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THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE

(A Book of World Wide Playtimes)

By

MARGARET T. APPLGARTH

("Primary Mission Stories," "Junior Mission Stories,"
"Jack-of-all-Trades," "Lamp-Lighters
Across the Sea.")

The General Board of Promotion of the
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To
THE MEMORY
OF
MY MOTHER

THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE



TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION—"THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE.	
CHAPTER I.—"COPY-CATS AND CHATTER-BOXES." (For children under six.)—A Chatter Box; a Letter Box; Jack-in-the-Box; Copy Cats; Scissor Cut-Outs and Nursery Games; Out-door Playthings; Garden Playmates	19
CHAPTER II.—"BED TIME PRAYERS AND STOR- IES." (For children under six.)—Bath Tub Stories; Dress Stories; Furniture Stories; Friendship Pray- ers	39

8 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE

CHAPTER III.—“THE MYSTERIOUS CHARM OF BUNDLES.” (Ages seven to eleven.)—Explaining a series of nine Chinese bundles by means of nine letters 53

CHAPTER IV.—“INCREASING THE DOLL FAMILY.” Dolls that can be bought; Bottle Dolls; Clothes-pin Dolls; Twig Dolls; Cardboard Dolls; Button Face Dolls; The Oriental Dressmaker; The Land of Make-Believe—Africa; Alaska; American Indians; Burma; China; India; Immigrants; Japan; Korea; Mexico; Moslem lands; Philippines; Siam. Idols. Animals.. 67

CHAPTER V.—“LET’S PLAY HOUSE!” Mrs Missionary-Ragman; Houses for Africa, Alaska, American Indians, Burma, China, India, Immigrants, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Moslem lands, Philippines, Siam. Also How to Make Furniture..... 111

CHAPTER VI.—“DRESSING UP.” A Dress-up Box; Reminiscences; The Child Who Plays Alone; Concealed Cities; Groups of Children; Discovering Princesses at a Dress-up Party; Impromptu Theatricals. 159

CHAPTER VII.—“ADOPTING A TWIN.” S. A. T. Initiation Ceremony; Regular Meetings; Christmas Presents; The Doll Shop; Summer Christmas Tree; Little Americans for Little Americans; The Dream Chest.. 171

CHAPTER VIII.—“SUCCESSFUL RAINY DAYS.” 14 Scrap-Book Suggestions:—Rainy Day Scrap Book; How-Do-You-Do Book; Jap-o-Lantern; Chinese Fan; My Own Jungle Book; The Go Book; Houses for Rent; Ships Ahoy; The Hungry Scrap Book; The Stamp Book; Vanity Fair; My Very Own World; Sing a Song of Sixpence; Ladies’ Home Journeys... 185

CHAPTER IX.—“SICK-A-BED PLAYTIMES.” Pill Bottle Stories for Wee Invalids; Dolly Dear; Eye Spy Scrap-Book; The Ever-So-Sorry Powder Co.; Gospel According to the Telephone Book; Some Doctors.... 203

CHAPTER X.—“THE ONCE A WEEK STORY NIGHT.”
 Attractions of; The Family-Full-of-Facts; Twice
 Told Tales; A. E. F.; “Go West, Young Man!” “Sing-
 Song Nights” (Famous Hymns—pictured); Melting
 Pot Stories; A Mother’s Own Bookshelf; Famous
 Quotations Every Child Should Know..... 211

CHAPTER XI.—“GAMES, CONTESTS, CHARADES,
 “Some Blind-fold Games; Boat Race; Looping the
 Loops; Bean Bag Missionaries; Where Do You Live?
 Telegrams; Burmese Twins and What They “Ate”;
 Anybody’s Aunt; Missing Letters in a Japanese
 Home; A Chinese Age Contest; Twisted in a Hindu
 Jungle; Bees in Missionary Bonnets; A Sting Con-
 test; Heart of Juanita; Katy Dids; Ship Ahoy; Can-
 nibal Islands; 14 Charades; Anagrams; Picture Puz-
 zles; Filipino Riddles 221

