FEBRUARY, 1932

HOME and SCHOOL

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

HOME AND SCHOOL

Official Organ of the Department of Education and the Home Commission of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

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Let Us Be Friends

THE pedagogue is outworn. A slave of law, he led his reluctant charges along the stony road to learning, and counted his duty well done when he had cudgeled the laggards to the pace of the forward. From him the legend grew of inherent enmity between teacher and pupil, of coercion on the one hand and of cunning evasion on the other. Though minimized and discredited, the evil tradition yet persists, kept alive by the imperfection of love in those who instruct.

We must be friends with our children. The success of our mission as either parents or teachers depends upon the free flowing of love between us and those we teach. Education is not the forcing of instruction upon an unready and unwilling mind; it is the leading forth into knowledge and wisdom of an eager and receptive mind. To establish that receptivity the teacher must gain not only the confidence but the affection of his pupil. No depth of erudition can take the place of love. Be a man or a woman ever so learned, he is not a teacher if he have not love. While learning is by no means to be despised, it is but lifeless clay until the spirit of love shall animate it.

Friendship with children requires cultivation. It is not the friendship of equals; for the elder is the teacher and governor, and must on occasion show the steel of discipline. The great democracy is not an association of adults and children. Close though their friendship, deep though their understanding, parents and teachers cannot be pals and chums with their boys and girls. They have a greater role to play, a higher friendship to maintain.

First of all, there must be something worthy in a man or a woman to give in friendship to a child. Insincerity is a deep gulf that love cannot pass. Reticences and compromises will cut the cords of the child's affection, and such severed ties can seldom be repaired. The life of the teacher must be built upon the model of the divine, that the grace and beauty of a heavenly love may freely flow forth into the younger lives.

And then there must be genuine interest in the things that fill the thoughts and direct the energies of the children. He only is successful in giving new truth to children who first of all apprehends and lives with the truth that is in them. It is the office of the child to keep youth in the heart of the adult. The gayety of childhood, its innocence, its wonder, its eagerness, must find response in the parent's and teacher's nature if hand is to be clasped in hand to make safe the path of life.

Come, let us be friends with our children.

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Education and Work

By G. DALRYMPLE

IN THE instruction which we believe God has given to Seventh-day Adventists on the subject of education, a variety of points is stressed. There is to be Bible education in the home, and family worship. Contamination by doctrines of infidelity is to be avoided. There is to be health education, so that our children may know their bodies as well as their multiplication tables. And there is to be work, useful employment, for the child. Of all the elements of Christian education, perhaps this last is the one to which we give slightest attention.

Such neglect is not unnatural. We live in an age which places increasing value upon leisure and idleness. A "workless world" has become almost an ideal. In modern urban life it is difficult to find much for young people to do. And by "urban life" I mean not only life at Broadway and Forty-second Street, but life in most of our fair-sized towns and in all of our cities.

On the farm there are chores for the boy to do; but what chores are there in a five-room flat? A home in the country has its garden; but where is the garden of an apartment house? Old-fashioned homes could teach the girls how to bake bread and can fruit; but how much bread is baked or fruits preserved when foods are more and more purchased from the bakery, the grocery store, and the delicatessen? Even the old-fashioned tedium of practicing on the piano may vanish before the blare of the radio. With the multitude of automobiles, we have noticed some young people who find even walking an undue taxation of their physical powers.

All these circumstances and conditions are so many reasons why it is hard, and is becoming harder, to follow the instruction given in the Testimonies of the Spirit of Prophecy that work as well as play is a part of the education of the child. "Children should be taught very young to be useful, to help themselves, and to help others. . . . They [the parents] overlook the future good of their children, and in their mistaken fondness, let them sit in idleness, or do that which is of but little account, which requires no exercise of the mind or muscles. . . . A proper amount of exercise about the house would improve both mind and body. But children are deprived of this through false ideas, until they are averse to work. It is disagreeable, and does not accord with their ideas of gentility. It is thought to be unladylike and even coarse to wash dishes, iron, or stand over the wash-tub. This is the fashionable instruction which is given children in this unfortunate age."—"*Testimonies*," *Vol. I, pp. 393, 394.* If these were the conditions in 1863, we cannot see that they have greatly improved by 1931.

It is largely, we think because of the "abundance of idleness" which modern urban and suburban life tends to bring in, that the instruction has come to Christian parents, "Serious times are before us, and there is great need for families to get out of the cities into the country. . . . A return to simpler methods will be appreciated by the children and youth. Work in the garden and field will be an agreeable change from the wearisome routine of abstract lessons, to which their young minds should never be confined. To the nervous child, who finds lessons from books exhausting and hard to remember, it will be especially valuable. There is health and happiness for him in the study of nature."—"*Testimonies*," *Vol. VI, pp. 178, 179.*

Is not this instruction distinctly understandable, when we consider the small opportunity which the average city home offers for training the child physically? for developing in him a desire for usefulness and self-reliance?

But suppose that it is not possible to remove immediately to the country? In such a case what can parents do? One thing they cannot do is to command: "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, . . ." for time will not turn backward. We cannot return to pioneer days. We must take modern civilization with all its increased opportunities for leisure. But there is much chance for the parent even under unfavorable conditions to train the child in ways of usefulness and accustom him (or her) to — well, to work.

Once I stayed overnight at the home of some parents who were striving to give their children an education of heart and head and hand according to the Christian ideal. In the morning some really delicious biscuits were served for breakfast, along with some other things. I complimented the mother on the quality of her biscuits. "Oh," she said, referring to her ten- or twelve-year-old son, who was at the table, "Robert made these." Just a few months ago I learned that this boy, now grown older and faced with the necessity of working his way through one of our schools, is acting as cook in the institution where he is getting his education. And is there any reason why a boy should not learn to cook?

Is there any reason why a girl should not learn to sew? — I mean not from a teacher at an academy or college, but from her own mother?

Is there any reason why, if there is land attached to a dwelling, a boy or girl should not learn to have a successful garden?

Is there any reason why even the tiny youngsters should not "help mother" as almost invariably they are anxious to do? It is granted that their

"help" may at first be largely imaginary, or even that it may sometimes be an actual hindrance; yet so important in their training is the daily performance of little duties, that it is better to bear the hindrance for the sake of developing the child. For if the child's anxiety to help is not encouraged by little worthwhile tasks, when he is older he will have little desire to help. Instead, he will rebel at any duty, and count all time lost which is not spent in his own amusement. His unwillingness will tempt the parent to nagging, and there will develop an unlovely spirit in the home and a whole group of unlovely characteristics in the child. Let little Mary dry the dishes. Occasionally one of them may be broken during the process; but it is easier to get new china, or even to use chipped pieces, than to re-mold a marred and indolent character.

"Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Ezekiel 16: 49. Can anyone doubt that these iniquities are found in the last days? Can anyone doubt that these things are strikingly prevalent in our own civilization? Can anyone doubt that these are disorders threatening the character of our own young people, unless as parents we take precautions to strengthen our children against them? And how shall we insure their strength?

We are all agreed that family worship should be held. We are all agreed that children should be early instructed in the truths of the Scriptures. We are all agreed that even small youngsters should have some notion of health and how it may be preserved. Is it much less important that they receive into their characters the fiber and strength which come from a task suited to their powers, and well performed? Is it much less important that we strengthen them to become strong and useful Christians, able to bear responsibility, able to do their honest part, willing and anxious to give a life of usefulness to God and to man?

Our Teacher

By B. B. Davis

THERE are many kinds of teachers. Our teacher is a "sensible" teacher. Just what is meant by the term "sensible teacher"? you ask. A "sensible" teacher is a teacher whose five senses are in good working order. Seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, and smelling are at this teacher's *command.* This presupposes good habits of working and living. It presupposes that the teacher is up to par physically —a gold star teacher.

The sensible teacher can "see" the absolute necessity of this condition. She will know that without a good supply of health she can never hope to match wits with the classroom group five days each week for the entire school year and *lead* the procession. The sensible teacher "sees" that she must be *at the head* of the group or fail to be the ideal teacher. She will "feel" that a complete physical examination is necessary before taking command of a lively group of red-blooded young Americans. If the diagnosis shows defects, those will be given immediate attention and if too serious, the prospective teacher will go into dry dock until necessary repairs are made. She knows that it is better not to sail than to sink in mid-ocean.

Assuming now that our sensible teacher has "heard" the admonition and "feels" the thrill of "tasting" the joys incident thereto, we follow her to school. The month is February and the second semester's work has just nicely begun. As the pupils arrive at school, they quietly place their wraps on assigned hooks and as quietly take their own seats. There was no need for standing around the stove or near a register because the teacher had "felt" the need of coming early so the thermometer would show the proper number of degrees by the time the pupils arrived. This was no hardship on the teacher because she had "tasted" the satisfaction on Sunday of having the week's work carefully outlined in her plan book.

Our coming, as visitors, did not worry her. She was *ready.* Her greeting to us was cordial and we were told to make ourselves right at home. This we proceeded to do. At five minutes of nine a light tap of a bell announced to the pupils that it was time to learn the Morning Watch text. This they did quickly. After several had repeated it individually it was given by all in unison.

On this particular morning the eighth grade pupils were in charge of the morning exercises. The teacher had "seen" that variation was necessary in the conduct of morning exercises in an ungraded room. The devotional exercise lasted only ten minutes, but it was well planned and entirely appropriate. Miss Careful, the teacher, expressed simply her appreciation to the eighth grade for their contribution of the morning and this seemed to please them very much. Children appreciate their teacher's commendation.

The first class called was the primary Bible class. While the little tots were coming to the recitation seat (individual kindergarten chairs), the older pupils quickly and quietly began the preparation of their lessons. Just two or three nods from Miss Careful and all were at work. Everybody seemed to *understand* what to do and how to go about it.

We had been glancing through the new Junior Reading Course books which had recently been purchased by the juniors themselves; but when Miss Careful started to tell the Bible story it was simply impossible not to listen. How she could tell stories! The story was a familiar one; but as *fresh* as if it were just plucked from the garden with the dew still on it. It was interesting to hear the little folks tell the story back to us. As they quietly took their seats to work in their Bible notebooks, the third and fourth grade Bible class without signal came forward for their recitation. This period was just as interesting as the one previous. So were the other Bible classes that followed in their turn. One child had been ill the day before, so did not know the assignments. With permission, he stepped quietly to the teacher's desk and from her plan book jotted down each assignment for the day. No one was disturbed in the least. The primary arithmetic classes were grouped in such a way that each pupil was receiving whatever individual instruction he needed. We thought of our own childhood school days and nearly envied these boys and girls the advantages which were theirs.

We had expected to stay for only a short while, but the morning slipped away before we were conscious of it and we were surprised when the signal was given for books to be laid aside for recess. One little fellow was slow, but all waited patiently until he picked up the spilled crayolas which had fallen out of his desk just at the last moment. When all was ready, Miss Careful started the victrola and each child marched to the cloakroom. Presently each returned with a covered dish which was deposited in a traylike receptacle on the stove. This had escaped our notice, but we were informed that an interested member of the Home and School Association was responsible for having this made so each child could have a warm dish at the noon hour. How simple it all was — inexpensive, too, and the water evaporating aided in keeping the humidity of the room just right. Why had not all our teachers "seen" the advantages of such a plan?

The time between recess and noon seemed almost no time at all. We could not stay for lunch, but we stopped long enough to see the pupils go through the "hand washing" line-up and until grace was said. We promised Miss Careful that sometime we would come for the afternoon session.

As we left, we could truly thank God for sending us such a "sensible" teacher. The children are making wonderful progress. Even poor Silas who doesn't seem to be "all there" is learning slowly. All the children like to help him. On our way home we talked about the success of the school. Miss Careful is so enthusiastic about her work that the children seem to catch the same spirit. They are really trying to do their best. The patrons, too, are enthusiastic. Miss Careful comes to see us quite often and knows us "at home." We hope we may keep her many years.

A Little Lad I Know

By Inez Brasier

A little lad I know,
Whose years are very few,
Says when I am busy quite
And have so much to do:
"I wisht I could help you, Mother,
I wisht I could."

And when I set my task,
This little boy of mine,
In his dear, happy way
Will say, with eyes a-shine,
"I know I can help you, Mother,
I know I can."

Then when his bed time comes
And evening prayers are said,
He murmurs as I turn
To tuck him into bed,
"I knew I could help you, Mother,
I knew I could."

