval. Instead, the mother coldly and critically looked at the childish effort, then laughed

as she sarcastically remarked, "Well, if I couldn't do any better than that I would never try." "My mother closed a door between her heart and mine that was never opened again," the woman added sadly, as she related the incident. Supposing this mother had followed the example of Benjamin West's mother; what might not have been the result! Not necessarily would the girl have grown to be an artist of world fame, but, what would have been of even more value, the mother would have retained the child's confidence.

Perfect confidence between parent and child leads to comradeship. Right here

I would like to quote from the *Tacoma* (Washington) *Ledger* for August 7, 1924. "Understanding based on a healthy comradeship between parent and child is the solution of the question of how to handle children liable to do criminal acts," Dr. Bernard Blueck, alienist and director of the Bureau of Children's Guidance at New York, declared last night. He made the statement after finishing his testimony for the defense in the Frank's trial and just before departing for New York:

"The home should create an atmosphere that encourages the child to feel free



to talk himself out, pour forth his childish troubles, his fancies and ideas — and there should be someone to listen and respond.'"

Sympathetic attention, sympathetic interest, and sympathetic guidance are the three essentials in retaining the child's confidence. You may not always agree with the child's ideas or wishes, yet if you listen sympathetically, and are genuinely interested in what he has to say—respectfully so, I am tempted to add,—you will not find it difficult to retain his confidence, and guide him in the way you wish him to go.

THE STORY CIRCLE



Sugar-Loaf Nellie

ONCE there was a little girl named Nellie, who had a beautiful home, and a beautiful mother, and most of the while a beautiful time. And when she was having a beautiful time, she looked really beautiful herself; for then it was easy to smile, and speak sweetly, and be the best kind of a Nellie that ever was.

Behind Nellie's home there rose a great dark mountain called Sugar-loaf Mountain. It was a big, hulking sort of mountain, with deep, dark woods, and great rocks on top and on its sides, and holes in the rocks. And some people said there were wolves and bears and wildcats up there on Sugar-loaf Mountain; and some people said there were ugly, dark people that lived there on the mountain too. I think most of those stories were untrue, but they made Nellie and all her playmates pretty much afraid, so they would never go alone on the mountain, for fear they would meet some of the bears or wolves, or maybe some of the bad people.

Now, as I was telling you, when Nellie was having a beautiful time, she looked so happy and sweet and pleasant that her mother and all the family were very glad she was around, singing, and smiling, and obeying just as little girls should. But when things were not so fine, then, I am sorry to tell you, Nellie sometimes looked very pouty and cross, and acted very badly indeed. Which I think was a shame for a little girl who had a beautiful mamma and a beautiful home.

One day this Nellie was very cross and naughty, and refused to do what she was told, until her dear mother's face grew sad and grieved. But Nellie just stood there still, and sulked and pouted. Then Katie, the hired girl, suddenly turned around and looked at her, and said, "Why, this isn't our Nellie at all! Our Nellie never had such a face as that. This is some other child. I wonder who it can be. Oh, I

know," she said, "this must be Sugar-loaf Nellie, the naughty, bad girl who lives on the mountain."

Then she began talking to Nellie as though she had never seen her before. "Good morning," she said, "did you come to see our Nellie? She isn't at home just now. And besides, we couldn't let her play with a naughty girl; and I'm afraid, from your looks, that you are very naughty indeed. So you'd better go back to Sugar-loaf, and stay there until you can be good like our Nellie. Oh, I wish she'd come back!"

"Yes," said mother, "I want my Nellie again." And then she and Katie looked at the little girl in such a strange, stern way that she was really frightened. She turned and ran as hard as she could run, until she was all tired out, and then she threw herself on the grass in the hollow by the walnut trees, and cried until she fell asleep.

When she woke, at first she couldn't tell where she was nor how she got there. And then there came back to her the words of Katie, "Why, this must be Sugar-loaf Nellie," and she almost wondered if really she hadn't turned into a bad little girl of the mountain.

But no; she knew she really belonged to her beautiful mother and her beautiful home, only she had been so bad and cross and pouty that she really didn't deserve to be called anything but Sugar-loaf Nellie. But she was ashamed of herself; and she said out loud, "I *won't* be Sugar-loaf Nellie! I'm going back to my mamma, to be her own Nellie always." And she started for the house, gathering flowers by the way.

Her little Maltese kitten came to meet her; and Nellie ran into the yard, playing with the kitten and laughing merrily.

"Why, here comes back our Nellie!" cried Katie; and mother came to the door.

"Oh, mother, please forgive me," said

Nellie; "I'm so sorry! But I'm your own Nellie now, and I'm going to be always.

Then Mother kissed her, and forgave her, and told her how happy she was to have her Nellie back. And ever after that, if she started to be cross or pouty, the only thing that was needed to chase away the frowns and the tears and to sweeten her up again, was for someone to call her Sugar-loaf Nellie.

Baby Talk

FLORENCE BASCOM-PHILLIPS

THE half intelligible "baby talk" little Buddy learned sounded cute to his mother. She taught it to him, herself, with such speeches as the following:

"Does muzzer's 'ittle snooky-ookums want a d'ink of wawa?" "Does him love him's muzzy? Sure him do. B'ess his 'ittle heart." "Baby see ze titty tat." "Him wants a nice eggie to eat, don't him? Yes, him do."

When he began to talk he combined a little lisp of his own with the erroneous pronunciation and construction which he had been taught, and it sounded so irresistibly cute that no effort was made at home to correct it. Later, however, when he entered school, it ceased to be cute and became a problem.

When he was seven or eight years old I taught him. He could read as rapidly as the usual beginner, but there was scarcely an intelligible word to be heard. I tried in vain to teach him to speak plainly, and when I left the school he still habitually lapsed into his baby lisp, and pronounced his words and chose his constructions irrespective of any rules ever written.

How unnecessary for a child to start his school life so handicapped! It was Buddy's sister Edith, a bright little thing with a clear voice and distinct enunciation, who had explained the matter to me. The members of the family were then beginning to realize the harm that had been done but were too indolent to make more than spasmodic efforts to correct it. Edith was less than a year old when Buddy was born, and since then had spent most of

her time with her grandmother, so she had escaped her brother's predicament.

All parents are not educated, and few are capable of using the best English, but all can and should use the most correct English they know especially in speaking to their children. The truthfulness of the old adage, "First impressions are lasting," is proven in nothing more than in speech.

I remember a classmate of mine who could not overcome the occasional use of such colloquialisms as "yourn" and "hisin," even after finishing her normal course. Her parents were very ignorant. I even catch myself saying "ain't," from home usage, though my parents knew better. Let us have "good English homes" instead of "good English weeks."—*National Kindergarten Association.*

A Bad Beginning, but a Good Ending

March came in like a lion,
With a terrible growl and a roar,
And the naked trees trembled and shivered,
And the sea-waves fled fast to the shore;
And old Winter came for a moment
To start the north wind on a blow;
And the breath of the lion froze white on the
air,
And his mane was all covered with snow.