CHAPTER XII.—“SWEET SIXTEEN—AND OVER.” Big
 Sisterliness; Shut Ins; Inch Library; Attractive
 Books; Love Story Club; Quaint Presents; Bulb
 Stories; Miss Chinese Tea Leaf; Pennants; “Connect-
 ing Up”—Theme Topics; Debate Subjects; His-
 Story; Biology; The War..... 235

ALMA MATER

The oldest university
 Was not on India's strand,
 Nor in the valley of the Nile,
 Nor on Arabia's sand;
 From time's beginning it has taught
 And still it teaches free
 Its learning mild to every child—
 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE.

The oldest school to teach the law
 And teach it deeply, too,
 Dividing what should not be done
 From what each one should do,
 Was not in Rome or Ispahan,
 Nor by the Euxine Sea;
 It held its sway ere history's day—
 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE.

The oldest seminary where
 Theology was taught,
 When love to God, and reverent prayer,
 And the Eternal Ought
 Were deep impressed on youthful hearts
 In pure sincerity,
 Came to earth with Abel's birth—
 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE.

The oldest—and the newest, too—
 It still maintains its place,
 And from its classes, ever full,
 It graduates the race.
 Without its teaching where would all
 The best of living be?
 'Twas planned by Heaven this earth to leaven—
 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE.

(Priscilla Leonard, in *Youth's Companion*.)

THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE



He must have had a very perfect plan when He began by giving His human children twelve care-free years in which to grow up! He makes His insects to mature in a few hours, His birds in a few days, and His animals in a few months,—while on His human babies He lovingly squanders a dozen years of aimless playtimes, and the reason is divine. Hopefully we grope for it, and realize dimly that in all these thousands upon thousands of years since the world began His children have been playing at everything: playing to make their muscles stronger, their wits keener, their sympathies broader, and especially playing at being someone else—aping grown-up ways! Physical, mental and social development were included in His program of play.

Doubtless He had a plan for Mothers, too, and perhaps He has wondered ever since at their continued absorption in bottles and baths and buttons and bloomers and booties, when He Himself had specialized in Play! How queer it is about Mothers: they guard and suggest and supervise everything in regard to eating, and sleeping, and bathing, and dressing, and schooling, and dancing lessons,—but playing is the children's own! To the Mother, playtime gives a Blessed-Season-of-Escape; and yet those twelve precious years of games and dolls and dressings-up are forecasts of her children's future: for bigger habits of sympathy, friendliness, fair play and cooperation are formed in playtimes than anywhere else in a child's whole life.

There are three types of Mothers in regard to Directed Play. Number One groans, "Oh, you will spoil play entirely if you step in! Let them do it their own way; I did, when I was little; besides, it's a relief to

have the kiddies occupied *any old way*, and out from under my feet." This is the Indulgent Mother, with a tang of indifference in her make-up.

Number Two is the Diffident Mother: "I have to suggest so many other things," she explains, "manners and proprieties and cleanliness, I just couldn't force myself on their *play*. They would resent it! And as for playing *Missions*, as you suggest,—well! I shouldn't know how to get the children to try it; I'm not much good at springing surprises on them. Anyhow I send them to the Junior Mission Band once a month, you know."

Mother Number Three is the Adventurousome Soul,—equally busy, equally at sea as to methods, but always eager for the best ways of training her children into large-hearted, eager-souled citizens of God's world. "Show me!" she says, "just tell me how, and I'll try! I had no idea children played *Missions*, it must be fun!"

It *is* fun! And because a certain true little incident is the real incentive for this book, perhaps you will let me step out of these pages long enough to tell you the story: For when I was a little over four years old I went to India. And yet—a paradox—I have never been in India in my life!

It is one of those piercing memories of childhood, that stand out among a host of half-forgotten things: I was playing in my little play-room, while my mother was sitting by a window sewing,—sewing and rocking, I can see her yet. I went up a bit timidly and said: "Well good-bye, Mother, I've got to go to India now to tell the heathens about Jesus!" and I kissed her good-bye.

