HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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"I've Been Trained!"

By MRS. MARY P. PRESSLY

MOTHER was going away for the week-end, and Alan was to stay with Aunt Ruth and Uncle Fred; so, as soon as Mother's train had gone, Alan and his aunt began their journey on street car, ferry, and bus to Aunt Ruth's house. It was all very exciting, and Alan was quite breathless with his efforts to see everything.

When Uncle Fred came home, Aunt Ruth said, "I was almost afraid to start out with Alan, for fear he'd get hurt; but he was as good as gold, did just what I told him, sat still on the ferry, and didn't fret to run around or anything."

Alan looked up, surprised. "Why, I've been trained," he explained, quite astonished by his aunt's lack of understanding.

"Indeed you have," approved Uncle Fred, smothering his amusement, "and I wish every little boy had a father and mother as sensible as yours."

"I've been trained!" Not every small tot can announce that fact in words, but he tells it definitely by his conduct. And if he hasn't been trained, he proclaims that even more loudly.

Alan was not smug in accepting praise for good behavior; he knew he had earned commendation and, small as he was, he gave his parents credit for the upbringing which had made him a desirable traveling companion. A normal child, who has not been "mis-trained" to seek attention at any cost, enjoys the feeling that people approve of him, and very early learns to appreciate his training.

We speak of certain things as "the rightful heritage of children,"—clean blood, happy environment, wholesome food, security. Should not the list also include that loving discipline which enables the youngster to think proudly, "I've been trained! I am a respectable member of society!"

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Woodland Voices

By JESSIE STABLER BURDICK

SPRING'S capricious days had lengthened into mellow summer. The odor of thousands of pines filled the air with the pungent tang of the northland.

Satisfying beyond words was the roomy stone cabin, appropriately called "Stone Haven," which nestled cozily in a dense grove of balsams.

Mrs. Allen gazed dreamily at the many feathered points of the trees beyond the cabin, rising higher and higher on the hill in the distance, until it seemed that their slender tops must be close against the sky.

"An ideal place to rest," she thought as she drank thirstily from the cold spring water, which came, after much priming, from the pump in the rear of the cabin.

"Of all the poetical sayings that have been written about the pine tree family, the half has not been told," she commented to herself.

"What is the secret the pine trees know,
That keeps them whispering soft and low?
All day long in the breezes swaying;
What can it be they are always saying?"

Mrs. Allen repeated Jennie Clark's poem questioningly, as she heard in the sighing pines music of the far away.

How sturdy were those tall, fearless trees! So hardy that frost had not withered a needle of theirs.

"Only the roar of the surf," Mrs. Allen continued her monologue, "can equal the song of the evergreen forest."

Nature at Play

It was quiet noonday. Mrs. Allen could imagine many wood dramas which had undoubtedly been enacted in this very place. Here were tall, fluffy, silver-tipped spruces and other trees which for years had listened to the roar of the waves on the shore nearby. At their feet the wood thrush had sung many lovely mornings and quiet evenings.

Here woodchucks, chipmunks, and mink played, or the sleek skunk with his neat black-and-white-striped back ambled along sluggishly in the dark. On their branches haughty bluejays loved to spy on smaller birds. Deer and fawn, possibly a bear, found their way down to the beach to get a fresh drink of spring water, while the whip-poor-will's ardent mating song rang out in the moonlight.

Mrs. Allen recalled the wild, tempestuous mood of the lake only the day before as she sang softly to herself:

"Every merry little wave had his white cap on,
His night cap, bright cap, light cap on,
So very, very early in the morning.

"Said the heron to the trout,
'We had better be about,
And not let the fishes catch us yawning.'"

The song was suddenly interrupted by a succession of sharp alarm calls from the pines directly in front of her. There was a wild flutter of wings in the branches as she approached the place.

She Had Her Suspicions

The mother bird, perched on a bare twig, eyed the creature suspiciously who had suddenly thrust herself upon them. Her young one ran innocently about picking up bits of food among the leaves. With a sudden whir the older bird swooped down to the ground beside the birdling and swiftly rose again with such a rush that the dry leaves scattered in every direction, and the tiny bird was almost toppled over. No second warning was needed. So keen is the instinct of wild things, that the wee ball of feathers about one third the size of a baby chick, with head scarcely large enough to contain a thought, disappeared like magic about three feet distant, before Mrs. Allen's eyes. And that was the last seen of the little birdling.

When the small bird was safely hidden, the mother perched on a bare balsam branch, hopping to several others, continually flitting her tail, and nervously keeping constant watch of the silent intruder.

The upper branches of the tall trees were thickly needled, making the woods shady and cool, but the birds could be plainly seen through the lower horizontal, needleless branches.

The female black-poll warbler, for such she proved to be, loves the evergreens of Canada and the border states for a nesting ground. Her mate was a bit larger than the jolly chickadee, but he was also a

small bird "with a glossy cap pulled over his eyes." His upper parts were olive-grayish-black. His white breast was streaked with black and his tail was a mixture of olive brown and yellow.

He willingly allowed his mate to do all the worrying, while he sat on a distant perch. She was the one who fiercely protected their offspring—just a tiny, tiny ball of feathers. If Mrs. Allen had not seen the miniature bird disappear, she might have taken it for a small portion of a dried leaf blowing along the ground. The mother bird was much paler than her mate, with yellowish bands on her wings. She was minus the black cap, and her general coloring was a greenish olive, streaked with dark gray.

The Chickadees

Immediately after the disappearance of the blackpoll fledgeling, a pair of excited chickadees seemed to come from nowhere and cautiously dropped down on a far-away branch for a moment. Then they flew nearer and nearer Mrs. Allen, until one perched less than twelve inches from her eye. Would he try to peck her face to see if she was made of wood? Several more were heard in the distance. On they came, more and more of them, until the woods echoed with chickadees everywhere. She heard them behind, beside, and in front of her, most of them within the circle of her vision. She dared not look behind, as one movement of the hand or head would have put them to instant flight. She rolled her eyes in different directions as she observed their lively antics, standing on their heads, whirling about swiftly to right or left in their busy search for insects, while they kept up a continual dee, dee, dee, dee,—dee, dee, dee, dee,—dee, dee, dee,—dee, dee, dee, chick-a-dee, dee, dee,—sounding much like a lot of katydids or noisy sparrows.

What spotless little creatures they were, too, with their breasts of light gray, their snappy black heads, the black bibs under their bills, their dark gray wings and tails, and, most startling of all, their challenging black eyes! First one and then another came close to Mrs. Allen's face and gazed long and inquisitively at her without flinching. There was no fear in their eyes; only curiosity.

It was impossible to tell the adult bird from the young, as they busied themselves between calls picking larvæ and insects from the leaves and feeding their full-grown babes.

The chickadees' noisy chatter in the usual noonday quiet attracted other birds hoping to see what all the fuss was about, until the stretch 'of woods was alive with excited birds. A pair of towhees came to investigate. They darted back and forth, but did not venture as near as the daring chickadees. They were the largest and most colorful of any of the birds Mrs. Allen had seen that day. In size and appearance they resembled the Baltimore oriole, but the brilliant orange on the sides was replaced by a

Venetian red. Of all the music of the woods, the towhee's harmonize with their surroundings most perfectly—towhee, towhee, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet,—loud and clear, with rising tone on the hee, the last tremulous notes ending with a sharp "cherwink" which reverberates through the forest.

The Ovenbird

Another bird attracted to the fray was the ovenbird. He circled about among the lower branches and paused three different times on a small tree stump long enough to calmly look Mrs. Allen over and sing his silvery song, his way of saying, "Who's afraid?" Because of his shyness, few people have seen this wild bird. Here in the woodland so stirred by some mysterious event, he paused so near Mrs. Allen that all the markings of the trim tannish-green body were plainly visible. His white breast with its dark brown spots was very like that of the wood thrush. A bright reddish-orange stripe bordered with black on either side ran from a point at the bill to the back of the head. She could see his body quiver with emotion as he sang his wood lullaby, beginning softly at first, then growing louder and more shrill, until he sang his final notes of "teacher, teacher, teacher, teacher." But this was not the end. After a slight pause there followed the sweetest bird melody, "A song to haunt the memory forever

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The Art *of* Living Together

By RUTH HASKELL HAYTON

THE place was the Washington Foreign Missionary Seminary. The occasion, its chapel hour; the speaker, the Secretary of the Seventh-day Adventist Foreign Mission Board. In his introductory remarks he said to the students:

"When our workers go to the foreign mission field they are thrown into very close contact with one another. At first they must often live in the same house, cook on the same stove, and sit at the same table. This is not always easy, and many times the very first lesson they have to learn is "the art of living together." If lessons in this art have not been taught to these missionaries in the home in their childhood, they will be learned in sorrow and at great expense to the Mission Board, and sometimes not at all when they reach their fields of labor, be those fields in home or foreign lands."

In the evening worship hour the young ladies in the Seminary Dormitory asked, in surprise, of the Dean of Women, "Do Christian missionaries quarrel?"

A Pertinent Question

Today, this question is still asked by many persons. Some ask it in sarcasm, questioning the power of the Christian religion; others ask it in sorrow, regretful that wrath, malice, evil speaking, and jealousy should supplant kindness, meekness, longsuffering, forgiveness, and unselfishness, sometimes destroying the success of missionaries, the workability of committees, the unity of church members, and the smooth running of institutional life. When God has made such ample provision for replacing the unlovely habits of our carnal natures by the character traits of His divine nature, well may we ask in surprise, "How can Christians quarrel?"

At the present time community group-work has driven people into close contact with one another, and social workers are seeking to learn how groups can live and work harmoniously together. People who cannot work either in teamwork or group work are often placed at a great disadvantage. Books upon this subject are among the list of best sellers, and are held in reserve in the libraries. If this be true in the social and business world, how much more should *Christians* study "the art of living together."

This study must begin in the home. If two young persons who truly love each other and have been united in marriage feel that all difficulties that may rise between them will be automatically settled, they are gravely mistaken. This blind love has been responsible for many heartbreaks and domestic misunderstandings. With the blessing of God a happy marriage and a happy home can exist in the presence of almost any sort of combination of qualities, but a knowledge of one's own traits and those of one's spouse makes for easier adjustment and the avoidance of friction.

Young people may have graduated from college, and even from the University, but as they walk down the aisle from the marriage altar, they enter the doors into another schoolroom—the school of marriage—and begin the study of the finest of all fine arts, the art of living together in the home.

Home Atmosphere

What will be the atmosphere that these young makers of the home are going to create for the lives they will bring into the home? What is atmosphere? In nature it is the *air* we breath, pure or vile, according to the environment from which it springs. In the home it is the *spirit* that prevails. Says Horace Bushnell in his book "Christian Nature":

"The home atmosphere is the total spirit and quality of the family life. The manners, the personal views, prejudices, motives and spirit of the house, and as an atmosphere it passes into all and pervades all, as naturally and literally as the physical air the children breathe enters their bodies. The odor of a child's home will always be in his garments, and the internal difficulties with which his childhood is surrounded will spring up from the family seed planted in his nature. No child is fully born when his little body emerges from the womb; for his mental, moral and spiritual being is still held in the matrix of the family and is molded by its influence

Tucking a happy childhood under the child's jacket

quite as really as his physical being has been held and shaped by the life of the mother."

Children absorb the home atmosphere as a sponge absorbs water. Sad to say, many a sensitive child in an unlovely home has wondered: "Do father and mother really love each other? If they do, how can they quarrel so?" A happy atmosphere is absorbed as freely as an unhappy one. "To tuck a happy childhood under a child's jacket," said an old Quaker divine, "is the best preparation for happiness and success in his future years." To give such training should be the all-absorbing desire and study of every parent.

For the first fifteen or eighteen months of its life every child's want is satisfied. As a result of this care and attention, he is supremely self-centered by the time he is two years old. As he emerges from the helplessness of infancy, he comes in contact with the desires and needs of his household. His father and mother, his brothers, sisters, and playmates rub up against him; they cross his path; they check his freedom. His desires and wants which conflict with the desires and comforts of his family must be adjusted or curtailed. This is his first hard lesson in the lifelong study of "the art of living together."