Weeks passed and the snow-flakes had melted,
And the wind grown too weary to shout,
But March was still grumbling, when lo! a wee
flow'r

From a tiny green mantle peeped out.
"Oh, what is the use," said she, gently,
"Of being so dreadfully cross?
I have three little sisters so frightened at you
They are hiding away in the moss.

"And the buds of the trees are still ling'ring
In the boughs, for they fear to burst forth,
And only two birds, of the host that went South
Last Autumn, have dared to come North.
Do smile once or twice ere you leave us,
And the hearts of the timid ones cheer,
For believe me, dear March, it is better by far
To be thought of with love than with fear."
As she paused, March was shaking with laughter,

"Why, you elf-bloom, you pale little thing,
Where got you the courage a lecture to give
To the rollicking son of the Spring?
But you're right, pretty one, and to show you
There are other months worse than I am,
Here's a smile of the very best sunshine, my
dear!"

And he turned and went out like a lamb.

—Margaret Eytlinge.



EDITORIAL

Higher Up

I THANK the Lord that I have the mind of a child. And I pray that ten thousand other teachers may also have the mind of a child. Just for the sake of the children. I frankly admit that I don't know much about higher mathematics and sociology and metaphysics and comparative theology. And what's more, in my present frame of mind I don't want to. I think it makes folks uppity — anyway, little folks.

I have just come from some contacts which have set the hair-trigger on my temper. Young people, students, were discussing what they should train for. Some of them didn't know, some were quite certain; and the certain ones, I discovered, ran almost wholly to the "higher" professions: physicians, college professors, heads of foreign missions, and — a movie director! I neither marvelled at nor resented these youthful aspirations; for it is characteristic of youth to mistake notoriety for worth. But I got a double-fisted grudge against two educated advisers of youth who were present.

There was a little blue-eyed girl there, the most sensible in the crowd, who said she planned to become a church school teacher. And one of these professor gentlemen exclaimed to her: "A church school teacher! Why, you have talent to go beyond that. Why not plan to reach a college professorship? Specialize in language, and you can make your mark. Hitch your wagon to a star!"

I'd like to see his wagon hitched to a star, and going a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second in the general direction of Polaris. Advising a girl who planned to give her life to a work of greatest service, to trade it all "just for a riband to stick on her coat"! to turn

from Pestalozzi to Doctor Eck! Why, there is no service so great as the shaping and inspiring of young minds and hearts; and there is no satisfaction so complete, no joy so full, no reward so great, as those which come from the faithful service of the teacher of children. Devote yourself to something higher? *Higher!* Well, listen:

Barnacles

Do you know what barnacles are? The professor would tell you that the barnacle is a marine crustacean of the order Cirripedia having six pairs of biramous epidermal appendages by which it adheres to contiguous surfaces. But I will simply tell you that barnacles are little sea animals which in the olden days of wooden ships fastened themselves in great numbers to the bottoms of sailing vessels, greatly cutting down their speed. That's bad for the ships, but it's great for the barnacles! They get a free ride all around the world.

And I can imagine one of those barnacles, clinging to the bottom of one of those ships and looking up at the sailors on the deck, breaking out sail, holy-stoning the decks, steering,—I can imagine him, saying, "Do you see all those men down there working their heads off at menial labor, while I sit up here pretty as you please, and enjoy my superior position?" For you see he's upside down himself, and when he thinks he's looking up he's really looking down, and when he thinks he's looking down he's really looking up.

The Lord Jesus knew what he was saying when he declared: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." Not he who talks the biggest words, not he who has the longest string of initials after his name, not he who gets the highest salary, not he who is mentioned most often in the dis-

ETCHINGS



patches and the citations, but he who helps people most, he has the greatest work, and he is the greatest of all. And I say that for that job, you can't beat the church school, unless you go to the home.

Neither is this a matter of apprenticeship. You are not promised that after you have faithfully and humbly served others for a long, long time, then the Lord Jesus will come around and say, "Poor, faithful, menial Cinderella, you have toiled long enough among the kitchen pots; I will now take you out and set you on high in the banquet room." Not a bit of it! The greatness comes in the service, the satisfaction and the joy and the reward lie in the continuance of service and the results of that service.

Oh, for a vision! To know what life is, and what the joy of service is! When the ship enters harbor, the sailors come singing into the port, and go joyfully home for further service; but the barnacles get scraped off and thrown on the garbage heap.

Get Your Vision

Most people, teachers included, never dig down into life. They live only on the surface, content to catch and toss on some statements of law and some platitudes from some text books, and call that teaching! What is it David Grayson says? "They do not see, they only glance; they do not hear, they only overhear; they do not smell the odors of the earth, but only the odor of odors. A poor, sad, second-rate existence!"

The reason so many supposedly mature minds are dazzled with the glint of position and place and name, is that they are living "a poor, sad, second-rate existence." The satisfactions of life come from becoming involved with life, from knowing the workings of the minds of our pupils, from

being able to solve the problems, not of their text books, but of their experiences, from coming to understand the questions of society and of God until we can do something more than cite Chesterfield and quote Thomas Aquinas or their modern counterparts, until, in fact, we wrestle with God in the lives of our children and there-through make ourselves Israel and them the children of Israel.

To one who thus goes down into life and lives with his children the position of "higher up" means nothing at all. He is in the midst of the universe of God; there is no "higher" nor "lower." To encyst himself in a professor's chair would be to shut himself off from the contacts he loves and from which he gets all his satisfactions.

This is not to say that a teacher of college subjects can not also be human and dynamic, can not understand and impart life. It is to say that his service is not to be counted as any more valuable than the service of the church school teacher, or any "higher," if "higher" is desirable, than the beginning of school work. And none but he who has a false conception of life, a distorted vision of truth, will ever consider it so.

We need thousands of Froebels to teach our children. And we need among our college teachers more Luthers who can appreciate and urge the value and the inestimable service of the church school teacher.

That Question of Spelling Again

THAT spelling star that is just now in the zenith of the educational sky, Mr. Jones, a real Jones in this case, an author of a spelling book, has been doing some research work in the ever present but never exhausted field of spelling. He makes the remarkable discovery that 4,500

“relatively common words serve practically all purposes of those who have occasion to write.” Of these 4,500 words, there are less than 1,000 which offer any real spelling difficulty, and only a few over 500 which offer serious difficulty.

In view of this simplified task of learning to spell, if this research work is reliable, will not all our teachers of spelling from the first to the twelfth grade take courage, and seek to make every pupil under their charge a master in the one fundamental and supreme achievement in the field of practical education, spelling correctly? It is true that some of the most frequently used words are the most commonly misspelled. Among these are: separate, forty, principle, business, all right, receive, judgment, occasion, necessary, effect or affect, council or counsel.