One wonders what her feelings were at that moment—what poignant contraction of the heart she may have felt as she queried whether this were a prophecy of some future farewell. How she could have dampened my

ardor by some sweet complaint: "Oh, but you wouldn't go so far away from mother, would you, darling? And leave her without any little girl at all?" But those words were never spoken, and I like to remember her farewell kiss before starting on my journey.

We hear veteran missionaries today telling of the tedious, dangerous voyages they endured in days gone by. I also! For my ship was the lid of the sewing-machine. It was inverted, and the wee passenger had to sit squeezed inside in a most uncomfortable position, while aiding in the navigation by rowing vigorously on the carpet waves with a cane and umbrella for oars! It was a slow and tippy passage, seemingly endless, when one glanced back at mother by the window,—sewing and rocking! The progress made seemed nothing in comparison to the distance still ahead.

But vigor prevailed, and when India was at last reached, there were the "heathens", my own dolls (minus clothes!) sitting around in a decorous circle underneath a chair, waiting to hear the old, old story from me. Much the worse for the voyage, I scrambled out, and Bible in hand, began my duties at once. I wonder now what that baby of four could have said; my only recollection is of singing "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," and of preaching what was meant to be a long and eloquent sermon in my father's most effective style! Then the dolls all had to kneel in prayer, after which there were converts to be baptized. I admit this was quite the climax of being a missionary, for the converts were judiciously-chosen dolls whose joints would not be hurt by immersion, and one of the stories my family delight to recall is that when the candidate was being baptized in the bath-tub, the Four-Year-Old missionary very reverently repeated: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and into the *Hole-You-Go.*"

The Little Girl-Who-Was-Then has never been able

to forget the thrill of those frequent trips—the farewell kiss, the perilous journey, the sweetness of telling about Jesus to those dear naked “heathens”. Yet try as I may, I cannot recall a single missionary story or lesson or picture told me during those early years, although of course there must have been such aids to direct my play. But this I do know, that there was such an *atmosphere* in my home that it was the most natural and attractive thing in the world for little Four-Year-Old to incorporate the essence of the family’s attitude toward a Christ-less world into her playtimes!

So it is in the hope that the practical suggestions on the following pages may provide the same incentives and the same atmosphere to your small sons and daughters that this book is written. “Christian Service” can be foisted onto a group of children as one of those deadly dull duties that is performed with clenched teeth and a get-it-over-quick manner. Or “Christian Service” can begin by being the greatest fun in the world if there is a little Vision-of-Everybody-Everywhere tucked inside each child’s brain. So that one littlest word about India, for instance, will cause a small Hindu maiden to come salaaming out of Molly’s mind—a little Hindu maiden with a remembered name, a remembered home, and remembered facts about her queer sad life and her queer sad hopes!—a little girl whom Molly had played with on rainy days, and loved, and never forgotten.

All any one of us needs in order to serve is a keener vision of the “other fellow”; so surely it is not a sheer waste of time when the Friend of Little Children deliberately squanders twelve years of playtimes on us, knowing that any vision our mothers may choose can be *played* right into childish hearts and minds, in such a delectably cheerful fashion that the young Olivers will cry for “more”!

There need never be any trouble interesting children

under eight years old, and for that reason the simpler chapters dealing with games for them have been put at the beginning, the problems of Junior and Intermediate ages filling up the remainder of the book. For you can't say out and out to Ten Years Old: "Here's a queer doll from China for you to play with today, Dear." T. Y. O. may reply indifferently: "I don't know that I want to, mother!" But try the Mysterious Charm of Bundles on her, then the Adoption of a Twin—and Ten Years Old is won!

It may not be amiss to mention here that this book really ought to be kept under lock and key, as it contains secrets galore, and if the children get a chance to read it themselves their first thrills will be over before you even begin!