O, Father, bless, I pray,
My little lad, my boy,
Whose eager helping mother
Is now his highest joy.
And grant that I may hear
Through every coming year,
"I wisht I could help you, Mother,
I wisht I could."

It is related of a certain king, that, when embarked on a voyage, attended by some of his courtiers, and carrying with him some of his treasures, a storm arose which made it necessary to lighten the ship; whereupon he commanded his courtiers to be thrown overboard, but saved his money. How is it with parents who are embarked with fortune and family on this voyage of life; when they need a better schoolhouse to save their children from ill health, or a better teacher to rescue them from immorality and ignorance, or even a slate or a shilling's worth of paper to save them from idleness; have we any parents among us or not, who, under such circumstances, will fling the child overboard and save the shilling? — *Horace Mann.*

The Boy George Washington

By ESTHER M. ADAMS

NEARLY every one of the outstanding characteristics of the life of George Washington: President, or George Washington: General, was previously manifest in the life of George Washington: Boy. He is one of the greatest examples of one whose life was molded and trained as a youth to such an extent that his later service and great career is not a surprise, but just the natural result of his early training. As the strongest influence in the formation of his character stands his mother. As George Washington is chronicled as one of the greatest of American leaders, so Mary Washington is acknowledged as one of the greatest of American mothers.

A Virginian breeding was George's. He was bred a gentleman and a man of honor, thus becoming the father of the American aristocracy of liberty and noble deeds. His father had extensive possessions along the Potomac. Before George was of school age, the father provided his older sons with a liberal education in England, and it was his intention that George likewise should be sent abroad. But before his wishes could be materialized, he died—when George was but eleven. Then it was that the great responsibility fell to Mary Washington, not only of the rearing of her children, but the care of the large plantation. The stupendous task did not disconcert her, and she accomplished it with a courage, a strength of will, and an undaunted faith in God that was reflected in the life of her illustrious son.

The school masters of Virginia, such as they were, became the teachers of George, augmented by home instruction. It was early discovered that he was an unusual child, and no pains were spared to provide for the development of his mind. He proved to be a good mathematician, but a poor grammarian. Throughout his life he apologized time and again for his incorrect spelling. When it became evident that a history of his life was desired, he looked over his war correspondence and carefully corrected the mistakes.

It has been said that George did not play as a boy, but there is no indication of the truth of this statement. He found enjoyment in keeping busy, in having something to do. "He was above all things a capable, executive boy. He loved mastery and he relished acquiring the most effective means of mastery in all practical affairs." He was tall and strong and brave, and it is unthinkable that such an out-door boy as he did not find plenty of fun. But his mother taught him not to separate enjoyment from his daily tasks, and if he was a serious lad, he also had the satisfaction of having performed the hard tasks given him to the best of his ability. Big as he was physically, he was never a bully. "His admirable physical traits are in perfect accordance with the properties of his mind and heart; and over all, crowning all, is a beautiful and, in one so strong, a strange dignity of manner and of mien — a calm seriousness, a sublime self-control which at once compels the veneration, attracts the confidence, and secures the favor of all who behold him."

After his father died, his mother, "still under thirty-six, found strength and great solace in her lifetime habit of rising at dawn to spend the first hour of her day in silent thought and prayer to prepare herself for the family worship and the day's events." The source of her strength was truly divine. She taught George to conduct family prayers and say grace at the table. Thus he acquired a dependence in God for help in time of sorrow and need, which comforted him in the great days of trial which were before him.

His mother did not keep him at her apron strings. In order to be nearer the school, for a while he lived away from home. When he was sixteen, he became a surveyor. While yet a lad, he was a fearless woodsman, keen, robust, with calm judgment and unerring accuracy. Surveying was wild and perilous work, but he had a taste for trying his strength and endurance, and a relish for hardships which did not wear off with the novelty of it. He was no idle dreamer. He foresaw what developments could be made and then immediately set out to make them. Even as a small boy, these traits were manifest.

George Washington was a gentleman, but never proud; just as his mother was a lady, but never vain. Both were absolutely devoid of frivolity, but always possessed a pleasant bearing and a genial spirit. Their servants loved them. They were reticent, but free from self-consciousness. A well-mannered poise was George's. The greatest cause of his ever being embarrassed was when he was praised, when sometimes speech failed him. The people loved him for his modesty. His mother often called him her "good boy," never referring to him as a great general as others did. She could receive the great Lafayette in her garden dress and still impress him with her graceful dignity.

The sincerity of Washington's beliefs, the self-reliance and self-control, the courage that could endure long-continued suspense and bear the weight of great responsibility, the steadfastness that found him unshrinking before unpopularity and misrepresentations, were all learned at home. Trudging in the wilderness with cold and hunger and danger as his

H. Armstrong Roberts

Washington Monument and Cherry Blossoms

companions prepared him for his Valley Forge experience. The domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed were powerful. He not only profited by them, but fully appreciated his mother's unselfish efforts, as indicated by his attitude toward her at all times.

One of the greatest tests of his life came while he was about fourteen, when he was determined to become a sailor. At first his mother, glad that her son was anxious to do something, gave her consent. But when the day of parting came, and thoughts of how hard his life might be and how she might never

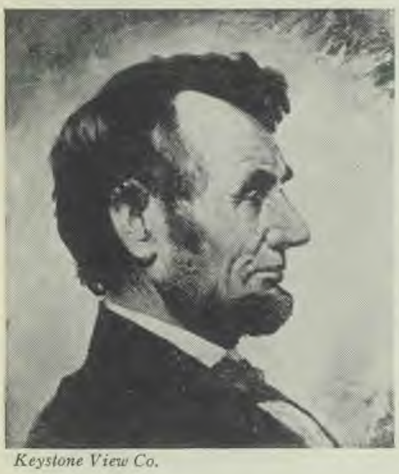
see him again came rushing in upon her, her stout heart quailed for once, and she broke down. "It will crush my heart," she told him through her tears. "I cannot bear the thought of your going."

Here was a decision to be made, the results of which were to determine the trend of his whole life. On the one hand lay travel and adventure and possible promotion. On the other was his mother's love, and what seemed to be an uneventful existence at home. In this trying hour his mettle was tested. Manliness, however, was his; he could not bear to see his mother in tears; he was mindful of her wishes and remained at home. This was the supreme evidence of the greatness that was in him. And he was but a boy! By obeying his mother, as was his custom, though it crushed his fondest hopes, his life was spared to this new country, which was so soon to call him to lay his all on the altar of freedom.

"Father Abraham"

By VIRGINIA M. KIMBALL

HE HAS been cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, and painted on canvas, but more enduring still, his memory has been engraven on the hearts of mankind. No more can be said that will heighten our esteem or deepen our affection for this man whose life we have traced again and again from his birth of poor parents in a Kentucky log cabin, to his assassination while serving his country as president.



Keystone View Co.

Some men are brilliant in their times, but their words and deeds are of little worth to history. His mission was as large as his country, vast as humanity, enduring as time.

We shall not deal with "Father Abraham" in connection with his immediate family; nor as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but as Father of the Army. One very noticeable feature of his life was his relation to the common soldier. Officers he respected, even deferred to, but from the first arrival of troops in Washington, it was the man on foot with a gun on his shoulder and a pack on his back that had Lincoln's heart. Even in the early days of the war, the men found it out, and went to him confidently for favors refused elsewhere. From the very beginning he was the personal friend of every man who was sent to the front, and every man seemed to know it. No doubt this idea was strengthened in the minds of the soldiers by his visits to the camp and his friendly hand clasp and hearty, "God bless you," or his remonstrances against the youth of fifteen masquerading as twenty.

Lincoln's sympathy for the soldiers was very genuine. They were not only fighting his country's battles, they came from that large mass of sturdy citizenship of which he spoke with pride and affection as "the common people." "With us," he explained to a French nobleman, "every soldier is a man of character and must be treated with more consideration than is customary in Europe."

His visits to the camps and army corps were an ovation, for the "boys" loved him in return for his many kindnesses, and responded in every way permitted by discipline. It was not only for soldiers in the abstract that he cared. He sampled their rations, chuckled over their repartee, and "sized up" individual members of a company as he passed by, while for those in trouble he agonized in spirit as no ruler of this world had ever done. Reports of scores of cases where he interfered personally to secure some favor or right for a soldier found their way to the army and gave solid foundation to the impression that he was the soldier's friend.

From the time the first troops arrived in Washington, in April, 1861, the town was full of men, all wanting to see the President. At first, they were gay and curious merely, their requests trivial; but later, when the army had settled down to steady fighting, and Bull Run and the Peninsula and Antietam and Fredericksburg had cut and scarred and aged it, the soldiers who haunted Washington were changed. They stumped about on crutches. They sat pale and thin in the parks, empty sleeves pinned to their breasts; they came to the White House begging for furloughs to see dying parents, for release to support a suffering family. No man will ever know how many of these soldiers Abraham Lincoln helped.

Many applications reached Lincoln as he passed to and from the White House and the War Department. One day while crossing the park, he was stopped by a Negro who told a pitiful story. The

President wrote him out a check for five dollars. "Pay to colored man with one leg," it read.

The President visited the hospitals as often as he could—visits never forgotten by the men to whom he spoke as he passed up and down the wards, shaking hands here and giving cheering words there, and making jocular comments everywhere. Of all the incidents told of Lincoln's visits, there is nothing more characteristic, better worth preservation, than the one preserved by Dr. Jerome Walker of Brooklyn:

"Just one week before his assassination, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac and carefully examined the hospital arrangements there stationed. Though a boy of nineteen years, to me was assigned the duty of escorting the President through our department of the hospital system. The reader can imagine the pride with which I fulfilled the duty, and as we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact, and his genuine interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

"Finally, after visiting the wards occupied by our invalid and convalescing soldiers, we came to three wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With a feeling of patriotic duty, I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only *rebels*.' I will never forget how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean *Confederates*.' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"There was nothing left for me to do after the President's remark but to go with him through these three wards; and I could not see but that he was just as kind, his hand-shaking just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers.

"As we returned to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded.

By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

United States Capitol in Winter

When I visited these three wards next day, the Southern officers and soldiers were full of praise for 'Abe' Lincoln, as they called him, and when a week afterwards the news came of the assassination, there was no truer sorrow nor greater indignation anywhere than was shown by these same Confederates."

Secretary Stanton and officers of the army protested against his wholesale clemency with regard to court-martial cases, which reached a number approaching 30,000 a year. These were referred by hundreds to President Lincoln and each case coming to his notice was the subject of his personal solicitude. He kept the military telegraph busy with his messages staying executions and asking details of evidence. Attorney General Bates told him frankly that he was not fit to be entrusted with the pardoning power. This did not move him in the least. He privately believed Bates to be as "pigeon-hearted" as himself. He argued that he "did not believe it would make a man any better to shoot him, and that if the Government kept him alive it could at least get some work out of him." Cases of cowardice

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Mrs. Rogers, Plus *or* Minus System

By MARTHA E. WARNER

I HAD called to see the baby granddaughter, but as that important personage was asleep, the grandmother, Mrs. Rogers, said to me, "If you don't mind sitting on the stairs, come on out into the back kitchen and I'll keep on with my work."

I didn't mind, not in the least; in fact, I was very glad for the opportunity of watching another woman at her work, and especially when that woman was Mrs. Rogers.

I think perhaps, before I go any further, I better explain about Mrs. Rogers. She was one of those women who was forever complaining of being worked to death, having no leisure time. All her kitchen aprons were made with two pockets; in one she carried a pedometer, in the other a notebook. And at the end of the day, usually at supper time, the family would be served, as a special treat, to the recital of the number of miles she had walked, the number of times she had been upstairs, the number of steps taken from sink to stove, and the sum total of steps in the day's trips. Times without number, she had told me she was a slave to her family, an unappreciated slave, and times without number I have sat in judgment upon her, thinking that she enjoyed being a slave. Perhaps with this little explanation, you will understand why I was especially glad for the back kitchen invitation.

Now what I am about to tell you is not a made-up story; it is as it happened, exactly. Mrs. Rogers had been washing, for there was a large basket of children's clothes by the stairs apparently ready for the line; although I later found out they were not.