As much reading as we do do nowadays, and as much writing as we must do, why slight the simple accomplishment that is one of the earmarks of culture and efficiency.

And Thank You

WE DON'T know what we would do if it were not for you contributors. We do thank you, every one—superintendents, teachers, parents, and “just folks,” who send in to us your contributions of experiences and studies and observations. You give our readers and ourselves, the editors, a variety of viewpoints, a wealth of counsel, a source of inspiration, which without your aid could not be given. Your willingness and readiness to help are deeply appreciated.

It is of course true that not many of you are trained writers, though you are getting training. The chief merit of our little magazine — if merit it has in your eyes — is that it does not lecture from a professor's chair; it speaks out of the common heart of humanity and out of the every-day experience of the schoolroom and the home. And you are largely responsible for that. Some of your writing, however, has to be edited a bit,—the less the better, say we, but still, you know, it

has to be fixed to get by the printer. Now if we may just suggest six rules which we will ask you everyone to observe, it will very greatly lighten the burdens of us in the office, editor, stenographer, proof-reader, and all. Will you do it?

1. Number the pages of your manuscripts. About half of you leave your last sheet on top, and in the absence of page numbers it sometimes puzzles us to understand the beginning.

2. Write on only one side of the sheet. It may seem great waste to leave one whole side blank, but the printer has a tradition from the day of “takes” that only one side shall be used; and we are under the thumb of the printer.

3. Typewrite your manuscripts if possible; otherwise do your best to write legibly. We have no ambition to become adepts in the cross-word puzzle.

4. Double-space your lines if typewritten; use wide-spaced paper if in script. We just have to make some corrections, and if your manuscripts are single-spaced they look like spider webs when we are through with them.

5. Try to write simply and clearly; avoid long and involved sentences. Webster and Gould-Brown will help us on the spelling and the grammar; but to whom shall we turn if we can't make out what you mean?

6. Verify your quotations, and give correct references. We know our Bibles pretty well, and there are a few other books with which we are familiar; but even so, we believe accuracy at the source would save us a good many minutes spent in reference-finding.

Apart from the above little faults, your manuscripts are just lovely. And we thank you.

Of all human actions, pride seldomest obtains its end, for aiming at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.

“THE child is father of the man.” If we are to have loyal, intelligent, industrious men, we must train the little child in right habits of thought and action.

Teaching Hints

From My History Notebook— No. 4

The Recitation

BERTHA SHANKS CHANEY

THE history which is learned in the grammar grades has been called the when-and-where stage in contrast to the who-and-what of the primary grades. In the latter the *story* is paramount, especially the story of great men's lives and their heroic deeds. It does not matter particularly where or when the hero lived; the wonderful things he did fascinate the little people.

In the former, the when-and-where period of history teaching, the space map, and the time map or plan or outline must have an important place. The need for making and using them partly decides the method of conducting the recitation.

Day in and day out some teachers carry on the same kind of recitation. With one it will be the "question and answer type," with another it will be "topical." It is better to combine the best features of several methods and to use a variety.

Some recitation periods should be spent in map making. The space map should be simple, and usually drawn by the pupil. Only the names of the particular period that is being studied should be put in. For example, if the early settlements are being located, the outline map should be of what is now the United States as far west as the Mississippi, and include the St. Lawrence. The names of Cartier, Champlain, and La Salle are put on dotted lines leading into the St. Lawrence River. Along the Atlantic coast are marked the places where the Puritans settled, the Pilgrims, the Quakers, etc. Around the Great Lakes are grouped the names of the French explorers and missionaries. The modern names of great cities, and of states should not be placed on the map. Keep it simple and devoted to one period of time.

The time map may be so arranged as to place each event in its proper decade or

century, and at the same time, by means of parallel columns, exhibit contemporaneous events in different countries, or in different parts of America.

Besides the three types of recitations here named — the question-and-answer, the topical, the map-making, there must be drill recitations. The drill lessons help to prevent the "evaporation" so well known to teachers.

In drill lessons, remember

(a) You cannot assume that a pupil understands until *he is tested*.

(b) The ability of a pupil to state what he has learned in his own words is the best evidence you can get of his understanding of it.

(c) The inability to reproduce is a pretty good proof that he does *not* understand.

(d) Systematic and regularly recurring reviews are of untold value.

Setting problems before the pupil is one of the most acceptable of modern methods of teaching. The following is one which might start a lively interest.

Suppose a vault were to be built, filled with articles which were particularly characteristic of our time (say the last five years, or the last ten years), and then sealed up for one hundred years. What ought to go into it that would give a very true picture of our life to people one hundred years from now, if there were any living on the earth?

Or suppose this had been done one hundred years ago, what would be found in the vault if it were opened in 1925?

"THERE is but one perfect preventive, and that is true moral consciousness. Crime can be prevented by proper moral training, and it is greatly lessened by education and intellectual development. The complete preventive treatment against crime can best begin at the mother's knee, and in the father's lap, where duty to fellow man and love to God sanctifies the family home."—*Judge Carlos Hardy*.

Method for Teaching Bible Seven

MRS. NAY RICE

MY METHOD of teaching seventh grade Bible is passed on with the hope that it may bring as good results to those who read, as it has brought to me.

The first twelve chapters of Acts may be taught by outline. The teacher, with the children's suggestions considered, writes the outline on the blackboard, limiting the number of topics for each chapter to two thus making it easy to memorize. For example:

Chap. I (a) Ascension

(b) Matthias chosen

Chap. II (a) Pentecost—Outpouring of Holy Spirit.

(b) Peter's sermon—Three thousand converted.

In the thirteenth chapter begin the missionary journeys of Paul.

The day of the first lesson have one child tell the story before the class, and as he tells it, the teacher can develop a map on the board illustrating the story, using blue chalk for water lines, neat, small, red stars made with red chalk for cities visited, and short, red dashes to outline the route. I believe the teacher should develop the map the first day these lessons are studied, as it gives the child a correct idea of the situation from the start.

The next day have another child review the first missionary journey up to the point of the day's lesson, with a child at the board accompanying his story with map illustration; and if desired, still another child may pick up the thread of the story at the beginning of the lesson for the day, and continue to the close of the lesson. This is to be repeated every day until the lessons on this journey are completed. At that time you will find that every child in the class will be able to tell the whole story orally, or to picture it by map and notes on the board entirely from memory. The maps may be made very interesting by picture illustrations, too. For instance, when Paul was stoned at Lystra, a pile of stones may be drawn at that point, besides having the name of the city neatly printed.

Or just a printed name in parentheses will suggest the story, as Elymas, in parentheses, at Paphos on the island of Cyprus will suggest Paul's victory through the Holy Spirit over the sorcerer at Paphos.

"But," you ask "when only three or four each day are called upon to review orally or pictorially, how do all the class get the benefit of the story and map work?" My solution is this:

Tell all the class to follow closely the story that is being told, and if anything is left out or misstated, to stand immediately. You find by this method that if the slightest error is made in the story, most of the class will rise for correction. Then the teacher asks one of the risen ones to state it after which they all sit down again, unless one has a different correction than that given; if so he states his,—and the story continues. Thus the interest and attention of every child is held throughout.

