

The Heartstone 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 1,986,800 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.

AROUND THE FIRESIDE

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 tea and tried to have tea colored pink—I had a bit to eat upon Mother's day."

"Well, Jolly Poses,

"Well, Jolly Poses, 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 after capturing the entire Hessian force at Trenton on Christmas night? Wasn't that a merry Christmas and happy New Year for this country?" and Mr. Jolly rose on his tiptoes, gently rubbing himself to and fro hands crossed behind him under the tails of his coat. Mary looked at him with an air of resignation.

"It would have been okeh a year ago, old Precious," she conceded. "But didn't we study Valley Forge last week, and that was the winter of 1777. We talked about that Christmas in the history of the year before because we thought the Valley Forge probably comforted themselves that way, but now we have to study about it."

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Said behind our backs

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?" Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that for?" Mrs. 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?" Lady: "Oh, no, he's only just four."

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 you quickly got out of bed, turned on the light, and went to the head of the stairs—that 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, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Very well," replied the man, slowly. "My wife was in front of me."—Tit-Bits (London).

That Settled It. Husband: "You accuse me of reckless extravagance. When did I ever make a useless purchase?"

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 unimagined spirits.

My stricken heart is caught in briars of surprise. Its beats are hushed as thought, and eloquent as eyes.

I cry God pity them. Whom I have loved so dearly. Since I have touched the hem of the miraculous.

BARBETTE 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 had any liking, and faced by an obstacle that would force even the most stout-hearted pursuer of art to consider a moment, she learned to paint and sketch while holding the brush between her teeth.

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

TAKE YOUR TURN

Los Angeles, Jan. 4.—As a result of the abnormal popularity of dictionaries, due to the crossword puzzle craze, the Los Angeles public library has been compelled to set a time limit of five minutes on the use of the dictionary by any one person at a time.

Freedom of religion? Yes! But not set monopoly. Sectarianism may be religious, but Religion is broader than sectarianism. Freedom of religion is freedom from sectarianism in government and linked with a free church and state divorced.

Heads National Girl Scout Campaign

The statement of Gamaliel, the lawyer, to the priests, still holds: "Let them alone; for if this counsel or this word be of men, it will come to nought."

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Wife of Head of the Klan



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 Fate, 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, and later married, Dr. Evans. During her long residence in Dallas, Mrs. Evans was an active member of the Eastern Star, 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 perform, and with justifiable pride exhibits the picture of a beautiful home, her Klan in Dallas has established for the orphans of deceased Klansmen. It is a large two-story brick structure, purchased entirely by the Klanswomen, and is a grand and beautiful home. 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 presently 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 intrepid Chicago pastor invited letters from the husbands and fathers of his parish on the subject of the reason for unhappiness in homes. Almost with one accord the Adams ran true to form in blaming their luckless wives for breaking up the domestic Eden. A similar questionnaire addressed to the women bared 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 275 boys have voiced their grievances, and their charges are not mere complaints—they are serious enough to merit the thoughtful attention of every American who realizes the importance of the home in the life of the American people.

"Home is a storm center," is the accusation of one boy: "Home is a court room, and every supper table, a trial scene." 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, refreshing both mind and body, turned into a 'trial scene.' It is painful to picture a sensitive boy—and boys are more sensitive and impressionable than many parents dream—suffering a united attack from his mother, or father, or both, as he sits at his table, 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. Shame, fear, worry—in short, anything which depresses has a decidedly bad 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 well-being 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 merry heart doeth 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 as well.

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 afterward, asserts another boy—which is fulfillment of the Scriptural assertion that the evil which man does lives after him.

The very worst charge of all, however, is the cry of 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 temptation that is sure to come? How can she serve as counselor and guide when she herself has closed the door to his inner thoughts because she has proven unworthy of his trust?

On the whole the charges of the boys ring painfully true. While the children may not be blameless in the matter, the fact remains that the parents have every advantage. They strike the keynote of the home, and they should see to it that it is harmony which is one phase of love.