Training the Ego

Much of the modern psychology teaches that a child has an inherent knowledge of how to develop his own ego, and any checking or suppression of this will result in lasting harm. Fortunately, there are still teachers of an old and divine school who believe that this ego *needs* training and guiding. They also know that the refining and purifying of this ego is accomplished by hard and oftentimes painful lessons.

Henry Blanton in his book "Child Guidance" gives excellent advice along this line:

"It is assumed that the child must submit to the demands of brothers, sisters, parents and teachers. But it is equally necessary for his own development that he find an *outlet* for his own desires. In this respect the parent has two duties. First, he must teach his child to what extent he must subordinate his own wishes and needs to the wishes, desires and needs of the group; and second, he must teach him how far he may go in satisfying his own wishes. To what point may he stand up for his rights? How far may he assert himself? When should he acquiesce to the demands of others and modify his own wishes for the sake of others?

If a child continually comes to the mother complaining of the attitude of his brothers and sisters to him in their play, it is time for her quietly to watch the group rather than command the other children to give up to Johnnie, because "he is only a baby," or say, "Shame on you, Kathleen! Give him your doll."

Lift Up the Standards

A father or a mother who uses a common formula when there is trouble with neighborhood children, such as, "Don't you mind, darling, you come and play here close by me and let those mean children alone," may be doing the so-called "mean children" an injustice and their own child lasting harm. When one's child comes and says: "Mother, *no one* wants to play with me," there is something wrong with the child, and something wrong with the parents if this attitude of the child toward the group continues.

If parents would find out about their own children, sometimes they would say to them, "You go back and play with the children, and play in such a way they will want you and can't play the game without you."

Foolish parents sometimes say, "Mean old floor," or, "Naughty table that bumps my baby's head," as though the inanimate object was the aggressor and the child in no way to blame. This type of training is to be condemned. The child should be taught that it was his mistake, and that he must be more careful next time.

Up to the years of accountability the parents stand in the place of God to their children. No system of teaching morals can save our children. No psychology or philosophy can save any of us. But we can raise the behaviour of children to a more harmonious and altruistic plane by keeping before

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In the good old summertime

Wholesome food and drink, plenty of sleep, and life in the open and sunshine gives "nature's own coloring"

Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God

By MRS. MARION E. CADY

"THAT our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace" is the last inspired prayer recorded in the Bible of the "sweet singer of Israel." How much of encouragement this holds for us who live in these days when we see such a lack of refinement and culture among our children and youth, and even older ones. This has ever been the sincere desire and prayer of every true mother in every generation, whether she lived in a prince's palace or a peasant's cottage. Far more is embraced in this short, simple prayer of David for our children than we may at first think. Inspiration for study is given in the blessed results that come from such study, for the chapter closes with this promise, twice repeated: "Happy is that people, that is in such a case [condition]: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord." Psalm 144:15.

And what people would not be happy, what home would not be happy, that numbered in its family circle daughters who were corner stones, polished like a palace, firm and dependable in character, cultured and polished in manner? Whenever we find such excellent daughters (and we do, occasionally), we invariably find that they grew up in homes presided over by excellent mothers. "Like produces like." This is a law of nature and of nature's God.

The mother with eyes turned towards the world, following step by step its fads and fashions, however unhealthful they may be physically and morally, need not be surprised to see her young daughters following with rapid strides the same worldly fashions, ever growing more blase, more immoral, more corrupt, as an ever-deepening darkness settles over the minds of the people of the world.

Surely the true Christian mother with eyes fixed on Christ will see nothing desirable for herself or her daughters in the ever-changing fashions and manners and morals of a people living in gross darkness under the black banner of the prince of evil.

Attributes of True Womanhood

God has not left us in ignorance of the attributes of the true mother, one whose daughters, looking back on the influence of home and mother, will "rise up and call her blessed." In Proverbs 31 we find these attributes of beautiful, efficient womanhood. We have space briefly to consider but one or two points in this excellent chapter which should be familiar reading in every Christian home. The perfect woman therein shown us has a proper regard for the body, and sees in it the masterpiece of God's creation. "She girdeth her loins with strength, and

strengtheneth her arms." Verse 17. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with double garments. . . . Her clothing is silk and purple." Verses 21, 22, margin. In other words, all her family are *appropriately clothed*, for health, for strength, and for beauty. There *are* such mothers.

Margaret Sangster says in one of her books for girls: "I have had reason all my life to be grateful for the independence and wisdom of a very sensible mother, who thought it a duty of her daughters to be well, not merely a privilege—a positive, religious duty."

Let us note the very first requirement God has made regarding the clothing of the body He has created. If this one requirement were heeded, it would work a reformation sadly needed among Christians today who profess to believe the Bible and follow its precepts. We find this essential in the third chapter of Genesis.

In the brief account of the origin of clothing given in this chapter we read that after Adam and Eve had sinned and were under the control of the enemy of all right doing, they made the first garment that was ever worn. The inspired record tells us that when "they knew that they were naked, . . . they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves things to gird about." (Margin.) These were doubtless quite like the girdles of grasses and leaves worn by raw heathen to this day—until the principles of God's word are written in their hearts.

"Converted" Clothing

We read that when God placed enmity in the hearts of our first parents against Satan and his evil machinations, they discarded that first inappropriate garment and were clothed in garments designed by their Maker, who knew their needs under the changed conditions of sin and the curse. "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and *clothed* them." Genesis 3:21. There never was and there never will be but the two styles of dress,—that designed by Satan and that designed by God. The first suggests sin, impurity, and unholiness. The second suggests purity and holiness. The garments we choose are a badge of our allegiance to the one ruler or the other.

These two types of dress are easily recognizable. Their distinguishing characteristics are the same today as they were four thousand years ago. One *clothes* the body; the other leaves the body more or less unclothed. Let us never forget that God's wise plan is that this body of sinful flesh should be clothed, and that He regards nakedness as a shame. (See Revelation 3:18.)

The garments of fine, soft fur that God provided clothed the body which sin had robbed of its covering of beautiful soft light—the light of God—that enshrouded the holy pair of Eden. This garment *clothed* the body and was a protection from the inclemency of the colder weather which resulted from sin. And, more important, it was a safeguard to them after they had forfeited their robe of heavenly innocence and purity.

Needless Exposure

In vain do the mandates of fashion urge the healthful results of exposing the naked body to sun and air. Doubtless there are beneficial results from this practice, *rightly used*, but the fact remains that in spite of the nearly nude exhibition of this cult of health seekers constantly seen on public beaches, public recreation grounds, and public streets from babyhood to adulthood, a young girl with nature's coloring in her cheeks is a rarity indeed. And never was a rosy-faced child so seldom seen as today, and never was there a time when the lower limbs were left so completely unclothed as at the present time. Health and modesty are given little or no consideration when fashion makes demands. Never was the beauty shop so patronized by the church and world alike for a substitute for nature's attractive coloring. So we are forced to choose between two alternatives. Either there is a mistake about the healthfulness of the sun-bath habit, or else there is something about the custom, *as practiced*, inimical to moral health and consequently to physical health. In the light of the instruction God has given as to the clothing of the body, must we not decide that the latter is the true conclusion?

Not only do some appear in public partially unclothed, in total disregard of God's express command, but some also seek to improve on His perfect handiwork,—to "gild the lily," as it were. Take the present fad of enameling the finger nails which was practiced by heathen Egypt four thousand years ago, for example. Why is not the soft, pearly luster of the natural nail, artistically blending with the flesh of the hand, more to be desired by the refined Christian woman than the bright, hard glitter of the lacquered nail? And what about the dimes and dollars spent for artificial decoration of the person? Shall we ever have to give account to Him for the means entrusted to us? Shall we selfishly and in vanity spend money for that which is not needful or even artistically becoming?

Are not these fads so eagerly sought after because the *principles* underlying Christian dress are not taught in the home? They should be taught as diligently as the truths of the Sabbath. Indeed, the origin of the institution of the home is recorded in close connection with the Sabbath institution. The ever-changing fads and fashions would find fewer followers in our homes *if these principles were taught.*

Again and again God has given commands to His people relative to dress. In Deuteronomy 22:5 we

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Getting acquainted with nature

The Importance of Nature Study

By LOTTA E. BELL

NO INSTRUCTION has been more clearly set forth than that relating to Christian education. Do we prize it as we should? No divine plan ever fails, neither will the methods set forth by the Great Teacher.

"Lessons, imprinted upon the minds of young children amid the pleasant, attractive scenes of nature, will not be soon forgotten."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 80.*

"An education amid such surroundings is in accordance with the directions which God has given for the instruction of youth; but it is in direct contrast with the methods employed in the majority of schools."—"*Counsels to Teachers, p. 187.*

"While the Bible should hold the *first* place in the education of children and youth, the book of nature is *next* in importance."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 185.*

Is your school program modeled after the divine plan? Or are you so busy about so many things that your school is demoralized, like "the majority of schools" mentioned above?

Many teachers know little of nature. This is no excuse for not following the divine instruction. Surround yourself with nature books and nature magazines. Then walk out into nature. Open your eyes and behold the beauties everywhere surrounding your school building and your home.

"The unseen is illustrated by the seen; divine wisdom, eternal truth, infinite grace, are understood by the things that God has made. Then let the children and youth become acquainted with nature and nature's laws."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 187.*

Why not bring some seeds into the schoolroom for the children to observe their germination? Corn, peas, beans, and squash seeds are especially appropriate for this type of nature study. Use sawdust instead of earth, for it is clean to handle. Keep moist and in the sunshine. Soon the life in the seed springs forth. No person can make seeds grow. Make pictures of seedlings and day by day note the increase in size.

He "created the tiny seed, gave it its vital properties, and ordained the laws that should govern its growth; and He made it a living illustration of truth in both the natural and the spiritual world."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 140.*

Bring some of the larger buds, horse-chestnuts for instance, into the schoolroom and watch them unfold. Gather some frogs' eggs and watch them develop. Learn the names of a few familiar wild flowers in their season. Some of the older children would do well to use some of these simple flowers in their drawing classes.

"The little children should come especially close to nature. . . . Point them to shrubs and flowers, the lowly grass and the lofty trees, and let them become familiar with their beautiful, varied, and delicate forms. Teach them to see the wisdom and love of God in His created works; and as their hearts swell with joy and grateful love, let them join the birds in their songs of praise."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 188.* "They point from nature to nature's God."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 189.*

Observe where the birds are building their nests, what they gather for materials with which to build, what they gather for food, and learn the names of some of the more common feathered friends.

"The swallow and crane observe the changes of the seasons. They migrate from one country to another to find a climate suitable to their convenience and happiness, as the Lord designed they should.

They are obedient to the laws which govern their life."—"*Counsels to Teachers*," *p. 189.*

A teacher once asked me how she could learn to tell one bird from another. Each bird has its own characteristic dress in its own familiar colors. It has its own peculiar call, its own type of nest and secluded place for locating it, its characteristic choice of materials out of which it constructs its nest, and its own peculiar food selections.

One of the pleasantest trips I ever took was that across the great swampy district of Florida following the Tamiami Trail. The trail itself is a great engineering feat. For miles and miles not a home of a human being can be seen, but the birds have long since moved in. There are all kinds of swimmers and waders, the herons, blue and white, the ducks, geese, flamingos, pelicans, etc.

I once knew a little nine-year-old girl who, when I visited her home, could take me to see a half dozen types of birds' nests. How do you suppose she learned the names of the birds and their haunts? What better pastime could one desire than an intimate acquaintance with our feathered friends? Getting acquainted with a feathered friend is much the same as learning to recognize an individual. We become familiar with his habits, his dress, his speech, and his walk.