Begin at once to choose from Chapters I., IV. and V. the articles you will want for "Boxes" or "Bundles", and make them a few at a time. Perhaps you belong to a small club of mothers in your neighborhood, or in your church, who would be interested to try this experiment with you, in which case you will be multiplying many-fold the good you can do to your own family. One wise young woman always carries a wonderfully decorative workbag! "And what are you making?" her friends ask, after admiring the bag. Then like that householder in the Bible she brings forth things new and old,— "little nothings" which she proceeds to form into "little somethings" for her Boxes and Bundles, under the spell-bound gaze of the on-lookers, describing her new scheme as she progresses. *Demonstrations* are good business sense, as everyone knows, and many a mother can become a successful drummer for missionary playtimes by the simple means of a workbag, paste, scissors, and some cardboard.

Many churches are now forming Parent's Classes to meet during the Sunday-School hour to discuss ques-

tions of interest in the rearing of children. If there is such a class in your school, why not introduce the subject of directed missionary playtimes? Or if there is no such class, could you not start one? Very profitable discussions leading up to the reason for having children play Missions at home would be on topics such as these:

1. My Vision of My Children's Part in the World-of-Tomorrow.
2. How to Maintain a Christian Atmosphere in My Home.
3. What Kind of Ambitions Should be Fostered in a Christian Home-
4. An Ideal Christian Mother—Her Activities, Her Ambitions, Her Relation to the World.
5. An Ideal Christian Father—(as above).
6. Books of Adventure for My Son.
7. Same for Daughters.
8. Beckoning Fingers: The Call to Christian Service.

It seems likely that after some weeks of such discussion, a number of mothers will become adventure-some enough to try creating such an atmosphere in their homes. This little book will help solve some of the problems. Probably no mother will ever try *all* the suggestions: but every mother can try *some* of them; and every doll, every game, every story will be an entering wedge to open the child heart a little wider toward the Unseen-World-of-Other-Children-Somewhere.

It will be your most glorious contribution to the World-of-Tomorrow if you can thin the endless ranks of nominal Christians:

*“They live for themselves, they think for themselves,
For themselves, and none beside,
As if Jesus Christ had never lived
And as if He had never died.”*

THE DESIRE

"Give me no mansions ivory white
Nor palaces of pearl and gold,
Give me a child for all delight,
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine
Nor snowy raiment fold on fold;
Give me a little boy—all mine,
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown,
Nor harps, nor palm branches unrolled;
Give me a nestling head of brown
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like a peach,
Two arms to clasp me from the cold;
And all my heaven's within my reach,
Just four years old.

Dear God, You give me from Your skies
A little paradise to hold,
As Mary once her Paradise,
Just four years old."

(Katherine Tynan.)

CHAPTER I.

"COPY CATS AND CHATTER-BOXES"

(For children under six.)

Just four years old! And what little chatter-boxes and copy-cats they are;—their minds so impressionable, their hands so eager to be busy, their affections so ready to be won; little shadows that tag around at your heels all day, whatever you may be doing, with endless questions and boundless curiosity.

Here are some suggestions that ought to be a real boon to the busy Mother-Who-Must-Cook-and-Sew-and-Sweep, and would appreciate a few less interruptions!

1. A CHATTER-BOX.

This should be a square box, as pretty as possible, perhaps some pale blue jeweler's box, a six-inch cube. Around its sides paste cunning Chinese lads and lassies, cut from "Everyland". On the lid paste one of those coy infants squinting at the syrup bottle which advertise Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour in the women's magazines. On this lid print in black: MY CHATTER BOX.

Inside it are to be put a number of extremely simple objects, each with a missionary significance. In giving such a box to Johnny or Mary for the first time, one such object inside is enough, for a story must be told about it, and too many objects plus too many stories would cause mental indigestion, besides defeating your purpose of maintaining a fresh interest in the Box from day to day, when various household duties make it desirable to keep Johnnie employed!

So on day number one, a lonely plaything rattles around inside: perhaps a clothes-pin doll. You tell a simple story about "him" or "her", which little Four-Year-Olds can act out. Day number two when the Box

is brought forth, behold a second plaything is inside, about which another story is told, linking it to the first story. And so on, until the Box becomes a treasure house of friendly objects, about which Johnnie—or Mary—is well-informed.