Mrs. Rogers' method of procedure as she attacked that basket of clothes was as follows. First, she crossed the room, took a pail from under the stairs, carried it to the sink, and filled it with water. Crossing the room again she took one garment from the basket, carried it back to the sink, rinsed it in the pail, opened the screen door into the kitchen proper, went to the work table, dipped the garment into a pan of starch, came out into the back kitchen, went the entire length of the room for two clothespins, retraced her steps to the outside door which was by the sink, went out of doors, hung the garment on the line, and returned, to start all over again with a second garment. And thus she continued until every garment was on the line; then she slumped down on a peach basket and for the hundredth, thousandth time began her tired story.

When I carefully and cautiously suggested to her, that she could save herself many steps by having her working materials together in one place, she chillingly informed me that she was doing work when I was in the cradle, therefore she did not need to be told HOW to do her work.

You see, Mrs. Rogers enjoyed taking steps, really enjoyed getting tired, and all because the word "system" was not included in her vocabulary of life. Being ignorant of its meaning, she plodded along in the same old rut, never dreaming that the simple, six-letter word could, if recognized, change her from a complainer to a rejoicer.

Now Mrs. Rogers is only one of many women whose work is never done. System, says Webster, is "regular method or order; formal arrangement; orderliness; as, to have system in one's business." And according to my way of thinking, the woman who has a home to manage, is engaged in a business which takes precedence over all other, but how few realize it.

There can be no system in the home without a working program or schedule for the mother, or housekeeper, and for each member of the family who has duties to perform in the home; and the schedule must be explicitly followed.

Children must early be taught to bear responsibility. Teach them to keep their rooms in order, give them a place for their toys and see that they are kept there when not in use. Put hooks or rods in closets low enough for them to reach, and train them to hang up their clothes. Of course, all this should be included in the child's program, along with any other work which is given him to do daily, allowing a reasonable length of time for each task.

To find out how much time is required to accomplish the various tasks, just keep time on yourself and the children for a period of a week or more; by so doing you will be able to determine the time consumed on each activity. When the least time necessary for the various tasks is determined, then make out your schedule, fitting in daily and weekly tasks, allowing time for each, and you will be surprised to find how much leisure you have for yourself, your husband, and your children.

Mrs. Rogers, minus system, was a tired, fretty woman. Mrs. Rogers, plus system, might have been a rested, happy woman. All this and much more I wanted to say to her, as I sat on the stairs in her back kitchen, but it would never do. And because it would never do, I am telling it to you, and if your name should happen to be Mrs. Rogers, you know now just what I think about system in one's home.

The future of the nation cannot be entrusted to the children unless their education includes their spiritual development.—*President Harding.*

True Experiences in Nature's Garden

The Corn Roast and the Baby Owls

By Jessie Stabler-Burdick

HOW jubilant we all were at the prospect of spending a day in the park, a small piece of woodland which had been purchased by the city, but had not yet been "improved" so thoroughly that all its natural shrubbery had been removed.

When we arrived, we found that some of the party had stolen a march on us and had the framework up on which to hang the kettle, had made preparations for the fire, and had the corn ready to cook.

It kept us all busy keeping the fire burning around the kettle so that it could not play truant by running off in various directions and setting the dry leaves on fire. It was somewhat windy and the fire was in a very capricious mood.

The corn was finally pronounced "just right" to eat, so we all sat around a cloth spread on the ground — a regular banquet in the woods, for we had other goodies beside the corn, and we ate with the relish one always has in the open. It was more enjoyable than the most elaborate luncheon within four walls. Mother Nature is a sure cure for a poor appetite and the long tramp we had had before dinner was an "irresistible argument." There were no complaints; all ate to the full and seemed temporarily satisfied.

When the eatables were safely packed away for the evening meal, and we were lounging about on improvised seats and in the hammock, right above our heads we discovered an unusually large hump on the side of one of the small branches.

What could it be? It was exactly the color of the bark on the twig, but it seemed to have lichens on it, looking much like a tuft of moss upon the bough on which it was placed.

We all, especially the children, were eager to examine it. Such a tiny cup. Could it possibly be a bird's nest? Yes, it proved to be a real humming bird's nest, but the young ones had flown away as it was past the nesting season.

After watching the sun disappear behind the wooded hills, making everything glorious with its rosy tints, we decided it was time to have another corn roast, since the first was such a universal success with the members of our party. The men and boys hastened in different directions in search of firewood; by this time the twilight had faded into darkness and a large full moon was sending silvery beams through the tree tops.

After the evening meal, we sat in a circle around the fire watching the sparks as they darted merrily about in their upward, zigzag flight.

The mingling of the sparks with the branches of the gently swaying trees made a lively scene, while the smoke of the oak and maple twigs was a goodly smell, reminding me of the dear old apple butter days of my childhood when the younger members of our family played merry games around the steaming kettle in the early evening.

Suddenly we were conscious of a quiet fluttering movement above us; looking up, we saw five baby owls in the topmost branches of the tree between us and the moon. They seemed to be having quite a controversy over who was who, all seeming to want the most comfortable place on a certain twig, while they were curiously intent on watching the fire.

The dark fluffy bodies of the little owls in the sparsely leafed branches of the tree, etched against the blue sky, the moon intensifying the scene, was a memorable sight. Ten big, golden brown eyes peered down at us from the semi-darkness above; the reflection of the firelight in their eyes made them look "skeery," indeed, while they kept up a continual quavery "ook-hoo, ook-hoo."

To me it was a wildly musical sound in the solitude of the woods, for I love the owls; and although they are almost universally disliked, these little creatures have romance in their lives, even though they do sing a weird, plaintive song. It is the best and only serenade they know. They are just as happy as the more beautiful songsters, such as the lark and the bob-o-link. They are fulfilling the design of their Creator, doing their bit in their humble way, just as much as their *aristocratic* feathered relatives.

Gene Stratton Porter says:

> "The owl when he courts, screeches
> Because that's the best that he can do;
> If you couldn't court without screeching,
> Why, then, I guess you'd screech, too."

When the last dying ember had flickered out, we packed our various dishes, pots, and kettles in a small wagon and the procession started homeward. Never shall I forget that winding trail through the woods in the moonlight. We all helped to keep the wagon and its contents from disaster as it bobbed about over the hummocks of grass and leaves.

Finally after much squeaking and groaning, we reached the city limits, which provided a smooth sidewalk for our carry-all and weary feet.

The little owls added a touch of wildness to our evening's enjoyment and we left our temporary playground with a regret we could scarcely express.

The screech owl wears freaky plumage, rusty red one time, mottled gray and black another, without reference to sex, age, or season. This is one of the bird mysteries which has not been solved. Frequently birds of the same brood will have different colored feathers.

The length of the screech owl is eight to nine inches. When the color is brown, the upper parts are rusty red, finely streaked with blackish brown, with mottling of light brown; underparts are whitish buff with irregular rusty bars. Eyes are clear yellow, legs and feet are covered with short feathers; the ear tufts are prominent.

When the plumage is gray, the upper parts are ashen gray streaked with black, with a fine mottling of yellow; underparts are white, barred irregularly with black, with rusty edges. Young birds have entire plumage regularly barred with rusty gray and white.

The weird whistled tremulo of the screech owl is very uncanny to many people. Many are the absurd superstitions associated with these harmless birds. This call is probably the most familiar owl call to the majority of people, and many think his love solo is too doleful to be effective. Yet the screecher's little mate apparently considers it most entrancing, as she remains mated for life.

Nesting usually begins in March, but the courting often begins the last of January or first of February. A natural cavity in a hollow tree is a favorite nesting nook.

Owls go through strange performances to attract their mates. Mr. Lynds Jones had the good fortune to observe a pair of courting screech owls. "The female was perched in a dark, leafy tree," he says, "apparently oblivious to the presence of her mate, who made frantic efforts, through a series of bowings, wing-raisings, and snappings, to attract her attention. Those antics were continued for some time, varied by hops from branch to branch near her, accompanied by that forlorn, almost despairing wink peculiar to this bird. Once or twice I thought I detected sounds of inward groanings, as he, beside himself with his unsuccessful approaches, sat in utter dejection. At last his mate lowered her haughty head."

On wing, the owl moves like a shifting shadow, so silently does it pass. Its menu is largely made up of insects, cutworms, mice, and moles. Sometimes sharp hunger drives them to take the little birds, but they do much more good than harm. So why in the name of all that is economic and humane, should this valuable helper of the farmer be so persistently shot?

Little Lessons *of* Life

"Just Fine"

By Mrs C. O. Doub

MOTHER NATURE is a garrulous dame on occasion. She and I have had some lively conversations together. She can also be an exacting and inscrutable disciplinarian when she pleases. I might recount to you on what wise she disciplined me in three instances.

"Mother Nature," I said to her one spring, "I realize that I should have had a load of cotton hulls put on this garden lot last fall to decay, and had them ready to plow in by now. But I wasn't sure I should be here this season; therefore, I neglected to do it. If I will now give this clay a thorough working to loosen it, can't you grow some pretty good beets and carrots after all?"

Silence.

I planted my seed, and presently rows of ferny green and satiny red plants sprang forth with great promise. Then a rain came and so crusted the surface in drying that I had a long, tedious task breaking it away from the tender stems to let them grow. Another rain fell, and another, leaving the ground so packed that the little taproots were unable to swell. Laboriously I dug about them, uprooting many in the process; and yet the soil was not satisfactory. Further rains came, and all I could do was to leave the poor vegetables to their fate. We ate the beet tops for greens, but the roots were so tiny and pithy and packed and pressed into a thousand crazy shapes by the cloddy soil that they were hopeless. The carrots, being edible neither above nor below ground, were a total loss.

What do you suppose Mother Nature said to me? It was this: "If you are to have a good crop, you must begin a long time beforehand to prepare for it."

There was in a northwest corner next to the ell of the house a flower bed that was unfavorably situated. But, all the other space being occupied, I utilized that corner for Shasta daisies, presumptuously hoping that they would thrive in spite of their

(*Continued on page 16*)

J. C. Allen

Are You a Child Trainer?

By ELVA ZACHRISON

IN AN article entitled, "Are We Building or Destroying Personality?" Garry Cleveland Myers warns against turning "teaching into testing." "A happy fireside atmosphere" should be developed in the schoolroom, and more time should be spent in "home-school relationships."

His advice is: "Reduce the waste in oral recitation. Provide more supplementary materials. Make greater use of the rapidly-developing individual instruction units which call for no stop-watch, which allow each child to work at his own rate of speed and to check himself upon the accuracy of his work. More use of manifold exercises will help relieve the teacher from a deal of unnecessary drudgery. She, so relieved, can have more time for individual instruction, more time to hear about Annello's mother's rheumatism, about the little baby brother in Cecelia's home, about the family where the father has been out of work, or about the marked success of big sister Sue.

"It takes time to be human. Heart strings cannot stand the strain of a stop-watch. The child is more than a machine. Let us quit destroying the best in him. Let us strive instead to build in him a comfortable, happy personality."

Perhaps sometimes we are tempted to make apologetic comparisons between the better equipped, more highly specialized system of state instruction, and our own small schools. But we will forget the apologies when we remember that the small group, rightly handled, is the only ideal way for character building and personality development in the schools. And how could we impart to our students these pre-eminent qualifications without the Bible foundation and the Christian background? Was it not the small group, sometimes the one needy soul, that drew from Jesus His very life virtue? Was it not to a small group that He gave specialized training, and to whom there flowed abundant power from His own matchless personality?

The late Dr. Frank Crane, in an article entitled, "The School Teacher" said: "The rational theory is to send children to school, not to study, but to be studied; not to lay them on Procrustean beds of 'the system,' and to lop them off if they are too long and to stretch them out if they are too short. . . . Charles Dickens, who was a sympathetic student of Froebel, in one of his works makes Esther say: 'I did doubt whether Richard would not have profited by some one studying him a little, instead of his studying Latin verse so much.'

"Instead of teachers of children we need students of children, patient, gifted men and women who try to find what is in a child and to develop that.

"There is no true child training that is not individual. The class system is a labor-saving

device. . . . A child trainer should have no more pupils than he can give his personal attention and constant companionship.

"The child trainer is born, not made. One must be endowed by nature for it, as violinists or public speakers are for their professions. One must be called of God as preachers are supposed to be."