"Nature is full of lessons of the love of God. Rightly understood, these lessons lead to the Creator. They point from nature to nature's God." —"*Counsels to Teachers*," *pp. 188-189.*

In a Mountain Cabin

By Dorothy C. Retsloff

THE afternoon shadows were growing long. They were draping the deep canyons of the mountains in folds of soft, dusky-blue velvet, as my husband and I came to a path crossing the dim trail we had been following for almost an hour. We were lost in the mountains of northern California,—lost because I foolishly had refused the services of the mountain-bred son of our host to guide us to an old abandoned mine which we wished to visit.

The little path was well worn and we followed it. It ended a short distance from where we had discovered it crossing the faint trail, at the doorstep of a weathered log cabin perched on a rocky ledge that jutted out over a little canyon.

On the rough board door was tacked a square of sun-browned paper, and on the paper, in cramped script, we read: "Stranger, the door's unlocked. Go in. There's plenty of uncooked food in the tin cans on the shelves behind the door. Potatoes are in the wooden box in the corner of the bottom shelf. There's wood in the lean-to. Water in the spring just down the canyon. Build a fire. Cook enough for you and me. I quit work when the sun gives the peak of old Baldy a good-night benediction. — John Bush."

The fire was snapping—the potatoes bursting their brown jackets—the coffee bubbling—and a red glow from the warped old stove throwing shadows on the brown walls, when John Bush entered.

He was tall and sturdy looking. His hair snow-white, his cheeks weathered, his eyes blue and as clear as a child's. His face beamed as he welcomed us and thanked us for the warm meal we had prepared.

He was a prospector of the old school. In the summer he sought his El Dorado in the fastness of the mountains. But when snow covered their steep sides, he loaded his picks and shovels on the backs of his two trusty burros and descended to the desert. His El Dorado might be there.

We sat on the stone step and talked until the evening star dropped behind the mountain range. Warmth still lingered in the room when we re-entered it.

As we lay between soft gray blankets in one of the built-in bunk beds at one side of the cabin, we heard the faint murmur of the little stream running away from its spring mother. And from higher up on the mountain side, the pines rubbed their branches together, whispering peace and contentment.

I will always be glad that we lost our way in the mountains, always be glad that we met John Bush; and more than all else, I am glad to know that in some corners of this busy world there are still persons who practice the fine old art of true hospitality.

A great deal of the joy of life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which one attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition can never know. It is this *conscious completeness* which turns work into art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.—*William Mathews.*

Paul Leaves Antioch for the Last Time

By DALLAS YOUNGS

Paul at Corinth

SINCE Antioch had become a seasoned Gentile church, Paul, realizing that he was not really needed there, felt the "missionary urge," and was eager to be off again. Having promised to return to Ephesus as soon as possible, he prepared to make that the first stop on his third tour. This was the last time he was to meet with the Gentile church at Antioch, although it was perhaps well that none recognized this as the farewell.

It was probably in the early summer of the year 54 A.D. that Paul reached Ephesus. He ministered at this place a little less than three years, leaving in the spring of 57 A.D. He was greatly desirous of establishing a strong church here, for Ephesus was a strategic point. His labors were successful, although the attainment of his goal resulted in persecution that finally drove him from the city.

Larger Plans

For some time Paul had been formulating new and larger plans. His vision now embraced the western Gentile world. He was anxious to arrive at Rome and make it a base, from which to reach Spain, and even Britain and Gaul. But while he at last reached Rome, and possibly Spain, the way was beset with troubles that he had not foreseen. But Paul was not the one to shrink from troubles.

Before he could execute his plans, however, there was trouble in the church at Corinth that had to be settled. The Judaizers had been active, and had split the church into a number of factions. There was the Apollos party, the Pauline party, the Cephas party, and the Christ party. The church sent a special deputation to Paul. At another time they sent a letter asking help with the problems of marriage, meats offered to idols, spiritual gifts, and the resurrection.

The epistle that we call First Corinthians is Paul's answer to these problems. It was probably written in the spring of A.D. 57, although there is some difference of opinion here. The trouble was finally settled; the Judaizing brethren were worsted, the church remained loyal, and Paul was made happy.

Paul's gospel led the Ephesians to leave off their idol worship. This touched the purses of the silversmiths whose business it was to make gold and silver images of Diana, the goddess of the Ephesians. Demetrius, one of these silversmiths, called all the others of his craft together and charged Paul with cauisng the temple of the great goddess Diana to be despised. Thus her magnificence would be destroyed. They publicly made this charge, and the whole city was filled with wrath and confusion. They caught two of Paul's companions and drew them into the theatre. Paul was prevented by the brethren from exposing himself, and finally after about two hours of praising Diana, the town clerk gained an audience with the people and quieted them.

Immediately following this uproar Paul parted from the Ephesian church and made a trip through Macedonia and Greece, spending three months probably in Corinth, from whence he returned to Philippi in Macedonia.

Then he and his company began to make their way to Jerusalem, stopping at Troas. The journey took five days from Philippi, and after reaching Troas, they abode there seven days. The last meeting that Paul had with the believers at this place is that memorable first-day meeting that so many use as proof of first-day sanctity.

The Midnight Meeting

In reality it was a Saturday-night meeting, for the Biblical method of reckoning time is from sundown to sundown, and not from twelve o'clock midnight. Paul and his party had kept the Sabbath with the Troas believers, and at the close of the day of rest Luke and the others that were with Paul started around the peninsula with the sailing vessel with which they were traveling. But Paul, wishing to have a last farewell meeting with these dear people that he had brought to Christ, planned a meeting that began as soon as the boat started. We know that it was a night meeting because there were "many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together." (Acts 20:8.)

The great apostle continued his speech until midnight. That would seem like a very long meeting to us, and it seemed to have been too long for Eutychus, a young man who sat in the window of the chamber where Paul was preaching, for he went to sleep and

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Sister Poets

By MILDRED C. WOOD

WOODS and cornfields, mulberry trees and grazing herds, and a little low house, blackened and old,—it is into such a picture as this that we fit the Cary sisters, Alice and Phœbe. There were seven other children, too, and the little homestead was in the Miami Valley, eight miles north of Cincinnati, Ohio. The father, Robert Cary, was a descendant of cultured and scholarly stock of Plymouth, England.

Alice, fourth of the nine children, was born on April 26, 1820; Phœbe, the sixth child, four years later, on September 4. The family lived a hard, toilsome life, but albeit a happy one. From the father the girls inherited a love for poetry and nature that increased as they grew to womanhood; from the mother, a gentle, blue-eyed lady, a faithfulness and devotion to whatever duty lay nearest them. By both parents they were taught that "all obedience worth the name must be prompt and ready."

None of the children had much opportunity for schooling, save a few weeks now and then in the little district school. There were no libraries at hand, either, and not a dozen books in the house, and Alice confessed later that there was "time for nothing but work."

When Alice was fifteen the mother died. Her loss was keenly felt by her daughters. In her place there soon came a stepmother, uncultured and ungenerous. The girls, however, not to be deterred in their quest for wisdom and knowledge, studied from any and every source available. A small religious journal bearing the title of *The Trumpet* was their chief source of learning, and its "Poet's Corner" was their delight and inspiration. Urged by a great, impelling inner force, Alice wrote poems while still hardly more than a child, which she submitted to various minor periodicals of the day. These were always published, but there was no remuneration. With a courage that refused to admit defeat she continued writing and submitting, at length receiving her first money—$10.00—from the *National Era.* But what meant even more to her were the words of encouragement as her name and that of Phœbe, too, began to be familiar to a reading public.

There was always work a-plenty on the Cary farm

In 1849 the sisters collected and revised all their published poems, which Moss and Brothers of Philadelphia agreed to bring out in book form. The next summer the two girls decided to go east to "seek their fortune," as it were, in New York city. They took up residence in a modest, pretty house on Twentieth Street, which became their home for the rest of their lives. It also grew to be a meeting place for New York's most elite and exclusive literary clubs and circles.

On a visit to Boston the sisters journeyed to Amesbury, where they met the famous poet Whittier, who became a staunch and loyal friend, always ready with encouragement and cheer. Phœbe later paid him loving tribute in the poem "John Greenleaf Whittier," which begins:

> "Great master of the poet's art!
> Surely the sources of thy powers
> Lie in that true and tender heart
> Whose every utterance touches ours."

Both sisters were deeply religious, and devotion was the very essence of their natures. It is Phœbe's

pen that has given us one of the most widely-known and best-loved of American hymns, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Likewise it seems that it is Phœbe who caught the closest, truest glimpse of the soul vision. Her touch is just a little finer, a little surer, a shade more delicate, than her sister's. In the deeply-emotional lines of "Peccavi" she reaches the depths of penitential experience.

"I have sinned, I have sinned, before Thee, the Most Holy!
And I come as a penitent, bowing down lowly,
With my lips making freely their awful admission,
And mine eyes raining bitterest tears of contrition;
And I cry unto Thee, with my mouth in the dust;
O God, be not just!"

Again in her poem "Reconciled" she touches the cords of life's profound philosophy:

"But that His plans and purposes
Have grown to me less strange and dim;
And where I cannot understand,
I trust the issues unto Him."

And in still greater confidence she learned that

". . . the weakest ones
Are kept securest from life's harms;
And that the tender lambs alone
Are carried in the Shepherd's arms."

Phœbe wrote much less in quantity than did Alice, but she reached, with her little, a bit nearer true artistic quality.

Alice was at her best in descriptive work of nature and rural folks.

"The storm spit its wrath in the chimney,
And blew the cold ashes aside,
And only one poor little fagot
Hung out its red tongue as it died."

She painted beautiful, homey pictures, such as "The Settler's Christmas Eve," where

". . . the yellow cat lies all of a curl
In the lap of a two-year's blue-eyed girl,"

and her masterpiece, "An Order for a Picture," which gives such a detailed pen drawing of the little old home back in the Miami Valley. She also dwells much on character building and the virtues of nobility and kindness.

"'Tis the greatness born with him and in him
That makes the man great,"

she assures us. And again in "Nobility":

"True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
. . . . . .
"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

Both sisters have written quite a number of poems for children, Alice again exceeding Phœbe. Nearly every child is familiar with the lines:

"Do not look for wrong or evil—
You will find them if you do;
As you measure to your neighbor
He will measure back to you.

"Look for gladness, look for goodness,
You will meet them all the while;
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile."

Other lines, perhaps just as well-known, are these from "Take Care":

"Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.
. . . . . .
"Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts."

Phœbe invites all the boys and girls to

". . . come with me
Where the winds are singing merrily,
As they toss the crimson clover;
We'll walk on the hills and by the brooks,
And I'll show you stories in prettier books
Than the ones you are poring over."

Boys especially are fond of "Suppose" by Alice:

"How dreary would the meadows be
In the pleasant summer light,
Suppose there wasn't a bird to sing,
And suppose the grass was white!"

Phœbe has a "Suppose" too, for girls:

"Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
. . . . . .
"And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?"

(*Continued on page 20*)

Company Manners

By HAZEL BAUGHMAN

Even the little folks can become charming hostesses

THE story is told of a little girl who went to visit her grandmother. The grandmother had another granddaughter who was also her guest, a girl of about eighteen. One afternoon this young lady cousin had callers and closed the parlor door, probably on purpose to shut out the "little nuisance." The occasions, however, upon which the "little nuisance" could gain access to grandmother's parlor with its gilt wallpaper, Brussels carpet, lace curtains, and haircloth furniture were all too few, and so she pounded on the door until it was opened with a jerk and a frown.

"Come in, then, you little nuisance," was the welcome she got, followed by, "Look at her, girls. This is my naughty little cousin from Michigan. Now, aren't you ashamed, Missy?"

Missy was ashamed. But I think if she could have analyzed her feelings, she also would have been ashamed of the big cousin who did not know that courtesy should be extended to children as well as to grown-up people. The "little nuisance" retained an unpleasant and unhappy memory of that occurrence for a great many years, and was shy and miserable when called into the presence of strangers. There was resentment, too, against the girl who had caused her embarrassment and chargrin. A few words of welcome and a proper introduction would have given the little girl untold pleasure, even if she were tactfully ejected from the room later on. Such graciousness, too, would have established the older girl in the eyes of the smaller relative, and of her guests, as a person of charm and loveliness.

