



# HOME and SCHOOL

A JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION



"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."



# 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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## Coöperation

WHEN we were a boy, as the editors say, we had a job in this spelling business, and a greater job, as we declared, in the matter of "pronunciation." There was "sesame," for instance,— we never shall forget the hateful visitor who laughed knowingly at our schoolboy pronunciation of "see-same." And there was "Stephen," culled from our Bible reading, who passed for ages, it seems, in our childish vocabulary, as "the martyr Step-hen."

So we are not overwhelmingly surprised that a large part of the people of this world are unable to pronounce the word that stands at the head of this our editorial. They call it "cooper-ation." We know they must call it that, because when they get a chance at coöperation, they start to work putting hoops around the other fellow, and that is what "cooper-ation" consists of.

Take teachers, for instance, and parents — not you teachers and parents, but the other ones who are all about you. You and we, of course, know how to coöperate, but we think it may profit you to look, disapprovingly, at those who cooper-ate.

Teachers now-a-days are highly trained, and they get their training not so much in Homes as in Normal Schools. They have to learn a great deal about processes and methods and types and complexes and IQ's; and it is small wonder, when the educational mill turns them out, that some of them have had ground out of them those imponderable but indispensable small things called vitamins, like love, and humor, and companionableness, and patience, and humility. We might just as well admit that teachers — those other teachers — are highly inclined to regard their pedagogical science as the *ne plus ultra* of child training, and knowing that most parents are ignorant of this science, to agree with the Pharisees: "But this people who know not the law are cursed." Coöperation? Certainly; but

make that double vowel a diphthong! Why will not these parents coöperate with the teacher? They ought to sit at the teacher's feet and learn! And that would be — cooper-ation.

Now these parents. They, too, have a training. They have gone in varying degrees and for different periods to the School of Experience. And they know all about children, because they have some! Their stock objection to the teacher's ideas and plans is the naive remark: "You never were a mother; so what can you know about children?" Unanswerable! You never were Christopher Columbus; so what can you know about America? Though these parents may be slowly killing their children with improper diet and unregulated habits and unhappy home conditions, they demand that the teacher listen to them and follow their capricious directions in the handling of their children. And this, too, would be cooper-ation.

We bow to both of you, teacher and parent — being both ourself, as the editors say. We admit that you each know a great deal — as much, perhaps, as Isaac Newton's grain of sand upon an infinite shore. We would that instead of hurling these sand particles at each other, you would put the two lovingly together and make the beginning of a plantation. Teachers, parents have learned a great deal from experience which it would profit you to receive from them. And parents, teachers have gained much from the scientific study of child nature and methods of teaching which it would be of great advantage to you to learn from them. In humility, in appreciation each of the other's knowledge and wisdom, let teachers and parents counsel together, not for their own praise nor aggrandizement, but for the salvation and training of the children. In this view and with this aim will be found true coöperation.

A. W. S.

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## *The Mustard Seed*

By MARY E. LITTLE

ELIZABETH braced her knees against the bookshelf of the homemade desk, and swung her feet over the cracks of the rough board floor to the meter of her reading lesson.

The reading lesson was a poem, one of those that are printed in little green or gray booklets under the title "Classic," yet it awakened no response save rhythm in the heart of Elizabeth. Its failure could not be said to be due to lack of poetic influence in the child's life, for the poem was of the same type that her mother often read aloud with evident enjoyment after admonishing Elizabeth to listen. The habit of obedience was so ingrained that Elizabeth gave at least the outward appearance of heeding. Deep in her own enthusiastic appreciation, her mother failed to note the stolid attitude of her young daughter. Yet Elizabeth possessed a soul vibrant to the music of the poetry "The Deserted Village" and "The Lady of the Lake." How the child reveled in their beauty! Here was real poetry at last!

Nature was the teacher that made the latter contact possible; for Elizabeth was an unconscious and unconfessed worshiper of nature. It is not to be wondered at, for the Silver Lake school was in the heart of the great Northwest forests.

Giant Douglas firs waved their branches far above the little schoolhouse on the hill. Nearby, the county road wound down the sloping hillside, past sunny, sandy strips where the children loitered to

call the "doodle bugs." The road crossed Tanwax Creek, which tumbled among rocks, or lazily sank to rest in pools where the maidenhair fern waved at her reflection from feathery moss-covered banks.

Not far away, Silver Lake, from which the school took its name, not only reflected the glories of sunrise and sunset, but also mirrored the full length, snowy image of Mt. Rainier.

Nature surrounded the school with her loftiest and most distracting scenes; and, with her long golden fingers of sunshine wavering through the open cracks of the walls, many times roused the children to restlessness. With these things Elizabeth's mind was occupied, even though her body swayed slightly to the poem as she whispered its lines mechanically.

"Fifth grade reader class!" spoken by the authority on the platform at the front of the room, broke the spell; and dreamy, spindling, eleven-year-old Elizabeth walked front to the recitation bench. She took position with her toes out, heels together, head high, book in left hand, and read Longfellow's, "The Builders," in the singsong fashion of unawakened childhood. Thus the fifth grade reader class read, for Elizabeth was the only pupil of her grade.

The dark-haired teacher bent her serious face toward her pupil with attentive, sympathetic eyes. She was that almost unknown quantity in the country schools of that time and place — a normal graduate. She had received thorough training in a far eastern State. A series of strange incidents led



to her teaching in this little backwoods school. To Mrs. Jackson this was no accident, for she was a Christian and believed in the "all things work together." More than this, she believed in doing with her might what her hands found to do, so she taught the few pupils in this school as carefully as if before a supervisor in a large city system.

Taking the book from Elizabeth, she explained step by step the meaning of the poem, and strove to find in her pupil a responsive chord.

"In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere."

After explaining the word "wrought" and the pagan ideas of the ancients, she continued: "We do not believe, as they, in many gods, for we understand about the true God. We should be just as careful as they were to do each thing well; for our God sees everywhere." The teacher said more, but this one idea struck a spark from the flint of Elizabeth's stolidity. Her whole being fired with rebellion, rose up in defiance. It is doubtful if any of this inner strife showed on the surface, however.

#### POETRY AND KETTLES

The human mind leaps over vast spaces, sometimes, in its association processes. Swiftly Elizabeth's mental processes connected poetry and kettles. How she hated dishwashing, especially kettles! She not only hated them, she loathed them. This particular duty was to her an ever-widening vicious circle; for she became tired washing dishes, and the longer she washed, the wearier she became, and the wearier she became the longer she had to wash. The kettles always, like dessert, came last, but, unlike dessert, aroused an unhappy reaction.

For some time she had found relief in filling the kettles with water and setting them back out of sight. Her alibi in answer to her mother's complaints was that "they had to soak." Nothing short of corporal punishment would have put an end to this procedure, until the teacher's fateful interpretation of that four-versed stanza. A little thing indeed to cause such inner strife. The conflict was one-sided from the beginning, and was soon over, for Elizabeth had absorbed a respect for God from the home atmosphere, and association with a Christian teacher had deepened it.

That God saw and disapproved of slovenly work was a new idea to Elizabeth. It had never occurred to her that God interested Himself in affairs outside of the virtues, such as truth and purity. Older people may wonder that a child of eleven could be so obtuse, which only goes to prove what has been stated many times, that we overestimate a child's knowledge and experience and underestimate his ability to do.

Thus the current of one child's life was turned. Elizabeth's mother saw the change and wondered, for the lesson learned that day in the fifth reader class was transferred to other lines than kettle washing.

#### WHAT OBJECTIVES?

Do you suppose the teacher sighed to herself as she dismissed the fifth reader class, and wondered if it were worth while to put so much attention on an unresponsive child who stalked stolidly to her seat?

There are measuring devices to calculate a child's progress in the various school subjects; but the development of character—one of the great objectives of education—can be measured only in its ultimate outworking. The question of deepest interest to both parents and teachers is the results of our own school work. Our objectives include strong emphasis on character. Do we reach our objectives in spiritual matters?

Side by side with a well-equipped public-school system, we have placed our little—in many cases poorly equipped—schools. Parents and others have sacrificed to meet the financial obligations. Through the years, consecrated teachers have taught for little, and in many cases endured real hardship, in order to give Seventh-day Adventist children a foundation of religion for growth in character.

The results of the combined work of the Christian home and the Christian teacher have not been scientifically investigated, yet there is enough evidence to warrant the belief that emphasis placed on Christian character in our schools has influenced young people for good who otherwise might have lived selfish, if not evil, lives.

M. E. Ellis, manager of the Pacific Union College Press, contributes this encouraging statement:

"Our little church school at Dodge Center, Minnesota, came from very humble beginnings. The church there was one of the oldest in the conference, but I think never numbered over fifty members. After careful testimony study, the church launched out with a small school in 1899. Two or three years later the members raised money to buy an old paint shop, which was cleaned up and made over into a school building. The school progressed well, and its results were encouraging. In 1902, there was such an interest taken in the school that an addition was built to the school house, another teacher hired, and the enrollment went up to over forty, quite a number being boarding students from near-by churches. Miss Emma Collins was the teacher, and work was given through the ninth grade. Wages for teachers were about twenty-five dollars a month—less than half what the public schools were paying at that time—equipment was the most meager imaginable, and textbooks were



largely of the teacher's making, especially in Bible and nature.

"Now just a word as to results from church school work in this church. As I stated before, I do not believe the church membership up to the time I left there about 1906 had ever been over fifty members, but this little church, largely through the influence of its church school, was for many years a steady feeder for our academies, colleges, nurses' training schools, and conference work. About twelve years after the school was started there, I checked up on those I had been acquainted with who had gone into various lines of our work, and I was surprised to find the number to be over forty, almost as many in the aggregate as the average membership of the church during those years. This number included ministers, colporteurs, nurses, department secretaries, teachers, and at the time of the checking, six of those who had finished this school were taking work in Union College. So we of the Dodge Center church were pretty sure that church schools pay."



How she hated dish-  
washing; especially  
kettles!



Side by side with a well equipped public school system, we have placed our little—in many cases poorly equipped—schools.

The most striking results are from the Wilcox church school, Colfax, Washington. Professor Herman Sittner, Dean of Men of Walla Walla College, contributes the following:

"The school was started in 1904 in a country church and in a German community. Professor H. I. Schnepfer was the first teacher, and taught for two successive years. The school was discontinued for the next two years, and then taken up again and has operated every year since 1908.

"At first the school was held in the church with home-made desks and all. In 1919 a new building was erected, consisting of two separate rooms, one being the school, with moderate equipment.

"The teachers have been selected at random, for no particular merits in their profession. Because of the problem of boarding out, married teachers have had a preference. The school pays an average of \$65 a month, and furnishes rooms and fuel. The teacher's salary is paid out of tuition paid by the pupils, averaging about fifteen in number through the years. The church furnishes the fuel and other incidentals as well as looking after the building upkeep and running expenses.

"Of course it would be futile to attempt to state here the amount of good done by the school or even to guess at the influence which has gone out from it.

"Now I shall give you a list of former pupils of the school who have found their way into the organized work or into professional lines. One will have to bear in mind that the parents of these folks are for the most part peasant stock, of foreign birth and limited education. I will only mention those who actually attended the school and who have finished some course in college:





"Dr. C. P. Getzlaff (deceased). Dr. E. E. Getzlaff, missionary in Japan. W. B. Ochs, Ph.D., head of our German work in America. D. A. Ochs, A.B., associate M. V. secretary of General Conference. W. M. Heidenreich, M.D., former instructor of Walla Walla College. Christina Heidinger, normal graduate and teacher. Artilla Sittner-Eiseman, normal graduate and teacher. John Krieger, minister (formerly). Rachel Krieger, Bible worker (formerly). Otto Schnepfer, A.B., missionary to South America. H. H. Heidenreich, M.D., graduate of College of Medical Evangelists, 1930. Edward Reiber, A.B., teacher of Granger Academy. H. R. Sittner, A.B., dean of men, Walla Walla College. Henry Rudy, A.B., educational secretary, Northern European Division. Henry Ochs, normal graduate, teaching public school. Katie Ochs-Lorenz, normal graduate, church school teacher. Leona Anderson-Schmick, normal graduate. Nellie Sittner-Kagele, R.N., Glendale Sanitarium. Irene Anderson, R.N., White Memorial Hospital. Theodore Reiber, nurse. Merlin Anderson, pre-medical graduate. Lorene Anderson, normal graduate, church school teacher. Mildred Anderson, R.N., Portland Sanitarium. Fay Heidenreich-Baden, normal graduate, teaching at Columbia Academy.

"At present, there are eleven pupils in institutions of higher learning."

This list does not include the faithful Christian people who serve this message in inconspicuous places yet whose record would be a testimony to the power of Christian training. Investigation of other schools would give a like report, only, perhaps, in a lesser degree.