A number of simple contents which can be made at no cost at all are mentioned below, as well as some which may be bought very reasonably:

(1) *Clothes-pin Dolls* (see chapter IV. for directions).

(2) *Button-Face Cardboard Dolls* (see chapter IV. for directions, figures 3 to 36). A Button-Face Family is so simple to make that you can easily prepare enough dolls to teach Johnny to act out this cute jingle, adapted by Miss Edith Thomson from the classic "House that Jack Built":

<p><i>"This is the Chinese, or Japanese Hindu African Burmese Mexican Alaskan Indian</i></p>	}	<i>Mission School.</i>
--	---	------------------------

This is the child that went to the Chinese Mission School.

This is the mother won by the child that went to the Chinese Mission School.

This is the family hostile no more, because of the mother, won by the child, that went to the Chinese Mission School.

This is the street of neighbors galore, brought by the family hostile no more, because of the mother won by the child that went to the Chinese Mission School.

This is the church where gathers a throng of persons

who listen to sermon and song, who come from the street of neighbors galore, brought by the family hostility no more, because of the mother won by the child that went to the Chinese Mission School."

(3) *Tiny Houses and Churches* (see chapter V. for patterns) will be needed in enacting this jingle. It is not always necessary to have a box as a foundation to which the cardboard sides are to be pasted. Especially for the preceding jingle it will be just as satisfactory to cut out a double set of sides, and paste the roofs together, then the lower parts can be spread apart to make the house stand. But where only one house is needed, instead of a street-full, it is just as simple to paste the double sides on opposite sides of some tiny jeweler's box, or a box of the size that visiting cards come in. In this case always cut the door so it will open and shut, and have the little dolls of a size to go indoors.

(4) *Landscape Gardening* need not be overlooked. Pine tree tips, set in spools, are very effective, but as the needles soon wither in-doors, green crepe paper slashed into palm leaves and tied to the end of a twig will wave in a very realistic fashion if the twig trunk is put into an empty spool. Cardboard trees are described in chapter V. Tree stories are legion; "The Banana Tree That Was Dressed Up" (pages 105-112, "Primary Mission Stories") would suggest a whole set of contents for the Chatter Box: tree, negro dolls, little hut, tiny bowl of rice (acorn cup full of paper pellets), church. Or in the same book, pages 280-284, is the story of "The Cradle-that-Hung-in-a-Tree", which would suggest other contents for the Box; squaw and papoose (chapter IV. for patterns), tree, Indian tepee, tiny bow and arrow, birch bark canoe, animals to be "hunted," etc. Pine-tree tips, in spools, set on white cotton batting, would give an ideal Alaskan setting. A little snow igloo (see chapter V.), a dogsled and some cute little brown and

white Eskimo Button-Face dolls will be suggestive of stories. Perhaps you could call it "The-House-With-a-Thousand-Christmas-Trees-in-the-Backyard", and then tell how once there was never a Christmas candle on a single tree, nor a single star, nor tinsel, and nobody sang Christmas carols—because? Then how Mrs. Missionary came to tell them about Jesus, and how one of the trees finally became a really-truly Christmas tree. Johnnie will love to decorate it with tiny bits of colored paper cut in balls or streamers. Pages 204 to 223 in "Primary Mission Stories" give other Alaskan stories.

(5) *A Bullock Cart* is easily constructed from a small cardboard box, with a visiting card curved over the top, as a hood, and two spools underneath for wheels. A long string should be attached so the cart can be dragged around the room as Dr. Missionary visits her Button-Face patients, who are SO sick! The missionary may be some attractive lady cut from a fashion magazine. Inside the cart should be some remedies: a tiny bottle, with a Red Cross label, filled with small candy drops, if you can trust Johnny not to appropriate real medicine bottles afterward. This warning is not amiss, as imagination soars at the age of five, and *any* bottle may contain play medicine in his mind. In which case put in paper pills, which he has squeezed into pellets himself. Little round pill boxes with other pellets inside can also be in the cart, and little powder papers to be folded into homeopathic pills. This is an endlessly fascinating game, and Dr. Missionary can open a hospital if some tiny beds are put in the Chatter-Box, also a nurse doll. (For patterns see chapters IV. and V.) The Bullock Cart is for India, Burma and Assam. A miniature sedan chair (chapter V.) could be used for China, although this lacks the charm of being something to *drag!* In chapter II. appear some stories about sick people, and in "*Primary Mission Stories*" the following: Pages 77-