There are certain rules to be followed in order to introduce people properly, and these rules are based, as are most social laws, upon consideration and courtesy.

Introductions

Children, no matter how young, if they are able to walk and talk should be introduced to callers upon entering the room. And the caller must respond as politely and formally as if the small child were twenty-five years old. The only way to teach children social grace is to accustom them to it from infancy.

If Mrs. Smith's little daughter of two years comes into the living-room when Mrs. Brown is calling, Mrs. Smith, if she is a thoughful mother, will say, "Mrs. Brown, this is my little daughter, Jean." And Mrs. Brown will respond cordially: "How do you do, Jean? Will you shake hands with me?"

If Mrs. Smith's son of ten years enters the room, she should say: "Mrs. Brown, this is my son, Frederick."

Children should be introduced to each other, but very informally, as formality will cause them to be self-conscious. "Kate, this is Robert Cunningham. Don't you think he would like to see your new game?"

"How-do-you-do" for children, as well as for their elders, is the simplest response.

Children should be encouraged to introduce their friends and teachers to their parents. In introducing a playmate the child should say, "Mother, this is Annie Blake. She has come home with me to play." The mother by her courteous response, can teach a very gracious lesson in introductions and reply.

One afternoon near the beginning of the school year a little girl came quietly to my desk and said, "I want you to meet my mother." I followed the little hostess to the curb where her mother was waiting to take her home. Then she introduced us in such a pleasing manner I know her mother was very proud of her, as was her teacher.

Dignified Children

Children should always be treated with the dignity they deserve. The habit some families have of treating children with an amused tolerance, poking fun at them, laughing at their queer little ways, and generally discrediting them, cannot be too severely condemned. People, otherwise mannerly, will often be ill-mannered toward children. Children resent such treatment. Their outlook upon life is just as real and as serious as is that of their parents, and should be so regarded.

(*Continued on page 16*)

The Story Circle

The Feather-foot Hen

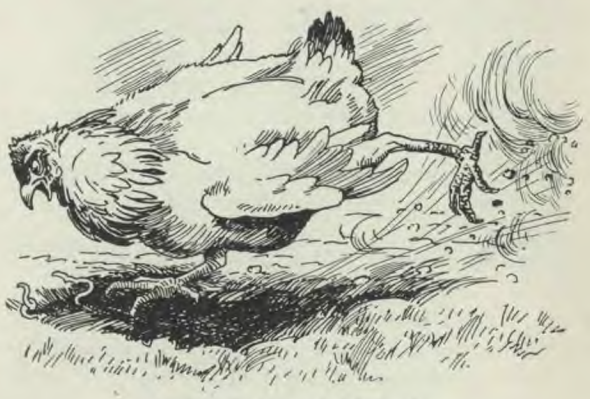
By MRS. W. H. NELSON

OH! YOU want me to tell you again of the feather-foot hen. I have told that so many times, but get your spelling lesson for tomorrow first, and then come and we will sit by the fireside.

You see, children, your mamma and her brother were born in the great city of New York, and lived there until they were four and two years old, respectively. Then we moved to a large farm in Minnesota, near daddy's old home. In New York City we had no nice yard with grass to play in; no outdoors, only as we went to the little parks at Fourteenth or Twenty-third Streets. Then there would be signs, "Keep off the grass." Sometimes we went to Central Park or Coney Island, where children's playgrounds were equipped with outdoor playthings. So the wonders of a large yard with a big swing, a little red wagon to pull, and red and white clover blossoms to pick, were very wonderful to us. But best of all were the darling baby creatures born on that farm,—red and white calves with big, soft, brown eyes, getting milk from the cows; little squealy brown and black pigs, running around in a pen with their big, grunty mother; a dear little black, satiny colt, almost all legs, with a soft velvety nose. How we children loved them all! We were delighted with all the little baby things, but were somewhat afraid of the big cows and horses.

Our greatest pleasure was in the wee, fluffy chicks, and we were glad to help gather the white and brown eggs laid by the biddy hens around straw stacks, in the big barn, and in the hen house. Such fun! How we loved to watch mother set the broody hens in the early spring, and how we waited for the wee chicks to hatch! One day I had to clean and remake a nest for a setting hen. I pulled her off the nest, and threw her out in the yard while I put in fresh straw and clean eggs. As she scratched in the yard, the kiddies noticed that she had feathers all down her legs, so they named her "Feather-foot," and that is how she came by her name.

Later in the day I heard a cackling in the hen yard, and going out I found your mother, a baby of three, chasing Feather-foot around the yard. She had pulled her off and remade the nest, or thought she had, as she had seen me do. But alas! All the eggs were broken. I gave Feather-foot some new eggs, telling the kiddies they must now leave "mother hen" alone, and wait for her baby chicks to hatch. Soon she was running around the yard with the fluffy babies of yellow and white. Then the trouble began. The children wanted to catch and play with her babies, and in her own way she said *no*. Feather-foot would spread her feathers and scold the kiddies, then cluck to her babies, and they would run and hide under her. I finally had to shut the "mother hen" up in a coop, as she would chase the kiddies in the yard when they went out to play. This only made the kiddies bolder. One day Henry was catching the wee chicks and putting them in the little red wagon, and was reaching over the coop for one, when behold, Feather-foot scratched herself out under one side of the coop. She flew at him, and of all the fuss, bare legs, and feathers! Henry fell on the coop and mother hen on top, pecking his bare legs. We put her back in the coop with the frightened chicks, and soon peace reigned in the hen yard, but the kiddies learned the lesson, and let her alone from that day on to raise her own brood in her own way.



Feather-foot resented intrusion

Say what you mean calmly, move with consideration, and carry out what you say without deviation." —*"Testimonies," Vol. 3, p. 532.*

Pressed beyond measure, pressed beyond length;
Pressed so exceedingly, it seemed beyond strength;
Pressed from foes, and pressed from friends,
Pressure on pressure till life nearly ends.
Pressed into knowing no helper but God,
Pressed into loving the staff and the rod;
Pressed into liberty where nothing else clings,
Pressed into faith for impossible things;
Pressed into living a life in the Lord,
Pressed into living a Christ-life outpoured.
—Based on Moffatt's Translation of 2 Cor. 1: 8, 9.

Company Manners

(*Continued from page 14*)

If you would have your children grow to a youth and maturity that is free from awkwardness and self-consciousness, treat them seriously while they are little. Introduce them to your guests, and see that they play the part of gracious host and hostess in all the courtesies that devolve upon them as such.

A child should be encouraged to enter into the conversation, but taught to talk softly, and not to monopolize the conversation.

If you are a guest, do not forget the children after the introduction. A boy of ten was heard saying to his mother, "Mother, what will I do while Miss Jones is here?"

"You can sit and listen to what is said," answered the mother graciously.

"But nothing will be said that I will understand after Miss Jones says, 'How-do-you-do, Johnnie.'"

Be sure, if you are the guest, that you say more to the children during the visit than the mere acknowledgement of the introduction.

Children should be taught to be courteous to those who are in business. This can be done by letting them make small purchases at the grocery store, or by letting them go to the shoe shop to get the repaired shoes.

If a friend comes to your door, sometimes let the child answer the call and invite him into the living room and to a seat. The first time there may be mistakes and blunders, but these can easily be corrected by the thoughtful mother.

Let the child answer the telephone, then teach him, through precept and example, how to avoid error.

I was convassing, and in answer to the doorbell a little girl said, "Come right in. Mother is in another room, and I will call her." In the course of the converstation I could not help complimenting the mother on the good training of her child. Thoughtfulness and courtesy are entering wedges, and souls will be won through their practice.

Upon entering a home as a guest in Southern California, a boy of nine, who was also a guest in the home, arose to his feet and received the introduction with as much grace and manner as any young man could have done.

"And your children shall rise up and call you blessed," in their acts if not in words.

Do's and Don'ts for the Street

1. Don't stand on the street and talk.
2. In walking down the street don't walk more than three abreast; two is even better.
3. Don't pull and jerk people in friendliness when walking down the street.
4. Never stare at or make remarks about one you have just passed.
5. Courteous requests from strangers require courteous answers; otherwise never talk to strangers on the street.
6. Give a cripple the right of way on the streets always.
7. Never eat or chew gum on the street.
8. Always keep to the right when others pass.
9. If you bump another person say, "I'm sorry," or "I beg your pardon."

SOMETHING TO DO

By Wells E. Bement

"Oh, what can I do?" said a boy one day.
"My toys are not new; there is no one to play.
I can't hit my ball, for I've lost my bat;
I can't ride my wheel, for the tires are flat.
I can't go away, for you say it might rain;
And to stay around here will drive me insane."

"Now see here," said daddy, who'd been a boy too,
"Don't be so despondent; let's think the thing through.
Though playthings and playmates may fail to suffice,
I can think of other things ever so nice.
A boy without burden, or worry, or care,
Should never complain of his fate or his fare.

"First just surprise mother by lending your hands,
And do without quibbling the things she commands.
Then turn to your sister, who thinks you a tease,
And do deeds of kindness her wrath to appease.
Then rake up the lawn, yes, and pull out each weed;
Thus you will do father a favor indeed.

"Remember the teacher perplexed with your case;
Go empty her wastebasket; blackboards erase.
And think of old granny who lives by herself;
Perhaps she needs firewood, or food on her shelf.
Then give dear old Rover a romp and a run;
I'm sure that you both will find plenty of fun.

"In being thus thoughtful and helpful to all,
You'll get as much pleasure as playing baseball.
By doing a few things of this kind each day,
You'll find that dull moments pass quickly away.
And all of your days, from your boyhood straight through,
You'll never be asking, 'Oh, what can I do?'"

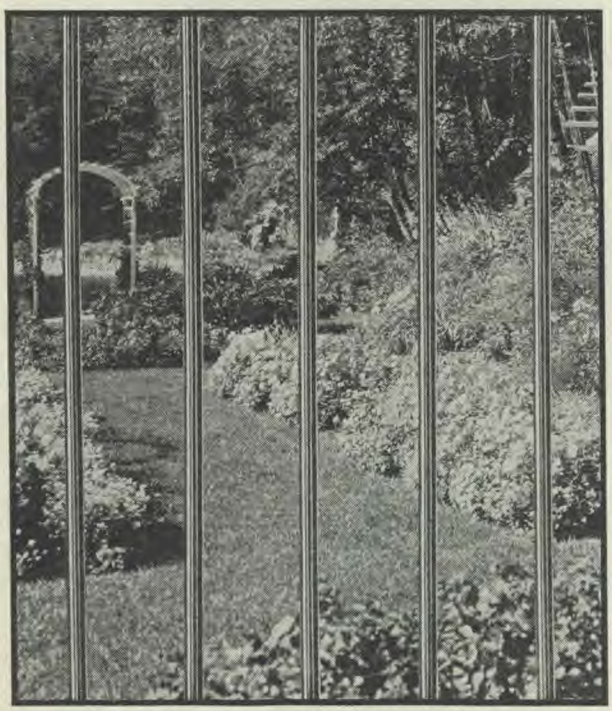
"The years are flowers, and bloom within
Eternity's wide garden:
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin;
The gardener, God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them rose-like, in His name."

~Editorial Quillograms~

Are You Patriotic?

THERE is patriotism and there is patriotism. We have heard a great deal about patriotism in the last twenty-five years. Some would connect patriotism with war and war activities only, it seems. Mr. Webster doesn't say anything about war in his definition of the word. It is "love of country; devotion to the welfare of one's country." To be real patriotism it must be *unselfish* love of one's country. But much so-called patriotism is selfishness. It is made up largely of a desire to satisfy one's love of praise,—to make a name for one's self.

Most of us occupy a very small space in the world; we are not very widely known. And if we are patriotic, our patriotism must mainly show itself in relation to that small part. We must think of it largely in connection with our home town, our county, our state. It may be seen in relation to the physical conditions of the town and with reference to the people of the place. If one is truly patriotic, he will desire to make his home town (or his country location) finer and better and cleaner physically and morally. Was Abraham Lincoln patriotic? Somebody answers: "The idea of asking such a question! Of course he was patriotic; he was the essence of patriotism." Indeed he was, and he once said: "I wish it to be said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." Wasn't that a very good rule, taken either literally or figuratively?



