

The Hearthstone of America: Patriotism in Peace

"And Thou Shalt Teach Diligently Unto Thy Children"

Mothers of the Coming Generation.

AN INTERESTING announcement comes from the headquarters of the Camp Fire Girls, New York City, which would seem to offer some considerable comfort to those who are apprehensive that there will be a great shortage of good mothers in the rearing of the coming generation. These girls have won 575,600 homecraft honors during the year

ended December 15. They have cooked and served at least two Sunday dinners while their mothers have rested; they have cared for a baby at least an average of one hour a day for a month and they have made four kinds of biscuits.

The gospel of health, which, according to the Camp Fire Girls' rules, includes sleeping out of doors or with wide-open windows for two consecutive months between October and April, inclusive, was practiced by Camp Fire Girls who won

488,346 health honors. Any Camp Fire Girl winning such an honor can sew a garment, trim a hat, take a dozen photographs and develop and print them. More than 98,000 girls excel in campcraft. They are able to build an open fire in wind and rain with material found out of doors, or help build a permanent outdoor community fireplace. They have proved their ability by actual demonstration. The number of citizenship honors distributed was 209,000. These are awarded for community service. Camp Fire Girls who

have been able to save 10 per cent of their allowance or who have earned money for ten weeks successively number 155,000.

The number of honors won by the girls during 1924 is 86,610 more than the previous year, a total of 1,986,300 honors being awarded for the present year.

So it would seem that the next generation is not to be left altogether to the more or less tender mercies of the present-day flappers.



THE JOLLYS DISCUSS HAPPY NEW YEAR IN 1778

"WHAT IN THE NAME of common sense, are you doing now! Trying to build a house of books in the living room, Mary?" Clarence Jolly paused in the act of shrugging out of his snow-dampened overcoat to stare at his sister as she sat on the floor by an open bookcase completely surrounded by histories and reference books. "What are you doing?" he asked peremptorily as she vouchsafed no reply to his first question.

"I'm looking for a needle in a haystack," replied Mary absently. "In words of one syllable to help you understand. I'm hunting for a Happy New Year during the Revolutionary War for us to talk about tonight. I like to have emotions to match the season, and this is a Happy New Year according to all the cards we have received, and I think we should meditate on Happy New Year during the Revolution."

Clarence made a gesture expressive of the limit of exasperation: "Aw shucks! You remind me of that little woman who gave a pink tie and tried to have tea colored pink—I had a bite to eat upstairs. Mother," he added in an aside as Mr. and Mrs. Jolly came into the room at that moment.

Mr. Jolly Poses

"Well, well, daughter, maybe I can help you find the Happy New Year," beamed Mr. Jolly, crossing the floor briskly with his best after dinner manner to take his favorite post in front of the fire. "What about that January 3, 1777, when General Washington captured Princeton and capturing the Hessians, forcing them to Trenton on Christmas night?" Mrs. Jolly rose on her tiptoes, gently rocking himself to and fro, hands crossed behind his head under the tails of his coat, and the force he had left at Germantown was not captured because heavy fog had come up and scattered the Americans, he stuck to it that it had not been his fault. At least it caused the defeat of Princeton and St. Leger," remarked Mary with an air of extreme learning—after she had peeped in the book. "I don't agree with him," disputed Clarence doggedly. "That was once just plain dumb luck and the truth is he drove Washington to a terrible winter at Valley Forge."

Philadelphia the New Nation's Capital

"I don't know why that should remind me but until today I did not know that the capital of the Colonists was at Philadelphia at that time. In fact, I had never thought about a capital at all, or the necessity for one," remarked Clarence thoughtfully. "I suppose that is why Howe gave up New York and Burgoyne and marched to capture Philadelphia. It would sound so nice in England when they should hear that Lord Howe had captured the rebel capital."

"Well, wise old Ben Franklin saw through it the slow-witted English here," he said. "He said that Howe had not taken Philadelphia because Philadelphia had taken Howe. Even after the Americans were defeated at Germantown, and the force he had left at Germantown was not captured because heavy fog had come up and scattered the Americans, he stuck to it that it had not been his fault. At least it caused the defeat of Princeton and St. Leger," remarked Mary with an air of extreme learning—after she had peeped in the book.

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Mr. Jolly Considers the French

"I think that the attitude of the French aristocracy toward America at that time is extremely interesting," remarked Mr. Jolly, settling down in the Steely Hollow chair, and drawing his fingers judiciously together.

"It's rather, there," said Mr. Jolly, "that the French aristocracy in existence espoused the cause of the most forlorn democracy, entirely oblivious to the danger that the democratic ideas of America might spread to France and cause their overthrow—which was just what happened."

"Paris-Bolshevism did it if you know what I mean," interposed Harry with an air. "The aristocrats were amused to have a new thrill at first. They say the way to start a revolution is to set women to talking, and French maid-servants had regular talk parties and salons. I think the talk started the revolution right there—the French Revolution I mean, of course."