There is an old Chinese proverb to the effect that one picture is worth 10,000 words. It is a very useful reflection for parents who wish their children to have the best opportunity possible to make the most of themselves in this world. The picture of his parents' life is worth a boy's mind will far outweigh a multitude of exhortations.

The great majority of parents are self-sacrificing—sometimes to a fault; for the martyrs help create the selfish people; but the average child will remember whether or not his home was a happy one long after he has forgotten the things that were done for his comfort.

Take it all in all, a house-cleaning is a very necessary thing in its place, and this clerical overhauling is provocative of thought, and, we believe, will lead to a better understanding in our homes.

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A CLOSE-UP OF HOLLYWOOD

The proper way to approach Hollywood in order to gain the full measure of the glamour which is part of its lure for perfectly correct people by way of the silent mysterious desert. There, as the sultry, glittering day begins to wane, the Spirits of the Desert, draped in the distant mountains, sharply drawn against an arid sky, with every shade of rose, and mauve, and blue, and gold, flitted from the looms of the Rainbow and interwoven with mist. Perhaps a solitary horseman may appear for a moment, etched against the colorful hills, or a figure moving in the purpling brush may give emphasis to the thinness of the scene. There is a sense of unreality in it all; the breath-catching charm of a wondrous fairy tale about to be told.

If one is wise enough to be foolish at the proper time, one takes this impression with him into the beautiful city of Los Angeles, dreams of it that night, and takes it with him to Hollywood the next day as a magic mantle to throw about it and transform it into something "nearer the heart's desire." Otherwise, disappointment is the result, for the real Hollywood is a very neat, business-like suburb rather like any other suburb, and the studio buildings, with their gaudy, looking buildings on the outside with no hint of what is going on within.

"Is-Bes" Dress Quaintly. The next thing to do is to go to a smart cafe for luncheon which is frequented by the cinema world. There one finds excellent dinner, music, dancing, and waiters who are very accommodating about pointing out the celebrities. It is but fair to say that as a rule, the actors and actresses are the most inconspicuous-looking persons present. The excessively made-up, and frantically dressed girls and the "Hope-to-bees"—not the "Is-Bes." The rule holds good in the amusement places of the city. The movie stars, even the modestly dressed and quiet in demeanor.

To return to the cafe, the scene is enlivened by an occasional actor in costume, for instance, Jack Holt in a strangely colored cowboy costume, looking very human and friendly in spite of his gorgeous neckerchief of screaming purple, slip of a blonde girl in a plain dark dress and Alice blue hat at a table near him turns out to be Marion Davies. Her clear skin is quite innocent of rouge, and she is chatting gaily with a gray-haired man. Near her, a tall girl dressed in black with a big black beaver hat a little back on her head, formed head turned out to be none other than beautiful Betty Byrde of Queen of Sheba fame. She is famous on the screen, for wearing few clothes, but in the street she wears long sleeves. Adolphe Menjou appears at a table against the wall, and his shrug is just as French as we are accustomed to seeing. The staid-looking man evidently getting on in life, but missing nothing by the way, are explained to us as being "producers" of fabulous wealth, and there is a table with four temperamental looking "directors" gathered about it.

Stars Eat Modestly. The "stars," as a rule, eat moderately and hurry away in a very business-like manner, and then it is all over—unless one has a friend at court. Then it is possible to gain admittance into the grounds of the studios and even to see the wheels go round. We were fortunate enough to have that privilege.

Once inside the magic portals, all the Arabian Nights charm of the desert comes back. One sees streets that are clearly the streets of which we read in our Dickens of long ago. A step further, and we are in France, or we look behind us unexpectedly and discover that we are about to trip backward into Asia. These strange sights are "sets," as they are called in movie parlance, that have been used in former pictures and are standing for some reason. Perhaps as a measure of economy, since a little tinkering by a resourceful architect transforms a building magically. For instance, the castle which delighted us in "Robin Hood," delighted us equally as the mosque in "The Thief of Bagdad," although no one could suspect its general character.

A little later, the writer was permitted to see Colleen Moore at work on her new picture, Sally, and fell in love with her personally