During the time the story has been related, the one at the board has been following the story with the map. When the story is finished, ask the class if there are any corrections for the map. Those who have corrections to make will stand, and the teacher calls upon one at a time to give his suggestion. As these are stated, the map maker changes his map. Thus a correct and thorough idea of the whole journey or work is deeply impressed upon the mind.

At the end of the series of lessons, I'm sure it will be found that any child in the class can accurately tell the story of any journey, or develop the map for the same.

For the first twelve chapters the topics of the outline should be memorized and treated as the title of a story for review, the whole outline being gradually memorized and reviewed.

By this method, children easily learn and remember what each chapter of the Book of Acts contains, and also learn to go with Paul on any of his four journeys, relating his experiences in order.

For the lessons covering the letters written to the Thessalonians and others, children are greatly helped in studying by making an answer outline, using a key word

from the text for the answer to each question. For the lessons at the close of the year, which mark also the close of Paul's life, interest may be intensified and deep impressions made of patience, love, zeal, and faithfulness, by reading the account of the closing days of Paul's life as given in "Acts of the Apostles"—the teacher reading to the class, leaving out unnecessary details.

Our boys and girls enjoy their Bible very much, and their interest is keen.

A Game to Play—"The Vegetable Wagon"

THIS game may be played in the schoolroom or out of doors. Ten to fifty children may play. Each player is named for some vegetable such as cabbage, carrot, potato, beans, etc. One of the older children, or the teacher, takes the part of the vegetable man. He says in narrative form:

"I must hurry and start on my route. It is almost lunch time and the Health Junior Volunteers of _____ School like to have vegetables to eat. I shall take this nice cabbage. Johnny Jones (name some child in the school) is so fond of cabbage and these carrots are just the thing to make Mary Smith's cheeks rosy. All of the volunteers will like these good red apples. (An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but an onion a day keeps everybody away.) I shall take the nice bunch of onions, etc., etc."

As he names the vegetables, the player bearing each name runs to the vegetable man and lines up behind him, each putting his hands on the shoulder of the one in front, the first one putting his hands on the shoulders of the vegetable man. When all are on the wagon, the vegetable man gives the signal for going, and the whole wagon moves out on its journey, which, at the discretion of the vegetable man, will be up hill over obstacles, down hill from others, around corners, etc; and he may under suitable circumstances find a convenient place for a grand "smash up" at the end.

April, 1925

How many of you children have played "Farmer in the Dell"? All of you have, I'm sure. Here is an interesting health game.

The spinach is in the dell,
The spinach is in the dell,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The spinach is in the dell.

Spinach gives you iron,
Spinach gives you iron,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
Spinach gives you iron.

The spinach takes the carrot,
The spinach takes the carrot,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The spinach takes the carrot.

The carrot makes you pretty,
The carrot makes you pretty,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The carrot makes you pretty.

The carrot takes the lettuce,
The carrot takes the lettuce,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The carrot takes the lettuce.

The lettuce makes you grow,
The lettuce makes you grow,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The lettuce makes you grow.

The lettuce takes the onion,
The lettuce takes the onion,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The lettuce takes the onion.

The onion makes you healthy,
The onion makes you healthy,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
The onion makes you healthy.

They're all in the dell,
They're all in the dell,
Heigh ho! my cherry O,
They're all in the dell.

Work and Win

THE sweetest cherries, mind you, lad,
Grow higher on the tree;
And would you win the fairest fruit,
One thing I'll say to thee:
It falls not at the clinking gay
Of an idler's pelf—
You'll have to climb the rugged tree,
And gather for yourself.

'Tis vain to wait the fruit to fall,
Or pelt the tree with stones—
You'll have to struggle bravely up,
And risk some broken bones;
You only waste your time below,
And get indifferent pay—
If you would reach the ripest fruit,
Just throw your fears away.

Page 21

'Tis so with ev'rything in life
 That's worth the owning, lad;
 With learning, wealth, and character
 The best the great have had.
 They come not at the nod or hest
 Of any idle hand—
 'Tis only those who bravely toil
 May have them at command.

—Selected.

A Place for the Youth

HATTIE BELLE ABBOTT

You elders in Israel, we're making
 This earnest petition to you;
 We honor, we trust you, and love you
 As youth and as children should do:
 We're asking a place at the table
 Of service in God's sacred hall,
 For we know that his bounty's not stinted,
 And are sure he invited us all.

We ask but a place at his table
 Of service where older ones meet;
 No honor, no vaunting, but only
 To wait in the lowliest seat.
 To be there each wonderful moment
 The Master is sitting at meat;
 To rise and to serve him, if bidden,
 Or wash, if permitted, his feet.

Yes, servants, we know, are unworthy
 To dine at the board of a king;
 But He said "whosoever" and "any,"
 And such is the password we bring.
 The veriest crumbs will suffice us,
 The lowliest, humblest place,
 If only you bid us to enter
 The chamber of service and grace.

Give place—O give place!—at his table,
 Ye elders, for all of the youth;
 Awaiting your welcome, we linger,
 Abashed, by the doorways of truth.
 We're sure that his grace is sufficient
 For all who are willing and true;
 So we ask for a humble position
 At his table of service with you.

I Love the Name of Jesus

E. C. HILL

[Tune, I Will Follow Thee]
 Jesus loved the children all
 And they followed at His call;
 And He loves us now the same,
 And we should love His name.

CHORUS:

'Tis the sweetest name,
 Jesus, blessed name,
 I will love His name
 As long as I shall live.

If we would our Jesus please
 We must not each other tease;
 Evermore our parents mind,
 For they to us are kind.

Jesus, help us to obey,
 Lest we from Thee go astray;
 We would ever think of Thee,
 And be what we should be.

How Much Joy They Lost!

(Concluded from page 26)

last has been truly converted. But how fierce have been the battles of life! That self, unrestrained for so many years, is an enemy that has threatened her overthrow time and time again. Only the mighty power of God will enable her to learn lessons that should have been learned in childhood and youth and which would have fitted her for a life of greater usefulness.

Are your children craving your companionship? Do they long for little words and acts of love, or have they decided that you are too busy to have real loving interest in their life problems?

Jesus wants to gather and unite hearts and homes. Satan is determined to scatter and divide. The love of Jesus born in our hearts and homes will turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers.

Once I Obeyed My Husband

(Concluded from page 28)

ents refuse to give to their children the knowledge that would keep them morally clean, and fight us every step of the way when we try to save them? If you would talk to school teachers, and school nurses, Mrs. Marshall, you would learn that that experience could be multiplied by one hundred. And it is for that reason I believe that it is just as important for our children to understand the seventh commandment as it is the sixth, or the fifth, or the fourth. And I also believe that God places the responsibility of their understanding it upon the parents."