Who can forecast the great results of a seed dropped by a faithful, discerning teacher into the heart of a child? Who can measure the tremendous influence of the church school in the lives of our children? "Unto what is the kingdom of God like? And whereunto shall I liken it? It is like unto a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and cast into his own garden; and it grew, and became a tree; and the birds of the heaven lodged in the branches thereof." Thus spake the great Teacher; and thus will the far-reaching influence of the teachers who follow Him never be fully known until the Great Accounting Day.

"Do thou thy work,  
It shall succeed in thine or other's day,  
And if denied the victor's meed,  
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."



"And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isaiah 54:13.



# Our Challenge

By C. A. RUSSELL

THE figures showing the number of elementary schools in North America indicate a steady growth from 666 in 1925, to 743 in 1930. The number of teachers in these schools increased during the same period from 907 to 1011. The enrollment for the same five years increased from 15,136 to 17,735. These figures indicate a steady, wholesome growth.

Then came 1931.

The school year beginning in September of 1930 and closing in May of 1931 shows a loss of 43 schools, 65 teachers, and 1281 pupils. This is the heaviest loss in 16 years.

Now comes 1932.

A comparison of opening reports shows a still further loss of 15 schools, 16 teachers, and 129 in enrollment.

If these figures do not constitute a mighty challenge to the church and to every individual member of the church, I do not know what would constitute such a challenge. Ours is a growing work; a rapidly developing work. For such a work to reach a standstill is distressing. But for such a movement to retrograde is an appalling calamity.

In the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, God's word to Moses at the Red Sea was, "Speak thou unto the children of Israel that they go forward." This has ever been God's plan. This closing message is to be no exception. It is distinctly—

## A FORWARD MOVEMENT

The children of Israel had to manifest faith. They had to step forward before a path was provided for them across the sea. The Red Sea is before us. It appears to be an insurmountable barrier to our progress. It is the Red Sea of Depression. It costs to provide schoolhouses and equipment. It costs to employ teachers. Money is scarce. Is there a way across this Sea of Depression? There is. But we must manifest sufficient faith to take the first step.

Let us study and practice economy. Let us watch every cent of expenditure. A dollar will go from a fourth to a third farther in purchasing power today than it did three or four years ago. The sane, practical man sits down quietly and budgets his expenses. Knowing his probable income, he decides what he *must* provide, what he would *like* to provide, and what he *must* forego. He and his family must eat. They must be comfortably clothed. They must have shelter. These are necessities. Then there

are other perfectly proper and very desirable things which could hardly be numbered among the so-called luxuries. Besides these, which I shall not attempt to enumerate, there are pleasures, recreations, luxuries which may be all right in themselves, but which in times like these must be largely eliminated.

In all this list, where does the church school come in? Without a moment's hesitation I answer, "Among the necessities." It is short-sighted economy which takes the child away from the protecting influence of the Christian school, where faith in God and in His revealed will is built into his character, and places him among worldly companions and worldly surroundings where seeds of doubt supplant the golden grain of truth. No sacrifice is too great in order that the child in his tender years may be trained in an atmosphere of faith instead of doubt; where God's name is honored and His word revered instead of His name profaned and His word ridiculed.

## WE CAN DO IT

In times of depression, especially, we decide what we want or need most, and allow other things to fade out of the picture. We can wear our clothes a little longer, and if need be, patch them. We can eat wholesome, yet inexpensive, food. We can refrain from the purchase of expensive house furnishings—we can use a clean bare floor in place of the worn-out rug. We can run the old car a little longer, or even tow it to its last resting place in an automobile cemetery, and do as we did before we had gas and oil and tires to buy. Yes, we can do all these and a hundred other things. But can we fail to give God a chance at the hearts of our children?

Please go to the beginning of this article, and give study to those statistics. Do you sense the challenge? Shall we turn a corner? Shall we begin to climb once more? In the light of the following appeal from the servant of the Lord, what shall be our answer?

"Let these schools now be started under wise direction, that the children and youth may be educated in their own churches. It is a grievous offense to God that there has been so great neglect in this line, when Providence has so abundantly supplied us with facilities with which to work. But though in the past we have come short of doing what we might have done for the youth and children, let us now repent and redeem the time."—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, pp. 199, 200.*



# The Start of the Race



By  
H. T. Elliott



**I**F YOU are going to do anything for the average man, you must do it for him before he is a man," said Theodore Roosevelt on one occasion. What is done during childhood persists in after years. I recall when I was a boy in the eighth grade the teacher organized a little debating group to take care of our abundant energies. We discussed with freedom questions which would have been difficult for the United States Senate. One debate was on the question, "Resolved, that the American Indian has received worse treatment at the hands of the whites than the American Negro." I was asked to take the part of the Indian. The conclusion we reached in that little debate is of no consequence. But out of the enthusiasm and energy which we gave to it has grown an attitude on the question which has persisted in after years. Whether right or wrong, I still believe the Indian has had the worst of it.

The adolescent period is sometimes called the richest period of life. One writer has called it the "Golden Age" of life, because at this age the enthusiasms, the sympathies, the spirit of generosity, *et cetera*, are all at their strongest. It is like the flush of green that comes in the early springtime. This age has also been known as the new birth, or the soul's awakening, because the elements of judgment and independence are growing in the boy and girl.

Miss Emma Fish, a writer on the adolescent age, declares, "What the man or woman will be is largely determined by the training and environment at this time."

It is of paramount importance that the child be given a balanced training. How unfortunate to go through life with the various elements of the experi-

ence of humanity unequally developed. The best definition declares that true education "is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers."—"Education," p. 13. The proportionate training of all aspects of human experiences means much.

In physical training there are two ends in view. First, that the body shall receive a healthy, all-round development. Second, that the desire for manual work which is natural to boys and girls shall not be stifled, but encouraged. Mother, do you remember when little Mary came running to your side and said, "Let me help you wash the dishes," and your natural adult attitude gave response, "Oh, you are too little!" because it would be too much bother to give the child the training sought? Ten or fifteen years later the attitude of going out to play while mother went to work becomes fixed in the adolescent experience, and mother wonders why it is that Mary prefers always to go out with her friends and fails to assume her share of the responsibility in the home. The same attitude carried on through adolescence leads to an experience where the youth reaching maturity seeks for his personal comfort and pleasure and is in an unwilling attitude toward the responsibilities of life.

In the training of the mind, it is very true that the methods of thinking and attitudes become more or less fixed in adolescence. If a spirit of doubt is the atmosphere in which the youth is educated, then it is entirely likely that throughout life the mind will be impaired by an unnatural resistance to new ideas or spiritual realities. On the other hand, zeal for eager inquiry may be cultivated during the adolescent



period that will make all the rest of life a glorious adventure into the world of beauty and truth. The mind in its training may be so warped that because of its imperfections and prejudices it hinders the fuller experience of maturity. Or it may be developed in such a balanced and harmonious way that it serves always to make a symmetrical beauty of the problems of life.

Above mental or physical ability we value character. It is impossible to separate these various aspects of life into separate lines of training. They are naturally related to each other. Good health is the physical basis of a sound mentality, and sound mentality is needed if the character is to be upright and firm. A vigorous spiritual experience is necessary if the proper use is to be made of the abilities in the physical and mental aspects of life. It becomes necessary, therefore, to seek for the adolescent that balanced training which will build all three into a harmonious unity. Our schools teach arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, geography,—but all too often they are unrelated to some of the larger questions of life. It would be unique to see a school which taught such subjects as reverence, courtesy, courage, cheerfulness, cleanliness, purity, industry, thrift, orderliness, *et cetera*; and yet these elements have far more to do with real satisfactions in life and with real, genuine success than the teaching of the mere mechanics of mental processes, or pouring in of certain facts.

Monsieur de Falleaux supplied an excellent definition of education. He said, "The purpose of education is to aspire to train a child to the yoke of discipline and obedience, to create in him a principle of energy which shall enable him to resist his passions, accept of his own free will the law of labor and duty, and contract habits of order and regularity. To do this, unless the force is derived from religion, is to attempt an impossible task."

Because of the varying religious beliefs and the attitude toward the teaching of anything of a religious character in public schools, these schools are not free to teach the very basic elements out of which true character is developed. They may deal with certain moral aspects, but they cannot teach anything concerning the basic beliefs which give meaning and purpose to life's conduct and attitudes. And partially because of this, the student who goes through the ordinary course of public instruction is left with the impression, because of his lack in training, that religion is a secondary matter and really is not necessary.

Again, the adolescent is a hero-worshiper. The ordinary type of hero held before the growing adolescent of the country tends to glorify success. Whatever grows to huge proportions, whoever succeeds, these are the lights that are held before the boys and girls. And the adolescent often catches the sheen of success without understanding the sturdy underly-

ing virtues that have moved in the heart of the hero he admires. It is much more important that we shall give glorification to spiritual triumph, for that is the real element of character in the worthy hero.

The adolescent is at an important period in his life. The attitudes that he develops at this time are likely to become fixed so that his choice of life work and the mold of his whole career is affected by his experience at this time. During the period of my own boyhood, we were in the era of the expansion of the electrical idea. So much was said about the advantages of electricity, and so much praise heaped upon men like Morse and Edison, that it was easy for my mind and heart to reach out after a career of electrical engineering. And it was with some sense of disappointment that when the real spiritual awakening occurred in my life, I realized that there were other careers in life which furnished a more glorious opportunity for spiritual endeavor.

The Christian school furnishes a well-balanced training that approaches this ideal: "True education is the preparation of the physical, mental, and moral powers for the performance of every duty; it is the training of body, mind, and soul for divine service. This is the education that will endure unto eternal life."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," p. 330.

It sometimes happens that parents have attempted in times of financial difficulty to choose a school partially on the basis of the present cost. But if we look ten years along life's way to manhood, we will choose the school for the present which will build the elements into life's experience that shall make the life worth while because it is harmoniously developed. What is missing in much of education is moral stamina, high ethical ideals, and conviction born of religious faith.

Let us give the boy and girl in their adolescent years the advantages of a Christian education, and thus provide the broad foundation in training which builds toward sturdy Christian manhood and womanhood.

## *Bearing Their Gifts*

By LESSIE M. DROWN

THE morning bell is slowly ringing,  
The schoolhouse door is open wide,  
While eagerly the little children  
Rush to their teacher's side.

They seek her ready smile of welcome,  
For all rejoice in this new day,  
Into her hands they press their tokens,  
Then go upon their way.

The teacher does not see a piece of candy;  
They are not nuts and oranges to her;  
For love transforms each little offering  
To gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.



# The Price of Leadership

By LOTT A. E. BELL

SOMETIME ago, in company with friends, I visited a silver fox farm. From the moment we stepped into the office and secured our permit and guide until we returned to the office at the end of our tour, we saw one long demonstration of system, order, and a deliberately planned program of work.

Each fox is known by name, has his own compartment, has a complete record of his individual history from birth to date. A prescribed dietary, from the specialist in the fox kitchen, controls the kind of food, its preparation, and supply. A skilled medical attendant who knows all the diseases and ailments common to the fox world is using not only curative and restorative treatments but preventive methods to keep this little fox world up to its highest point of efficiency. A powerful searchlight sweeps over and around the farm at night from the great watchtower, where two trained men take their turn in guarding these animals from harm.

I asked the guide, "What is the training demanded for one who works among these animals?"

His reply was, "A love for the animals, and then special training under an experienced workman (apprenticeship) where one learns fox habits and fox activities — for there is a science in fox culture." Not everyone who applies can qualify. Only those who are susceptible to training are eventually admitted as laborers.

Then I asked, "What value do you attach to one of these foxes?"

"Some of them," said the guide, "are valued at fifteen hundred dollars; some more; others less."

There have been moments of reflection since that visit. I think of the hundreds of boys and girls in our churches who will be summoned to their various schoolrooms in September. Are we as teachers, parents, and officers, who are responsible for the conservation of this great resource in our midst, as painstaking and careful as those who train the foxes?

We hear much today about champion cows and horses, champion prize fighters, and champion tennis and golf players. A championship stands for trained ability and practiced skill. How often do we think in terms of champion teachers for the boys and girls? Are they not worth more than the little foxes? The Master Teacher tells us our ideas take too low and too narrow a range. He would have us lift our standards. The instruction is definite and pointed which says, "In selecting teachers, we should use every precaution, knowing that this is as solemn a matter as the selecting of persons for the ministry." "Higher than the highest human

thought can reach is God's ideal for His children."

Not only does He rear a high standard for the teacher, but He specifies the kind of curriculum and the nature of the work that should be accomplished in reading, writing, spelling, etc., definitely mentioning each by name.

Many, we are told by the same unerring source, can feed the sheep, but it takes special talent to put the crib low enough for the lambs of the flock to feed. Special talent here stands for special training.

In the light of these standards shall we not consider seriously the following statement? "The youth placed under your care, you must meet again, around the great white throne. . . . You must, at that day, meet the grave consequences of your work."

## Education

Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log,  
And a farm boy sat on the other.

Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue  
And taught as an elder brother.