To be successful in this art of arts, we must not only love our work, we must love our pupils. Sometimes that is not so hard, but it takes a specialist to detect anything lovable in some of the pupils that come to us. You know how some are, selfish, rude, unappreciative, deceitful. One September I found myself with a group of pupils whose lack of charm was very striking. Anyway, that was the way they appealed to me. They were unusually unresponsive, and many of them were very slow to learn. Anyone whose congested program calls for high-powered teaching knows how exasperating the low I. Q.'s may become. I knew my apathetic attitude would make of none effect anything I tried to do for them. So I took the situation to the great Lover of humanity, and asked Him to teach me how to love for Him as well as how to live for Him. And He did.

The following quotations are taken from "Testimonies," Vol. 3, pp. 134, 135; Vol. 6, pp. 169, 205; "Education," p. 212:

"There is danger of both parents and teachers commanding and dictating too much, while they fail to come sufficiently into social relation with their children or scholars."

"The habits and principles of a teacher should be considered of even greater importance than his literary qualifications. If he is a sincere Christian, he will feel the necessity of having an equal interest in the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual education of his scholars."

"The teachers need great managing ability; they must be true to principle, and yet wise and tender, linking love and Christlike sympathy with discipline. They should be men and women of faith, of wisdom, and of prayer. They should not manifest stern, unbending dignity, but should mingle with the youth, becoming one with them in their joys and sorrows, as well as in their daily routine of work. Cheerful, loving obedience will generally be the fruit of such effort."

"Teachers should sometimes enter into the sports and plays of the little children, and teach them how to play. . . . This companionship will bind together the hearts of teachers and pupils, and school will be a delight to all."

"The true teacher can impart to his pupils few gifts so valuable as the gift of his own companionship. . . . The sacrifice demanded of the teacher would be great, but he would reap a rich reward."

A Prayer

Great Master, teach me how to teach. Teach me so to know Thee, that in every contact my pupils may feel the touch of the Master. Charge my life with power — with life-giving, soul-stirring power— that the lives I touch may also thrill with power from above. Charge my mind with wisdom, with tact, and good understanding, that the minds I touch may also be filled with hope and faith in God. Charge my heart with love, with self-abnegating, self-sacrificing love, that the hearts I touch may also throb in unison with Thine own.

"Father Abraham"

(*Concluded from page 9*)

he was especially averse to punishing with death. "Let him fight instead of shooting him," he endorsed on the case of a man who had once before deserted, and then re-enlisted.

Some reasons he gave for granting pardons were whimsical enough, but there was a sound principle underlying his action. He tried to probe for motives, and if he learned that a man's general record was good, he accepted that as presumptive evidence that he meant to do right, wherever his "cowardly legs" might have carried him.

Nothing that concerned the life of the men in the line was foreign to him. The man might have shown cowardice. The President only said, "I never felt sure but I might drop my gun and run away if I found myself in line of battle." The man might be poor and friendless; "I'll be his friend," said Lincoln. The man might have deserted; "Suspend execution, send me his record," was ordered by Lincoln. Not only was he the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States, but he was father of the army, and never was a title more deserved than the one the soldiers gave him — Father Abraham.

"If you sit down at set of sun
And count the deeds that you have done,
And counting find
One self-denying deed or word
That eased the heart of him who heard—
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent."

In discussing "Problems of Boyhood" before the National Prisoners' Aid Association recently, F. Emory Lyon declared that "if the state had devoted one-half of the cost of committal or half the annual budget for the boys' maintenance inside the institution to their personal guidance during the first critical period outside, it would have saved thousands of the dollars that are spent in supporting criminals, because many of those men would not have resorted to crime."

The Story Circle

Mother Nature's Children Who Wouldn't Go to Bed

By Inez Brasier

MOTHER NATURE had been busy putting her children to bed, for the north wind was blowing and it was getting cold. She covered them all, the flowers and wee creatures, with red and yellow leaves. Then to make sure not one would get cold during the long winter months, she covered them with a soft, white blanket. That is, she covered most of them, for Snowshoe Rabbit and Johnny Bluejay and Blackcap Chickadee were not going to sleep all winter. They were not even going to bed, though Snowshoe would take a short nap now and then in his home under the roots of the old pine tree.

One sunny morning when the snow lay on the ground, Snowshoe Rabbit was wakened by his friend Johnny Bluejay calling, "Hey, hey! Come and play!"

He stretched himself and sat in his doorway, wondering what to do first. Far away, he heard Blackcap Chickadee talking as he hunted for insect eggs and worms up and down a big tree.

"I will have a little chat with Blackcap," he said. Off he went, hippity-hop, over the snow. Blackcap did not see him till he stopped with a big hop right under the tree.

"Dee, dee, dee," he scolded. "Why don't you wear a dark coat so a bird could see you coming?" He was so cross he flew away without looking for another worm. "Dee, dee, dee."

Snowshoe wriggled his nose in that queer little way of his. "Now why did he scold like that? Maybe he doesn't like my lovely white coat; but I do, for I can have lots of fun in the snow without Red Fox seeing me." He made some zigzag hops around the tree where Johnny Bluejay was listening and chuckling to himself.

By this time Snowshoe was hungry, so he hopped over to some little trees and made his breakfast from the green ends of the branches. He felt so good he decided to run across the meadow.

Snowshoe ran. He ran so fast around an old stump he did not see Tommy Squirrel and took one big hop right over him. "Here, here," Tommy chattered, "is that the way you treat your friends when they go walking?" But Snowshoe did not stop till he was safe at home under the roots of the big pine tree.

"I think I've had enough exercise till the moon shines tonight," he said, as he lay down to sleep.

How There Came to Be Eight

By Abbie C. Morrow

THERE were seven of them, girls in their teens, who formed one of those blessed "Do Without Bands." It was something entirely new, this pledge to "look for opportunities to do without for Jesus' sake"; but they were earnest Christian girls, so they organized with enthusiasm. Their first doing without was at their first meeting. One of the seven, Maggie, was honest enough to say, when the question was raised as to whether they should have a silver or bronze badge, that she ought not to afford a twenty-five-cent one. So the others decided to choose the bronze, which was only five cents, and save the twenty cents. And they had $1.20 to begin with.

Alice was rich. Her self-denial reached in many directions. She often went without ruffles and wore plain collars. She bought cheaper stockings. She mended her old gloves, and went without a new pair. She made thirty-five-cent embroidery answer when she had been used to paying fifty.

Carrie was moderately wealthy. She never indulged in high-priced embroidery. She used the buttons on an old dress for a new one; she bought just half the usual amount of plush for the trimmings, and did without a new hat.

Elsie never used expensive trimmings or feathers or flowers. She was a plain little body, but she did enjoy having her articles of the finest quality. So she bought an umbrella with a plain handle instead of a silver one, and a pocketbook which was good and substantial, but not alligator, and walked to school instead of patronizing the cars.

Confectionery had been Mamie's extravagance. Once a week she went without her accustomed box of bon bons, and sometimes bought plain molasses candy instead of caramels, and then saved the difference.

Peanuts and popcorn were Sadie's favorite. And as she began occasionally "to do without" these, she was surprised to know by the amount she saved how much she had been spending.

Lottie went without jellies and jams and her mother allowed her what she thought they cost. She enlisted the sympathy of the family, and persuaded them to go without dessert one day in the week.

All this and much more these young girls did, not without some sighs and some struggling that first month; but it began to grow easier to do without for Jesus' sake.

I think their history would forever have remained unwritten but for Maggie, the youngest and poorest of them all. Her dress was plain even to poverty. Fruit was a rare luxury on their table. Ruffles and embroidery and fancy trimmings were not so much as thought of. She did not eat jellies. As the days wore on, her heart was heavy for there seemed absolutely no opportunity for her to do without, even for Jesus' sake. As she looked around her plainly furnished room, she could see nothing which anyone would buy. Occasionally her mother had given her a penny to buy a doughnut to eat with the plain bread-and-butter lunch she always carried to school. But the times seemed harder than usual, and there was no opportunity to deny herself even in the cake.

A copy of the missionary papers came to Maggie's home. Alice had given a subscription to each of the Band. The child's heart ached as she read the pitiful story of need in the homes so much poorer than her own, and going to her room she knelt and asked the Father to show her some way in which she could sacrifice something for Him. As she prayed, her pretty pet spaniel came up and licked her hand. She caught him up in her arms and burst into a flood of tears. Many a time had Dr. Gaylord offered her twenty-five dollars for him, but never for a moment had she thought of parting with him. "I cannot, Darling, I cannot," she said as she held him closer. His name was Bright, but she always called him Darling. She opened her door and sent him away. Then she lay on her face for more than an hour, and wept, and struggled, and prayed. Softly and sweetly came to her the words, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

She stood up, "I suppose He loved His only Son better than I love Darling. I will do it," she said. Hurriedly she called Bright and went away. When she came back she held five new five-dollar-bills in her hand. She put them into her "Do Without Envelope" and sent them to the Band with a brief note. She knew she could never trust herself to go and take the money. They might ask her where she got so much.

Three days went by. Maggie was strangely happy, though she missed her little playmate. The fourth day good old Dr. Gaylord called. He had wondered if it was extreme poverty that had forced the child to part with her pet. Maggie never meant to tell him her secret, but he drew it out of her in spite of her resolution. He went home grave and thoughtful. In all his careless, generous life he had never denied himself so much as a peanut for Jesus' sake.

"Come here, Bright," he called as he entered his gate. Gravely the dog obeyed. He was no longer the frisky, tricky creature Dr. Gaylord had always admired. He missed his little playmate.

The next morning when Maggie answered a knock at the door, there stood Bright, wriggling, and barking, and wagging his tail.

"My Darling!" was all the child could say, as with happy tears she scanned the note Dr. Gaylord had fastened to his collar. It read:

"My dear child: Your strange generosity has done for me what all the sermons of all the years have failed to do. Last night, on my knees I offered the remnant of an almost wasted life to God. I want to join your Band, and I want to begin the service as you did by doing without Bright. He is not happy here. God bless the little girl that led me to Jesus."

So that "Do Without Band" came to number eight. Every month Dr. Gaylord sends his envelope, and his doing without usually amounts to more than their doing without all put together. And Maggie's Bible has a peculiar mark at Psalm 126:6. She thinks she knows what it means.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed [happy] to give than to receive." Acts 20:35.

Little Lessons of Life

(*Continued from page 12*)

handicaps. They didn't. What with dearth of sunshine, and excess of water from the eaves gutter, the soil became leached out, sour, and heavy. The daisies pined away and died.

I felt a bit resentful toward Mother Nature. Coolly she countered:

"If you want plants to thrive, you must give them enough of everything and not too much of anything."

A friend once gave me a sprout of a choice plant. Instead of going to the attic for a thumb pot to fit the little thing, as I should have done, I set it in a good-sized pot that happened to be handy on a pantry shelf. The plant lived, but because its poor little rootlets could not reach to the porous walls of the pot to breathe properly and to compact the root system, it became such a straggly affair that I was ashamed to have people see it.

Again I half blamed Mother Nature. She smiled a rebuke at me. "You gave it more room than it could fill successfully," she said.

In the course of time I learned that Mother Nature never flatters herself that things are better than they really are, or says, "all right" when they are all wrong. There are human parents who are not so wise.

"How is Willard doing?" I inquired of a father concerning his nineteen-year-old son whom he had intended for the medical profession.

"Oh fine, just fine," came the father's ready reply.

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~Editorial Quillograms~

Drill, Drill, Drill!

THAT is what the miner does. He starts his drill in the solid rock. And he drills and drills in the same spot hour after hour. At first, little impression is made in the flinty rock. He drills on just the same in the very same spot. A hole is made. It is deepened and widened. Explosives are sunk into the opening. Then, look out! The drill and the dynamite have done their work and have laid bare the precious ore.

So it is in educational processes. The drill must first do its work. Few teachers are sufficiently dynamic in their presentation of a subject to create upon the mind of the pupil a lasting impression. Dynamite simply shot off into the air doesn't produce much effect. It must be placed in the opening made by the drill in order to accomplish what is desired. The drill comes first.

Drilling is a slow, laborious, monotonous process. It isn't one bit spectacular. But it counts. It is by constant repetition that impressions are made.

No teacher is a success who neglects the drill. In reading, in phonics, in correct vs. incorrect forms of expressions, in spelling, in number combinations, in geography, in historical dates, and events — in short in every branch of learning—the drill is an essential feature. *Essential* in this case should be italicized. It is absolutely indispensable.

A rapid-fire drill at the beginning of a recitation arouses the pupils to a keen sense of alertness. Another Gatling gun barrage for sixty seconds at its close sends them to their seats alive for the next task.