Hearing voices in the yard, I knew the men had returned, and I must go, so I hurried into my coat. But just as I was about to open the door, Mrs. Marshall said, "I am so glad you came today; it almost seems as if you were sent."

And that is why I was glad I obeyed my husband.

HE cannot be rich, or honest, or happy who cares more to keep up appearances than he does to keep out of debt.

Home and School Association

True Companionship

ALTA DELL RACE

OUR homes should not simply be filling stations where we may go when we are hungry, to be filled; or where we may park when tired, or in need of a change of clothing. They should be fortresses of God, protected by love, affection, appreciative words and acts, patience, kindness, unselfishness, congeniality, and understanding companionship of father and mother, mother and daughter, father and son. They should be havens of rest, love, contentment,—places where there is a sharing, not only of responsibilities, but a sharing of happiness, of sorrows, disappointments, of friends, of ideas, of knowledge, of love, of sympathy, a sharing of each other with each other. They should be places where we make chums of our boys and girls, where we get down to their level and bring them gradually up to our level of manhood or womanhood. Our children may during this process raise us considerably higher if we do not look down at them from the clouds where we are riding in the airplane of superiority. Get into the back yard and work with the children, play marbles and ball with them. Make their friends your friends, make yourself one of them, then you will have their confidence, their companionship. Open your heart and your arms wide for your girls and your boys and keep them wide open always.

The difficulty with most parents in trying to help their children, in trying to be companions to them on the way to manhood and womanhood, is that the boy and girl *grown up* have forgotten their own boyhood and girlhood, and their problems, ideals and experiences, and so have lost their way in trying to guide another.

The child Jesus grew, and "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." This was the normal growth of the child Jesus and of all boys and

girls. "He increased in wisdom," by observing his parents, by association with them and friends, by study, and through His mother's teaching. Remember your children are continually watching you, and from you learn more that makes or mars their characters than from any other source.

"He increased in stature." Your child grows by eating the foods he is taught to eat and that parents eat, and by working and playing. To be well balanced the child must have both work and play.

"He grew in favor with God." The child gains spirituality by *companionship* with *parents*, by studying the life wherein Christ dwells.

He grew in favor with man. Your child grows socially through social life or companionship in the home, then with friends, playmates and schoolmates. Outings, hikes, and social gatherings help to give opportunity.

How much these four phases of child life draw from the home and its environment! A child's character can be built into a beautiful edifice by a close and noble companionship with his parent, or into a tottering ruin by a careless companionship with him. Which way will you build?

Why do we starve our children for lack of companionship, for want of true, warm love? Why can't we let them see our love and interest? Are we too busy, too indifferent? No, let's be honest. We are too selfish. We use time for other things which could be given them if we were not too indifferent and selfish.

A well known business man of _____ has as a hobby, the raising of registered cattle. This man has a son. The father told a friend he was having a hard time managing him. He said he thought he would ship his son East to some good school for boys, to see if they could make something out of him. A short time afterwards the friend read a news note in the

paper to the effect that this well known man had left for California to lecture along the Pacific Coast on the raising of registered cattle. The boy had been sent East to let someone else "raise" him. How much love is there between such a father and son? Let us be careful lest our children regard us with the same amount of affection as the boy in the following story:

A little boy had a dog named Paddy that he loved very much. One day the dog was killed and the mother had to tell the little fellow about it. When she told him Paddy was dead, he made very little comment about it. That night the mother told the nurse to give him his bath and put him to bed. Later as the mother passed his room she heard the little fellow sobbing as if his heart would break. Upon inquiring the cause the little fellow sobbed, "Why nurse just told me Paddy was killed." The mother said, "Why yes, I told you about it this afternoon and you didn't seem to care." "Oh," the little fellow cried, "I thought you said Daddy was dead"! Children are so neglected by parents, so little time is spent with them that they can not greatly miss such strangers.

Mr. ——— tells the true story of a miner, a patient of his father's. The miner worked early and late. He left the house before the children were awake in the morning and did not return until they were asleep at night. Sundays he always stayed with the little ones while the mother went to church. Of course they were usually rather unruly and the father generally gave each a spanking. One day one of the children said to his mother, "Mamma, who is that man that comes and stays with us and gives us a spanking every Sunday?"

We may smile at this and think it very unusual. But how many fathers and children see each other every day and do not have any more in common! The tie of fatherhood amounts to just about this much, sometimes even being minus the spankings which do help some if used at the right time.

We cannot pay to have the duties of parenthood performed. We must assume

them. There must be a mutual understanding and sympathy between father and son, mother and daughter. This means they must get acquainted, when often they are strangers. There's a handwriting on the wall for such a parent. Whatever the reason for his neglect, if he does not take the trouble to get acquainted with his boy, he must not be surprised to find some day that that boy cares little for him, that he appreciates him merely for what he is worth in food and clothing. The right relation in the home makes the child neither the tyrant nor the abject slave, but a person with both rights and duties, and worthy of respect. The home should not be a place simply where the parent commands and the child obeys, but should be a place where there is a sharing of life, where all give and all receive.

*How Much Joy They Lost!

JOYCE M. FIELDS

WE ARE gathered here this afternoon as parents of pupils of the school, with others who have an interest in our children and youth. We came because we love our Heavenly Father and have a desire to know how to do His will in the care of our children, and especially of our adolescents. We are thankful for His love, for the precious gift of Jesus, for the Bible, and for the Spirit of Prophecy, which bring to us floods of light to guide us with our children through these perilous last days of earth's history. Yes, we are thankful for the special efforts being put forth by our denomination in providing *Parents' Lessons* for us, and for the efforts of our local Home and School organization to draw us together as parents and teachers for more earnest cooperation with our Heavenly Father in His plan for our homes and schools. Our hearts and minds are being stirred by all these agencies. The happenings all about us speak in thunder tones of the increase of crime among the children and youth of our land, and of

* A talk given at a Home and School Association meeting at Mountain View, California.

our great need of divine help and guidance. These things enumerated above speak to us of a loving Father's interest in His children, and we do love Him in return for His love. But do we feel satisfied with the measure of love we have toward Him? As commandment-keepers we are saying by our profession, "We love God with *all* our heart, with *all* our soul, with *all* our mind, and our neighbor as ourselves"—but do we really have the fulness of our professed love?

In every heart a deadly battle is being waged between two powers, each determined to enter and reign in the heart. Jesus is there pleading with us to allow Him to come in and fill our hearts with His own perfect love or righteousness that will enable us to manifest His love and perfect obedience. This in other words is the "latter rain experience" which we know must come to every soul, by faith, if we are to be ready for translation when Jesus comes. The evil one is there with his satanic determination to keep us satisfied with a small measure of heaven-born love, or to deceive us with something called love which is but a counterfeit. Thousands and thousands of parents are being robbed of true love or the full measure of love that will enable them to deal firmly and yet *lovingly* with their children. True love looks beyond the present and the gratifying of the desires and whims of children, and considers the preparation of the boy or girl for the stern realities of life.