I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught—  
If his Latin was small and his Greek was naught,  
For the farmer's boy he thought, thought he,  
All through the lecture time and quiz,

"The kind of man I mean to be,  
Is the kind of a man Mark Hopkins is!"

Philosophy, language, medicine, law,  
Are peacock feathers to deck the daw,  
If the boys who come from your splendid schools  
Are well-trained sharpers or flippant fools.

You may brag of your age and your ivied walls,  
Your great endowments, your noble halls,  
And all your modern features,  
Your vast curriculum's scope and reach  
And the multifarious things you teach—

But, how about the teachers?  
Are they men who will stand in a father's place,  
Who are paid, best paid, by the ardent face  
When boyhood gives, as boyhood can,  
Its love and faith to a fine, true man?

No printed page nor spoken plea  
May teach young hearts what men should be;  
Not all the books on all the shelves,  
But what the teachers are themselves.

For education is, Making men;  
So it is now, so was it, when  
Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log  
And a farm boy sat on the other.

—Arthur Guiterman.



# From *the* Cuckoo's Nest

## *The Queen of the Home*

By MRS. W. L. BATES

THE mother's position in the home should be that of a queen or ruler of her domain, but as there always have been queen mothers, so also have there been slave mothers, and it is the mother herself who casts the deciding vote as to the class to which she will belong.

If she is a queen mother, she will not allow her work to drive her, but will so lay her plans that she is working for future needs instead of trying to pick up the ends of what should have been done last week or last month. It must have been a slave mother who managed to have her children's summer clothes just ready for them by fall and the winter clothes all fixed up just in time for the first spring days. Neither will the Queen fret nor scold nor beg her children. In harmony with Everett True, "she is not asking them; she is telling them."

Then, too, every ruler takes a vacation and in order to be capable of accomplishing her exacting work, she must arrange for her own rest periods, and a few hours often is better than two weeks occasionally. There are some mothers so devoted to their families that they think they can not leave them for a moment, and will not even allow themselves the pleasure of a couple of hours a week that they might attend the Mothers' Society or the Parent-Teachers' Association. Why, dear mother, if you were only a maid in some one's kitchen, you would be allowed an afternoon off. Can the Queen not treat herself as well as she would treat a servant? Mothers are putting the physical necessities of the home ahead of the mental and spiritual. What the home needs is a different outlook. The health of the mother's nervous system is the greatest asset the home can have, and in order for the nerves to conduct themselves properly, they must have frequent rest. When the nerves lose their power to hold and control, right then the Queen has lost her position, and is only there in the capacity of a hireling. It is then she begins to talk and scold and threaten her subjects. A real ruler does not have to carry a big stick or wear a badge. His subjects simply recognize his authority and yield willing obedience.

The greatest difference between a good teacher and a poor one is not ability to impart knowledge; it is ability to control. The same is true of the mother. When she loses her poise, her children become unruly.

It is said, "He that can have patience, can have what he wills." A nervous, irritable, fretful mother cannot teach her children anything about "the peace that passeth understanding."

The mother must take herself in hand, if she would lead her children in the path of righteousness which is right doing. Teach the children to be thoughtful of their mother and to find pleasure in relieving her responsibilities, for this, like any other virtue, must become a habit. Virtues do not spring up spontaneously; they are the result of teaching and daily practice.

Children must learn very early that law exists in every walk of life—in the home, the school, the city, and the nation. They must also learn that our comfort and happiness depend in a very large measure on how we relate ourselves to these laws. We cannot even drive a car without being conscious of laws that must be obeyed. We must teach our children to be law-abiding citizens, *first*, in the home. We fathers and mothers as the head of this little world—the home—must make the rules and see that they are obeyed, not only today, but tomorrow as well, whether we feel like it or not. If a thing is wrong today, it is forever wrong, and what we allow today should be allowed under similar circumstances any day.

There should not be much talk about it. Just a simple "yes" or "no," quietly but firmly spoken, is usually sufficient. It is not necessary to threaten. Why say to a child, "If you do that again, I will punish you"? Why suggest that you *can* be disobeyed? There should be no inflection of doubt about the matter. One mother in giving a command always says, "Do this or that, huh?" Why the "huh"? She might just as well say, "Do this or that, if you want to."

As a mother thinketh in her heart, so is her child. One's attitude is distinctly controlled by the decisions he has made. If a mother has decided in her own heart that the child must be obedient, he *will* be obedient.

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A little boy came home after the children had had their eyes examined, with the following note, duly signed by the principal:

"Mr. Smith: Your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case should be attended to without delay."

The father sent back the following answer:

"Dear Sir: Whip it out of him. Yours truly, Hiram Smith."





# True Experiences in Nature's Garden

## *Leather Wings*

By JESSIE STABLER-BURDICK

ONE bright September afternoon as I sat in the porch swing, busily occupied with a book, my attention was suddenly arrested by something a short distance away on the porch floor which had the appearance of crumpled paper or a dead bird.

Closer examination revealed something that looked suspiciously like a small ground mole or mouse. I approached cautiously, with all a woman's abhorrence of a mouse or creeping thing. What a peculiar bit of animate life it was! Nature did not bestow much beauty upon him, whatever he might be. Touching the crumpled, furry body was like pushing an electric button or spring. The response was instantaneous. Instantly it spread itself ready for flight. It was a sleeping bat.

There are few things more curious and interesting than a real, live bat. This was my first face-to-face acquaintance with this queer, birdlike animal. When its wings were stretched out on the floor, it looked identically like various pictures I had seen of bats, with their peculiar, triangularly shaped wings, a continuation of which formed a thin, flat, pointed tail, with neither fur nor feathers to cover them. He surely was a comical looking little, dark, gray-brown creature, just too sleepy to resent my rigid inspection or too paralyzed with fear to move. So

this was a bat. A warm-blooded, furry little fellow, said to inhabit dark, stuffy corners of old buildings.

I have read that sometimes when the mother bat "flits off into the twilight, the youngsters often go with her, clinging about her neck, swinging away over the tree tops and along the foggy waterside, while she chases the numberless little flying things of the night."

Could it be possible that this little fellow had lost his hold on the mother, and being too sleepy to travel, had just folded up his odd, little pointed wings and continued his nap on the floor of our porch? They usually sleep in a hanging position; it piqued my curiosity not a little to know how he happened to choose such an unnatural bed.

When 'Geva came home from school, we carefully stretched the little fellow out once more to see the formation of his wings and impish little body. When we drew the wings out full size, he immediately assumed his crumpled appearance; again and again I tried to show 'Geva what he looked like when ready for flight, but straightway he snapped back and refolded himself. Finally his patience was exhausted, and he demonstrated his righteous indignation by flying to a nearby tree. He knew instinctively that "self-preservation is the first law of nature."



We rejoiced in the experience of a close companionship with this little wild denizen, though it was very brief; but he did not appreciate our investigative friendship, so we were obliged to content ourselves with viewing his drowsy majesty from a distance. We could just see him high above our heads on the tree trunk. His color so nearly matched the tree that he looked like a slight elevation of bark rather than a bit of animate life. During the early evening he flew away.

Some time ago I saw a picture of a large tree in Kandy, Ceylon, which to all appearances was heavily loaded with huge pears, but which in reality was draped with large bats hanging by their toes from various branches and twigs.

While living in Wisconsin some years ago, we had an experience with another little night elf. One evening we were awakened by the noisy fluttering and bumping about of an unfamiliar creature; it took us some little time to realize we were entertaining a "furriner" unawares.

Several nights in succession, as soon as the lights were out and all were snugly settled for the night, this bat emerged and began his zig-zag flying about. For a whole week he eluded us; we caught just one glimpse of him in the daytime hanging by his toes behind our kitchen door; that glimpse was fleeting, as he quickly soared to parts unknown after we found him.

That frolicsome bat led the "good man" of the house, with his two hundred thirty-five pounds avoirdupois, on a nightly chase which was both amusing and exasperating. That bat was finally caught and given his freedom. In flying about, he kept his little nose close to the ceiling, flying round and round in the most intricate circles.

Our visitors were both evidently the little brown bat (*myotis lucifugus*), a small animal a little more than three inches in length. The fur on his back is glossy brown, the breast a pale creamy brown, the wing membranes naked except a narrow strip near the body; expanse of the wings, about nine inches.

In spite of the way they congregate about dwellings, very little is known of their habits. We do know that "they are warm-blooded, furry, milk-giving little inhabitants" of old buildings, hollow trees, and other dark places. They do not make nests or even attempt to make a comfortable place out of the crannies where they hide and the baby bats are born; two young ones seem to be the regular number in each litter, usually born in July. The voice of the bat is exceedingly high-pitched and squeaky.

Most bats hibernate during the winter months but there is also a southward migration of some species. They are nocturnal in habit, and seem to be more active early in the morning and at dusk. Just before dawn they flit about in an erratic manner, catching the last morsel of food before they retire to their dark sleeping apartment. After alternative periods

of rest, they seem perfectly refreshed with their nap taken upside down.

They wash their faces and paws cat-fashion. The elasticity of the wing membrane is amazing; they often wrap their head up entirely in the thin rubber-like stuff in their endeavor to clean the inside of their wings.

Did you ever stand near a river on a balmy, summer night, and suddenly have something appear silhouetted against the sky that sent a thrill of excitement through your whole frame? Of course you know it is some nocturnal creature. On he comes. Just as you think he is about to land in your hair, he makes one of his characteristic zig-zag movements and darts upward. You lose sight of him for a moment. As you stand tense, suddenly he reappears, flying swiftly in your direction. Unconsciously you drop your head, but with another triangular dart he is lost in the darkness. Mr. Bat is very unceremonious when he introduces himself.

One naturalist says, "Bats are easily the queerest things in the world." Surely we must all agree with the school boy who wrote the following essay: "The bat is a peculiar creature with beady black eyes, leather wings, a shoestring tail, and bites like Satan himself."

## *"I Will Look Up"*

By EDITH CRAW

I will look up and just be glad  
My Saviour lives,  
And every day I trust in Him  
New strength He gives;  
I will look up and just be glad  
He died for me,  
And daily, hourly, thank Him for  
His victory.

If He had failed, then I would have  
On life's rough road  
No friend to walk close by my side  
And share my load.  
No one to teach me through the years  
To sing and pray,  
No one to wipe away my tears,  
No joy-filled day.

This life would be one endless round  
Of pain and grief;  
No cheer nor happiness be found,  
No sweet relief.  
Oh! I will look up and be glad  
For love divine  
That knew my need and how to make  
The Saviour mine.



# Our Children's Health

## *Right Mental Food*

By E. A. VON POHLE

ALL Christian parents should be very particular about the food given their children. Of course, during infancy, they follow the carefully prescribed diet outlined by the doctor or baby specialist, for the food of the child makes the body of the adult. So, the mental food of the child makes the *mind* of the adult.

If there is necessity for carefulness in the choice of physical food in order properly to build up the body of the child, would it not be reasonable to be especially careful that our children are supplied with only the very best in mental food? None of us would knowingly permit our children to eat food that would poison them.

The Spirit of prophecy has the following to say concerning some of the reading material: "There are works of fiction that were written for the purpose of teaching truth or exposing some great evil. Some of these works have accomplished good. Yet they have also wrought untold harm. They contain statements and highly wrought pen-pictures that excite the imagination and give rise to a train of thought which is full of danger, especially to the young. The scenes described are lived over and over again in their thoughts. Such reading unfits the mind for usefulness, and disqualifies it for spiritual exercise. It destroys interest in the Bible. Heavenly things find little place in the thoughts."—*"Counsels to Teachers,"* p. 383.

Even Goldsmith, himself a novel writer, said, "Above all, never let your son touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are these pictures of consummate bliss. They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness that never existed, to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in their cup, by expecting more than she can ever give."

Concerning the prevalence of sensational literature exhibited in America today, a noted writer recently said that the second most noted thing in America "is the truly extraordinary extent to which the country is drenched with smut by the steadily increasing stream of pornographic periodicals and dirty fiction magazines."

Most of our parents try to guide their children in this because of the general influence which they have been taught to fear—a lack of spirituality. I wish to emphasize the specific poisoning of the mind which takes place, and the resulting mental ill-health through the stirring up of the emotions,

the drain of the nervous system, and the fear that is often unconsciously stored in the mind of the small child. Even some stories of the Bible are best not told nor read to the immature mind of the small child. I have known of children who wanted to emulate Samuel carrying out the will of God on Agag, or Jael in her betrayal of Sisera; and I shall never forget the dark terror of my own childhood life over the wrong conception of many tales of the Bible. Even in my college days, my nights were often spent in terrible conflict with the forces of evil about which I studied in the so-called Church history of those days.