Poor spelling is entirely inexcusable. Keep a list of words misspelled in written exercises and examination papers, and *drill* on those words. Check all words missed during the week in the regular spelling work and *drill*. Make a list of "demons," not too long or formidable a list, and *drill*. Make a list of proper names, personal, geographical, Biblical, and *drill*. Make a list of the more common technical terms as used in physiology, general science and nature study, mechanics, civics, and *drill*. Settle it that you are going to turn out of your school good spellers.

Drill on number combinations. Since 8 and 9 make 17, why not memorize this fact once for all? It was a truth in Archimedes' day; it will be truth throughout eternity. Better learn it and be done with it. Counting on the fingers, making dots and counting them, or even counting imaginary dots is abominable and should never be tolerated. And since there are only forty-five elementary number combinations anyway, the task of memorizing them once and forever is a simple one. And the only sure way is *drill*. Drill your seventh grade; drill your eighth grade; drill any grade, and drill any pupil that does not *know* his number combinations.

Try this little form for such rapid-fire drills:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	3
2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	4	5	6
3	3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4
7	8	9	5	6	7	8	9	6
4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	6
7	8	9	7	8	9	8	9	9
6	6	6	7	7	7	8	8	9

By placing the larger figure above in each case, the same scheme may be better used for rapid drill in subtraction. The same form may also be used for multiplication drills. 9 times 9 is as high as one needs really to go in memorizing the multiplication tables. That plan may even be used as a drill in short division in the grades above the primary. For example, point to the box containing 8 and 5. Instantly the pupil answers, "One and three-fifths." Whether used for drills in addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, the pointer must just fly over the boxes, the correct answers being given instantly.

In history, what do these dates suggest:

1863	1898	1754	1776
1620	1775	1607	1492
1789	1513	1498	1803
1850	1630	1763	1565

After a few days or weeks, if necessary, vary the dates. Some educators say that not more than twenty dates in American history need to be learned. Others say one hundred. I incline more toward the latter than the former. Probably the truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between these two extremes.

In geography, what and where: Tanganyika; Biscay; Sicily; Yukon; Shasta; Granada; Gobi; Yellowstone; Yosemite; Bothnia; Formosa; Bass;

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In the Schoolroom

February Nature Notes

By Mrs. Ella King-Sanders

THIS month brings to our notice the ground hog — supposed wise creature, viewed by some as a weather prophet. He does have the distinction of having one day of the February calendar set apart for him. His real name is woodchuck. Look in Webster's New International dictionary for the word "candlemas" and find out more about February 2. True, Mr. Woodchuck usually on bright, sunny days in February wakes up and sometimes ventures out in search of food. His supply of winter fat is not yet exhausted, so there is no reason for his worrying about food.

Sometimes you may find Mr. Raccoon curled up in a furry ball asleep in the forked branches of some tree in the woods. Do not let him make you think this furry ball is a last year's bird's nest.

This month, mother bears are not alone in their winter dens. Their sleeping hours are now disturbed, for each mother doubtless has two or sometimes three little baby bears. We call them cubs. Wouldn't we like to see them come out when the warm sunshine opens the doors of their winter homes? See if you can find out what mother bear will find for her babies to eat when she brings them out from their homes.

When you go out for a ramble in the meadows, by brook or hedge, keep your ears tuned to hear the music of the song sparrow. He usually says, "Sweet, sweet, sweet, very merry cheer."

Sometimes early in February you may see the following birds returned from their winter homes of the South: grackles, robins, kingfishers; and then will come the red-winged blackbirds, blue birds, and killdeers. Note these birds and see of what their diet mainly consists. Would they come so early, if they depended on insects for food? Take note to learn if it is true that the male birds of these species are the first to arrive.

This is the month when some of the water birds may be seen on the streams and lakes. It will reward you to spend some time in watching these water birds. Their antics are interesting.

It will be worth while to keep track of the owls this month. It is the nesting time for many species.

But do not spend all your time watching the birds. It is wake-up time for some of the spring flowers. In many sections the hepatica is one of the first to greet your eyes. Before the buds open, you will find them wrapped in a gray, furlike overcoat. They sleep under the snow, waiting for the sun to remove the snow blanket so they can wake up. The dainty little white or purple tinted flowers gladden many hearts. Why can they open so early? When did those well protected buds grow? The hepatica plants will do well if transplanted to your home wild-flower garden.

Some bright sunny days this month you may find mourning cloak butterflies darting about as you walk through the woods. They belong to a species of butterflies that hibernate. They usually hide in some crevice or hollow of a tree. They are dark colored, quite large, with light tan color on the outer edge of their wings.

Some day you may see what appears to be a dried brown leaf hanging from a lilac twig or on an ash twig. Better investigate, for you may find it to be the winter home of the promethea moth. If you take this cocoon into a warm room, you may very soon have a beautiful little creature flying about your room.

When the snow begins to melt around the trunks of the trees in the woods, sharp eyes may see the little snow fleas. They creep out and may be seen dancing over the snow. They are very, very small, but are interesting little creatures.

Winter beetles may be seen swimming about under thin ice in shallow streams.

This is the month to watch the gray "pussies" poke their heads out of the pussy willow buds. If you want to help them to hurry out, put some twigs into water in a warm, sunny place.

It is an excellent time to study buds. Watch the willows, maples, poplars, and elms. If you find an elm branch with some fat, furry, brown buds, you may name it slippery or red elm. If the buds are as described above, but not furry, it is doubtless an American or white elm. The fat brown buds of both species are the flower buds. They open before the leaf buds which are much smaller and are more slender.

The buds of the white ash trees are very dark brown. The terminal bud on the ash twig has two lateral buds arranged very close to it so that there seems to be three terminal buds. Examine closely and you will see that they are lateral.

Maybe you will be glad to know that this is the time when the salmon are making long journeys from their ocean homes up some river to spawn in fresh water. We are told that in some streams they travel a thousand miles for this purpose. There are many wonders in nature to the seeing eye and the hearing ear.

Fine Arts Topics

By Mrs. B. B. Davis

Color

THROUGH contact with beautiful color in nature and art, children should find out that there are many hues, each having possibilities of different changes. One change made by adding white or water produces a gradation of dark to light; this is called value. If the ten hues, red, red-yellow, yellow, yellow-green, blue-green, blue, purple-blue, purple, purple-red are arranged in a circle, the pairs of opposites, when properly mixed together, will produce gray. If a little of one is added to the opposite, it will dull or gray it. This change is called chroma, or gradation from bright to gray.

Experiments with crayons, using a light pressure to change the value, applying strokes of opposite to change the chroma, produce some interesting results. With water color, value is changed by adding water or white; grayed colors are produced by mixing hues across the color wheel. See "Applied Art" page 272, color chart No. 2.

If the teacher makes a color wheel by mounting papers of the above mentioned hues in proper order, children can get a fine sense of harmony from choosing hues very near each other on the wheel, those opposite, or different values and chromas of the same hues.

Definitions

Hue — color name, as red, yellow, etc.

Value — graduation from dark to light.

Chroma — gradation from bright to gray.

Monochromatic color harmony — different values and chromas of the same hue.

Analogous color harmony — colors near each other on the wheel, which have some constituent in common; for example, red-yellow and yellow-green are related because they have yellow in their composition.

Complementary color harmony — colors across the color wheel, as red and blue-green, blue and red-yellow, green and purple-red, yellow-green and purple.

In all harmonies, small areas of bright colors and large areas of grayed colors are most pleasing.

If these simple rules are used in all color work and their application to clothing, schoolrooms, homes, pictures, posters, and pottery discussed, intelligent taste in selection should develop.

Design

Design develops good judgment in making useful objects more beautiful by consistent enrichment. To be good in design every object should be suited to its purpose in form and material. Good taste in design abhors fancy things which seem to have decoration tacked on and not developed as an integral part of the whole. Christmas gifts give an excellent opportunity for design. Articles for the home, lampshades, pillow tops, table covers, etc., should receive the most careful attention as to decoration. Even arithmetic papers, notebook pages, and bulletin boards are designs because they embody careful thought as to arrangement.

Order, neatness, and good arrangement in schoolroom or home, school grounds, and home yard are very important.

Test every design you see or make by the following questions:

Does it serve its purpose?

Does it fit its space?

Has it interesting shapes?

Do they fit together?

Have they interesting edges?

Are the background spaces as interesting as the other parts?

Illustration

Illustration is a natural means of expression for all mankind. The adult, because of inhibited tendencies, does not permit himself the privilege unless he has had training. School teachers of the past have been responsible for this. They punished for idleness the child who drew pictures in school. Now we encourage it, knowing the manipulation of crayons, paints, and clay helps to clarify and increase ideas. Drawing is a universal language, allowing the child to share his experiences with others. The test of the work should be for the child to determine whether he has told one story at a time, and whether he has told it well enough for others to understand. In looking at the drawings of the child one should be able to guess immediately what the young artist wanted him to see first.

The teacher may promote growth in this by encouraging the child to make his most important object in the picture large in size and pronounced in color.

Children should be encouraged to draw, using large paper with strong strokes of bright crayons or paints. No grades should use smaller paper than nine by twelve inches. Large pieces of plain wall paper or wrapping paper may be used as satisfactorily as more expensive materials.

The ideas for illustration should naturally grow out of all school studies, everyday experiences, vacation, reading, or imagination. Many interesting illustrations may be made in three dimensions, such as sand tables, boat models, etc., with wood, cloth, sand, sticks, clay, etc. "Primary Handwork" and "Illustrative Handwork," both by Ella V. Dobbs, published by Macmillan Company, are two books very helpful in this connection.

"The Beginning of Art in the Public Schools" by Margaret Mathias and "How Children Learn to Draw" by Sargent and Miller, published by Ginn and Company, give the teacher methods as well as

standards for child development in free expression of ideas.

This work promotes observation which in turn improves form. As the need arises, special help can be given in tree, animal, human, and object shapes. The teacher must help the child to see correctly and develop power of representation but never hamper by giving patterns. Even though the child's work is crude, it should be his own best expression.

The Problem Method in Geography Teaching

By A. E. PARKINS
George Peabody College for Teachers

THE great value of the problem method in geography teaching is that it motivates the material to be taught, makes the child search for the material, and gives him interest in it by offering him an opportunity to use it in solving some problem. He, therefore, makes it a part of his experience, his world. It makes geography a rational study rather than a fact study. It teaches facts, but makes these facts function by direct action. It employs the big unit idea in teaching. It can be used in teaching the industry, the product, the engineering project, or regional geography. Yet it should not be a steady diet. Some countries and regions may be better treated descriptively. Children demand variety in method and material. In general, no problem or topic is important enough to demand more than five or ten class recitations. The great objection to this method in geography teaching is the difficulty in handling it. To handle it properly, the teacher must know the geography of the region or topic under discussion thoroughly. It, therefore, calls for well-trained teachers in geography.

What are the essentials of good problem teaching?

1. The problem should be carefully selected; it must be in the child's world.

2. The problem should be introduced in such a way that the children will consider it a worthwhile affair. In introducing it, the teacher should appeal to what the child already knows about the topic or problem.

3. It should be clearly stated so the children may know the goal toward which they are working.

4. Teachers and pupils should at the outset work out an outline that may be followed by the children in collecting their facts and arranging them.

5. The children should be acquainted with the sources and aids in collecting and arranging the data. This is mainly the work of the teacher.

6. In discussing and working out the problem the teacher should see that it is kept uppermost in the minds of the children, that irrelevant facts are kept out, and that the children are thinking along lines that converge to the goal sought. Spontaneity, however, on the part of the children should not be inhibited. The teacher should have beforehand a clearly thought-out plan so that she may direct the outline along the lines she thinks it should go.

Talks on Discipline--No. 4

Being Big in Discipline

By BERT RHOADS

LITTLE need be said on convalescent discipline. As far as possible, let the patient alone while he recovers. As soon as punishment has been given, reckon the whole incident as closed, and if possible, never refer to it again, and treat the punished one as if he had never been a subject of discipline.

Children see things out of due proportions. It is the teacher's duty to get the pupil to see things in right relationship. Once when I was a little chap a big boy brought a kitten to school. The teacher sent him home with it. He carried the kitten a little way from the schoolhouse and shot it with a pistol he carried. At about that same time a man in our neighborhood had been killed and buried in a straw stack. The death of the kitten was to me more awful than the death of the man, perhaps because I was nearer to it and heard more about it.