The relation of a true experience of an adolescent girl of some twenty-five years ago, who is now a student-mother, will speak of the effect of this lack of love in the home. First, a tribute of love and honor should be paid to the parents in this home, because the light of present gospel truth regarding parenthood and home life had not entered their lives, and they could only do the best they knew. The result has been that their children have had hard battles to fight which might have been avoided had they been restrained, and had they learned to share the burdens of life with their parents. This account speaks the experience of

many, even in this day of increased knowledge. There is additional sorrow and remorse today because there are more temptations and greater wickedness. The lady relates her experience as follows:

"My parents loved me and I loved them, but we lost much joy because we lost the gift of companionship. His love for his family caused my father to toil early and late, so we did not feel acquainted with him. We did not share the physical and financial burdens which we now know he must have carried. Had we understood, it would have made us love him more and have a greater appreciation of his efforts for us. We knew nothing of lack of food or clothing; but as a little girl I wanted to *know* the father who worked so hard and gave my mother the money with which to buy things. Once I remember going to meet him as he came home from work, and he held my hand and walked so fast that I could hardly keep up with him; but I was glad, and loved him, if he did walk fast and his hands were rough and his clothes soiled. Then once, I can just barely remember, he rocked me and sang, "In the Sweet By and By"; but I suppose as his family grew up and his cares increased, he was too busy to be bothered. I was proud of his reputation as a respected citizen. He was a lodge man and held city offices as his work permitted, but now I know he missed real joy with his family.

"My mother was a wonderful woman. How did she manage to cook and sew and keep up our table with what she thought were the needful things for the proper development of her children? Besides her own family, she could always welcome the unexpected visitors who were often found at her bountiful board. The palate was the judge of cookery in this home, and provision for the needs of the family meant a supply of things that 'tasted good' whenever we desired to eat, and usually as much as we desired. My mother did a great deal of lodge and church work, and always helped in caring for the sick and needy. When I would not find her at home after school, I was lonesome and *wanted my mother*, but she did not understand. Soon

I learned to find other companions when she was away, and usually planned to get home by the time she would come to prepare the evening meal. Sometimes, if I was late and it was getting dark, I was reproved.

"Then I began to hear so many things that I wanted to ask mother about, but she was so busy, and if I told these to her, she thought it was not proper to talk about them. So no one understood me. While it was only natural for me to want to understand the things I had heard at school yet it seemed as though I must be a 'bad girl' even to think of such things. And then my mother did not understand my dreamy ways. One day she handed me a big book open to a chapter that she told me to read but oh! the words were so big and I could not understand it all; but somehow I had to get along with what I read and what I heard. If I could only have had someone who understood me! I suppose I was a trial to my mother. Now I know she did not understand me, and I did not understand her. She said things that she intended for my good that grieved and irritated me, and gradually I was led into that fearful habit (and mother allowed it) of 'talking back' to her. Then sorrow for my mistakes would almost overwhelm me. Once I wrote a little note to her (why could I not go to her and tell her?) and told her I was sorry I had been so disrespectful and that I wanted to be, and was going to try to be, a good girl. But I suppose she thought it was a childish thing, or was too busy to talk it all over with me.

Sometimes I would lie on my bed at night looking up into the starry heavens and long to be a good girl like little 'Eva' of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' so I could die and go to heaven like she did in the story. Now I know that I needed my mother or my father to express their love by a good night story. A loving word and a good night kiss would have helped much. But poor mother was tired with all her cares. Oh, I see now that I could have helped her so much, but she did not understand, and I did not understand. Was I

lazy and good-for-nothing? I suppose I was, but was it all my fault? How I would like to live those days over and stand by my dear old father and mother in the trials and burdens they bore when I was growing up! Of course we loved each other, but oh, the joy we missed! One time I was going to grandmother's house, going on the train alone for the first time. I wanted to kiss my father and mother when I said good-bye to them, but they never kissed me, and it seemed strange, and yet my love for them longed for expression. Finally I found courage to kiss my mother, but my father seemed too strange. Now I know that a girl should never get so big that she cannot show her affection for her father, and be acquainted with the best man in the world to counsel and guide her through the problems that he knows all about.

"Later when my heart hunger was partially satisfied by associations with girl friends, our reputations as daughters of respected citizens must have been at stake many times because of our thoughtless indiscretions and improprieties which now cause me to tremble and realize the dangers through which we passed. Then came that experience when it seemed the proper thing for 'our crowd' to become members of the church, so I became a member of a popular church, and thought that event marked my conversion. Folks talked that way to me, but now I know I was not converted at all. This experience proves to my mind that there are thousands and thousands of girls who want to do right, but do not know how. Their parents, who love them more than anyone else in the world, toil for them, shielding them from hard work or in some cases planning for companionship in work. But they seem to forget companionship in other phases of living. Many children grow up without restraint and without any idea of counsel from their parents or elders. Have not such children missed the blessings of the fullness of heaven-born love?"

This adolescent grew into womanhood, into wifehood, into motherhood, and at

(Concluded on page 22)

YOUNG MOTHERS

A Picture and a Program

I THINK we have told you before that they keep things stirring out on the Pacific Coast. We have a full third of our membership in the three states of California, Oregon, and Washington. And I believe that two reasons for the large membership are Publicity and Proselyting. They go after members, sometimes with a car; that's proselyting. And they let their public know that they have a Society which is doing something; that's publicity.



Tabernacle Young Mothers' Society, Portland, Ore. The leader, Mrs. Daisy Chadwick, is seated in front.

Now here is one of the two societies in Portland, Oregon. We show you their picture, with three generations in it (you'd better look for the grandchild rather than the grandmother); and don't they look happy? They are story-tellers. I have been with them, and I know. They helped stage an open meeting of the Y. M. S this summer at the Forest Grove campmeeting that held two thousand people chained to their seats and greatly promoted the parents' work in that conference.

This Tabernacle Young Mothers' Society prepared a Thanksgiving program, which is something a little different from the promotion programs we have been urging you to give; but indirect promotion work is sometimes the best of all, especially

if you don't do it as promotion work. They had a big audience of the church people, and a very appreciative one. We are a little late in reporting this Thanksgiving affair, but it had to wait its turn. Here it is; and maybe it will be suggestive to you.

Thanksgiving Program

Given by the
Tabernacle Young Mothers' Society
PORTLAND TABERNACLE S. D. A. CHURCH
Thursday, November 27, 1924, 2.30 p. m.