Some of the bedtime stories told to children are the cause of much mental distress as is proved by this story told by an observing young mother: "Mamma," called my son from the sleeping room, 'Mamma, come quick!' he repeated in a terrified voice. I hastened to him. 'There's a big animal in the stairway there,' he cried. 'Please stay with me.' I quieted him as well as I could and then spent a few minutes pondering the why of the situation. The next night the same thing occurred and for several nights ensuing. Finally I found the clue. His evening story for a week or two had been an animal story from a book of a popular series of animal stories. I decided to choose another type of story for bedtime purposes, and the crying at night ceased."

This is not unusual, as the naturally emotional child lives over and over again the scenes of the story, and his emotionalism is increased. All children of all ages love stories, and love to be read to and to read for themselves.

The work of the parents is to choose wholesome, happy books, pictures, and stories for their children. Avoid sensational thrillers, morbid, ghastly horrors, and very sad stories, for they are likely to harden the matter-of-fact, and hurt the sensitive child.

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"Before you buy the plums," cautioned the teacher, "you would better pinch one or two to make sure they are ripe."

Little Harry flitted away. Soon he came back and smilingly put his hat filled with plums on the teacher's desk.

"Oh, thank you," said the teacher. "Did you pinch one or two, as I told you?"

"Did I?" was the gleeful response. "I pinched the whole bunch of them and here's your dime."





# The Story Circle



## The Sad Little Pine Tree

By INEZ BRASIER

THE little pine tree stood all alone through the warm spring days. It felt very sad because no birds made their homes in its branches. How it wished it might be of some use!

One morning, Mother Nature whispered to the little pine, "Do not grieve, I will give you some candles."

"But what shall I do with them?" it asked, sadly.

"Wait and see," said Mother Nature cheerfully.

So after the sun had shone warm and bright for many days and the spring rains had called the flowers, the little pine awakened to find the loveliest little pink candles on its branches. There were ever so many of them. It was happy.

"Perhaps the birds will like me now," it whispered.

All through the long summer days the pine tree stood. The lovely candles grew and grew. Then the north winds blew cold and the candles changed their pretty pink for shining brown coats. By and by, the snow lay thick on the meadow and all the birds were gone to the sunny South. The little tree missed their happy songs.

One cold morning when the sun shone bright on the snow, the pine tree heard the twittering of birds. Yes, here they were, the birds it had wished so much would stay in its branches. They flew to the brown candle cones and began eating the seeds hidden in them, and all the time they chirped their thanks to the little tree. There were other little birds, too, eating the seeds that had fallen on the snow. How surprised the pine tree was to see their beautiful pink breasts!

"Just like my lovely little candles were," it whispered. "How glad I am!" And it murmured a little song and was very happy. It was of some use, after all.

## Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crow

By INEZ BRASIER

MR. AND MRS. PETER CROW were walking along the rows of corn in the field over by the woods.

"Do you think, Peter, it will be safe to build our nest so near this field?" asked Mrs. Peter. "You know the farmer chased us out of the maple tree by the lane."

"Yes, I know. It is too bad the farmer thinks all we eat is corn," said Peter. "Come, let us look

at the new place," and away they flew to the pine tree at the edge of the woods.

They gathered sticks, pieces of grapevines, and bark. With this they made a foundation on which to build a large nest of sticks, weed stalks, and corn husks. They lined it with dried grass and moss. Such a cozy home it was, and too high for the farmer's boy to reach.

Mrs. Peter did not go to the cornfield so often now for there were five pale green eggs with brown spots on them in the nest. Mr. Peter took turns staying home, like a good crow, and with such good care there were soon five babies in the nest. And such a busy time for the Crows! They scarcely had time to find a bite for themselves to eat, for the babies were always hungry. And what a variety of food they ate! Beetles and grasshoppers, spiders, small toads, and mice. Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Peter visited the cornfield, and one time they carried off a little chicken from the farm yard. And once, I am sorry to say, they robbed the nest of another bird.

One day, when Mr. and Mrs. Robin were away from their home in the apple tree, Peter Crow swooped down and carried off a baby robin. Other birds saw it, and chased him all the way to the pine tree, screaming: "Go way! Go way! Black thief!"

But now they did not have to work so hard. The babies were fine young crows and could easily take care of themselves. How proud their father and mother were to see them flying here and there.

One day, they sat side by side on the fence for a long time. At last, Peter said: "It is time we went away to the Crow woods. The farmer has taken the corn in and the mice are gone from the fields."

"You are right. Let us start now," replied Mrs. Peter, and soon they were slowly winging their way to their winter home in the far pine woods.

## Schoolboy's Essay on a Goose

THE goose is a low, heavy-set bird, composed mostly of meat and feathers. His head sets on one end and he sets on the other. He cannot sing much on account of the dampness in the moisture in which he lives. There ain't no space between his toes, and he carries a balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking. A goose has two legs on his running gear, but they came pretty near missing his body. Some geese when they are big are called ganders. Ganders don't have to set or hatch, but just loaf, eat, and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander.



# The Sabbath a Delight

By LESSIE M. DROWN

I LIKE so much that command to parents to teach their children diligently the sacred things of God. "And [thou] shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Does it not sound chummy? We get a picture of a beautiful intimate companionship between parent and child. Can we not see a father "walking" with his little boys, or perchance they are "lying down" beneath a big oak tree, having a wonderful heart-to-heart talk together? Or the picture may be of a mother talking to her little ones as they walk, or as they "sit in their house."

This must be a Sabbath picture, for it is very rarely, in our times at least, that such a program could be carried out upon a week day. What a wonderful opportunity a parent has to develop the mind and heart of his child in this way, or in other words to educate him. For after all, education means, as the dictionary tells us, to lead out, to develop. That is what is happening here. There is exchange of thought between an adult mind and the growing mind of the child. The child is thinking and expressing his thoughts to a sympathetic listener. His thoughts are being guided into the more helpful channels. Perhaps he is meditating upon the statutes. Surely the Word is being "hid" in his heart, to protect him from sin in the future.

The principal lesson the parents were to teach their children, when sitting or walking or rising up, was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." These lessons may lie dormant within the soul of the child until he needs to weave them into his experience.

Surely story-telling is a part of the Sabbath program; and here we have not only the means of character training but of storing up many facts as well. None of us grown-ups can possibly realize how children love stories. They would rather have them told than read. One reason is that then the teller and the listener are sharing the story. The teller is enjoying it, too; while, when a story is read, the reader may only pronounce the words with the mind miles away. The sympathy or intimacy is lacking. No parent should ever be guilty of saying he or she cannot tell stories, especially when the audience is his or her own children. It is only a question of being willing to put in enough effort to know the stories themselves. The rest comes by practice. If it requires a little mental discipline on the part of the parent, good! Parents

also should grow and develop. They should not get into mental ruts.

Besides story-telling, there are many games entirely appropriate for the Sabbath. They are instructive, interesting, and make for variety. A parent who has never taken up child study may be tempted to hold the childish mind to one game or effort too long. The mind may become wearied, even though the interest is still sustained. We must be careful here.

If the children attend church with the parent, it would be well to accept this advice taken from "Education," page 252: "Let parents and children note the text and the Scriptures quoted, and as much as possible of the line of thought, to repeat to one another at home. This will go far toward relieving the weariness with which children so often listen to a sermon and it will cultivate in all a habit of attention and of connected thought."

Perhaps the happiest way of spending the Sabbath hours is in taking walks through the fields and woods. Even the city dweller can usually visit a park, which is a fair second choice. But if this is not possible, a brisk walk along the pavement is better than denning up in the house. The real country is of course the nearest like Eden. This furnishes opportunity for storing up health and happiness, and incidentally gathering much information, while the soul and mind are expanding. There is great joy in finding the first violet or hepatica of the season, or in hearing or seeing the first bluebird.

The habit of keeping a bird and flower list is interesting and instructive. It develops attention and observation and constantly adds to this kind of knowledge. If this is kept up year after year, and the study expanded to include trees, mosses, and ferns, it is a whole course of study in itself.

It is in getting close to the heart of nature that we find that "delight" in the Sabbath which God intends us to find. We can see that the Sabbath furnishes wonderful opportunities for educating the children whom God has given us.

As we meditate upon the subject, we realize more and more the great truth that the Sabbath was made for man, for his highest good, and that if it is kept holy (not just "kept"), it is one of God's greatest blessings to man.

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"That is a good book that is opened with expectation and closed with profit."—*Alcott*.



# ~ Editorial Quillograms ~

## Do With Your Might

I SUPPOSE an editorial, as a sermon, may well begin with a text; hence,—“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.”

To no class of workers does this text apply with deeper meaning than to teachers. Some people think the teacher's task an easy one. Occasionally we hear some one speak of the short hours in the teacher's day. Such superficial judgment! Short hours? Yes, if work from seven or eight in the morning until eight or nine at night be so considered. No teacher worthy the name or the high honor thinks of his day's work as finished when he turns the key in the schoolhouse door at the close of the afternoon session. Occasionally, it is true, we find a teacher(?) who is merely teaching school; but the real teacher grasps the fact that he is teaching boys and girls. Therefore there stands uppermost in his mind the thought, How can I help these children most—spiritually, intellectually, physically, socially?

We are thinking just now especially of the practical side in education. For, after all, of what real value are fanciful hypotheses or finespun theories? True education fits its recipient to grapple with the stern realities of life and to achieve success where, without it, would come failure. If you could possess but one, which would you choose, the ability to solve a puzzling quadratic equation, or the skill to cut, fit, and finish a garment? The ability to conjugate correctly a score of Latin verbs, or to be able to bake a loaf of good bread? The ability to translate an English sentence into French, or the ability to use your mother tongue correctly and fluently? To possess the skill required in producing a finished project in woodwork; to cut, fit, and complete a garment in a neat, practical manner; to plan, cook, and serve a wholesome meal; to select the seed, prepare the seed bed, and produce a garden or field crop, caring for and marketing the product—all this is education of the highest order. The hand, as well as the head and heart, is to be trained in order to develop a symmetrical whole.

In the pattern, there are definitely enumerated as essentials to be emphasized in our educational work the following: agriculture, gardening, carpentry, sewing, cooking, baking, washing, mending, painting, shoemaking, blacksmithing (auto mechanics), typewriting, printing, bookbinding, and

physical culture. Even a broader field is covered, but we cannot enlarge further within the scope of this article. All will remember the striking statement, “There is practical religion in a loaf of good bread.”

The greatest emphasis is placed upon thoroughness in teaching the common branches. No educator of the “old school” ever drove home the importance of the “three R's”—readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic—more emphatically than do the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy.

“In education the work of climbing must begin at the lowest round of the ladder. The common branches should be fully and prayerfully taught. Many who feel that they have finished their education are faulty in spelling and in writing, and can neither read nor speak correctly. Not a few who study the classics and other higher branches of learning, and who reach certain standards, finally fail because they have neglected to do thorough work in the common branches. They have never obtained a good knowledge of the English language. They need to go back and begin to climb from the first round of the ladder.”—“*Counsels to Teachers*,” p. 215.

“Before attempting to study the higher branches of literary knowledge, be sure that you thoroughly understand the simple rules of English grammar, and have learned to read and write and spell correctly. Climb the lower rounds of the ladder before reaching for the higher rounds.”—“*Counsels to Teachers*,” p. 219.

After summing up the various subjects usually spoken of as the common branches, this emphatic statement is made: “The common branches must be thoroughly mastered.”

Frequent reviews; oral and written tests provided often; daily drills in the fundamentals; regular examinations, not so much to enlighten the teacher as to help the student; then more reviews, drills, and tests—these are some of the means by which the conscientious teacher who is willing to work and who gets his pupils to work will drive home as a nail in a sure spot, to be hammered down and clinched, the foundation principles upon which may be erected the super-structure of an all-round, practical education.

R.

“First plan your work, then work your plan.”



# DOES IT PAY??—*A Symposium*

## The Browns' Home, Before and After

By B. B. DAVIS

### *Before*

MR. AND MRS. BROWN with their three children, Jack, Millie, and Sadia, are spending the evening in the living room. Jack is twelve years of age and in the seventh grade. Millie is ten; she is in grade five. Sadia is seven, and in grade two. Mr. Brown is reading the evening paper, while Mrs. Brown is working on a piece of embroidery. Jack and Millie have "home work" to do, and Sadia is making doll clothes for her precious Peggety Ann. For a few minutes all is still, and then Mr. Brown finds an advertisement for gasoline which says it has been mellowed a *million years*.

"Isn't it just awful how people can really believe such things, when the Bible makes it so plain that this earth was created only about six thousand years ago?"

"But Dad," piped up Jack, "Miss Thomas, our teacher, says this earth *is* millions and millions of years old, because scientists have proved it by the layers of rock and the fossils. We've been studying all about it in geography, too."

"Why, Jack," interposed his mother, "do you mean to say that you believe that dreadful lie?"

"Well, I don't think Miss Thomas tells us *lies*, and besides she's been to college and studied a lot, and she *knows*."

"But, Jack, the Bible says the earth was created in *six literal days*, and this story about millions of years can't be true."