Not only flowers, but order and neatness

Yes, the patriotic person wants his home town to be beautiful; he wants it to be clean; he wants its people to be the best. He wants "to do his bit" to make it more beautiful, to make it cleaner, to make it better. It is never made more beautiful or cleaner or more enjoyable by scattering papers and trash here and there. Orange and banana peelings are not at all decorative, except in the places where the Lord put them. Neither does it make for health to have such things scattered about to decay. Beauty and healthfulness are two large factors for making any location desirable.

We are writing in Takoma Park. How about this little suburb of Washington? It is a beautiful place; its "woodsyness" enhances its beauty. It could be made *more* beautiful if everyone used care about the trash. Why not teach our children *never* to throw one bit of trash or refuse in the streets or on the lawns?

That which is true of Takoma Park is true of other places. How can we change to better ways of doing? Take hold of this matter with the children; teach them to be patriotic in this respect. This is a work for both parents and teachers, who must be sure to set a good example. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an oft-quoted maxim; and even if it isn't found in those same words in the Bible, the principle is in the Sacred Book. God wants every one of us to be neat and tidy, and to make our homes, our streets, our vacant lots, and our towns (as far as in us lies) neat, wholesome, and beautiful. People talk much of the beauties of heaven. Why not take more pains to conserve the beauties of earth and thus make it more like heaven?

F. H. W.

Expression to Teachers

At a workers' meeting held some time ago in St. Louis an expression was taken to convey to our faithful church school teachers the message that all the workers of the Missouri Conference are one hundred per cent back of them, and that they appreciate the earnest, sacrificial work that is being carried on in behalf of our youth. (That surely must have made the teachers happy.)

ARE YOU AN EFFICIENT JANITOR?

By G. M. MATHEWS

PRACTICALLY every church-school teacher is required either to do the janitor work himself or supervise the doing of it by the school children. To most of us this is an unwelcome added burden which we dispose of with as much rapidity and the least effort possible.

But since it seems to be one of those things which, like the poor, will be ever with us, I wonder if it would not be more satisfying to our minds, and certainly more efficient, to learn the best ways of doing—or supervising others in doing—this *very important work.*

Every teacher knows that clean, bright, pleasant-smelling classrooms are indispensable to good work. But some of us do *not* know how to secure and maintain this condition with regard to the walls, ceilings, floors, blackboards, woodwork, and window glass of the schoolroom, and the drinking fountain, toilets, etc., outside.

The work of the school custodian or engineer has grown into a respected profession, and experience and scientific experiments have shown us the best methods, best tools, and most satisfactory supplies to be used in this work.

And as is usually the case when intelligence and science are applied to a problem, a more satisfying outcome is the result with no more, and sometimes even less, expenditure of time and energy.

And so our church-school teachers must add to their already long list of professional attainments and abilities another,—that of school custodian, or school engineer. If we spend a few cents for a good bulletin or book on this subject, and "read up" on it, and apply scientific methods to the task, we shall be amply repaid by the result,—a type of schoolroom in which we delight to work.

An efficient custodian should know the answers to the following questions:

CAN YOU TELL?

1. How are new wood floors prepared for preservative treatment?
2. How are old wood floors prepared for preservative treatment?
3. How are wood floors preserved?
4. How are wood floors maintained?
5. How are cement and tile floors prepared for preservative treatment?
6. How are cement and tile floors preserved?
7. How are cement and tile floors maintained?
8. How frequently should floors be cleaned?
9. What are the best methods of cleaning classroom and corridor floors?
10. What are the best cleaning tools, and how should they be cared for?
11. What is involved in the proper care of toilet fixtures?
12. What are the marks of a clean toilet room?
13. How should drinking fountains be cleaned?
14. How should other porcelain, enamel, and vitreous china surfaces be cleaned?
15. What is the modern viewpoint concerning the use of disinfectants and deodorants?
16. How should glass be cleaned?
17. What are the best methods of cleaning and caring for blackboards, chalk trays, and erasers?
18. How often should the furniture be cleaned and dusted, and what are the best methods?
19. How should walls be cleaned?
20. How should woodwork be cleaned?
21. How should ink wells be cleaned?
22. What are some of the best methods of removing ink stains from floors and furniture?
23. What are the cheapest and most satisfactory supplies for use in cleaning, preserving, and maintaining school buildings, furniture, and fixtures?
24. What constitutes the essential equipment used by custodians of school buildings?

Do you know the answers? If not, but would like to, send fifty cents to the University of Nebraska, Extension Division, Lincoln, Nebraska, and ask for Bulletin No. 105 (February, 1934), entitled, "A Handbook For Custodians." Besides containing the answers to these questions, it has excellent material on "Planning and Care of School Grounds," "Economies in the Operation of the School Plant," "Economies in the Maintenance of the Building and Equipment," etc. Every teacher and every school board should have a copy.

"The trees are God's great alphabet:
With them He writes in shining green
Across the world His thoughts serene."

Teaching Arithmetic by the Play Tendency

By MRS. B. E. SCHAFFNER

EDUCATORS of today are realizing more and more the value of the play tendency of a child in the grasping of new knowledge. First of all, it provides motivation. Even the indolent child will learn if his learning comes through play. The spirit of competition which comes in all play will spur nearly all to strive for the goal in as quick and efficient a manner as possible, in order to arrive ahead of the nearest competitor. However, we must teach the child to be a good loser as well as a good winner. Also, teachers should never fail to give a word of praise where praise is due. This means a great deal in the minds of the little ones.

Many first graders come to school already having the knowledge of their numbers up to ten and sometimes more, but for the sake of the others who do not, we must start at the bottom of the ladder. Do not crowd them too fast. Some will invariably write 3, 5, 6, and 7 backward. To avoid this, I make up a little story about Mr. 3 or Mr. 5 going for a walk. I place 3 or 5 on the board and quite a distance away I write the same figures backwards. Mr. 3 or Mr. 5 saw one of these two men, but thinking he did not know him, he passed by. But something told him to turn around, and as he looked back he realized it was his brother who had been walking backward, so he turned around and ran quickly and took hold of him and said, "See here, I almost passed you by without speaking, for you were walking backward." Then he turned him around and took him by the arm, and the two of them walked together to the park and had a good time.

Write numbers up to ten all over the board, then have the children take turns in drawing circles around the number you call.

Choose two captains; have them choose those whom they wish to have on their sides. Have the captains (at the given signal) run to the board and write 1, then run to their seats; the next two run and write 2, then run to their seats; then the next two, and so on until all have run—each time writing the next number. The side who gets back to their seats first, wins.

Climbing the ladder without falling is always interesting. Do not write numbers consecutively. If a mistake is made, they fall with a bang.

Draw stones in a brook of water, placing numbers on each stone. Then have the child take you by the hand while you step from one stone to another and see how many can get you across safely. (However, some have thought it fun to say the wrong number just to see me pretend to splash into the water.)

Draw a wheel with many spokes and a number on each spoke. Pretend you are traveling down the road as you go around the spokes. If a number is missed, that spoke is erased and the crippled wheel cannot travel so fast. See how many can have perfect wheels.

After the numbers are well learned, both in sight and in writing, the next step is in the combinations. This reminds me of a story. Two little fellows were walking home from school discussing their various problems. One little first grader said, "Oh, how hard those adds and take-aways are!" The other little fellow said, "Oh, that's nothing! Just wait until you get into the 'gozintos'!" To which the other

Children learn most easily when work becomes play in the schoolroom

replied, "The 'gozintos'! What are they?" and the answer was, "Oh, don't you know—like 2 goes into 4?"

For seat work, draw objects on the board—such as  and are 4 apples. This not only serves as an arithmetic lesson, but also a good writing and drawing lesson.

Never allow a child to count on his fingers. Better by far have him make marks and count them while learning combinations than to get into the habit of using his fingers. I always insist on hands being in sight when giving such drills.

Knowledge Without Effort

In the second grade, "Walks and Talks in Numberland" has a great deal of filling in of blanks which is good, as it teaches the child to reason out his problems.

Choosing sides and having number spell-downs is a good drill, and it surely encourages the one who is the last one to stay up.

Fill the blackboard with numbers, especially stressing 101 to 110. Erase each number quickly and call on a certain pupil for that number.

Play the game, "I am thinking of two numbers which make 9," etc. The one who guesses the right combination, gets to think of one and have the other children guess.

The third grade textbook has many games. The wheel is the most popular, and I add to it by playing "Tick, Tack, Toe, around we go." Have children add numbers at which they have stopped, to see who has the highest number; then subtract to see how much higher.

Draw a circle on the floor with chalk, placing in the combinations, and have a child hop from one combination to another, giving the answers as he goes.

Many children have a difficult time with "borrowing" in subtraction. In a problem, such as 415 — 157, I say: "Mr. 7 goes up to Mr. 5 and says, 'Will you please give me 7?' Mr. 5 says he is sorry but he has only 5; whereupon Mr. 7 gets cross and says, 'I must have it. Can't you get some from your neighbor?' Mr. 5 gets frightened and runs over to his neighbor and asks to borrow 2 ones, and his neighbor is always such a good, generous neighbor that he says, 'Why, certainly, I'll not only give you 2 ones, but 10 ones.' Then Mr. 5 goes back with his 10 ones; and with the 5 ones he already had, he now has 15. Now Mr. 7 comes back and says, 'Did you get 7 for me?' 'Oh, yes,' says Mr. 5, 'I can give you 7 now and have 8 left for myself.'"

These are only a few of the many games and stories by which arithmetic may be made to appeal to a child so that he remembers it more readily and enjoys the rudiments of learning without the realization of the effort he is putting forth.

Woodland Voices

(*Continued from page 4*)

afterward." Long after it was finished the melody lingered on.

Other Warblers

Many warblers which are strangely unknown to all but persistent bird students flew about in the higher branches singing short snatches of song. One more courageous than the others came skulking through the branches with feathers erect and eyes alert.

Mrs Allen was very happy as she recognized her old friend, the Blackburnian warbler, as he peeped timidly around a tree at her.

"Isn't he a beauty?" she almost asked out loud as she gazed intently at the newcomer.

A Blackburnian warbler is not seen every day. Indeed, he is considered one of our rarest warblers. John Burroughs says he should be called "the orange-throated warbler." He certainly deserves that name. His throat is a flaming orange, with a wide black stripe across the eye pointing toward the bill. His back is mole-color, with a short white stripe on each side and white patches on the wings.

If you want to see nature when it is most interesting and natural, make a post of yourself. Do not move an eyelash if you can prevent it. Then you will learn many of nature's secrets.

The Sister Poets

(*Continued from page 13*)

Neither of the sisters were ever blessed with a particularly robust physique. In their childhood and early womanhood both of them had to work hard. And they paid the penalty in their middle years. For two years prior to her death Alice was an invalid, but she kept on writing until "her pen literally dropped from her hand." Her death occurred on February 12, 1871.

She and Phœbe had been as inseparable through their lives as two separate individuals could be. They had grown up together, studied together, worked together, left home together, and lived together. There was between them the keenest bond, spiritually, intellectually, and physically; the most supreme devotion. Consequently the elder's death was a terrific blow to the younger, a blow from which she could not recover. Five months later she too was laid to rest in Newport, Rhode Island.

"Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—
To know that all Thy ways and times are just;
Thou seest that we do believe, and fear,
Lord, make us also to believe and trust."

"Better alone than in bad company."