84, "Monkey Tales and Other Tales"; pages 113-153, about Ramaswami's blind Hindu father; pages 179-184, "The Get-Well-Room"; pages 267-273, "Little Boy-Who-Was-Called-by-a-Girl's-Name"; pages 323-328, "Donkey Tales and Other Tales."

(6) *Nut Shell Boats* are made from half of an English walnut shell. Sails can be made from squares of paper, with a steel pin for a mast, the sharp end fastened into the shell. Such boats are especially good employment when you are cooking in the kitchen and want Johnny to be still, and amused! Place a dish-pan half-full of water on the kitchen table, so that the little nut-shell boats can float around in it. Very tiny paper dolls, less than an inch high, may be cut from brown or yellow paper to suit the nationality of the natives who are sailing these primitive boats. If a larger sail-boat (Five-and-Ten-Cent-Store) could have a Mr. and Mrs. Missionary (also paper) on board, then all sorts of engrossing things may occur: one nut-shell boat might have an upset, and the sailor be almost drowned if Mr. Missionary does not sail up to rescue the perishing! Or the bigger boat can hold a Sunday service, and at the sound of the hymns one by one the native boats sail up, and Mr. Missionary stands on deck and tells a Bible story. Or maybe the natives are cannibal savages, who fight Mr. and Mrs. Missionary, and come at night to steal away their food. Great wind storms may blow over Dish-Pan Sea, causing collisions. If moss is obtainable very attractive islands may be made, or green cardboard with corks nailed underneath will make beautiful islands. A tiny house and a tree or two will make a beautiful Inland Sea, the large white boat becomes the Fukuin Maru, Mr. Missionary is Captain Bickel and the tiny natives all wear Japanese kimonos. For stories see pages 197-204 of Mrs. Montgomery's "Following the Sunrise" and send for a free leaflet called "The Gospel

Ship of the Inland Sea." Corks, with a tiny bell fastened underneath, make delightful bell-buoys, and very cunning fish can be created from two thicknesses of green paper (see figure 37) with a thin slice of cork put in between before the two sides are sewed together—so the fish can swim, of course! If a hole is punched for the eye then Mr. Missionary can go afishing from his ship, with a toothpick rod, a thread line, and a bent pin hook. Without any irreverence the beautiful stories of Jesus on the Sea of Galilee can be acted out, also, and hymns about the sea learned: "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me," "Eternal Father, Strong to Save."

Note: If a rubber apron protects Johnny, it will not matter how splashy Dish-Pan Sea becomes, as kitchen tables are easily mopped, and it is something to have him blissfully occupied during cooking time.

(7) *Social Settlement.* Another set of amusing contents for a Box would be along domestic lines, teaching proper methods of cooking and housekeeping, which will appeal to many. Industrial missions are maintained the world around, so you can choose whatever nationality you prefer: African, Chinese, Negroes in this country, Immigrants, etc. Suppose you select the latter: then the first day the Box should contain a Button-Face Immigrant doll, a gray shawl over her head, an apron and a bulky bundle; other members of her family, and neighbors, are added on following days, with a Miss Missionary doll; then add a little cooking stove, some pots and pans, a table, and a broom. Domestic Science can then be taught by Miss Missionary to a circle of ignorant little Immigrants; Mary herself will learn much while imbibing the fact that our cities are full of people who need to be taught just such simple things. See chapter V. for patterns of stove with lids, table, tablecloth, dishes, etc. Miss Missionary should end each

lesson with a Bible story about Jesus in people's homes—how He said grace, etc.