Some teachers, however, are big only in authority. What they could do, and would do in the way of exercising that power was the only thing that made them big. And when one of those monsters beckoned with a finger for me to come from the playground, I felt as though I were walking into the jaws of death. Never let the pupils see you big only in your power for punishing.

One year I had eight small boys start to my school. They had been previously led to believe that the first thing they would get would be a sound whipping. When I met them that first morning in September, their knees trembled and smote. Their first lesson was a peanut hunt in the school yard, where I had scattered a liberal supply of peanuts. The task was to see who could find the most peanuts. And that little informal counting on the schoolhouse porch broke up and melted the ice of fear. But for two or three days the lessons were informal talks about cats, dogs, birds, boys, etc.

It was my good fortune to go to school to some really big teachers. That second year of my school life, there was a large school. Four or five of the big boys attempted to throw the little teacher out. He was quick as a cat and "cleaned up" the whole bunch. At that time John L. Sullivan was in the limelight as the champion pugilist. And I was sure that our little teacher could whip Sullivan with one hand in his pocket.

Once at a lyceum when the meeting had been long and the people lingered to talk and visit, I had become desperately tired and sleepy and had crawled away into a corner of the hall and had gone soundly to sleep on an old blanket. Some one disturbed my deep slumber by throwing some cold water on me. I was making the hall hideous with my noise when this same teacher came along, put his arm around me, and said, "This little man isn't for a minute getting a square deal." And he loved me up to him. I wondered if Jesus could be more sympathetic. How big he was and he has stayed big all the years!

And once there was a little girl in our church. She came from a poor home where the standards of Christian living were not high. She was in the estimation of about everybody a very unpromising child. But there was a big teacher who hugged her close to herself one day and said, "Ella, I am expecting great things of you. And God will help you to live for Him and do great things for Him." That little loving up made her a Bible worker. Many souls have come to God through her labors.

Let the children see you big in other things than just authority,— big in sympathy, big in knowing what you teach, big in social ways, big in spiritual achievement. The poet says:

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

Our Children's Health

Heredity and Environment

By E. A. VON POHLE

WHEN we come to a discussion of our children, we find that most of us do not know very much, and when the little that is known is passed on to others, the results are something like the German music teacher's attempts to teach a young woman to sing. After several months' effort to bring harmony out of her in whom was no harmony, he gave vent to a strong exclamatory statement and then said, "I play for you on the white keys, then I play for you on the black keys, but you always sing on the cracks!" So it is with our attempts to get parents to use a better method in dealing with their children.

Various influences enter into the lives of our children to make them erratic in their behavior, and to cause them to have mental aberrations of some kind. We might put these causes under two general headings, heredity and environment.

Heredity pertains to the inherited capacities and tendencies, general and specific, with which a child comes into the world. All that we can do for this is to try to build an environment around the child that will strengthen the capacities for good and lessen the tendency toward weakness of any kind, mental or physical. For example, tuberculosis is not inherited, but the tendency may be, and therefore, it would be wise for parents with tuberculosis or tubercular tendencies to plan for their infant from birth to have in his environment every agency proper to prevent tuberculosis, as plenty of sleep, right food, fresh air, good climate, etc. The same with the possibility of limited mental capacity, or certain tendencies toward extreme emotionalism. The stage must be set for the child so that at least undesirable tendencies will not be cultivated, but that the desirable traits may be.

Our second consideration is environment. Here we have more control, and can do some regulating. Let us subdivide environment under a number of forces that determine character and destiny as (a) parental example or influence during the child's early years. All parents and teachers recognize that little children ape their elders, but few realize the extent of this aping. Much of the influence is unconscious and unnoticed, but the influence of these early years persists throughout life and often determines the destiny of the individual.

The other forces I will simply name at this time, perhaps taking occasion to comment upon them in later articles: (b) playmates and playthings; (c) religious atmosphere and teaching; (d) schools and teachers; (e) reading, and under this, periodicals, books, pictures, faces; (f) social atmosphere and customs; (g) occupations pursued by parents and children; (h) amusements and pastimes; (i) climate and scenic surroundings. If we may add marriage and domestic relationship, the circle starts over again "under the third and fourth generations."

Let us ask ourselves a few questions, and if the answers are not satisfactory, let us change the environment so that they will be. Is the environment suitable to build or develop the character in my children needed for the time? Are the surroundings of my children what they should be, spiritually, intellectually, socially, physically? What kind of home are we supplying for our children? Is there a practical religious atmosphere? Is the home harmonious? Is there a background of proper culture and refinement? What traditions prevail in the home? The family is the vine, the children are the branches, so the ideals and practices of the home grow into the life of the children. It is also our duty to inquire into the general nature of the community as to associates, gangs, amusements, recreation, schools, churches. Are the neighbors settlers or transients? Does the neighborhood hold desirable ideals toward religion, law, health, and education? Does the community in general present an appearance to the child that develops the proper appreciation of order, neatness, and beauty?

The thought of the Scripture is never more fully applicable than in the development of the character of the child, "for by beholding we become changed."

International Newsreel

"Study Nature, Not Books"

By HAROLD W. CLARK
Director, Field School of Natural History
Pacific Union College

THIS well-known saying of Agassiz is recognized today as one of the fundamental principles in nature teaching, for unless the teacher knows nature by direct contact, no amount of book knowledge will be of much value in getting nature's lesson across to the minds of the pupils. In all grades, from the first on up through the academic and college, nature and biology teachers need to learn from first-hand contact with the out-of-doors, in order that their teaching may not only be technically correct, but that it may have the stamp of originality and life that comes only from experience with the things of nature.

Teachers and students will be interested in the work that has been carried on at Pacific Union College during the past three years by the Field School of Natural History. Starting in the summer of 1929, the writer took a class of six college boys over a course that included all the types of country from the "Sea to Sierra." We camped in the redwoods, Coast Range forests, and in the High Sierras, climaxing our month in the field with the ascent of Mt. Lyell, 13,090 feet high, the highest peak in the Yosemite National Park. In this way we were able to observe first-hand the forest conditions, the life activities of the birds and animals, and the wild flowers, the glaciers, the lofty mountain peaks, and all that goes to make up the great natural beauty of our shores and mountains.

For the past two years our Field School has consisted largely of teachers, some from our own school and some from the public schools. The work is especially valuable to one who is teaching nature in the grades or biology in the academic department. It is not difficult, yet it requires good attention to the assignment. Four hours of college credit is given, which may be upper division if the student is qualified.

Our daily program is interesting, and has been developed to meet the needs of our school particularly. The rising signal is given early, and at about 7:00 A.M. all meet for a short worship. Then follows breakfast, after which comes a field trip. Everyone goes along with notebook, taking notes on the points

given by the instructor. These field trips occupy two or three hours, and during the trip the class may cover from one to five miles of territory, usually about two miles being sufficient for obtaining material for the lesson of the day. If the trip is finished before noon, the rest of the morning is spent by the students in writing up their notes.

After the noon-day lunch, there is a short period for rest and recreation, and at two o'clock the school gathers for an afternoon session of lecture, study, and writing of notes. Open time late in the afternoon precedes the supper, and then comes evening campfire hour and bedtime. The campfire usually consists of worship, instruction, and socialized programs furnished by the members of the school.

We have developed our own boarding plan also. Mrs. Clark goes along as "chief cook," but the students do the "bottle washing." Over the open fire are cooked meals that are not surpassed even in the best-planned kitchens, and the open air lends flavor and appetite that nature alone can give. Each student has a small veneer tray, and with tin plate, cup, and silverware, he passes by the dishes of food and helps himself in this outdoor "campeteria," finding a seat on a log or rock or on the pine needles as he may desire.

The scholastic work of the Field School has been well stabilized during the past three years, and at present we have routine in which the work of every day during the month is mapped out and a rigid schedule of studies worked out, taking in every life condition that a cross section of California offers. On the coast we get the redwoods and the humid coast forests; in the Great Valley we get the life of the heated plains; and as we go up the slopes of the Sierras, we get first the chaparral, the pine forests, the fir belt, the high subalpine, and finally the timberline and Arctic-Alpine zone. Above the timberline we find a great country of rocks and snow, —and flower fields. At Mt. Lyell we climb a real glacier and revel in the thrill of an ascent of one of the hardest of the Sierran peaks. On our return from the high country we spend a few days in the Yosemite Valley, where the National Parks Service gives us every advantage in the use of their library, museum, and classrooms operated by their Nature Study department.

As director of the Field School, I would like to urge upon our teachers the advisability of becoming acquainted with nature first-hand, by taking advantage of this opportunity which is offered by Pacific Union College. Coming in the middle of the summer as it does, it gives a chance to combine a vacation with study, and see the beauties of the great out-of-doors while earning school credit. A month in close contact with nature, away from all other influences, gives impressions that are not obtained in any other way. The usual dates for the Field School are July 10 to August 7, although this varies slightly with the season. I shall be glad to correspond with any who are interested. Announcements are printed in March and are mailed to any who request them.

Angwin, California.

Drill, Drill, Drill!

(*Concluded from page 17*)

Kamchatka; Hammerfest; Po; Pampas, Louise; Belize; Everest; Memphis?

Such drill may be carried on indefinitely.

It is by the constant repetition of this drill method that deepened impressions are produced in the gray matter. And presently something akin to an explosion takes place, the pupil becomes wide awake, alert, and a veritable treasure becomes revealed in the mind of the child.

Some experienced teachers find a time in the day's program for placing a drill period when various drills are taken up with the different grades. Others prefer to drill in connection with every recitation. It matters little which plan is worked, but it matters much that some plan for frequent, rapid drill is carried on in the schoolroom every day.

Standards and Tests and Measurements as furnished today by many publishing houses and educational institutions furnish valuable material for drill work. Here are some addresses where such matter may be obtained:

Bureau of Educational Measurements and Standards, Kansas State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; Public School Publishing Company, Bloomington, Illinois; World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York; Russell Sage Foundation, New York City, N. Y.

You teachers who believe in drills, *drill.* And you who think that the drill has become obsolete as an educational device, read up, get converted, and *drill, drill, drill.* R.

In the article, "Say, 'Thank You!'" published in the November *Child Welfare Magazine,* Miss Mary S. Haviland tells of a mother who always called the attention of her three-year-old boy to his debt to the street-crossing cleaner. "See how nice and clean the kind man has made the street, so that brother's new shoes won't get dirty," she would say. And the baby would raise smiling eyes to the Italian sweeper and say a very real 'Thank you.'"

There are few mothers who seem to find time or inclination to teach this broad spirit of thankfulness. — *Selected.*

"The beauty of the home is order.
The blessing of the home is contentment.
The glory of the home is hospitality.
The crown of the home is godliness."

Home and School Association

City Association Problems

By Louise C. Kleuser

MUCH has been said and written about the need of the home and the school working together on the problems of the education and the salvation of our youth. In desperation at times, parents have longed for sympathetic ears on the part of our teachers; on the other hand, many a teacher has almost given up in despair, hoping for a condition that would better assure her the co-operation of the homes. Both sense the needs, while both often fail in getting together.

City School Problems

During the early days of our educational work, church schools were mainly in rural sections. The call to come out of the cities became more muffled as modern living and economic conditions crept upon us. Today church schools must be established in our cities. We gratefully welcome these schools. They serve a real need as long as so many of our believers must remain in these cities. Vaguely glancing through all the accumulating problems involved, we still loyally maintain that Christian education must hold to its rural background to be truly successful. No city-trend must in any way blur our vision.

City Home and School Associations

Patrons of our church schools are so scattered that it requires more than ordinary physical, mental, and financial effort to attend to all the necessary church interests. Attendance is rightfully urged to the evangelistic services and the prayer meeting, saying less about the probable Friday evening Missionary Volunteer meeting. The members who catch a vision of Christian education are usually the most active church workers otherwise too. Urgent and interesting as the meetings of the Home and School Association are, some things must be neglected. The Home and School Association, being the least popular as yet, naturally is crowded out, unless in some way, we can solve the problem.