"It would have been okeh a year ago, old Precious," she condescended. "But didn't we study Valley Forge last week, and that was the winter of 1777. We talked about that Christmas of theirs at Valley Forge because we thought Valley Forges do double comforted them under the tails of his coat, and the force he had left at Germantown was not captured because heavy fog had come up and scattered the Americans, he stuck to it that it had not been his fault. At least it caused the defeat of Princeton and St. Leger," remarked Mary with an air of extreme learning—after she had peeped in the book. "I don't agree with him," disputed Clarence doggedly. "That was once just plain dumb luck and the truth is he drove Washington to a terrible winter at Valley Forge."

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"The Happy New Year was visible to the eye of Faith, however, or the men could not have endured at Valley Forge. As a result of that, the tide of the war was being turned in France right then, but they did not know it until the treaty with France was signed in February. That treaty was a deathblow to the English."

The Faith of Washington

"It was that same faith as exemplified in George Washington that made the Happy New Year in 1777," urged Clarence, drawing his chair closer to his mother. "Don't you remember how Cornwallis went to sleep so peacefully the night before because he had 'that old Fox' trapped?"

Washington captured Princeton, and the only reason he did not go on and capture that big depot of supplies at New Brunswick was because his half-fed men were too exhausted."

Mrs. Jolly, seeing Clarence's irritation, hastened to create a diversion.

Enter General John Stark

"It seems to me that we should discuss this year of 1777 a little further," she agreed with an air of deep interest. "It was such a crucial time—the sort of time that makes one want to break one's omnia, as the saying goes. For instance, there was General John Stark, one of the most picturesque figures of the Revolution. He—"

"He was captured by the St. Francis Indians and adopted by them, and married Mary, spraining her feet and striking an attitude. 'Come on, boys, and capture the Redcoats, or Molly Stark will be widow,'" she quoted with excellent dramatic effect which was completely lost on Clarence. "There were his exact words, 'Mother,'" she added with a mischievous wink at her father who winked back understandingly.

"We can and will," remarked Mary, jumping to her feet as a signal that the matter was closed as far as she was concerned. "The fact remains that we must sometimes sleep out of my way everyday."

"Aw, shucks!" growled Clarence, and started to ask about communists and socialists. You always want everything your way."

"I'll keep a week," chirped Mary, as she threw a cover over the cage of her pet canary. "All out, here goes the light."

"Aw, shucks!" fussed Clarence, as he went reluctantly toward the stair. "There's never a new year with you; it's always time to try to boss. All women do it—except mothers."

"I don't see why men stand for such petticoat government!" Mr. Jolly slipped to his side and warned in a stage whisper behind his hand:

"It is a matter of extreme peril to touch the foundations of government, now."

"Happy New Year," cooed Mary, pushing them insolently aside in her tempestuous course up the stairs.

"Aw, shucks!" growled Clarence. "about as happy as 1778!"

The statement of Generalissimo, the law, to the priests still holds: "Let them alone; for if this counsel of this work be of me, it will come to you that could keep on fighting."

Compare Some Modern Patriots (?)

"Good gracious! That would be the last test these days," exclaimed Mary. "Think how lots of Americans try to get out of taxes, and how they stole from the government during the war, and the way they do it now, and this last world



Is This True?

Many women have found more pleasure in fighting for the ballot than in fighting with it.—Boston Herald.

A Lightning Change.

Head of the House (in angry tones) "Who told you to put that paper on the wall?"

Decorator—"Your wife, sir."

"Pretty, isn't it?"—The Congregationalist (Boston).

Time To Crow.

Mr. Bacon—"Did you hear those mealy roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mr. Bacon—"Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon—"I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?"

Mr. Bacon—"Why, don't you remember dear, you got up one morning early, and you crowed about it for a week?"—The Watchword (Dayton, O.).

Trapped.

Conductor—"Is that child five years old?"

Conductor—"Then you must pay his fare. Only children under three ride gratis!"—Strix (Stockholm).

Not Transparent.

"Do I understand you to say," asked the magistrate, "that when you heard a noise and quickly turned, turned, turned on the light, and went to the head of the stairs—that a burglar was at the foot of the stairs and you did not see him? Are you blind?"

"Must I tell the exact truth?" asked the witness, as he mopped his perspiring face and blushed furiously.

"Yes, sir, it's the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Well," replied the man, slowly. "My wife was in front of me!"—Tit-Bits (Lisbon).

That Settled It.

Husband—"You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever do such a thing?"

Wife—"Why, there's that fire extinguisher you bought a year ago. We've never used it once."—Good Hardware.

Maternity

I must go all my days softly as snow, whose wings Follow the hidden ways Of unimagin'd springs.

My stricken heart is caught In briars of surprise; Its beats are hushed as thought, And eloquent as eyes.

Every god pity them.

Whose joy is boisterous, Since I have touched the hem Of the miraculous.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH, in the Yale Review.