"But my teacher says the Bible was a book for the Jews, and doesn't mean anything to us now," put in Millie. And before the shocked and astonished parents could remonstrate, Sadia gained the floor and recited what a wonderful fairy story they had had in reading, about some frogs that turned into birds and flew away into the trees.

"Mother, what are we coming to?" This from Mr. Brown.

Ignoring his father's remark, Jack burst out, "Dad, when are you going to buy me those boxing gloves you promised me you would?" Father pretended to be much interested in his paper just then; but Millie climbed up on his lap and demanded that he buy her a new ring before he bought the boxing gloves for Jack. This started such an argument between Jack and Millie that mother sent the children to bed so she and father could have a few minutes' peace.

After the children were put away for the night, Mrs. Brown said to Mr. Brown that she was alarmed

at the turn the evening's conversation had taken and what it had revealed.

"No more than I," returned Mr. Brown. "I'll tell you what, Mother," he said, "maybe there is some truth after all in what Elder True has been telling us about the advantages of having our children in a church school under the influence of a Christian teacher. I fear some seeds of doubt have been planted in our children's minds which will be hard to root up."

After a long and earnest conversation and a season of prayer, it was decided to take the children out of public school and place them in church school. The children did not want to go; but Mr. and Mrs. Brown were decided, so the change was made.

### *A Year Later*

The Brown family are in the same room at the same time of the day. Jack is now in the eighth grade, Millie in the sixth, and Sadia in the third. The older children still have "home work" to do, and Sadia is reading in her *Little Friend*. Jack is planning for the next Junior Missionary Volunteer program. He is leader of the society for the next six weeks' period. Jack turns to Millie and asks, "Millie, will you give us a little talk and tell about the visit your Sunshine Band made to Widow Poor's home, and about the basket of food and the bouquet of flowers you took her?"

"Yes, Jack, if you want me to. You should have been with us. Mrs. Poor was so surprised that she cried. And Jack, you ought to have Horace tell how his band distributed announcements for Elder True's Sunday night meetings."

"That's a good idea, Millie. Thanks for the suggestion."

"Our band visited the Children's Hospital and sang for a little sick girl," volunteered Sadia.

"And Jack, did you know that Helen has joined the baptismal class?"

"No, has she? Then having her on our prayer list did help, didn't it?"

"How many children plan to be baptized, besides you and Jack?" asked mother of Millie.

"Seven," replied Millie.

"Mother, do you know," confided Millie, "I never knew going to church school was so nice."

"Nor I, either," echoed Sadia.

"Mother," said Mr. Brown, "It has been hard work to pay the tuition; but no money could hire me to send the children back to public school."

"Don't worry, Father," said all three at once. "We don't want to go."



## Does the Church School Pay?

By E. BLANCHE MARKHAM

**D**OES a church school pay? The church pastor says, Yes; the educational superintendent of the conference is certain nothing pays better; the teacher has great faith that her profession, teaching, though "most poorly paid" is surely the "most highly rewarded"; and many parents have settled it once for all that no sacrifice is too great to make in order that John and Mary may be "in" the school.

But what do the dozens and scores of Johns and Marys in hundreds of schools say? Let "actions speak louder than words." First, there are three sturdy boys tramping through snow and rain more than ten miles each day to attend their beloved church school. True, sometimes they catch rides, but they cannot depend upon kind travelers, or the public school bus driver who picks them up on occasion. They learned to love the church school as beginners, when their parents lived in the tiny village where the school is held; but when conditions made a move to the farm imperative, did the boys plead and implore that they be allowed to attend the school close at hand? They did not: the tie formed in tender years held them fast.

Do I hear you say, "Boys don't mind walking. It is good for them"? Wait, wait! Let us leave behind the many boys walking to school and see if we can catch up with any girls. Yes, here are four that just scampered off that passing bus. Girls should ride, perhaps we agree, but let us investigate.

"Why don't you girls take the street car at the next corner? I am sure it goes past the school corner."

"But Mother cannot spare more than eleven cents fare," says Big Sister.

"That is forty-four cents for all of us," solemnly states Littlest Sister.

"How far have you to walk now?"

"Only one mile," replies Biggest Sister, "and we had only a little more than a mile from the house to the bus." We silently reflect—two miles and better!

"How about night?"

"Oh, we walk all the way home," answers Little Sister.

"But please excuse us if we run on, for we must not spoil our perfect record." Nearly five miles at night for these little girls, ranging in ages from six to twelve! Good for them, we say, and God bless their parents for not taking a soft attitude toward their precious girls.

Have you, my reader, ever ridden for an hour and a half in a thundering, screaming, jolting subway, stifled for breath, squeezed for space, holding tenaciously to standing room for one foot, and then imagined what that means twice a day and at rush

hours to boys and girls? The splendid public school is in the next block from home, perchance, but the modest church school has a stronger urge for youth in Christian homes. Are these children safe, traveling in this way fifteen or twenty miles to and from school? I answer, the first casualty is yet to be recorded, thanks to our heavenly Father's cordon of guardian angels.

Now the rich experience of two twin sisters who were adopted in a home, not Seventh-day Adventist, and therefore not under special "home influence" that we rate so highly. These little girls at nine years of age came into a newly organized church school through the crippled mother in the household, a sister in the faith, who died about a year later. They have continued to come a distance of five miles each way daily. Indeed, it would break their little hearts if it were otherwise. These girls have been baptized and are exemplary Christians, and an inspiration to their teachers and a positive influence in the school among the other children. They are the most willing little workers, first to volunteer for daily school cleaning, and last to leave at night, if work is on.

In the home, they keep the Sabbath very faithfully, and work like little beavers to get all work done possible on Friday. Often they have tests regarding diet, but always they tactfully and sweetly decline eating foods containing products from pork. As to movies and worldly amusements, they cannot be coaxed into attendance. Surely the gospel of the church school has won their hearts to Jesus.

## "As Fine a Crowd as Mine"

*(Excerpts from a letter from a church school teacher now attending college.)*

I had a thrill a week ago this last Friday night when I gave an M. V. program, using all of those of my old youngsters who are still here. Few teachers have such an opportunity, I believe. There were ten of them.

Our program was about "God's Unwritten Word" (Nature). George E. talked on "Stars," Kenneth E. on "Man," Clarence H. on "Trees," and Helen M. on "Grass." The rest was music from the youngsters—piano solos, etc. George gave me a beautiful tribute,—said he preferred talking about his "star teacher." Clarence remembered me, too, in a special way. The youngsters were all so dear!

Mr. H. came to me afterwards and said he would give a hundred dollars to be in my boots. A girl said she would give a million. Others said it gave them such an inspiration, and two said it made them decide that they wanted to be teachers—like me! Can you imagine that?



It gave me an idea: When you want to work up an interest for a church school, get some youngsters who have been in church school, and are now taking higher work, to give a speech on what church school has meant to them.

George made this statement one day: "I think that it is very important that our boys and girls stay in our academies for their high school work. So many lose out unless they do." I thought it was such good advice from a mere boy.

Oh, I do love my youngsters so much! I don't believe anyone has had as fine a crowd as mine. All but two are in the truth, and have definite aims in view in entering our work. All the boys but those two who are no longer in the truth and one other plan on the medical work. One is already in Loma Linda, winning a wonderful reputation. A Catholic wrote to his mother saying that boy was an example to all; he was not afraid to stand up for what he believed to be right, etc.

Oh, Miss K., it does pay to work with and for youngsters. Surely the Lord has taken it all into his hands, and where we fail, He finishes. I am so happy!

## Worth It

By LOUISE C. KLEUSER

IT WAS the close of the Sabbath. The Worth family had joined in singing, "More Diligence Give Me," and prayer had been offered for the blessings of another week. Merle, fourteen, and Gerald twelve, now had errands to attend to. Father and mother lingered in the sitting room discussing a weighty problem. The children needed a Christian education.

Mr. and Mrs. Worth realized that their children were growing up. They clearly saw that the high school of the neighborhood was presenting its problems. At one time Mr. Worth had had good work, but adversity, sickness, and discouragement brought about real struggles for an existence. More than once they had figured out the cost of Christian education for their children. It seemed an impossibility. Depressingly, Mr. Worth said to his wife, "A Christian education is the ideal, but we can never afford it; why aim for that which is outside of our reach?"

Five years had passed since the conversation of that evening at the close of the Sabbath. Four years ago the Worths had located at one of our school centers. It was again Sabbath evening, and Merle, seated at the piano, had just played, "Day Is Dying in the West." Gerald had led out in the Scripture reading. Each had taken part in prayer. It had been such a busy week! Father was still struggling along with various jobs in a nearby town, and mother, too, nursed and sewed as opportunities presented themselves. Gerald worked in the school

print-shop after school hours, and Merle made herself generally useful in the home of a wealthy merchant of the community. Only on Sabbaths did the family find time for a real visit. It was a most strenuous life, to be sure.

Unusually tired, Mr. and Mrs. Worth did not accompany the young people to students' meeting that evening. In the quiet of their modest sitting room, they asked each other an important question: Does Christian education pay? They rehearsed the providences of God in relocating them where the children might help themselves to get an education. When the way had been dark, their faith had been strengthened at camp meeting, and with new determination they had resolved to make a Christian education possible for their children. Then an opportunity presented itself, and although it had meant faith every step of the way since making the decision, their vision and hard work had helped to make the plan a success.

Today Gerald's heart was wrapped up in the gospel ministry. He was completing the academy. Teachers and fellow students loved him for his devotion and thoroughness. Gerald's Christian experience was never in question. Merle would soon be finishing her college secretarial course. Full of life, she was a leader, and yet most positively for good. Five years ago her active spirit in a worldly junior high school had brought anxiety to her parents, but today, she was developing into a sweet Christian.

"Mother, it has paid us so far; hasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Worth, "it *has* paid, for we never could have saved the interest of Merle and Gerald for God's work without a Christian education."

They sealed their assurance that evening on their knees, asking that the Master who had begun the good work in the lives of their children, might finish it. And the Master did continue to guide those young people into larger responsibilities in His service.

## The Life of a Lad

By A BOY'S SISTER

TWENTY-ONE years ago I was called home to welcome a lovely baby brother. The privilege of caring for him, especially during the sicknesses incident to early childhood, very greatly endeared the little chap to me. The little body grew stronger, and in due time came the early school experiences.

I was not at home much of the time, but memory reproduces the pictures clearly: The half acre of land for school ground, which one of our neighbors gave out of the corner of his pasture; the tiny school-house provided by a small group of farmers, the stove in the center of the room, three seats on each side, and the teacher's desk in front. I remember that Miss B., one of our missionaries to India, was



John's teacher for several years in the grades. We have always been thankful for the holy influence of her life.

I remember, too, that one time when I was at home, I visited the church school. It was Wednesday morning, and the Junior M. V. program was being given. John was leader, and his brief, but serious, remarks in introducing the little speakers, or in commenting on their contributions, stirred me strangely. A little later a statement about a certain little boy who had not been tardy or absent during his eight grades appeared in the Union paper. Needless to say, this statement was much prized by the family. The memory of the statement brings to mind the blue-eyed, fair-haired woman who up to this time had done most of the sacrificing. At this juncture, it seemed to have paid.

Things didn't go so smoothly during the academy years. Daddy's health was failing, so we brought daddy, mother, boy, and all away from the farm to a distant city to live with big sister, where John could attend the academy. City influences are strong, and we felt them more the second year, after daddy had passed away.

The little mother, alone in the too-big house on the farm during the school year, bore the brunt of these influences during the summer vacation. The third and fourth years were spent by John in an academy in the home state—mother alone most of the time. I visited him there too, and remember my horror and pain to find the gaunt youth hungry. The American plan was in vogue, and the servings I saw on the dining-room tables were fairly adequate for only one boy whom I had often seen come in and do away with large bowls of potatoes and other things after a hard half-day's work in the field. But we were not for a moment discouraged. Daddy had left us as a bit of heritage the advice concerning Christian education to "stick to the plan," and we never thought of anything else.

And I remember something remarkable that happened during those two years at the academy. The fatted calf was an institution on the farm, and John had been a heavy meat eater. Soon there came in his letters from the academy instructions that it was wrong to eat meat—followed up by his example during vacation. I give this only as an index to greater changes taking place in a boy's life.

At last it was time to go to college. Should it be college? Farming was honorable, to be sure, and all our people had been farmers. But the lad had "seen a light," and the little mother was ready again to make the supreme sacrifice—the sale of the loved farm, the breaking up of old associations, and the new start near one of our colleges in a distant community. He is finishing this spring—clean, straight, strong, earnest, devoted—the president of his class. I wonder if she thinks it paid—the little woman with blue eyes and sunny hair.

## By Their Fruits

By W. E. BEMENT

DOES it pay to go to the trouble and expense of conducting a church school? Is it advisable to have our child travel miles, perhaps, to get to church school when the public school lies within a block or two of our house? Should we go to the extra expense of running a school when the mission fields are making such urgent pleas for money? These and similar questions often arise, and I am glad to say something that I hope will help in finding an answer.