Opening Song*Christ in Song, No. 269*
Scripture Reading*Psalm 24*
Prayer*Elder G. W. White*
Leader's Greetings.....*Mrs. D. Chadwick*
Secretary's Report and Roll Call.....*Mrs. H. Nelson*
Trio*"Giving Thanks"*
Geraldine Chadwick, Billie Fisher, Eileen Abegg
"Thanksgiving Day"*Elaine Easton*
(A Story about some little Two-legged Mice)
"The Landing of the Pilgrims" *Mrs. J. Schoppert*
"A Boy's Address to His Stomach" *Betty Snyder*
Solo.....*Mrs. Arthur J. Abegg*
"My Glad Thanksgiving".....*Mrs. F. W. Webster*
"We Praise Thee, O God".....*Congregation*

We cordially invite everyone, whether members of our society or not, to join with us in this Thanksgiving Program

Once I Obeyed My Husband

MARTHA E. WARNER

ONE morning as I was busy about my work, the Nicest Man opened the door and said, "Brown told me that a man by the name of Marshall, living near Totoket Mountain, had two cows for sale; think I'll drive over and take a look at them. Don't you want to go with me?"

And woman fashion, I replied, "I would like to, but I have a pudding in the oven baking, so I don't see how I can."

"Well, I see," he answered, "you just leave the oven door ajar, slip into your coat, and come along."

Now because it was something I very much wanted to do, I obeyed orders, and we were soon on our way over a woodsy road banked with pussy willows, bloodroot and anemones.

We quite forgot that we were grown up, and we repeated a little poem, "The World Was Surely Made for Me," the second verse of which goes like this,

"I would not add another stroke,

It suits me so completely,"—

Oh, I was having such a nice time that I wanted to ride on and on forever, but—we had reached Mr. Marshall's house.

As the cows in question were in a pasture about a mile from the house, Mr. Marshall invited me to go into the house and stay with his wife. So I did, and we were soon visiting like old friends, about the children, the farm, the school, the sewing, and the housework.

Hanging over the table on the wall, was a chart on which was printed the Ten Commandments, and I remarked about it.

Mrs. Marshall said, "I am trying to bring my children up to be good men and women, but we live so far from church, they cannot attend, so every morning they repeat the Commandments and we talk them over. I tell them God will bless them if they keep them all.

"But last week, my Minnie, she's ten, said to me, 'Mamma, what does the seventh commandment mean?' Really I did not know how to answer her, but right away I remembered she had broken a cup that morning, so I said, 'It means you must not break anything. You know you broke a cup when you were washing the dishes this morning. Well, then, let this be a lesson to you to be more careful in the future.' And do you know, she just hangs onto the dishes now, she is so afraid of breaking the seventh commandment. Tell me, if a girl asked you a question like that, how would you answer her?"

"Why," I replied, "I should tell her the plain truth, and explain to her what adultery is, and why it should not be committed, and the result if it were committed."

"Why, why, why," Mrs. Marshall exclaimed, thoroughly shocked, "I never could do that. What would my little girl think of me?"

"Tell me," I answered, "what will she think of you when she learns from someone

else, for learn she will, that you lied to her?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, "not that, not *lied* to her!"

"But didn't you," I asked, "Does breaking the seventh commandment mean breaking dishes? Honestly now, does it?"

"No," she answered, "it does not; but—well—some way I thought it was one of the white lies one *had* to tell and which God would overlook."

"And yet," I said, "God in His Word tells us who is the father of lies. God is truth, and if we are his children, we will always speak the truth."

"You are right," Mrs. Marshall thoughtfully answered, "I wish now I had said to her, 'Minnie, I will explain that to you when you are a little older.'"

"But why," I asked, "should you want to put off the explanation? Little girls of ten are old enough to understand that commandment, and if it were explained to them, it might be the means of saving some of them the sad experience of an eleven-year-old girl had, in our neighborhood.

"The child was taken in the act of adultery, and turned over to the school nurse, who immediately went to the mother of the girl, and acquainted her with the facts; but the mother absolutely refused to believe that her girl could be guilty of such an act, and actually turned the nurse out of doors.

"The nurse then took the girl and talked with her about the necessity of keeping the body morally clean that her soul might be clean, but the child said, 'Oh, don't preach to me. If Mary Brown hadn't been snooping around, you'd never known it.'

"Trying to arouse in the girl an understanding of the enormity of her act, she asked her what she would do if she should give birth to a child. And that little eleven-year-old girl tossed her pretty bobbed head and said, 'I'd do the same as Lola Larkin did, send it to a home and keep on having a good time.'

"The nurse in relating the experience said, 'Tell me, what can we do when par-

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The Superintendent's Corner

Shoes

MAX HILL

I AM going to crowd a paragraph full of "shoes." Try them on, please, and wear them if they fit!

1. Too many children raise their hands the minute they come in from intermissions, and after classes, as well as during recitation time. Hands down is a good doctrine. Teach children to remember all assignments, to know what to do next, and not to bother others.

2. It is a good plan to know what is going on all the time, whether you appear to see it or not; take a little walk in the direction of a disturbance, and see how well it works, even if you do not seem to see.

3. All members of all classes should do their share of reciting. Some will slip out of it, if the teacher is not watchful. Do not accept the statement, "I do not know." Pupils must know, and will if you insist upon it. And you must watch that you do not do the reciting for the pupils.

4. Not always do I see enough life in recitations. I am not afraid of having children speak right out; that is the "socialized recitation" we hear so much about these days. "Pep" may be slang, but it tells the story I have in mind.

5. You must be sure you teach something definite at every recitation, and that the pupils know the point you are making. Teach more than the textbooks give in all subjects. Also be sure you are covering all the work called for in every line.

6. Some children are not any too respectful, I observe. Forwardness and rudeness have no place in school. And oh teachers, let us not quarrel with the children! True refinement is essential; let us insist upon proper tone and form and good manners.

7. Take a year for a year's work; it is not right at all to hurry primary children

through their books six weeks—or one week—before the end of the year; nor older pupils, for that matter. Drill more, and make more sure of outstanding points.

8. Are all taking the Teachers' Reading Course? It is splendid, and essential. It is not a thing required by the Educational Department merely, but it is required of the One who has called us to His work to be progressive, and the Reading Course means progress. We need the inspiration of HOME AND SCHOOL.

9. Letter-writing is truly important. Have the children send real letters to relatives, to people to whom they have sent papers, to me—I like to receive their letters. Many people begin letters too near the top of the paper, instead of on the top line.

10. When in teaching reading you pronounce a word for a child—and it is surely better to pronounce it for him than to have him make wild guesses—do you require him to go back to the beginning of the sentence and come up to the word without hesitation? I know of no other sure way to fix the word in the mind. Would it not be better to teach the children "what the letters say" than to name them? The names of letters do not always suggest the sounds.

11. Grades seven to ten would do well to make an exhaustive study of the punctuation used in our papers or the "Literary Digest." Have every mark accounted for in a definite way, by a specific rule that applies exactly.

12. Try timing pupils in work with flash cards. If a child is given time to count, or to say the letters of a word, or to figure out in any way the problem presented on a flash card, the card loses its value altogether. The idea is instant recognition.

You can't be mean and happy any more than an apple can be sour and sweet.