A Word Examination

By BERT RHOADS

SAID a geography class one day: "Combustible coal is coal you can 'bust up' into chunks." In some of our new types of teaching is there danger of getting away from the good old tried pedagogical paths? Is it any longer proper to stress definitions and spelling? Are the methods of McGuffey, Swinton, and Barnes *altogether* out of date? Would it be very wrong to fix some standard of word achievement in definitions? In the following examination, words have been selected that are easy to define and common to the texts and experiences of the eighth grader. The meaning of each word may be given in a word or phrase. If the meaning cannot be given, then a sentence showing the pupil has a good idea of the meaning would be acceptable. A grade of one per cent for each correct meaning, and one-half to three-fourths per cent for an intelligent use of the word in a sentence should be given. A grade of 90-100 per cent would be brilliant; 80-90 per cent, burning; 70-80 per cent, glowing; 60-70 per cent, warm; 50-60 per cent, tepid.

You may think your eighth graders could compass this text with a high grade,—and you might be surprised.

1. administration
2. altar
3. ambassador
4. amendment
5. anniversary
6. beneficiary
7. Cabot
8. calory
9. Carpetbaggers
10. C. C. C.
11. cemetery
12. centurion
13. chariot
14. charter
15. citrous
16. coke
17. colony
18. contrary
19. conservation
20. constitution
21. cornea
22. cotton gin
23. delta
24. depression
25. dike
26. discount
27. Edison
28. efficiency
29. factor
30. Faneuil Hall
31. finance
32. franchise
33. gland
34. halibut
35. Howe
36. Hudson
37. incapacity
38. Isabella
39. law
40. Lincoln
41. Lindbergh
42. Longfellow
43. mahogany
44. manila
45. martyr
46. molar
47. munitions
48. naval
49. Niagara
50. N.R.A.
51. opiate
52. Pasteur
53. payee
54. Pentateuch
55. perforate
56. perimeter
57. periosteum
58. petroleum
59. pi
60. plasma
61. platinum
62. Pocahontas
63. Poland-China
64. policy
65. poverty
66. prohibition
67. P. W. A.
68. radius
69. Raleigh
70. rectangle
71. reign
72. relief
73. repel
74. retreat
75. sanctuary
76. Sanhedrim
77. satellite
78. secretion
79. Shropshire
80. slavery
81. sobriety
82. summit
83. tar
84. tariff
85. tendon
86. textile
87. tide
88. transportation
89. treaty
90. triumph
91. tunnel
92. ulna
93. unity
94. veto
95. volunteer
96. weevil
97. Whittier
98. Washington
99. yak
100. Yosemite

The Art of Living Together

(*Continued from page 6*)

them high standards of right and wrong. Any act needs only to be performed twice to become a habit. We can keep the courteous relation and the rights of others so persistently before our children, and begin so early, that by the time they reach the age when there is a "dawn of character," right relations and standards will have become fixed habits.

If principles of moral and ethical training are *always* taught and practiced in the home, if the home atmosphere is always one of what is right and just, the children will be kept from habits of selfishness and quarrelsomeness, and trained to habits of kindness, thoughtfulness, and courtesy. If these principles become fixed habits in childhood, they make an immovable foundation on which to build the character structure of adult life. The art of living together must begin and be practiced in the home by the father and mother and taught to the children at the mother's knee.

"To keep up a quarrel
Is simply absurd,
For nobody ever
Has said the last word."

"People fight for things they want,
And yet we really live
Most fully not by what we gain,
But rather what we give."

Drills in Today's Schoolroom

By ROBERTA BECKNER STRACHAN

IN THE schools of yesterday drills were a very prominent part of the program. But the schools of today seem to have drifted away from them to a great extent. Just how much or how little drill should be included in the curriculum is rather a debatable question. However, in considering the abandonment of drills it might be well to remember the old adage: "Be not the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside." Perhaps some educators consider drills "old-fashioned," or "out-of-date," but the fact still remains that certain fundamentals must be learned, and only constant drill and repetition will fix them securely in the child mind.

Since drills cannot be entirely overlooked or eliminated from today's schoolroom, and because teachers are again beginning to realize the great value of them, it might be well to consider certain methods which have been used effectively in the schoolroom.

Arithmetic Drills

As a young child in school, I was early introduced to drills. One which was particularly enjoyed by the entire class was called the "mental arithmetic drill." When I became a teacher, I remembered this drill form, modified and changed it somewhat to fit my group, and obtained satisfactory results. I found my fifth and sixth grades weak on their multiplication and division facts, and simple addition and subtraction examples. The method I used was as follows: A small slip was passed to each child, on which he wrote his name and the numbers from one to ten. Then all heads were laid on the desks and all eyes were closed while I put ten simple problems on the blackboard. As soon as I finished, I said, "Go," and allowed them two minutes. In this time they worked the examples in their head, putting only the answers down on their papers. As each child finished, he raised his hand, and I put the names on the board in the order in which they finished. After two minutes all had to stop, even if not all were through. The children exchanged slips, I put the answers on the board next to the problems, while the pupils corrected each other's papers. After this I put the names of the children on the board again, this time according to the number of problems correct. Then we compared the two lists of names, while the children themselves made suggestions. Some worked too fast, others not fast enough. Still others needed more drill, as the number they had correct was very low. The whole drill never took over five or six minutes, and gave the pupils a chance to see just where they needed help most, besides drilling them on important arithmetic facts. The children liked this drill so well that they were really disappointed if it was sometimes omitted from the day's program.

Other Methods

Too much cannot be said for flash cards. The ones on the fundamental facts of the four processes of arithmetic — multiplication, division, addition, and subtraction — can be used effectively in all grades up to and even including the sixth. Flash cards are still a very material aid in drilling on Bible memory verses, dates, events, and persons; history dates, places, events, and persons; musical facts often found hard to retain; and definitions in English grammar.

The old clock idea still works, too. Draw a large circle on the board and number it around from one to twelve like a clock. Place any number from one to twelve in the center, and use a pointer to indicate by which number the one in the center is to be multiplied. This is especially good drill for those weak on their multiplication combinations.

In drilling on Bible or history facts, a little competition between the boys and girls is often helpful. A score keeper is first chosen from the class. Usually the teacher, sometimes a pupil, asks the questions of the girls, then the boys, and so on. Always call on a particular boy or girl. If the girl called on cannot answer, any other girl in the class may have a turn on the same question. If none of the girls can answer, the question goes to the boys. If they are able to give the correct response, they gain a point for the boys' side. It also works vice versa. At the conclusion of the drill, the points are added by the score keeper to see whether the boys or the girls answered the most questions. To vary this plan, the pupils may be asked to write out three or four review questions, and then during the drill the pupils take turns in asking the questions. Each side has to have its regular turn, but a great deal of interest and enjoyment is aroused when this plan is used.

Bible Drills

The journeys of Paul present a problem in that it is often difficult for children to remember the towns, their order, and the acts done there. Have the pupils imagine they are with Paul and tell the story of their travels before the class; or have one pupil start the

story and suddenly call on another to go on with it, and so on to the end of the journey. Each child is alert lest he be called on next. The class is also told to watch for errors on the part of the narrator. If another pupil detects a mistake, he may continue the story.

I saw a game once which would work well in a Bible drill. In fact, it had been used for just such a thing many times by one who had been a teacher for fifty years. Each card represented a Bible character, and had on it seven or eight questions about this character. For a while the teacher drilled on the first question on each card, then the second one, and on down through them all. As each question was asked, the pupils would try to guess the name of the character.

Lists of places and people in Bible, history, or geography may be written on the board. When the teacher points to each one in the list, the pupils tell what they know concerning the place or the person.

Memory verses, or poems said in concert, are easily learned and longer retained. A fifth and sixth grade learned their memory verses so well that they were able to recite them for the entire year in less than ten minutes as a result of drilling on them in concert. Flash cards were used throughout the year. Sometimes the reference was shown, and at other times the first few words, or key word, of the text.

A good practice for little ones who are learning to read and are using the phonetic method follows: Type or print a list of word families (-ing, -ed, -en, etc.) on small pieces of cardboard. Line the children up in a row and give each one a card. When all are ready, the teacher taps each child on the shoulder in turn. If he is ready, he pronounces the first family, which may be "ing," and then gives a word it suggests, such as "sing." If the child is not ready when his turn comes, the teacher goes guickly to the next pupil. The object is for the child to see who can finish his card first, while at the same time he is drilling on facts which he so much needs.

Spell-Downs

Geography and history facts may be drilled on as a "spell-down" for the entire class, or the girls against the boys.

The principal parts of verbs, and the comparison of adverbs or adjectives in English may also be used for a "spell-down," or in a competition between the boys and girls, with each group lined up. In using a "spell-down" method for drills, have the one who fails go to the foot of the line, rather than dropping out of the contest entirely. Thus he gets to take part in the drill, as he needs it even more than the ones who know the answers. At the end of the drill, the one at the head of the line is declared the winner.

A drill which seems to delight children more than any other is known as "spelling baseball." At first a score keeper should be chosen to record the runs as they are made. The teacher has the children number one, two, one, two, around the room. The "ones" make one team and the "twos" make the other. The children remain at their desks except when spelling or standing on a base. This drill can be used in rooms having even four different grades, if the teacher will prepare lists of words for each grade beforehand. Thus the teacher will be able to give each child a word belonging to his own grade and then check it off the list so it will not be used twice. Suppose the "ones" team is up first. The first child in that team leaves his seat and comes to the front of the room in order to spell his word. The teacher calls out the word. If the child spells it correctly, he walks to the right side of the room, or first base, as it is named. Another of the "ones" comes to the front and spells his word. If it is right, he goes to first base and the child already on that base moves to the back of the room, which is second base. The third child comes forward, spells his word, and if it is correct, goes to first base. The others already on bases move over to second and third base respectively. (Third base is the left side of the room.) If the fourth child has the word right, the first child comes in and makes a score of one for his side. If no words are missed, this keeps up and a "run" is recorded every time a child leaves third base. Words are given out to the "ones" until every child on that side has had a turn. If a child misses a word, all on the bases must return to their seats, and the next one to spell correctly goes to first base to begin a new "run." The "twos" team next has a chance. There may be as many innings as time permits. However, no matter how long the game lasts, the children seldom want to stop.

"Animated alphabet" helps poor spellers too. Two sets of the alphabet, printed on large cards, are needed. The room is divided into two teams, and each side chooses a captain. The teacher announces the word. Then those holding the letters contained in that word run on toes from their line to the end of the room previously chosen for their side, and with the help of the captain arrange themselves so their cards will form the word. Whichever team gets the word first gains one point. Not only is this excellent drill, but a good rainy day game for recess indoors.

When one considers the many forms of drills that may be used, and their effectiveness in helping to retain knowledge, he cannot help but agree with the advice an experienced educator gave a young teacher: "Remember, Mary, nothing works quite so well as drill, *drill*, DRILL!"

"An acre of performance is worth a whole world of promise."

"To be so no more is the truest repentance."

MISSION GEOGRAPHY HELPS

A VISIT TO OLD UJIJI

By MRS. J. F. WRIGHT

UJIJI, a quiet little place in western Tanganyika, was made famous by the meeting of two outstanding men in the year 1871. David Livingstone, the great African explorer and missionary, was lost to the world. Stanley was sent out to search for him. Coming in through Dar-es-Salaam, on the East Coast of Africa, he traveled westward through Dodoma and Kigoma and on to Ujiji, where he found Dr. Livingstone encamped under a spreading mango tree beside the blue waters of Lake Tanganyika. Later this tree died, and a monument has been erected in its place.

Many visitors have come and gone since that day to see the spot where these two men met. It gives one a feeling of reverence and respect to stand before this monument and read its inscription.

Yet to me there was something more impressive, and that was the natives who surround the place. Are we doing all we should to carry on the work begun by this forerunner of missions? The natives in this section do not appear to be much improved since Livingstone's day. The tumble-down looking huts, the unkempt surroundings, and the wild-looking native, dressed in a piece of skin slung carelessly around him and hanging precariously over one shoulder as he passes by, carrying water from the lake, present a picture of degradation.

But nature tries to atone for the failures of her children. As we sat in our car beside this quiet spot we could look above the filth and squalor of the would-be streets of Ujiji to the overshadowing palms and the evergreen mango trees in every direction as far as the eye could see, and out upon the crystal waters of beautiful Lake Tanganyika.