In company with one of our teachers I called at a home to ascertain the reason for the irregular attendance of one of our pupils. The family were not Adventists. We were informed by the father that he had been out of work for months and had come to the place where he could not pay the carfare to get his boy to school. The distance was five miles. A little money would come in occasionally; then the boy would come until it was gone. The parents had held off sending the boy to a public school just around the corner from their house, as the boys of that school had been found guilty of gangsterism. Imagine, if you can, boys ten to fourteen years of age, well-organized and committing robberies of a bold type, and see if you would not hesitate to send your child into that influence.

One of our girls having aspirations of some day entering denominational work was taken from our church school and put into a public school. She became intensely interested in the sports, dancing lessons, and worldly parties. I talked with her a few months later, and found her former aspirations were gone. I am glad to say that, later on, her former instruction had its proper effect, and she is fitting herself to be a Christian nurse.

Two of our pupils were working on their Friend's requirements. They had learned that they should not eat between meals; one of the requirements forbade it. One thoughtlessly ate a nut before going to bed one night; the other partook of a sample of some special ice cream that had been brought into the house an hour or so before meal time. They might have said nothing of it and no one would have been the wiser, but they did not. They came to me, asking if they would have to begin all over on the six month's health habits on account of this slip after three months. They were left to decide for themselves, and started over again. This is the kind of character that is being forged in our schools. One man, not an Adventist, was determined to send his two boys to our school. He was told that they would have to study Bible, would learn about our faith, and might become Seventh-day Adventists. He said, "If you can form characters in my boys so that they turn out like your children, I don't care what religion they embrace."

*(Concluded on page 30)*





# In the Schoolroom



## What to Do!

By JESSIE E. TATTON

AT THE close of a hard day's work have you ever gone home wondering just what was the use anyway? Have you felt as if you were a total failure and as if the children were learning so little that you wondered why you ever started teaching? "Yes," you say? What was the first thing you did? Perhaps you let your tears relieve your feelings, but, teachers, did you try Jesus?

He can solve all our problems, and how He loves to have us come to Him with *all* our troubles. He will tell you what to do with Johnnie who can't spell, and Jack who simply can't learn memory verses; also Carl and Grace who are always late or absent, to say nothing of the little chatterboxes who always forget to get permission before speaking. How many problems He has solved for me! He'll do it for you, too.

You are acquainted with these pupils I've just mentioned, aren't you? What have you done with them? For some one who has taught several years, these problems may seem small, but I know what real problems these have been and still are to me.

Some of these were problems for you and me when we were in school. Did your teacher scold and fret because you "couldn't get it"? If she did, how did you enjoy it? If not, how did your respect grow for her? I feel that very often we, as teachers, would get much better results in our work if we didn't "grow up" quite so rapidly, thus forgetting so quickly the days when we were in the same place that these children are now in.

### DEVICES WE HAVE USED

To encourage good spelling, make an attractive calendar for the month. (If you want co-operation, use only one calendar for the entire group.) If each one in the room gets a hundred for that day, a gold star goes on the calendar; if one-half are perfect, a red or blue star may be used; and if less than one-half are perfect, a black star must be put up. This calendar should be shown at the Home and School Association meetings. This is really very simple, and of course it may not always work, but try it. It has worked.

A plan I like for memory verses is this: The first day of school, give each child a strip of colored baby ribbon; then for each memory verse learned, give a square piece of paper with the memory verse written on it diagonally. Make a small slit in the upper and

lower corners of the diamond thus formed. The child can slip each diamond on the ribbon and paste them together, making a neat little bookmark when finished.

Tardy marks have always been a sort of horror to me, and I have tried my best to prevent as many tardy marks as possible. The most successful plan for me has been individual attendance charts for each period. Find something appropriate, such as a tree with colored leaves for autumn, one leaf to be put on each day the child is present and on time. A Christmas tree may be used for the Christmas season. Put on a gift each time the child is present and on time. Candles and ornaments may be used also. For February, we let each child choose a sheet of colored paper to suit his taste. From these, a large heart was cut. For each day that the pupil was present and on time, he received a small heart to paste on the large heart. On the small heart a Bible text was written.

I wanted the children to have the entire collection of verses, so if one was absent, I put a large A on his heart for that day. If he was tardy, I put a large T. That way he had all the Bible verses, but he also had the marks of an imperfect record.

### FOR ELIMINATING TALKING WITHOUT PERMISSION

I took a sheet of colored paper such as purple, then used a harmonizing color for stars, such as gold. After ruling the page, I put each child's name on it with the days of the week like this:

NAMES	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.
Grace M.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Mary L.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lotta K.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Kate B.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Paul B.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Arthur G.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

In each space a star was placed for each day that the pupil didn't talk without permission. If he did speak without permission, his record was spoiled, and a black star had to be put up. At the end of the week, each child's strip was sent home and a note had to come back from the parents of those who had black stars. I assure you this helped to solve my problem of talking without permission.

There are a great many more devices that one can use to good advantage. If you can't think of any, ask your Heavenly Guide. He can tell you all you need to know.



## June Nature Notes

By ELLA KING SANDERS

WE SOMETIMES hear the expression, "That is sweeter than roses in June." It must be something rare that merits that comparison. Even the wild roses are beautiful and their perfume rare.

This is a busy month for all nature. If privileged to visit a clover field, to listen to the buzzing of the bumblebees, and the humming of many other insects, you will be convinced that the insect world about you is busy.

From the bobolink may be heard the "sweet rippling repetition of its name with additional trills" as it sails over the meadow above the grass where its mate is nesting.

The black swallowtail butterflies will be searching for some plant of the parsley family on which to lay their eggs. They seem to understand what their babies will need for food. You will call the babies parsnip worms, for there is where you will find many of them. They are black and yellow striped. Put one of these worms into a glass can, and cover it with a piece of netting. Give the worm plenty of fresh parsnip leaves to eat. It will grow and grow, and when it is full grown, you will see a great change. It will shed its pretty coat and go to sleep. Some morning not many days later, you will find a pretty black swallowtail butterfly.

Many of the crawling things on plants and trees that you call worms are but one of the stages in the life of the butterflies and moths.

Do not fear the dragon flies you see sailing above the ponds of still water. They know that there is the place to find many mosquitoes. Why are they interested in mosquitoes?

We have had to part with many of our bird visitors. We greatly miss their song and the glimpses of the beautiful colors among the trees. These birds are now busy at their summer homes farther north. Maybe some of us will have the privilege of visiting them there. Some of them are just building their homes; some are sitting on their eggs, and some that left us earlier in the season are busy satisfying the hunger of their little ones.

Wouldn't you like to visit the home of the Arctic tern, who traveled eleven thousand miles to spend the summer in the far, cold North? We are told that every year these birds make this twenty-two-thousand-mile trip going to and from their summer home. Do we wonder why? We know Who guides them on their journey and puts within them the desire to come and go. No wonders in the world of nature, are there?

Here at home we shall find that the goldfinch has changed its winter coat and is now robed in its summer one of bright yellow, with very black wings. By the last of the month, these happy little creatures

will be busy building their homes. They will appreciate your co-operation in this work, if you will place in the trees or on bushes where they can get them, pieces of string and tiny strips of cloth, etc.

There is a small bird that tells its name, though the way it says it, you would think it was almost too lazy to tell you. He drawls out, "Pe-a-wee," accenting the last syllable. It is called the wood pewee. Then you may hear another bird saying something that sounds much like it, but it says "Phoebe" in an emphatic way. That is its name. It is larger than the wood pewee. You will generally find it nesting under some bridge over a babbling brook. The wood pewee usually builds on the horizontal branch of some tree. To make it more safe, they cover the outside of the nest with moss the color of the limb on which the nest is built. If you can find one of these nests after the family have left it, you will be interested to see how artistically it is constructed. Both these birds belong to the flycatcher family. The Adler flycatcher says, "We-gee," accent on the first syllable. The least flycatcher says, "Chebec."

Along the Mexican border of the United States may be seen the vermilion flycatchers, the most beautiful of all the family. Can you tell why they have this family name?

Peep under the large leaves of the May apple plant to find the pretty, white, waxy blossom.

In some sections the lady's slipper blossom may be found this month in wet or boggy meadows.

This is the month for the baby deer to appear, but if they are dwellers in your part of the country, you will not be very likely to find them, for mother deer wisely secretes them in some thicket while she goes out to get her food. Baby deer have learned to obey, so no danger comes to them.

Did you ever turn over some good-sized stone and discover that you had unroofed the home of some little creatures? We are told that the bombardier beetle lives in such a home. You will know it if it is there, for you will see a volley of white smoke-like vapor.

If you search for the tadpole of the pond now, you will not recognize it, for it has dispensed with its tail and is on the shore with four legs, hopping about in a lively manner. You will call him a frog. It is interesting to keep some tadpoles in water where you can watch them change to frogs.

No end to the wonders in nature. Just keep your eyes and ears tuned to behold these wonders.

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Good work takes time and thought. No living man can do his level best when short of time. The always-behind man is as poor as a taxicab driver in Venice, and as worthless in service as the foam on a wild wave off the coast of Cape Hatteras.



# "I CAN DO ALL THINGS"

By MRS. LEONARD WOOD

LET'S repeat and finish that, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Study the "can do . . . through Christ," and then when duty calls, the answer will not be, "I can't." To say, "I can't," when God gives command with such a promise before us is either willfully to refuse or to admit that we do not believe His promise. If we are Christians, how can it be either?

Since we are instructed to have a church school where there are as many as six children of school age, all that needs to be done as the first step in obedience is to count the children. Are there six? Yes? That settles it; now, then, to work!

God does not promise to provide a school as he provided food for Elijah, but He has promised that we can do all things through Him. Because this promise has been verified in my experience, I want to pass on its story, in hope that doubting Thomases may take courage and do likewise.

By circumstances that marked a plain path we were led to a town having a church with over twenty children but with no school. Since I had a little daughter of my own of school age, I was prepared to agitate the subject. There were no dissenters when we talked of the benefits and need of a church school, but there were many who found so many stumbling stones that the path looked impossible. The wall of "can't be done" was so high it looked as if we never could scale it, especially when there seemed to be no ladder with rounds on which to plant our feet. There were no books, no desks, no equipment, and apparently no money. Israel's experience had a lesson in it just then for our needs. They had to walk to the water's edge before the path opened before them; and so the few who still had faith in Israel's God decided to go forward, leaving the results to God. Since He gave the commandment, how could the project fail?

School opened full-fledged on one of the hottest days I can remember. Twenty-five boys and girls appeared that morning, ranging in ages from six to fifteen. Nearly all came from divided homes, all from the public school, and many against their will. "The town schools have convenient, comfortable buildings and 'good times,' so why go to an inconvenient, out-of-the-way, unpopular church school?"

The only building we had was an old store-building rented for use as a church and fitted out with straight-back, painted pews and an organ. This, with five yards of blackboard cloth tacked to the wall, was our schoolroom on that hot September morning. The children sat, wiggled, and squirmed in those uncomfortable straight pews, occasionally slipping to the floor while they used the seat space as a desk on which to do necessary writing. As to

books—well, we had everything. Each child brought what he had last used, and since they came from several different schools, the variety was marvelous. The church school books were those I had left over from a previous teaching experience of fifteen years before.

But in spite of all obstacles, we started, and the starting was the first round in the ladder to success. We struggled along, making some progress, while hoping for better things, till at the end of six weeks we had a secondhand school desk for each one, and little by little the regular school books had been ordered and received.

The devil fought every inch of ground we gained that year, but had not God said we should have a school? Nothing could stop us, though many times it looked as if we had come to the insurmountable rock. A few lines from the poem, "Columbus," fits that experience.

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
'This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?'  
The words leaped like a raging sword:  
'Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.'"

And on we went. School has been going now for five years. We have a schoolroom of our own, with equipment sufficient to do all regular work. Seven have graduated from the eighth grade, three have finished tenth grade and two more hope to finish this spring. One has gone out to teach a home school three hundred miles from her home. Better than all of that, eleven have been baptized and brought into church fellowship. Last spring, when five of the church school girls, all gowned in white walked into the water singing—

"My Jesus I love Thee,  
I know Thou art mine;  
For Thee all the follies  
Of sin I resign,"

we could all testify that the church school has paid and that God had fulfilled His promise to us.

All have learned to pray; our weekly devotional meetings have taught the children to feel at home in the presence of the Lord and to take an active part in prayer and testimony. Not all glitter has been gold, but seeds of truth have been sown that God will water and bring to a harvest. Has it been worth the effort? Who could say it has not? The climbing has been hard, but we know by experience that we "can do all things through Christ," when we put forth the effort to fulfill His commands.