Suggestions from the Chesapeake Superintendent

ELOISE F. WILLIAMS

A LEAFLET, Dr. Jones' "One Hundred Spelling Demons," contains the HARD EASY words, that children above the fourth grade should be able to spell. Send to Hall and McCreary, 430 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., asking for a sample copy. You will find it a help if placed in the hands of the children.

* * *

At the close of each period, our teachers send me the names of those who have neither been late nor absent during the six weeks. I then have an honor roll made on the Neostyle, and send a copy to each pupil whose name has been sent in. Then a copy is posted on the church bulletin, and another sent to the chairman of the school board.

* * *

A card as, illustrated, is being placed in the hands of our ninth grade pupils, of the church schools of our conference. It is proving a help to systematic home study, and enables the teacher to check up on weak subjects and to direct in the planning of the home work.

The young people are interested in the plan.

Home Study Card

Margaret Wilson

	Algebra	English	Physiology	Bible
Dec. 1
Dec. 2
Dec. 3
Dec. 4
Dec. 5
Dec. 6

(Signed)

A SURPRISE box has proved a help to some of our teachers in building up their attendance. Any kind of a paste board box may be used. Place in the box the surprise. It may be a slip of paper on which is written "A Trip to the Museum," "A Half Holiday." It may be money for some thing for the school such as a fish bowl, a new book for the library. Many other surprises will suggest themselves.

Seal the cover on with twenty seals, one for each school day of the month. Break a seal on each day that the attendance is perfect.

The device may be used just as successfully to improve other conditions.

Lost Time

NELLIE M. BUTLER

THE pupils of the wilderness school lost forty years grumbling. Pontius Pilate lost time debating with the enemy when he should have made his decision not to put to death an innocent man. Manasseh, King of Judah, wasted many years in wickedness and learned the lesson of humility in affliction that he might just as well have learned in his youth. The disciples wasted time sleeping in the Garden of Gethsemane when they should have been praying. Judas wasted all of his school years with the best teacher that ever lived, not learning to be Christlike, and he will come up with the wicked dead in the second resurrection when had he learned what Christ desired him to learn he might have been in the city of God.

"It is wrong to waste our time, wrong to waste our thought. We lose every moment that we devote to self-seeking. If every moment were valued and rightly employed, we should have time for every thing that we need to do for ourselves or for the world. In the expenditure of money, in the use of time, strength, opportunities, let every Christian look to God for guidance."—"Ministry of Healing," p. 208.

The Happy Home

"Happy the home when God is there
And love fills every breast,
And one their thought, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

"Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear.
Where children early lip His fame,
And parents hold him dear.

"Lord, let us in our homes agree
That blessed home to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

—Selected.

I WAS WONDERING

And So I Thought I'd Ask You

My older boy, two and a half years of age, is giving us a new problem. He has been an obedient child, and still is, most of the time; but he takes spells when whatever I ask him to do, he does just the opposite thing; and we want one hundred per cent obedience. I have punished him by making him sit in a chair for fifteen minutes, and at times have not spared the rod; but still he persists. Another thing, he has gotten to whining and crying, and it's most disagreeable. He has a cold, and I know that has a great deal to do with it now, but it began before he had one. He gets thirteen to fourteen hours' sleep, eats three pretty good meals a day, with a glass of milk between ten and eleven o'clock. His bowels are all right. We all get into habits, but the best thing, when they are bad, is to get rid of them; so I would like some help if you can give it.

As Joseph said, the two things are one, and that the fault is doubled is because the thing is established. Not, however, that it can not be overthrown.

Without doubt, the child's bad physical state was the beginning of the impatience, fretfulness, and contrariness. The fact that his whining began before his cold was noticed, is only evidence of earlier illness. A lowered vitality permitted infection, which upset his nervous equilibrium, and later centered in congestion of the respiratory tract; then he had his cold. But he had the nervous drain first, and of course it grew worse with the progress of the infection.

His physical condition should be brought up to par as soon as possible. Get rid of the cold, by thorough elimination, plenty of fresh air, nourishing food but not over-eating, and lots of sleep. Make the evening meal light; possibly the glass of milk at ten may not be needed. The conditions as stated seem very good, unless perhaps he does not have enough fresh air. Restore him to complete health, and you have a better basis for correction of his bad habits.

For it is not now, of course, all a matter of physical condition. The mind of the child must be changed. First, as to his whining. Make your example right: do

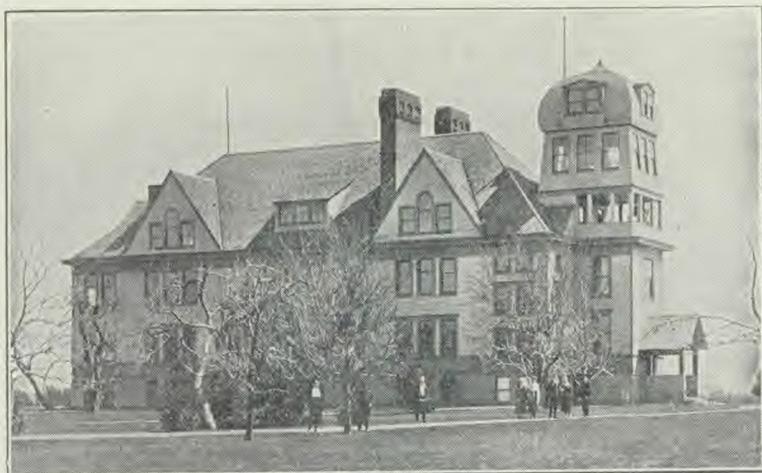
not scold him, nor fret at him; be always cheerful and bright in your talk with him. Let the sunshine of love in: it kills whine germs. Then insist that he do not whine or cry. Refuse what he wants until he clears up the whines. Tell him only sick boys whine, and he must be the doctor to make him well. You can make up stories that will help him to overcome the fault, too, stories like "Sugarloaf Nellie" and "Little Johnny Had-To." Make sure whether he has any fever, or is nervously exhausted from a long time of activity; and if so, put him to sleep, or at least make him rest lying down. Once you have enlisted his will, or made clear your own will, you can often snatch him away from the beginning of a whine by a bright, cheery word of command and encouragement. But remember that until you clear up bad physical states, you will make little progress in changing the habit; for the child is less able than the adult to make mind rule body.

You are right on insisting on a standard of one hundred per cent obedience. The child must know that there is no exception to obeying, that there is no time when he may disobey. If you have given a command, follow it through to the end and see that he obeys, by whatever means you have to take. On the other hand, avoid all possible clashes of will. The conscientious parent often overtrains. Do not think you must guide every act and let the child do nothing except what you will. The more initiative he has, the better for his future, if he is guarded from the worst errors. The more he learns by experience, the better fitted will he be to meet life. Give him liberty of action; make as few commands as possible, but see that those few are obeyed.

The form of address has a good deal to do in securing obedience. It is well fre-

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