ARMLESS GIRL ARTIST

Philadelphia, Jan. 4.—Probably one of the most unusual artists in the world is Miss Rosalie Freedman, who when a child lost both arms in an accident. Undeterred from the pursuit of the one vocation for which she was born and bred, she faced by an obstinate determination, a forced armless life, and became a successful painter of art to consider a moment, she learned to paint and sketch while holding the brush between her teeth.

By slow degrees she became more and more skillful, until now her paintings are remarkably faithful likenesses.

—THOMAS H. STONE, in the New York Times.

Heads National Girl Scout Campaign

Mrs. Giles Whicher, City, is now National Chairman of the Girls Scouts of America.

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Wife of Head of the Klan

A CLOSE-UP OF HOLLYWOOD



Mrs. Hiram Wesley Evans

Mrs. Evans is intensely interested in the work of her husband and accompanies him on most of his travels over the nation. Mrs. Evans is a native of Fayette, Rockwall county, Texas, where she received her education in the public schools. Being intensely interested in children and in educational work, she took a position as teacher and was teaching in a public school near Forney, Texas, when she met Hiram Wesley Evans. During her long residence in Dallas, Mrs. Evans was an active member of the Eastern Stars of which organization she is a Past Worthy Matron. She has also held several high offices in the Grand Chapter of Texas. She became a member of the Women of the Ku Klux Klan immediately after that branch of the order was formed, and has been an enthusiastic worker in it. She believes that there is a great work for the Protestant Christian women of America to do in the Klan, and has been instrumental in the formation of the Klan in Dallas, which has established for the origin of discussed Klanism, without assistance of any kind from Klansmen. Although but recently opened, it is a large two-story brick structure purchased entirely by the Klanswomen, without assistance of any kind from Klansmen. Although but recently opened, it is already taking care of twenty little children, providing them with a good education, a cheerful home, and greatest of all, the love of good Protestant women who are doing all in their power to take the place of real mothers to the unfortunate children.

The Family House Cleaning

THERE COMES a time for all things, it seems, even for cleaning out the musty corners of that most cherished institution, the home. It is pre-eminently a job for the church, if anyone, and the Rev. Clinton D. Cox of the Drexel Park Presbyterian church, Chicago, has started the good work by turning the white light of publicity into the general murkiness with the laudable intention of attempting to better conditions.

With this end in view, the trepid Chicago pastor invited letters from the husband and fathers of his parish, and from the wives of the unhappy homes. Almost with one accord the Adams ran true to form in blaming their luckless Eves for breaking up the domestic Edens.

A similar questionnaire addressed to the women based various cases of bitterness toward the husband, but with a recommendation to the mercy of the court, so to speak, because the mothers of such husbands had "spoiled" them.

Next, the children were given a hearing with the result that some 25 boys have voiced their grievances, and their charges are not mere complaints, but serious enough to merit the thoughtful attention of every American who realizes the importance of the home in the life of the American nation.

"Home is a storm center," is the accusation of one boy: "Home is a court room, and every supper table, a trial scene" asserts another. "What a picture their words conjure forth! A wrangling, disputing, contentious household without love or peace—the two words that should be synonymous with home. The evening meal which should be a time of relaxation and rest, and the body, which should be in repose, is turned into a trial scene."

It is intended to picture a sensitive boy and boy, more sensitive and impressionable than many parents dream—suffering a united attack from his family, or parents, as he sulksily gulps his tasteless food, or slams back his chair and leaves the table according to his temperament.

Why will benighted parents overlook the fact that a good digestion is as essential to their son's success in life as good manners—we are tempted to add good morals, for a healthy, well-nourished body rarely craves stimulants?—Anger causes chemical changes in the body that create actual poisons. Share a few words, short, anything which depresses has a decidedly effect upon the digestion.

In the name of good health, why cannot the dining table be respected as a safety zone where nothing unpleasant is allowed to menace the welfare of the household? There is plenty of time for discipline without spoiling a meal, and plenty of time to hear bad news. Remember that "a angry heart doth good like a medicine." The supper table should be a place of gaiety and laughter—the playtime after a day of toil. Where this rule is followed, the gain is incalculable to children and grown-ups alike.

Parents will not acknowledge it when they are wrong, is the complaint of another boy whose sense of justice has been outraged—a poor preparation for preaching fair play to the boy of the future.

The wildest parents before marriage are the ones who are strictest afterwards, as parents, which is fulfilling of the Scriptural assertion that "the evil which a man does is not done after him."

The very worst charge of all, however, is that the wife is the hurt and indignant youth who wants a mother whom he can trust—a mother who will not tell the neighbors everything that he confides in her.

How can any mother hold so lightly such a priceless thing as the confidence of her son? How can she protect him against the temptations that are all around him? How can she serve as counselor and guide when she herself has closed her door to his inner thoughts because she has proven unworthy of his trust.

On the whole the