(8) *Tiny Picture Books* may be put into whatever Box you decide to make. They should have covers of colored cardboard, not more than 2x3 inches, and should contain pictures cut from missionary magazines, illustrating the lives of the doll family in the Box. You may have a number of Chatter-Boxes,—a yellow one, a red one, a green one—each about a separate country, with its own little picture book.

Note: A number of inexpensive contents may be bought at almost any Five and Ten Cent Store: small white sailboats, little stoves, furniture, wonderful celluloid jungle animals, and at certain seasons you can also find Indian, Alaskan and Negro dolls. At the Japanese stores very quaint little Japanese houses with thatched roofs sell for 15 cents; Japanese dolls for 10 cents each; parasols and lanterns, 5 cents apiece; fans, 2 for 5 cents; cute brooms, with the stick a pencil, for 5 cents. You will also find cunning iron bridges, lanterns, houses, etc., to form a Japanese garden in a flat bowl.

One other indispensable (free!) content for every Chatter-Box is a mission bank in which to save money for sending Mr. and Mrs. Missionary to the families who need them. Write to the Literature Departments for them; in other years these boxes have taken the shape of fascinating cradles, trunks, tepees, flower boxes, soldiers' tents, little red-roofed hospitals—attractive additions to any box. If you provide no such outlet for Johnny's newly-awakened interest, what a farce that interest may soon become! "Emotion is no substitute for action." And the child who *likes* to give, is on the road to Christian Service of the highest type.

2. LETTER BOX.

You will have noticed that nothing piques Johnny's

curiosity so much as the fatal stillness that occurs when you begin writing a letter! You can overcome the annoyance of his endless interruptions by making him a postoffice Letter Box from a shoe box, with a piece of green cardboard curved around it—very simple. Also give him odds and ends of colored paper and a few small envelopes. Colored coin envelopes, very small ones, sell for 10 cents a package at paper stores. This outfit will make the Time-When-Mother-Writes-Letters a real treat! If he has already had a Chatter-Box so much the better, for he will enjoy writing letters to Mr. and Mrs. Missionary and the various Button-Face dolls to tell about his own doings. It is delicious to watch the earnest endeavors at evolving this literature, it recalls William Canton's verses on "The New Poet":

*"I write. He sits beside my chair
And scribbles, too, in hushed delight,
He dips his pen in charm-ed air:
What is it he pretends to write?*

*He toils and toils; the paper gives
No clue to aught he thinks. What then?
His little heart is glad; he likes
The poems that he cannot pen.*

*Strange fancies throng that baby brain,
What grave, sweet looks! What earnest eyes:
He stops—reflects—and now again
His unrecording pen he plies."*

These letters can be posted in his green Letter Box after he has crayoned a red stamp on the envelope. When he is not around you can remove them, and if you want to reply by leaving inside one of the tiny picture books already mentioned it will add not only to his Chatter-Box, but the certain delight which accompanies the Time-When-Mother-and-I-Write Letters!

3. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

This is a box which will interest children between four and six years old. A little book called "Jack Of All Trades" has been written for Junior children telling of the various "Jacks" who make us the clothes we wear, the food we eat, and everything we use so carelessly. It will form an endlessly interesting story to fill a box with many of the things these Jacks make. For this purpose, a small circular box such as is used for muffs or hats may be used. Around the sides paste pictures cut from magazines showing workers of all kinds: you will find an amazing array of great muscular giants at steel foundries, lumber Jacks cutting down trees, with the finished furniture shown beneath, fruit growers, vegetable pickers, canning factories, etc. On the cover print "Jack-in-the-Box" with a few tiny pictures of Jacks here and there.