Aims of the Association

Solving the problem is closely related to the aims of the Home and School Association. These are not as peculiarly educational as urgently evangelistic. Our proper attitude toward this effort is to recognize in it the call to youth evangelism. Such a mighty task must logically be shared by pastors, church officers, Sabbath school leaders, Missionary Volunteer workers, and parents. It is a full task for the whole church. It is truly the greatest responsibility of the church — her "nicest work." It becomes all the more imperative as we cluster around it the message to "work as for life" to save the youth in this evil hour of earth's history. It is a part of this "greater youth evangelism."

A Call to Prayer

The prophet Joel calls for a blowing of the trumpet in Zion. Fasting, weeping, and mourning should attend Zion's prayer to spare God's heritage from heathen domination. (Joel 2:16; Psalm 127:3.) There is pictured a whole church — age and youth —wrestling with Heaven for victory. It is a last day scene preceding the mighty outpouring of the latter rain upon all flesh. The high lights of the picture portray Zion's sons and daughters filled with the Spirit. It is a Pentecostal scene in the remnant church. (Acts 2:16-18.)

In connection with the foregoing, the boys and girls of the Advent movement testify before legislative assemblies. The Holy Spirit brings to their minds the instruction absorbed in the church school. (John 14:26.) Let us again refresh our memories on the fact that the youth so used of the Spirit have been educated in our Christian schools; not in the world. And so the gathering call of the youth, Joel 2:16, is answered by the Christian school.

Youth evangelism includes Christian education. The church school is not a side issue, not even a supplement; it is a part of youth salvation. Clearing away all the fogs that have accumulated around our pressing program of multitudinous church activities, the church school is God's wonderful agency for saving the youth. But, parents and church leaders, do we truly recognize God's agency, or do we because of perhaps not having our own children to educate, overlook the importance of the Christian school?

Home and School Meeting a Prayer Meeting

Every effort of the church must have its definite promotion program. There must be systematic and regular interest. One prayer meeting each month may very fittingly be dedicated to the problem of the youth of the church. Reaching and saving them is a most delicate work requiring much prayer and study. Our prayer meetings will have a new, a more vigorous ring, where prayer to save the youth becomes definitely associated with gathering them into the church school.

"Save Our Youth Circle"

Our Washington Avenue and German Brooklyn churches long wrestled with the problem of their Home and School Association. These two churches maintain one church school. For several years we patched in a meeting of this association whenever convenient, usually once a month. Its patrons were very earnest but never succeeded in reaching more than one-third of the parents of the children in the school. Urgent board meetings frequently competed, for parents simply felt they had to attend these in place of the meeting of the association. It was constantly a desperately lonely, unsatisfactory task on the part of the few determined enough to challenge the school's needs as of primary importance. Pastors were busy with other duties. Members could hardly be blamed for slighting the association. There were just too many meetings each week. It wasn't lack of interest, but the problem was there just the same.

Zealous patrons of the school wondered if any meeting, even the prayer meeting, was more urgent than the salvation of our boys and girls. We studied our obligations anew with the pastor present. Then some one suggested, "Why not make one prayer meeting each month a Home and School Meeting?" We realized that our aims must be accomplished from another angle. We saw eye to eye that the school really did function as an agency to save the youth. Then we organized for an effort that resulted in the "Save Our Youth Circle."

We do not refer to this effort as the Home and School Association. The "circle" idea suggests a united effort on the part of the whole church to reach the young people. The idea received expansion and the plan enlisted Sabbath school officers and Missionary Volunteer leaders. The Missionary Society woke up to its opportunities of service right in the church. Every department of the church joined hands to save the youth of the flock. From the very beginning, these efforts culminated in bringing them into the Christian school. A new enthusiasm took hold of these "lonely" efforts of the past, for teachers and parents were now surrounded by an interest on the part of the whole church.

In our simple organization the principal of the church school acts as chairman; the primary teacher as secretary. These leaders, trained and dependable, prepare the programs each month in counsel with the pastor and four parents. The meeting has the prayer meeting mold. Prayer and testimony are its inspirational features. Business details are not handled in this meeting. The programs build up the ideals of the Christian home and the school. There is no place for petty disciplinary grievances, for our mission is too big. These are handled privately. After the meeting, parents have opportunity to meet the teachers and may inquire about school interests. Experience has demonstarted that when the church becomes intensely in earnest dealing with its major problems — and saving the youth is one of these — this wholesome perspective causes minor difficulties to sink into oblivion.

Meeting of the "S. O. Y. C."

Prayer meeting evening, November 4, was the regular monthly gathering of the "Save Our Youth Circle." Our conference teachers' institute, held for two days, had just closed. Our superintendent had invited all teachers to remain for the evening meeting. Twenty educational workers brought unusual inspiration to this meeting.

"Come, Save Our Youth," a song especially written for the Circle, set forth our objectives at the opening of the meeting. The pastor very definitely included in his prayer the youth of the fold and the Christian school. The chairman now brought before the Circle a few announcements. An attractive banner with the letters, "S. O. Y. C." suggested that this was more than a gathering; an organization with aims was behind it all.

The superintendent of education introduced Professor Russell, our visitor from the General Conference. His inspiring talk, "Gathering the Youth into Our Own Schools," presented a challenge to the entire church. With animation, the special song, "Into the Church School," was sung by all. Brief messages were brought to us by our educational secretary of the Union, our health nurse, and the principals of our two academies. Teachers were introduced by means of their song, "We Need You, Parents" (Tune, "Old Black Joe"). "We'll Help You, Teachers," was the appropriate response song by the congregation.

In just a few moments, fifteen parents had given praise to Christian education. Tears of joy were freely shed over the Christian school and what it meant to the home. Oh, it was a wonderfully inspirational gathering! After the offering of the evening had been received, the meeting closed while hearts were still overflowing with gratitude for the blessings of Christian education. This cheered parents and teachers. Then we had a real handshaking and parents lingered to inquire of the teachers about the progress of their children. Report cards had been sent home for the second period.

We strolled into the schoolroom to get a glimpse at the vacant desks, or to discover on the bulletin board some good penmanship or test papers. We were interested in the attractive blackboard borders, and the art work of the children. Yes, everything about our school was of interest to us. We did not overlook our new electric clocks and ventilators, recent additions to the school equipment. It was now nine forty-five.

On the corner we lingered just to shake hands with Brother and Sister Blank, parents of Allen and

George. Sister Blank good-naturedly informed us that Brother Blank had been asked to prepare a five-minute talk for the next meeting of the Circle. "Christmas in the Christian Home" was the topic. Brother Blank was very proud of this honor.

As the chairman overtook the superintendent, she informed her about some general plans for the next meeting. "Making the Holiday Season a Blessing to Our Youth" was to be the general topic. Several parents would take part in the discussions. Then there would be good music. The organization would also suggest a plan whereby the school would co-operate with the church in sharing its blessings with the poor. Now bidding a cheerful good night, we pressed our steps homeward and with keen anticipation look forward to the next meeting of the Circle.

Little Lessons of Life

(*Concluded from page 16*)

Yet later in the conversation it developed that this young man, who ought at his age to have been setting his face toward a useful career, had two years previously quit high school near the close of his senior year, and had deliberately "flunked" in two of his subjects the following year, in order to keep from being graduated. He wanted to prolong his career as a football hero, and graduation would have disqualified him.

Upon arriving at the home of a Bible reader one chilly autumn afternoon, I inquired of the health of the six-year-old daughter, who had recently had her tonsils and adenoids removed.

"Jeannette's just fine," she assured me. "It was those tonsils that caused all her trouble. She is going to be all right now."

Presently the child passed through the room, nibbling at a piece of cake. She was theoretically fully dressed, but actually almost naked. A few minutes later I saw her playing on her front porch with a little companion, each of them with an all-day sucker. Before the study was ended, she came charging into the room, demanding a nickel, quick! because the ice cream cone wagon was coming.

In another year it would not be tonsils; it would be something else, anything else than what it really was —unless some one's eyes could be opened to discern between good and evil.

Another mother had invited me to see a new china set her gifted sixteen-year-old daughter had decorated.

"If Aletha is doing as well in everything else as in her art work, she must be a very gratifying daughter to you," I remarked.

"She is doing just fine," averred the mother, and went on to relate others of the girl's accomplishments, at school and in her youthful social circle.

While we sat talking, the girl came rushing in from school, ran upstairs, and ran down again almost as quickly, with a pair of new service-weight silk hose in her hand.

"Are these the stockings I told you to get me this morning?" she demanded.

"Yes, won't they be all right?" implored the mother.

"Do you think I am going to wear those old thick things!" blazed the daughter, firing them into her mother's lap.

"She always wants chiffon, but they get runners so soon," the mother apologized to me. Then to the girl she said meekly, "I'll go and see if there is a good pair of mine that you can wear."

"Well, all right, but make it snappy," rejoined the girl. "I'm supposed to be at Elaine's party in fifteen minutes." And off she flew to dress.

God has emphasized to us the need of studying and practicing soil culture in order that we might learn some needful lessons of sowing and reaping. The inexorable results of agricultural misdemeanor were intended to show us the relation of cause to effect in character culture.

If that father had been an intelligent grower of of vegetables, say, perhaps he would have known he couldn't wait until his son was nearly grown to begin preparing him for a career. He would not have let the boy run wild with a sporting gang through his formative years, expecting him by some miracle to sober down to a course of hard study with an earnest purpose when he was old enough for college.

The care of a flower bed, or, better yet, a valuable canary, could have given Jeannette's mother a world of insight into some matters of nutrition and exposure. When a bird sickens, it is because its physical care is defective. Its mistress promptly looks into the management of its feeding and protection from drafts or chill. She might thereby learn that when a child is ailing, it is not merely fate. It is too much or else not enough of something.

Experience with potted plants could have taught Aletha's mother the wisdom of giving young things only such latitude as they are competent to occupy gracefully. Too wide a range of liberty invites the distortions of license. A certain amount of root-binding is necessary for symmetrical growth.

If it did nothing else for us, freer converse with Mother Nature through agriculture might at least relieve us of some of that omnipresent impulse to say "just fine" when it isn't so.

Friedrick Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten, said, "Education consists in leading man as a thinking, intelligent being, growing into self-consciousness, to a pure and unsullied, free and conscious representation of his inner law of Divine Unity, and in teaching him ways and means thereto."

Motor-Minded

RICHARD, commonly called Dick, is a perpetual worry to his mother because he cannot or will not learn the things that she regards as learning. At least, he does not learn so quickly as his sister Carolyn does. Of course Dick is not very old yet, having passed but seven summers, and Carolyn is three years his senior; nevertheless it is very evident to their mother that unless something occurs to wake up Dick, he never will be the student that Carolyn is.

Carolyn loves to learn "pieces to speak"; she gets the Sabbath-school memory verse with a pounce, very much as tabby cat catches a mouse; and she knows any song almost before she has heard it. But Dick, on the contrary, is very slow at memorizing; almost it might be said that he never memorizes. The weekly memory verse his mother regards as much a spiritual necessity as a shirt is a physical necessity — and a shirt of hair it proves to poor Dick. By endless repetition she gets this verse into his head by Friday night, and very proud and pleased he is when he can repeat it correctly to his teacher; but it is learned parrot-like, and his mother is sure he has little if any comprehension of the story connected with it. After a week of telling the story of the resurrection of Lazarus, when his mother asks him, "Who was Mary's brother?" he replies, "The Jews." With all the patience and persistence she can summon, his mother drills him in the correct answer — and thereafter for the next week, to almost every question he is asked he replies, "Lazarus." Indeed, if he is pushed too hard or too long upon learning stories or verses or words, he begins to cry.

Yet Dick is bright enough about things that interest him, and he always wants to help in manual duties. In practical housework he does things better than Carolyn, because he takes more pains, though she can do them more quickly than he, if she tries. Though younger, he can sew quite as well as she, and in the garden he is a willing and happy little helper, while Carolyn is erratic. He knows and loves the plants, and almost equally the bugs, and he is ready and not a little skillful with his hoe, whereas Carolyn does not like brown earth and she shrieks at a worm.

Dick's mother has a hard time to be patient with him, though she thinks she is improving. Sometimes it seems to her that he is just lazy and does not care to learn, but then again she is brought up standing in the face of his pathetic and finally despairing effort. Seemingly he cannot learn to read, and "numbers" as portrayed in the pretty brown-and-green book are just plain torture to him. Yet, even so young, he has built himself a cart with four wheels and has made a workable weather-vane, and he is always asking his father questions about the mechanism of such things as the lawn mower and pump and automobile, and has given evidence that he understands them, and may yet be found taking them all apart and putting them together again.