# Struggles, Setbacks, and Victories

By A CHURCH SCHOOL MOTHER

I REMEMBER well the beginning of our own local church school work some thirty years ago. We began with an enrollment of six. Our school-room was in a private house. Our desks were home-made — quite crude when compared to the desks our children sit in today. Our textbooks were varied. We had no system of graded school books, as we have now. Each teacher had to choose her own textbooks. I've forgotten the names of nearly all the books we used those first few years. I do remember two books we used as readers. One, "Christ Our Saviour," was in type much too small for us; the other one was "Christ's Object Lessons" — both good books, but, being more or less written for adults, hardly as suitable as our readers of today. For penmanship, our teacher wrote a memory gem upon the board and we copied it over and over: "All that's great and good is done by trying," or "All that glitters is not gold." Oh, it was a simple affair — that first church school. But we were learning our "readin', and 'ritin', and 'rithmetic," and in a school where we were obtaining "an education based on a scriptural foundation."

And our little school was not alone in its lack of equipment. Another company near-by received and obeyed the message to establish a school. They had no available room, so for a time they used their church building. The desks were smooth boards hinged upon the backs of the church seats. The pupils kept their books beside them in the seats. Certainly not an ideal arrangement; for it was difficult for the children to remember always that they were in the house of God and to render due respect to the building. But it served for awhile until a schoolroom could be provided. And it was far better than being in the public school for it was "no longer safe to send them" there. Yes, there were struggles aplenty in those first years of the church school work.

But the parents were not the only ones who were making a sacrifice in those days. The teacher was doing her share. She was receiving the enormous (?) sum of from fifteen to eighteen dollars a month and her board and room. And she had to "board around." It was by no means an easy life — but she did it and lived through the experience, and sometimes, I think, grew to understand the children better from knowing more of each child's home life.

The day of poor equipment and varied textbooks is gone. However, our teachers still have many trials and perplexities to meet. For instance, there was that irate father who, when things didn't go to suit him, took his children out of the church school

and put them back into the public school. Surely a sad state of affairs, not only for the school work, but for the family involved, for out of that large family of children only two are in the faith today. Why? Sometimes we wonder — wonder what a little more co-operation would have accomplished. Then, again, there is that fond mother who believes so fully in ruling by love that under no circumstances will she allow the teacher to discipline her children without interfering. Sometimes she goes so far as to threaten the teacher. Struggles? Difficulties to meet and overcome? Certainly. But in spite of this lack of co-operation, our school work goes on and will go on, for it is a work ordained of God and must go on.

And then the setbacks. It seems as if struggles and setbacks in the work are so closely coordinated that we can hardly speak of them separately. One school recently had an experience which threatened to be a decided setback to the work. Dissatisfaction arose in one family and finally one pupil from that family had to be expelled. Sad to say, the trouble was noised about, and soon it was an established fact among the outsiders that the church was having trouble, and they said there would be no church schools for them. Even some of the church members became indifferent toward the work. But the church company met, talked it over, and the majority voted for school another year.

So, when September came, the same teacher came back again, school began, and before many days rolled around there were fourteen in that school instead of only seven. A victory indeed, and in more ways than one. It was demonstrated that the church school work is too important to be dropped so easily. But best of all, the teacher has organized a baptismal class which includes nearly all the pupils, and they are looking forward to baptism in the near future. Who knows how many of these children and young people will be called upon to lift the standard of truth when we older ones are no longer permitted to do so? We are told that our church schools are ordained by God to train our children for just such a work.

Yes, there are struggles — and there are victories. The experiences related here could easily be the experiences of any other school, just as the victories gained could also be their victories. And if faithful to our church school work, we may not only share these earthly experiences, but we may together share that greater victory, and be ready to answer with joy that searching question we all must meet, "Where is the flock that was given thee, thy beautiful flock?"



# ❖ Home and School Association ❖

## Suggestive Program

By ROSA N. KOZEL

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 416.  
Prayer.  
Secretary's Report.  
Reports of Equipment and Ingathering Committees.  
Song: "Pull, Pull, Pull."  
Talk: "Co-operation." Based on chapter on "Co-operation," "Education," p. 283-286.  
Recitation: "Our Church School" (by adult).  
Symposium on Co-operation between the Home and School.  
Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 506.  
Benediction.

### "PULL! PULL! PULL!"

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching!")

By MRS. J. F. MOSER

IN THE teacher's chair I sit, longing for your presence here,  
Wishing you would come and see our school today.  
It would cheer us up, I know, it would help us persevere,  
Just to hear a warm "God bless you!" on the way.

CHORUS: Pull, pull, pull — all pull together;  
There can be no better way.  
We can have a better school,  
Working by this blessed rule:  
Night is coming! Let us labor while it's day.

If you had a little colt, in a pasture feeding near,  
You would call to see him every now and then.  
Is not Thomas worth much more? Is not Mary just as dear?  
Do not girls become our women? Boys, our men?

CHORUS: Pull, pull, pull, etc.

Like the calves, with pails of milk, that could not get much to drink

While the one pulled that way, and the other this,  
Parents must with teachers pull, if we get results, I think;  
Then we both shall have a taste of perfect bliss.

CHORUS: Pull, pull, pull, etc.

## OUR CHURCH SCHOOL

By MRS. J. F. MOSER

I WENT to school the other day,— the school we know so well,—

But all I heard and all I saw, I can't begin to tell.  
One thing I wish to emphasize,— I'd shout about it, if I durst,—  
In every way on every day, they try to make God first.  
Before they taste of other things upon the table spread,  
They bow their heads and give God thanks, and take some living Bread.

This habit formed, in youthful years, is better far than gold.  
To make God first in everything — its worth cannot be told.  
They learn to figure, read, and write, to speak without a flaw;

They learn to be good citizens, and keep the civil law;  
A pupil learns to use his hands as well as use his head;  
Some learn to use all kinds of tools; some, needles and a thread.  
When they are sent, on mission boat, to some far distant shore,  
And have to build and cook and sew, they'll wish they had still more.

Both boys and girls should learn to cook, make plaster and cement,

Learn how to launder, pull their teeth, and nurse, or make a tent.

But when this cannot all be done, for lack of means and tools,  
It is a help to start our hands to work by giving rules;  
They form the habit to obey, and answer to our will,  
And soon acquire a readiness, with more or less of skill.  
But take it all together, friends, good work is being done,  
Which cannot fail to bring returns, at setting of the sun.  
Stand by the school! Stand by the school! and work, and watch, and pray

That holy angels may be there to help them every day!

## CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE HOME AND THE SCHOOL

By MRS. W. E. HOWELL

(These questions and answers should be given out some time before the meeting. When the question is asked by the leader, the answer may be read or given by the person called upon. In any case, let the answer be discussed. Leader must have a list of the questions in hand.)

### 1. What is co-operation?

Co-operation is the harmonious working together of parents and teachers as do the parts of a well oiled, well regulated machine.

The co-operative parent goes to the teacher, takes him by the hand, and says, "If your plan is right, I want a better understanding, that I may fully co-operate with your plan. If it is not right, we must together discover what is right, and then stand together." This is co-operation.

### 2. How shall disobedience be checked?

As a rule, a child disobeys because he thinks he can; and he thinks he can because there are times when his disobedience is overlooked. First, we endeavor to make sure that every requirement is fully understood. Then in no case is disobedience overlooked. When the child is conscious of the fact that we observed and seriously noted his irregularity, his inclination to disobey is to a large extent checked. He concludes that we meant what we said. In case punishment becomes necessary, certain privileges are temporarily suspended until the child realizes that obedience is the price that he must pay for liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

### 3. How check failure to meet daily assignments?

A student who is not meeting the requirements in his daily work should be made to understand that



the responsibility is with him. He must understand that it is only as he keeps up with each day's assignments that he may become a candidate for promotion. His success is measured by each day's effort. If, after encouragement and special help, the child is still unwilling to put forth the effort that he should, the matter should then be referred to the parents. In counsel with them, the teacher should then proceed to use needed measures. As a rule, no child should be permitted to leave school until every assignment for the day is in. Some teachers require a written assignment of every lesson in which the child was unable to recite orally. In the upper grades, children should not be permitted to continue in classes in which they are not keeping up with the required work.

#### 4. *What punishments should be used?*

The nature of the offense and the temperament of the child should determine the punishment used. If a child is continually abusing schoolroom privileges, these privileges should be denied him. A privilege abused is a privilege lost. If a child insists on playing when he should be working, his daily assignments should be increased, for evidently he does not have enough to do. In case of minor irregularities that are the result of thoughtlessness, a searching heart-to-heart talk after school, in which the teacher manifests kindness and firmness, is far more effective than the open reproof.

#### 5. *Should corporal punishment ever be used?*

Corporal punishment should be used only in extreme cases, after every other measure has failed. A good sound thrashing works a wonderful transformation in some cases; in others it is ruinous. The nervous and the physical condition of the child must be taken into consideration before corporal punishment is administered; also the nervous and physical condition of the one who is administering the punishment. Corporal punishment accomplishes but little when given in a nervous, irritated spirit. After earnest consideration and prayer with the child, corporal punishment administered in love and calmness will help "save the child."

#### 6. *How should cheating be dealt with in our schools?*

In some cases children cheat, not because they are dishonest, but because the temptation for the moment is greater than they can withstand. Until the habits are established and the ideals defined, we must be careful as far as possible to remove any temptation to cheat in the schoolroom. In case a child cheats in an examination or a lesson, he has earned no credit, and therefore he is entitled to none. Much may be accomplished in morning exercises in establishing ideals of honesty and fairness.

#### 7. *How check the prevailing spirit of irreverence?*

Irreverence is the sin of the age. It must be checked, or we shall lose our children. The Lord has given definite instruction along this line, with which our children should be familiar. It is not force, but education, which will prove most effective in over-

coming this tendency. Such a strong spirit may be created against this sin that the element in school that is tempted to be irreverent will be ashamed to continue in that course. The teacher should never begin prayer until she is sure that all eyes are closed, hands folded, and the children in readiness to come into the audience chamber of God. It should be understood that the children who are not strong enough to be quiet and reverent during religious exercises, will be expected to come to the front and kneel beside the teacher during prayer, not because there is any desire to expose the child, but in order to protect him from a sin that will separate him from God. There must be a strong, sure work accomplished in the home in connection with this effort in the school to establish ideals of reverence, or the cause will be hopelessly hindered. Parents and teachers working together can overcome this distressing tendency, for God is for us.

#### 8. *Why do children appear to have more trouble in church school than in public school?*

Some children appear to have more trouble in church school than in public school because church school ideals are higher than the public school ideals. Therefore, more is expected of students enrolled in our schools than is expected of students enrolled in public schools. Since standards are higher, greater effort is required. A failure to recognize this, makes the public school pupil conspicuous in church school. Then, too, there are habits and ideals that have been formed in public school that are responsible for the pupil's trouble in church school, and not conditions which exist in church school, as is often imagined by the parent. We know that the enemy is working against the children enrolled in our church schools, with a determined spirit to overthrow them, and instead of amazement and surprise, earnest determination should possess us.

#### 9. *How does the parents' attitude influence children?*

The children are the reflectors of the parents' attitude in the home. Some parents are sure that they never speak against the teacher in the children's presence, and we do not doubt their sincerity in this matter. We all know that the children are influenced by the slightest attitude on our part. The very expression of our faces influences them for or against the teacher or the situation in hand.

The parents are not by any means to be held responsible for the child's misdemeanors, but the attitude of the child in the misdemeanor is a reflection of the parents' attitude toward the teacher. It is the spirit manifested, far more than the offense committed, that is the teacher's problem. God help us to believe in our teachers, for only in this way can they reach our children.

#### 10. *What is the teacher's responsibility to the parent?*

The teacher's responsibility to the parent is to hold his child to his best efforts in every assignment,

*(Concluded on page 30)*



# Parents at Study



The Mothers' Society and  
the Parents' Council

## Muleheaded\*

By ARTHUR W. SPALDING

JOHN HENRY does not like to be bossed. Yet, as he views this world, there is a great majority of people not merely willing but having some power to boss him. In all his nine years of sturdy and persistent endeavor to make a sensible pattern out of this kaleidoscopic world, he has found his plans and work interfered with three hundred sixty-six days out of every leap year by a variety of bosses, from Mother Mine and Daddy Dear and Teacher True to Sister Sue and Brother Bill and Tuffy Duff and Carrigan the Cop. Did he want to wade in a mud puddle?—No; it would spatter his nice, clean suit. Did he want to go fishing?—No; he might catch a hook in his underlip. Did he want to listen to the dickey bird singing?—No; he had to get that spelling lesson. Did he want to sit on his shoulders in the cozy corner with a good old book?—No; Sister wanted the room for her caller. Did he want to try his hand on the old bus?—Out of the way! Who did he think he was? Eddie Rickenbacker? Did he presume to cry "First bat!"—Get out there in left field! Did he pinch an apple off Tony's high loaded stand?—Hi, young feller! Do you want to go to the pen for the rest of your natural life? Turn where he will, John Henry seems to find an unsympathetic world; and to meet it he has come to set up within himself what the scientific call a defense mechanism. His friends and monitors call it being muleheaded.