NATIVES OF UJIJI

An interesting group of natives soon gathered around the car, shutting off what little breeze there was. They saw many things of interest inside the car, not least of which were the occupants. While my husband wrote letters on the typewriter—and this was a great curiosty—I amused myself by talking to the children, mostly by signs and motions. One of them brought me a tree sponge. I thought I would reciprocate with a nice piece of chocolate. As I held it out to him a broad smile swept over his face and he reached forth a hand darker still than the chocolate it was about to receive. As he took it he said inquiringly, "Missuri?" Which meant, "Is it good?" I nodded and said, "Missuri." Suspiciously he took a bite, and from all the spitting and sputtering one would think he had chewed up a five-grain tablet of quinine instead of a bite of Nestle's milk chocolate. He thought it ought to be good. He had just seen me eating a piece without drawing my face out of shape, and so, brave boy that he was, he took another bite. But the second bite seemed to taste worse than the first, and so he handed the remainder of it over to a comrade who, after tasting, cautiously passed it on to another, but none seemed to relish this foreign-tasting sweet. Seeing the chocolate was so distasteful, I held out a peppermint drop to see what effect it would have. It was quickly grabbed by a pickaninny who ran away like a chicken who had found a worm, followed by a flock of others hoping to share in the spoil. They raced out of sight, and I could not see their faces when they finally stopped to take a "lick around." But my little chocolate boy did not go away. He stood looking at me with appealing eyes. What else could I give him? I handed him a piece of chewing

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At the meeting place of Livingstone and Stanley

Making the Children's Room Attractive

By MRS. WILLIAM H. HODDE

WE CAN make this topic both animate and inanimate because the teacher and the students have perhaps as much importance in making the schoolroom inviting as does the appearance of the room itself. But let's consider the schoolroom with the teacher as the engineer.

Sometime ago I was privileged to visit one of these attractive rooms, and I shall record the items that I consider made it attractive.

This room spoke for itself even before I opened the door, for the door was curtained by thin material that was neatly drawn back, inviting passers-by or callers to look in. It was not like a prison where the children were being made to study for punishment.

The room was bright and cheery. It was in the afternoon, and the sunbeams were dancing through and around the shades that were drawn to protect the children's eyes. There was sufficient heat and ventilation. This comfortable feeling adds much to the child's behavior. The school was homelike. The curtains were appropriate. (Sometimes we can have a change and use various designs of crepe paper to represent the season.)

On the window shelves were various kinds of healthy-looking plants furnished by the children. A sweet potato plant, a potted geranium, and a box from which vegetables were springing through the soil—all were of interest to the children as well as to the visitor. Then in another window was an aquarium with different kinds of water animals. Thus the children feel that they are a part of the schoolroom, when they help in making and keeping it attractive. It encourages neatness, too, and what they have done they do not want to see spoiled because of someone's carelessness.

Cleanliness

It is almost needless to say that the room was clean and in order. The floors were oiled, the furniture dusted and polished. On the piano were some cut flowers brought by the children. The water had been changed daily so that the flowers not only kept longer, but were more attractive. The fish bowl also was clean. This was all done by the children under the teacher's supervision.

A well-chosen border was on the board. I could tell it was homemade, and was told that it was the work of the youngsters themselves. I thought, "No wonder they like school. The work isn't drudgery; there is always something new." The boards had been cared for the night before and the erasers were standing up with a nice big piece of chalk on each eraser, not with hundreds of small pieces in the chalk tray. I decided then that tray was meant for the chalk dust and not the innumerable little pieces of chalk.

In one cozy, well-lighted corner was the library. It consisted of a small book shelf with well-arranged books put there by the teacher. Then a reading table and chairs. The children were allowed to use this library one at a time. Then they could either take the book to their seats or sit at the table. (I find it is a rest to them to stay in the library, for don't we all like to get out of our own homes once in awhile!)

In another corner was a sand table with a child working out a history project. Sometimes there were two children at this table so long as they were quiet.

I noticed the children's "houses" (desks) were in order. Very little noise was made when getting books and pencils out of desks. The teacher did not allow house cleaning in time of school; that was taken care of during recess periods.

Finishing Touches

As I was leaving their room, I glanced at the bulletin board. There were samples of the children's work, encouraging papers that can be inspected. A chart represented the conduct of the room, along with various awards and announcements. These are an incentive to the child's grade in application for he will want to get good grades in his regular studies so he will have time for these extra activities. And the teacher certainly has their co-operation!

Of course, we teachers expect to find our rooms in A-1 condition when we arrive. This is just the skeleton. It lies with the teacher to further improve the appearance of the room. We know our efficiency is oftentimes judged by the appearance of our room.

After all, the school is to train the child to be a good homemaker and a good citizen. "Neatness and civic pride are largely results of environment." The room has much to do with the mental state of the child, as well as of the teacher. It makes for a well disciplined group.

In conclusion, let's follow the old adage: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Little Sketches

By MARY MILES

THE examination completed, the physician spoke slowly. "There is no organic trouble to account for these worn-out nerves. You say that your work is very congenial and that your surroundings are pleasant." He looked at her thoughtfully. "I believe the cause goes back much farther."

The young woman winced as the doctor's probing words reached into her early childhood. "I was always afraid of my father. During his terrible outbursts of temper I would hide away, shaking with terror. Many times I crept from the table, only to lose what I had eaten. As I grew older I was always afraid he would kill my mother in one of his wild spells, and only the intervention of the neighbors stopped him from constantly beating my brothers. I never see a patch of tall grass but that it reminds me of how I used to be hidden in such a spot behind the tool house, utterly exhausted, with another feeling I can't explain—a sort of nausea, I guess." She leaned back, spent with her recital.

"Are you still afraid of him?"

"I am away now. He is old and harmless and wonders why none of his children ever write to him."

The physician ministered to her need and she left, to return the next day, and the next, for it would take long to restore the depleted nerve energy.

The doctor pondered: "How many are going through life, not able to enjoy it to the full, not able to accomplish all that the Lord meant them to accomplish, because the vital spark of energy is missing, the nerve force that should carry them through life used up in the abnormal strains of such childhood. Is there not some way to rouse parents to realize that in the home is laid the foundation, either for strong physical adulthood, or for a broken life? And as if in answer to his thoughts, these words of the Good Book came to him: 'Fathers, provoke not your children. . . . Be pitiful, be courteous.'"

Paul Leaves Antioch

(*Continued from page 11*)

fell down "from the third loft, and was taken up dead." But Paul restored him to life, and there was great rejoicing that no tragedy had marred the last meeting. Then the record is that they broke bread, and ate, and talked until daybreak, when Paul departed. (Verse 11.) So it was Sunday morning, the first day of the week, when Paul set out from Troas to walk across the peninsula to Assos to meet the boat that had sailed from Troas some twelve hours before.

When Paul reached Miletus he sent to Ephesus and called the elders of the church to meet with him. It was a meeting in which the apostle gave counsel, warnings, and admonitions. He told them that after his departure grievous wolves would enter in among them, not sparing the flock. (Acts 20:29.) After a very tender meeting the entire group kneeled down on the shore and prayed; then with weeping they kissed Paul, and fell on his neck, "sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." (Acts 20:38.)

Paul's party hurried on to Jerusalem. At Patara a new ship was found, going to Phenicia. They passed by the island of Cyprus where Paul had first taken the lead in missionary activities. He thought of Barnabas, of Mark, and of Sergius Paulus. They landed at Tyre, where he was warned of the fate awaiting him at Jerusalem. When they reached Cæsarea they met Philip, the evangelist and former deacon. Philip had four daughters who had the gift of prophecy. They too told Paul of the bonds and imprisonment that were before him. In addition there was a prophet by the name of Agabus from Judea who gave Paul a dramatic warning of his coming fate by taking his girdle and binding his own hands and feet, saying: "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him into the hands of the Gentiles." Acts 21:11. Their pleading had the effect to break Paul's heart, but not to turn him from his purpose.

So Paul came to Jerusalem conscious that there he had many enemies. The Judaizers were determined to destroy him. They would now go to any extreme to gain their ends. The situation was grave. The future looked dark indeed.

Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God

(*Continued from page 8*)

read: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, . . . for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God." What unlovely and unbecoming fashions in dress would be eliminated from some of our homes if these principles were taught and observed!

These are God's commands, not man's. "They are the declarations of Infinite Wisdom, and those who disobey them do so at their own peril and loss."

In these last days, in the final crisis of the world, where do we, the women of the church, stand on the question of dress? Shall we take our stand on a plain "thus saith the Lord," and so be numbered among the wise, independent, consecrated women that are found in every church, diligently teaching by precept and example these saving principles given in love, that when King Jesus comes He may find these principles inwrought in the very character? For "the King's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold." Psalm 45:13.

Body and Mind

By CLODA E. BAILEY, R. N.

THE psalmist David recognized the unlimited ability of man when he wrote: "I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." Psalm 139: 14. Marvelous indeed is the brain which is folded over and over to give it a larger surface, and packed with at least three billion cells which send out fibers like telephone wires to every part of the body. It is for us to see that this sensitive organ, which is the seat of intelligence, the source of energy and power, is rightly trained and guided.

Much has been said and written about the importance of training the mind, thus becoming mentally efficient. Definite and purposeful thinking is the source of all achievement in any desired or planned work; therefore the productive qualities of the mind which result in successful action may be termed mental efficiency.

Our mental and physical constitution is largely the result of the habits and education of our parents and ancestors for many generations, together with circumstances governing our early development. Our desires are in a great degree the result of our education. They are influenced by our friends, books we read, food we eat, conditions of bodily health, and a great variety of circumstances. In "Testimonies," Vol. 5, page 522, we are told: "Every power —physical, mental, and moral—needs to be trained, disciplined, and developed, that it may render its highest service; for unless all are equally developed, one faculty cannot do its work thoroughly, without overtaxing some part of the human machinery. . . . The whole body is designed for action, not for inaction. If the physical powers are not taxed equally with the mental, too much strain is brought upon the latter. . . . Natural powers must be governed by natural laws, and the faculties must be educated to work harmoniously and in accord with these laws. *The teachers in our schools can disregard none of these particulars without shirking responsibility.*"

Hygiene in the Home

We know, first of all, that mental hygiene must begin in the home. If family life can be made more harmonious, if parents can understand themselves and their children better, many pitfalls that hinder normal development can be avoided. The school also can do much preventive work. Here the child first ventures into the real world where he must fit into an environment not shaped to satisfy his personal desires. He must stand on his own feet and learn how to get along with others. The teacher should regard the task of developing stable personalities as more important than turning out mathematicians or historians.

Teachers should take just as keen an interest in their pupils as in the formal requirements of the curriculum. For example, a rapidly developing girl feels uncomfortable with her classmates. The teacher with a personal interest in her pupils will make the girl comfortable by suggesting ways in which the unusual growth may be utilized. Perhaps in athletics she may have distinct advantage. She may have other unusual talents which the teacher can help her to use, thus overcoming a personal defect which in after years would develop into an empty, unhappy, unsatisfying life.

For children under seven years to build mentally, the whole of their teaching should be play, and work which may be made to assimilate play. Through play one may be taught how to think, how to investigate, how to be original, and how to become mentally independent. Then as the children pass into the higher grades they are ready to acquire facts, to compare, to reason, and to utilize their knowledge. The effect of mental growth or education will be seen throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. The painstaking efforts of the God-fearing teacher who endeavors to follow the lesson plan by which Christ taught will reach a standard far above the world's standard.

Opening the Mind

The character of Christ's lessons and teaching was free from formalism and tradition. The student could appreciate the authority, the originality, the tenderness, the benevolence, the spirituality, and the practicability of His teaching. The value of His teaching was not in what He told them, so much as in what He awakened within them. The educational law of Froebel's contains the same thought. "No instruction really becomes a content of the child's mind in the highest sense until the child has made a creative use of it in some way." A child's mind opens like a flower when it is rightly trained.