Why, when he can learn so easily things that are mysteries to his sister and mother, can he not learn such simple and natural things as they love?

The answer is that Dick is motor-minded; that is, he is superior in things in which he can use his hands, and inferior in things that have to do with books. While this makes difficulty in trying to teach him literary matters, it presents opportunity for training him in practical affairs. All his education will need to be approached, so far as possible, from the manual point of view; that is, showing appreciation of his manual dexterity and affording him opportunity to do things with his hands, and along with this encouraging him to learn the essentials of literary education because he needs them in his work and his social contacts. Thus, he must learn to read because there is so much in books about carpenter work and mechanics and engineering, as well as about art and how to get along with people and help them and have them understand and love us; and there is so much in books about figures, which have to be used in measuring and making things. If he approaches books, which are so difficult to him, from the viewpoint of their necessity in the things in which he is interested, his desire to learn will be strengthened and the all-important will-to-accomplish will be his. Nevertheless, his parents and teachers must, on their part, see to it that all his learning comes primarily not from books but from his manumental work.

In the matter of his memorizing and learning to read and spell, there will always be need of much patience. He will never be able to grasp this as quickly or thoroughly as Carolyn, and care must be taken that he does not become discouraged over her superior ability in this line. He must learn to read and spell, but he will learn more slowly than literary-minded children, and he must not be pressed to the point of exasperation, and he must not be subjected to the derision or scorn of those who are quicker in apprehension. If his sister is inclined to

feel superior because of her quick apprehension, the parents should teach her that people are differently constituted, and that while one person may be quick to understand what other people write for him, another person may be so made up that he has to work out things for himself. This latter class of persons may have very useful and happy lives; and certainly we could not get along without them, for when we literary folks get into trouble in this work-a-day world we have to get them to help us out. Encourage Carolyn's love for her brother, her admiration of his ability in what he can do, and her interest in helping him to learn what is difficult for him. In this way his self-confidence will be built up — a very necessary process. For the present this matter is wholly under home control, and it will be well to establish Dick's confidence and courage before he goes into the more difficult work of the school.

The boy should be encouraged to memorize as much as he can, especially as he is proud of his modest achievements in this line; and praise should not be stinted for his successes. While he has no predilection for rhythm and rhyme, this may be cultivated if the parents, especially the mother, who is with him most of the time, will teach him verses while he is working with her about the house or in the garden. Let the mother memorize and repeat to him happy little verses that are within his comprehension. Good examples of these are to be found in Robert Louis Stevenson and James Whitcomb Riley. Let her also sing, and encourage him to sing with her, simple little songs, good examples of which are in the new Primary Song Book, published by the Pacific Press. It is possible that the finger plays, while intended for younger children, may, because of their concrete character, appeal to his elementary literary sense. Good examples are in Emily Poulsson's "Finger Plays for Nursery and Kindergarten."

The fact that he is confused when asked questions about stories that have been told him, indicates that he is not getting clear mental concepts through words. When we more imaginative ones hear a story about men and women and children, each one of them forms a mental picture in our brain and we label each figure with its name, and more or less distinctly relate him to the other figures. But Dick does not get these mental pictures, or gets them but vaguely, when stories are told or read to him. It is not persons he sees, but words he hears; and because he knows he will be expected to recognize them when he is asked, he struggles to fix upon them the appropriate terms. But words without mental concepts are as mist, easy to mingle and be confused. "Mary" and "Martha" and "Lazarus" and "Jesus" and "Jews" all go together in the story, and if "Jews" drifts into "Lazarus" it is not the fault of memory but of failure to register an initial concept.

Just how much he will ever come to get clear mental concepts of persons in history is a question. This fact does not mean that he is mentally deficient. We have the example of an outstanding man in our own times, a man who has made his millions and who is a great practical philanthropist and a chief power in our industrial life, who, in his own words, thinks "history is bunk." Henry Ford could never be a Woodrow Wilson, but neither could a Woodrow Wilson be a Henry Ford.

As for Dick, he should be assisted in visualizing the persons in his stories, that so far as possible his mentality may be rounded out. This will be realized partly by object lessons in his teaching. Cut-outs of different objects in the stories should be used — sheep for sheep, cows for cows, men for for men. And cut-outs of the different persons in the story should be made distinctive for each person. Pictures of characters in the stories may take the place of these cut-outs or other kindergarten material. Thus he will be helped to get mental concepts of the persons.

Foster his manual ability, and give him opportunity and training in it progressively. Continue to let him help his parents in every way, and give him a pride in his practical ability. This will largely compensate in his mind for his backwardness in letters. It is very important that he grow to have a confidence in himself based upon his ability to do some things well, and that he never be snubbed or chided for his difficulty in book learning. For the present, the work of the house will be an excellent field for his manual development; but he should be provided with some tools of his own — hammer, saw, and square, garden trowel, hoe and rake, cart and shovel — and his father and mother should teach him how to use these and work with him.

Because we have come up thinking that learning consists wholly of books and literary matter, we are slow to appreciate that large class who are of the motor and executive type. They vary in mental equipment. Some of them have sufficient bent to literary interests to get the necessary book learning, not with the facility of a literary type, but sufficiently to escape comment. And these, with their mechancial and executive ability, make the most dynamic persons in the world. Others have so little of the literary ability that our traditional educational tools are unfitted to them, and unless their practical abilities as well as their limitations are recognized, they will have a very hard time in this world and may very easily and unnecessarily become failures. On the other hand, many of the most pronounced literary type fail to receive a balancing manual education, and so become, perhaps, glib talkers but impractical visionaries. Let us cease to regard the extreme of either type as hopelessly lacking, and let us adjust our education to their needs. Then we shall see happy results.

You Ask Us ? *And We Say to You*

My four-year-old boy is inclined to be left-handed. Should we try to get him to change, and in so doing perhaps develop an inferiority sense as suggested in a recent medical journal? Or, should we let him be natural and so have the disadvantage of being left-handed in a world where machinery and conveniences are made for the right-handed?

The various parts of the body are controlled from definite brain areas — the left side of the body always from a right brain center, and vice versa. Tendencies of the individual to use any member of his body with greater facility than the corresponding member indicates that the opposite lobe of the brain has the stronger motor sensibility in the case of that member. Thus a right-handed person has the control area better developed in the left brain lobe, while a left-handed person has a stronger impulse from the right lobe. This greater sensibility on one side or the other is probably the result of hereditary influences due to the fixation of habit by long lines of ancestors. The majority are right-handed, but there is a considerable number of left-handed people. The infinite mixing of the germ cells which takes place with succeeding generations may introduce a left-handed child into a family most members of which are right-handed.

The child strongly inclined to be left-handed will feel a considerable mental strain and irritation upon being forced to use his right hand in preference. In some children this strain may become so serious as to upset to some extent the physical or even the moral control of the child, and the consequence may be such defects as stuttering, difficulty in learning, truancy, or lying and stealing. Such results do not, however, necessarily follow. It depends upon the individual's peculiar mental formation and nervous state.

It is desirable, of course, because of the convenience in a right-handed world, for every person to be right-handed. Some persons can with comparative ease become ambidextrous—able to use both hands equally well. Every child with left-handed tendencies should be carefully observed while the effort is being made to teach him to use his right hand. If he is upset by the effort and becomes irritable or depressed, it would be better to desist. If, on the contrary, he is not noticeably upset and can learn the use of his right hand with only a little more effort than the right-handed child, it is well to proceed. In difficult cases he may be allowed to learn to write with his left hand, and later be taught the same art with his right. Many left-handed persons have by this plan learned without special difficulty to be ambidextrous.

How many hours of home work can children of high school age safely attempt?

Children in the elementary grades are kept in the schoolroom from four to six hours. The purpose is for them to study under supervision, that they may learn how to study; and it is our opinion that little children should not be required to do any school-book study outside of school hours. When the student has reached high school, however, he spends fewer hours in the schoolroom, and the greater part of this time is taken up in recitation periods. He has perhaps some vacant periods in school, during which he can get one or two lessons. The rest he must study at home or in the library or laboratory. Usually the high school student has both the afternoon and the evening free from schoolroom confinement. It is reasonable to expect of him the mastering of at least two lessons in this time. But in all cases care should be taken to preserve his health through sufficient work and recreation.

What should a bright child do while the slow child is still preparing the day's assignment?

It is best in some cases of retardation that the slow child take three years to do the work of two; that means that the work is so difficult for him that he does not carry as many studies as the really brilliant pupil. It is better in such cases to "make haste slowly" and do well what is undertaken.

But if the slower child *can* do the work required of the grade, then work must be provided for the child who does his work in less time. The teacher must plan for that by giving him extra work outside the required lesson of the class. He may be directed to certain books and pages to find related matter which will broaden his knowledge of the subject under consideration. Then take a little time in class to see what he has really learned from his outside study. The teacher should make use of other textbooks and the encyclopedia which should be found in the library.

Again, if the especially intelligent child has a hobby or a special interest, he will greatly appreciate the opportunity to absorb something that the teacher has found relating to his special object of interest. For instance, if the child is interested in machinery, he can learn much from a mechanical magazine.

If he is taking woodwork as one of his studies, he can make an extra model in his spare time.

NORTH--EAST--WEST--SOUTH

The George Washington Bicentennial celebration begins on February 22, 1932, and continues till Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1932. It is sponsored by the United States government. Congress appointed the Bicentennial Commission, and President Hoover is its chairman.

Every state, city, and town in the United States is to take part in this celebration, each in its own way. It is to be different from all other celebrations. Representative Sol Bloom, who is the Associate Director of the Commission, says of it:

"The George Washington Bicentennial celebration is to be different from any celebration ever held in America. We are planning no world fair; we are planning no national exposition. Instead of bringing the people to the celebration, we are taking the celebration to the people.

"George Washington belongs to all America and all Americans, regardless of race, creed, or color. He belongs to the North as well as to the South, to the West as well as to the East.

"We want to re-awaken in the hearts of all Americans the spirit of gratitude and reverence for America's leading citizen of all time. The best way to accomplish this purpose is to have local celebrations all over the United States. This is the reason why no one place has been singled out to be the center of the celebration."

The East and West Michigan Conferences have been joined, and are now called the Michigan Conference. On January 1, Professor B. B. Davis became the educational superintendent for the new conference and Professor G. R. Fattic the Missionary Volunteer secretary. The best of success to the conference and those laboring in it.

From the South Texas superintendent we learn that though they have not been able to increase the number of their schools, they have thirty-eight more pupils than last year. Good, South Texas; go ahead.

You will be pleased to know that the manuscript for the Sixth Grade Reader is being examined by educators in the field. That looks as though the revised Reader, Number Six, will be ready sometime.

Contents

Africa

EGYPT

In America when a man enters church he takes off his hat. When a Mohammedan goes to the mosque, he takes off his shoes and washes his feet before he enters. Inside, the floors are covered with magnificent Oriental rugs. They are fine and thick and silky, and the bare feet of the worshipers sink deep into the pile of the velvet. There are no chairs and the men kneel, facing Mecca, and as they pray, they place their hands and foreheads flat on the floor.

If you went inside a mosque you would have to put floppy, yellow felt slippers over your shoes. Pairs and pairs of yellow felt slippers in enormous sizes are waiting at the entrance, along with the shoes the good Mohammedans have taken off there.

Africa

THE SAHARA DESERT

When God created the camel, He made him on purpose for desert travel. He could not have made a more suitable animal, even though He might have made a more beautiful one.

The camel's hoofs are divided into two toes, and each toe has a cushion. This makes him sure-footed in the shifting sands. His wide nostrils can contract to a thin line when the wind and sand are blowing and the air sifts through. His arched back makes him able to carry burdens that weigh hundreds of pounds. He carries a reservoir inside him that will hold food and water for four or five days. The camel is not a friendly and intelligent animal like a horse. He will kneel for his master to mount, but he snarls about it and is sullen and disdainful.

Asia

PERSIA AND ARABIA AND TURKEY

The Mohammedan Call to Prayer

A mosque is a Mohammedan temple. Each mosque has one or two slender steeples called minarets. Each minaret has a narrow, dizzy staircase that a man climbs five times each day to call the people to prayer. His voice rolls out in a high, clear chant like this:

"Allah is great. Allah is great. Allah is great. Allah is great. I testify there is no god but Allah. I testify there is no god but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayers. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. Come to salvation. There is no god but Allah."

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