He has found that he gets little pleasure from doing what everybody tells him to do—in addition to the fact that he could not if he would, for diametrically opposite demands and commands often come from opposing sources. So John Henry sets a stubborn little face, and doggedly plods ahead. There are times, of course, when he is brought up standing; oh, many, many times. These big folks—parents, teachers, and senior cubs—are often too much for him when they oppose their solid bulk in his way. He is made to do many things he does not want to do; but his will remains fixed, and is mirrored in his whole being. The small, square chin is thrust forward, the contours of his mouth draw into a thin line, the brown eyes take on the far-seeing look of a prophet. There is something pathetically heroic in that small, determined figure—if only the eyes of his masters were eyes that could see. But they say, "Did you ever see such a little rebel? Bound and

determined to do whatever he takes it into his head to do. Won't give up until he is whipped, and sometimes not then. He is a muleheaded little chap, all right!"

John Henry, generally speaking, is not a fighter. He does not fall into rages, "go off his head," and plunge with flying fists and screaming voice into combat with his opposers. He is a philosopher of sorts. He recognizes authority duly constituted, and is fairly amenable to government of both parents and teachers. "What's the use?" is his unuttered comment upon his impulses to oppose their requirements, "They've got the drop on me, and I can't do everything I want to do till I'm grown up. But wait! I'll show 'em!"

With those nearer his own age, his older brother and sister and his sports and gang leaders, he is less complaisant. He does not yell defiance at them, but neither does he readily submit to their dictation. Sometimes he compromises: if he cannot get first bat in town ball, he plants himself at shortstop instead of left field, and usually the boss does not find it worth the battle to oust him. Sometimes he sneaks, though furtiveness is not a natural trait of his. If Brother Bill says he can't take his (alias the family's) tennis racket, John Henry watches his chance when Bill isn't around—and afterward takes his punishment stoically. But sometimes he demonstrates passive resistance, and with Quaker fortitude endures his sister's tongue-lashing until he is well assured that the visitor, even if not sympathetic with him, is increasingly unsympathetic with Sister.

But John Henry's stubbornness is not all negative,—not all in opposition to contrary minds. It is exhibited as well in his relations with the elements of life; and in this connection the candid-minded are willing to call the trait by the commendable name of persistence. When he shovels snow off the walks he sticks to the job until the last bit is done. When he comes in last in a foot race, he nevertheless comes in, instead of falling out when he falls behind. When he has a difficult problem in arithmetic, he works at it and works at it until he solves it. Indeed, he exemplifies the wise man's proverb, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." An admirable little chap he is when seen in these activities; not brilliant, nor dashing, but faithful and tenacious, somewhat of a plodder, but nothing of a quitter.

His social environment is not, on the whole, in his favor. His father (whom he much resembles in character) is rather conscious of his little son's good qualities, and if he were not so engrossed in his

\* Sixth in a series of character studies of children running in this department throughout the year.



business, he might give more attention to the boy and ease some of his burdens. But his mother is of quite a different type. Nervous, voluble, given to making snap judgments, and laying hand to the first penalty within reach, she plays in the life of John Henry the part of an irritation rather than a stimulus. While she believes she is devoted to her children, she is in fact very partial to her daughter, whose similarity in disposition is marked. She therefore easily countenances the attitude of her older children toward John Henry, and indeed she discounts his troubles all along the line. This has had its effect in increasing his self-dependence. He does not confide his troubles to his mother any more.

There is stuff of a noble soul in little John Henry. Probably he would never be a great leader of men, for he lacks the verve and imagination that inspire others; but he could be that most indispensable support of a leader, the man whose iron will surmounts obstacles and accomplishes results. There is the making of a man in John Henry—but his parents are not making the man. They could not, indeed, save him from the problems and contests and difficulties of his contacts with elements of strife in his boy world, nor would it be desirable to do this; but they could make for him a haven of understanding and peace at home. He needs that other side of life to balance the load. He needs to have encouragement and appreciation and assistance where now he gets little or none. If home cannot give him these, he is not likely to get them anywhere before the iron of his nature is bent too crooked to make the truest success.

No boy or girl of real mettle but has an independent mind and will. If the parents, instead of constantly checking and thwarting that independence, will approve and guide it into worthy effort, they will rightly develop their child. Too many times innocent pleasures are denied because convention or convenience of the parents is opposed. Too many times excessive caution and fear on the parent's part prevents the child from due development of initiative and resourcefulness. Too often the habit of parents' nagging is seized upon by older brothers or sisters to make the life of the younger miserable. All this is foreign to the good home. Home should be the place where the best of every trait is discerned and encouragement is given to its exercise.

Unless this home changes (and why should it not?), the greatest hope for John Henry is that someone outside the home, a teacher or an older friend, will come to recognize his good qualities, and to cultivate them through encouragement rather than opposition. He needs to be taken on camping trips and given instruction and opportunity to make the wilderness bend to his will. He needs to be joined in co-operative enterprises with kindred spirits, under an understanding older leader. He needs to be

praised for what he can and does do well; and he needs to be pointed to new fields of worthy achievement. He needs to be relieved from bossing by whoever likes to boss, and to be given due recognition of rights and powers.

This is the legitimate work of the home, and it is the privilege of parents to make such a study of their children, of their own social conditions, and of principles and methods of child training as will bring out the good qualities and minimize the ill. May such a conversion and new program be the experience of the parents of little John Henry.

## The Home Commission

By A. W. SPALDING, *Secretary.*

TEN years old is now the Home Commission. And yet, do you know? there are parents among us who have never heard of it and who don't know what it is for. Recently, while on a tour of one of our states, in two churches I found that anxious parents, feeling deeply the need of study, had proposed to start some kind of parents' society, without ever knowing that definite plans and aid in study awaited them through the Home Commission. "What is the Home Commission?" they asked. And since others may be echoing this question, I am going to tell you what it is.

The Home Commission is a committee formed by the General Conference to lead out in parent education in our church—and beyond our church so far as our influence can reach. Ten years ago it began its work. A few months were first spent in a survey, some work in the field, and laying a comprehensive plan for the help of parents. Nine years ago this last January, the Home Commission presented to our people its plan for the organization in local churches and communities of a Mothers' Society, and eighty-six of these were organized during that year. Later the interest among fathers so developed that there was proposed the alternative organization of a Parents' Council, to contain both fathers and mothers, and now we have both of these forms of parents' societies.

For the first six years, the study material was provided through a periodical, *Parents' Lessons* (at first *Mothers' Lessons*); but beginning with 1929 the plan was shifted to a book basis of study. For this plan, a series of five books was projected, four of which have now been published, and the last of which is in preparation, to be brought out next fall. The first of these books, "Makers of the Home," lays a basis for later study, presenting Christian principles of social life, in love, courtship, marriage, and parenthood, and the relationship of the home to other elements or phases of association. The last four books take up in succession the periods of babyhood, early childhood, late childhood, and adolescence. They are displayed on the back page cover.



The Home Commission fosters the organization of a Mothers' Society and Parents' Council in the church or community, and directs its course of study through these agencies. It also deals with isolated parent-students where no society can be formed. There is no tuition fee or any expense whatever, except the purchase of the textbook.

Why should such a work be done in the church? Because it is vital to the health and success of the church, and because primarily it is the work of saving and training the children for this life and the next. Upon parents primarily devolves this most important work. Parents need a training to enable them rightly to teach their children. Two vitally significant statements we take from the pen of Mrs. E. G. White:

"The restoration and uplifting of humanity begins in the home. The work of parents underlies every other. . . . The well-being of society, the success of the church, the prosperity of the nation, depend upon home influences."—*"Ministry of Healing,"* p. 349.

"Never will education accomplish all that it might and should accomplish, until the importance of the parents' work is fully recognized, and they receive a training for its sacred responsibilities."—*Education,* p. 276.

Parents must be trained if they are to make a success of their God-given work; for God's work will never be finished until the parents of His church do their basic work. There is a terrible wastage constantly going on in the ranks of the church, because of the failure of parents to teach and fortify their children against the assaults of the world. We are losing almost as many young people from our ranks as are brought in by evangelism. If these children could be trained in well-balanced, well-directed Christian homes, what a tremendous advantage would the church have in its world-wide work. How much sooner might the gospel commission be completed and the reign of sin and death be over.

Parents of the church, it rests with you to decide whether our children shall be saved or lost, whether or not you will put yourselves diligently to the task of studying and practicing the principles of Christian education in the home. The Home Commission offers you its help. If you want it, write for complete information to the Home Commission, General Conference, Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

## Home and School Program

*(Concluded from page 27)*

to keep him busy, to refuse to allow him to play and throw away his time. The teacher is true to his trust only as he strives daily to find that avenue of approach to the heart of every child. The teacher who loves the children sincerely and genuinely, best serves the parent.

11. *How should the teacher co-operate with the homes?*

The teacher should co-operate with the homes by notifying parents of any serious irregularity in deportment and of failure on the part of pupils to keep up with daily assignments. The teacher will require written excuses in case of absence and tardiness. The teacher will visit the homes; and seek to know the parents and the homes of the children committed to his care. The teacher does not know the child if he does not know the home and the parent.

12. *What course should be pursued when questions arise concerning the work?*

In case of any question regarding the spirit or the work of the school, the co-operative parent, the Christian parent, will see the teacher, and in a kind, frank manner talk over the situation. Parents who do not follow this plan, but talk of their criticism to each other, are sowing seeds of discontent and working against the best interests of their children. While some do not talk their criticism to others, they hold in their hearts a feeling of disappointment. This is also unkind and unfair. Our teachers need help. We need help. It is only as we help each other and press together that we are true and loyal in the common trust that is ours. Parents and teachers who will go to each other for counsel and prayer from time to time are friends to the cause of Christian education and to the boys and girls.

## By Their Fruits

*(Concluded from page 21)*

One girl when tempted, said, "I can't; I'm a Seventh-day Adventist." When asked what that had to do with it, she said, "I have been taught what is right, and I am determined to do what is right."

When I visit our church schools and hear youngsters reciting Bible memory verses, I feel that they are building up a mighty defense against the enemy. It does my heart good to hear some of our pupils stand up with Bible in hand and give a convincing Bible study. When I read a short time ago of the majority of public school children in a certain large city of the United States voting one of the most noted gangsters of the time as their hero and example, I contrasted it with our pupils who take Jesus as their Pattern in life. When I note how many of the baptisms of the conference each year are due to the work of our church schools, when I see the example these children set before the older people, when I see unity and good will brought into the church school, and when I see missionary work done and church goals put over almost solely by church school pupils, I am convinced that it does pay to conduct a church school, even if it takes every penny we possess.



# You Ask Us ? And We Say to You

*Is it right or wrong to let our children go to birthday parties and valentine parties gotten up by our church school teacher? One mother said, "I'll let my girls go if you can show me one place in the Bible where Jesus attended a birthday party."*

Of course, this mother is not very sound in her reasoning, but nevertheless, she may have (or she may not have) very good reasons for objections to the kind of party to which her girls are invited. We confess our sympathy for the parents, unskilled in social science, who yet are striving honestly and earnestly to protect their children from the untoward influences they may find in the community. Perhaps they do not know how to give constructive help, but there is something both admirable and pathetic in their last-ditch standing for what they think is social righteousness.

Did Jesus ever go to a birthday party? We do not know; there is no record of His having done so. But neither is there any Bible record of His having carried in the wood for His mother, nor of having gone to bed the instant Joseph told him to, nor of having given up His dinner to a poorer child than He. Suppose this mother's little girls should say to her, "We will brush our teeth if you can show us anywhere in the Bible that Jesus ever brushed His teeth"; or, "We will grow a garden for a missionary project if you can show us where Jesus ever did"; or even, "We will allow that you did all right to be

married if you can show us in the Bible the record of Jesus' marriage." We cannot look for a record of some act of Jesus to show us everything that is right for us to do. We are, instead, to learn from Him the great principles of righteous living, and from them shape our course.

That Jesus approved of happy social intercourse, there is abundant evidence, both in His sayings and in His recorded attendance at feasts and weddings. A birthday party is surely just as legitimate an affair as a wedding. Study should be given to the way to conduct parties and all other social gatherings. Foolish games, trivial conversation, and unseemly conduct are detrimental to children and grown people alike. There is too much of this evil in such gatherings because parents and teachers, instead of studying to make them profitable, follow the line of least resistance by leaving the children to copy what they see or hear in worldly affairs. Valentine parties, Hallowe'en parties, and such like may be of a character to minister to the evil that often inheres in such holidays; but on the other hand, they may be so conducted as to save the children and youth from the evil that would otherwise enter into all those occasions.

Study these matters in the books, "Growing Boys and Girls," and "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers." And then go to work to make social occasions of real worth to your children.

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# DELIGHT DANCES THROUGH

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