The ancient Greeks had a maxim like this: "A sound mind in a sound body." Whatever impairs the body reacts upon the mind, and a healthy body can only exist as its behavior is influenced and controlled by a healthy mind. Quoting from "Counsels on Health," page 122: "To keep the body in a healthy condition to develop its strength, that every part of

the living machinery may act harmoniously, should be the first study of life. To neglect the body is to neglect the mind." "The body is the only medium through which the mind and the soul are developed for the upbuilding of character. Hence it is that the adversary of souls directs his temptations, to the enfeebling and degrading of the physical powers."—*"Ministry of Healing," page 130.*

Mental health is aided and abetted by cheerfulness, hope, confidence, and purpose. It has been said that "the building of mental health should commence before birth." Many mental diseases as well as many types of delinquincy of later and adult life, are due to improper character- and behavior-building during infancy and childhood.

Handicapped Children

The physically handicapped child needs help in learning how to build up a sense of responsibility by discovering his special abilities, and directing the development of them. He does not need sympathy, because sympathy tends to fix his attention on his disability, and helps to build up self-pity. Sympathy would only antagonize him by causing him to feel that his self-respect is being injured. The mentally deficient child needs to be encouraged to take part in a school activity in which it is possible for him to be successful. The teacher of the school helps by making the thing he can do seem worth while, and the goal within the range of his ability. Never place him where unfavorable contacts can be made, or prevent him from using what ability he has.

The child who needs the teacher's help most is the timid one. He is one who has given up, never disturbs, does not show off, does not have confidence in himself. Many different reasons could be given for his timidity perhaps, but the greatest help the school can give is to offer him the opportunity to do the thing he does well. Then encourage and praise him until he gains in self-confidence and learns to trust himself. The teacher needs tact and patience for such children. Surely she needs to know and understand each child.

It is well to remember all of us are mentally or physically handicapped in some way and can be encouraged by the fact that to be mentally efficient ourselves and teach others, we must understand the mechanism of our bodies and seek to bring it back to the original plan, for man was originally endowed with noble powers and a well-balanced mind. He was perfect in his being and in harmony with God.

"The Art of Living Together," page 5, or "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God," page 7, both furnish excellent material for use in the Home and School Association.

Spring

By INEZ BRASIER

THE snow of December still fills the ditches and lies in blackened drifts in fence corners. Yet spring is here! How do I know?

Crows no longer move like stiffened shadows. There is an anxious undertone in their call as they search the fields. Redwings call from an elm whose leaves in summer green-shade the cat-tails where they will nest. They scarcely feel the wind that still has the note of winter's cold. To them there is promise in the brooklet at the foot of the elm, bearing its load of ice to the river. Alders shake powdered curls where they will stop to call their greeting to the mother birds on their nests, safely hidden. Killdeer fly low over the fields, uttering distressed calls. We are not tempted to follow: it is much too early for even their nesting.

We follow the fence rows, lured by the scent of newly uncovered fields of last year's plowing, where rivulets weave strange patterns in their haste to join the brook. In the pasture beyond we trace the twisting runs of the field mice. Here and there against the hillocks, are their gray-brown grass homes — winter palaces and empty now. Pussy willows show green and white at the pasture's edge, where one needs boots, even in summer. Juncos flit in waves from bush to bush, singing the low sweet song that one hears when early spring has come. Chipping sparrows and song sparrows slip from old brush pile to brush pile, while the bright brown of the fox sparrow tempts us deeper into the tangle of brush and stumps. White-throats sing, always just out of sight.

We wander on and on until the sun goes down behind trees still etched in winter silhouettes against the darkening sky. The winds grow chill. Yet spring is here, though there are snow banks along the fence rows. I've seen the bluebirds and heard the meadow larks. Spring is here!

HEALTH HINTS FROM NATURE

By Mildred C. Wood

A redbreast performing his morning ablution
Is hint on preserving a strong constitution.

The old striped coon washing food at the zoo
Reminds me to eat with clean hands and face too.

The cow in the meadow so peacefully chewing
Helps me to eat slowly and mind what I'm doing.

My pussy asleep on the cushion so bright
Is warning I too should have nine hours each night.

Wherever I look Mother Nature, I see,
Has carefully planned little lessons for me.

The First Philippine Home Commission Convention

By F. L. JABOLA

SINCE the organization of the Home Commission in the Philippine Union Mission the first convention of delegates representing Parents Councils was held in San Pablo, Laguna, December 3 to 5, 1937.

The principal speakers were: Pastor J. H. McEachern, Mrs. R. R. Figuhr, Dr. C. C. Vizcarra, Mrs. A. M. Ragsdale, Mrs. C. Vergara, and Mrs. Molimbayan. Mrs. Figuhr spoke on the importance of the home. In her statement she said that the home is the very foundation of the church, the government, and society. If the children are properly trained to live in the right way they will remain faithful in the truth, and they will be God's heritage in His kingdom. Different instructions were given on the proper care of the home and of the children. Mrs. A. M. Ragsdale spoke on the importance of teaching nature to the children. She emphasized that Jesus' first books were the word of God and the book of nature, and His mother was His first human teacher.

Pastor McEachern spoke on the Fatherhood of God. He emphasized that God gave to us an example concerning His love to His children. His first text on this important subject was found in Psalm 103:13: "Like as a father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Elder McEachern gave some beautiful thoughts from this text. He said that the divine love that exists between God and His church should also exist between the human father and his son, and among all in his own home.

Cleanliness

Dr. C. Vizcarra spoke on the proper care of the body. He said that we can avoid most of the sickness that comes in our family if we only know how to take care of our own bodies. He emphasized in his talk that every one should have a balanced diet, and should sleep in the open air in order to have strength to fight the germs that are in his own body. He stressed at length that one of the causes of many diseases, including tuberculosis, is carelessness in keeping the home and surroundings clean. He emphasized very strongly that cleanliness should not be neglected by any Seventh-day Adventist. Mrs. C. Vergara, the Central Luzon Mission nurse, gave some helpful suggestions on how to organize the society. Her suggestions were greatly appreciated by those present. Mrs. P. Molimbayan spoke on "How to Make the Program Interesting in Every Mother's Society Meeting." She said that in making the program, the leader should not just attempt to make the program entertaining, but to make the lessons of benefit to every individual. They should uplift each member spiritually.

There were forty present at this meeting from different churches in Laguna district. Those who attended were greatly helped, and they appreciated very much the studies that were given them by the workers. I am glad to see that the prophecy in Malachi 4:5, 6 is meeting a direct fulfillment in the organization of the Home Commission in our denomination: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

A Filipino girl in native costume

You Ask Us ? *And We Say to You*

What would you do with a child who says she is extremely nervous and acts accordingly?

WE, OF course, are unacquainted with the girl in this question. One child is entirely different from another. There are children who will do almost anything to draw attention to themselves, and perhaps thereby get extra favors. And this is not saying that these are bad children, but rather that they are a little spoiled. They have either observed some friend who got more attention than they, or more likely they are the center of everything at home and have grown to expect much consideration wherever they are. Since not all children can be in the center with others gravitating around them, we best leave the center vacant.

Again it is possible that the child is love-hungry, and takes this course to encourage the teacher to show love for her. Teachers should guard against showing greater regard for the pretty child or the bright child than for others. For, after all, we teachers are human.

Or perhaps this girl has seen those whom she has reason to respect and love display great nervousness, and she has come to regard it as a mark of distinction.

Or perhaps she *is* really in bad health and her nerves are somewhat shattered. Determine if possible the exact condition and the cause of this condition. By tactful questions you may get at the root of the matter. Study the child. Read books dealing with the subject of nervousness. We recommend as a good one, "Safeguarding the Children's Nerves," by Walsh and Foote, published by J. P. Lippincott Co. Another is "The Psychology of the Unadjusted School Child," by John J. B. Morgan (Revised edition); the Macmillian Co.

Get all the knowledge you can from doctors and nurses.

Visit the parents; talk tactfully, remembering that many parents are rather averse to instruction coming from younger people. Show your desire to help and not to criticize. Pray earnestly for guidance before you go.

Find out how much sleep the child is getting. From medical authorities we have the following in regard to proper hours of sleep:

Age	*Hours of Sleep*
6–7	12
8–10	11
10–12	10–11
13–15	10
16–18	9

The faster the child is growing, the more sleep he needs. The undernourished child needs more sleep than the healthy child.

Urge the parent to look carefully after diet, elimination, exercise, and fresh air. We find young people who ought to know better thinking that if they rid themselves of the poisons collecting in the colon once in two or three days they are doing all right, whereas they should be clearing the lower bowel two or three times in one day.

Let's get the parents to join us in not talking about nerves and in trying to get the mind off self. The worth-while person is not all the time thinking about nerves and ill health, but of beautiful things, and what he can do to be of service to others.

The time was when there were few nervous children; that was when most of our inhabitants enjoyed the quiet of country life. One hundred years ago less than one in five were city dwellers; now only about one in five live in the country. Most of us live in the noise and rush and rattle of the city; day and night we listen to rushing cars and blaring radios. Many parents allow their children to spend a large amount of their time listening to the radio. One can't help noticing that those episodes put on at the children's hours are very exciting and fearsome, and hard on children's nerves. Even grown people listening are likely to become very tense.

Children should have plenty of exercise in the open air. Humans, like engines, manufacture energy, and if it isn't used in work or play, it is consumed within the system, causing irritability and other undesirable symptoms.

Make the child feel that he is like other children; not different, or on another plane. Make him feel that it is no compliment to be nervous; that if he is ever to be a healthy, happy, useful adult, he must be the master of himself, and in complete control of his nerves. He can do it if he *will*, but the longer the nerves are allowed to run wild, the harder it will be to overcome the difficulty. F. H. W.

"Beauty soon fades, but virtue lives forever."

"To be angry is to punish myself for another's faults."

"Be bigger than your troubles."

A Visit to Old Ujiji

(*Continued from page 24*)

gum to see what he would do with that. After looking at it carefully he put it in his mouth and began to suck off the sugar coating and to smack his lips approvingly. As he manipulated this bit of uncertain sweetness between his thick, protruding lips, they seemed to grow more elastic and more protruding until they stuck out like a handle on his face.

"Well, 'quihari' [boys], it is time to go." As we drove away they were soon lost to view as they ran behind the car, enshrouded in the dust, but they have not faded from my memory, and I wonder when we shall have a mission station to mark this memorable spot.

"Careful Mommie!"

"Careful, Mommie!" says wee Bobby,
Standing by the steering wheel,
Watchful of his mother's guidance,
Keen to vision woe or weal.

Mommie is a skilful driver,
But a little reckless, too.
Bobby is a wise observer
As his mother dashes through.

"Careful, Mommie!" let the warning
Reach all parents as they fly
On the highways of the spirit
Down the stretch of earth and sky.

"Careful, Mommie!" You have freightage
Very precious, as you know,—
Children's happiness at issue,
Children's lasting weal or woe.

"Careful, Mommie!" Check the throttle
To the little children's need.
Better is a life of safety
Than a minute's daring speed.

"Careful, Mommie!" "Careful, Daddy!"
Dearest souls are in your hand.
Breathe a prayer above your auto
As you drive it through the land.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

"The highest evidence of nobility in a Christian is self-control."

"The best means of destroying an enemy is to make him your friend."

"Hello" in Heaven

By Daisy Mason

I read a portion this morning
Of Revelation twenty-two,
From description of the river
To "Blessed are they that do."

I always like this chapter so,
And it starts me on a line
That makes the children sit up straight
And pay attention fine.

How very real things seemed to us,
As we talked together there—
Our great High Priest in heaven
Interested in every prayer!

The Investigative Judgment
Will, as every pupil knows,
When living cases are declared,
Bring probation to a close.

There will be a time of trouble,
But the promise has been given:
If we endure unto the end,
There'll be a home in heaven.

And oh, the glorious, happy feast
Around that golden table!
To see the very length of it
We shall, I'm sure, be able.

A brown-eyed lad raised eager hand,
—The earnest little preacher!—
"I'll look way down the line," he said,
"And shout, 'Hello, dear Teacher!'"

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