You will have read in many a newspaper and magazine of the coming clash between Capital and Labor. As a matter of fact it is a lack of understanding and sympathy which causes the two factions, and some day Johnny may have a big share in it. That he belongs on the Comfortable People's side is all the more reason why he should learn of the infinite tasks of unseen workers which go to the making of everything he uses. Moreover it will be a magic game to inject living stories into lifeless objects. The book that has been mentioned stays home in America, visiting "The House That Jack Built," where tenement workers make neckties, artificial flowers and "finish" clothing; it introduces you to "Little Jack Horner" who pulled out basting threads, to "Jack the Giant Killer" who mines the coal, to "Jack and the Beanstalk" who gathers and cans vegetables, etc. To leave America and visit other

"Jacks" let me suggest the following:

- (1) "*Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.*"

Your dictionary, plus a little thread of original story, will furnish a tale of how the candlestick found in the "Jack-in-the-Box" came to be a candlestick. Candles, for instance: if *wax*, of the honest old Dutch Hans (Jack) who raised the bees which gave the wax, and of God's kindly providence in making the bees so wondrous wise; or if *tallow*, of the cowboy Jack on the prairie who raised the sheep whose body gave the tallow; and of the French Jean (Jack) in the candle factory who had his share in making over the wax or tallow into something pink and round and twisted with a cotton wick inside it. Here is one way to begin: "Once this dear little pink candle of ours was a Bee, buzzing around among the clover plants all summer long! 'Buzz-z-z!' the little Bee hummed all day, but I guess he never dreamed he was helping to make a little pink candle for mother's own little Johnnie Jones!" (Or "A lambie frisking around in a big green meadow all summer long. 'Baa-a-a!' etc.") "It all happened because of what was done by Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the Candlestick. He was a busy boy who had to stay cooped up indoors, in a factory"—etc.

As for the Candlestick itself, if it is brass let it come from Russia, where some dear old Russian Ivan (Jack) hammered it and shaped it, and finally brought it over the sea in his immigrant bundle. If it is China, look under "porcelain" in some good dictionary and concoct a story of the yellow-faced John Chinaman who dug up the Chinese clay, and formed it into a candlestick in some factory, then baked it hard, then painted little patterns on it; Jack Tar, the sailor boy, brought it over the sea to us; etc.

(2) "*Jack-o'-Lantern*" could be another Jack-in-the-Box. A small pumpkin made of *papier-mâché* will serve the double purpose of telling of the Polish Jan (Jack) out in the vegetable gardens whose entire family "goes to pumpkins" in August, to pick and pick and pick, and also of the Italian Giovanni (Jack) who goes to the Novelty Factory to help paste paper pumpkins for our Hallowe'en parties.

(3) *Jack Straws*. The penny Japanese match-boxes are easily obtained from cigar stores. Look for the label "made in Japan." Only one *used* match should be left inside the box when it is put into the Jack-in-the-Box. Tell of a poor Japanese family, of their polite home life (see chapter V.), of their poverty and their sending Take and Taro to the Match Factory, where they sit on the floor for twelve long hours pasting match boxes together, at *eight cents a thousand boxes!*

(4) *Jack Knife*. An envelope with grains of rice inside, and on the outside pictures of Japanese, Chinese or Hindu women bent double, like Jack-Knives, over the paddy fields.

(5) *Jumping Jacks*. A piece of oriental silk, with a picture of a Chinese or Japanese girl who perhaps helped weave it, who stood all day long in a narrow lane of noisy looms and had to leap up and down tying broken threads.

Note: See chapter VIII. under scrap books for other ideas for this box. Boys are especially keen on knowing the "Why" and the "How" and the "Where" of various objects, so you have a marvelous chance to infuse a friendly sympathy into every object you tuck in Jack-in-the-Box. As you tell the stories in connection with the objects, be sure to have a missionary meet the makers of them, and help smooth their way and lead them to the Friend who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor."

4. COPY-CATS.

An endless amount of employment may be furnished by these copy-cats, the covers of which should be made from cardboard cut in the shape of a cat (see figure 1), with the pages inside formed alternately of thin tracing paper and heavier paper with a picture pasted on it, the whole being fastened together with two round brass paper fasteners for eyes. The pictures will be easy to find, and a number of cats of different colors may be made to tell about different places. Each book might have this verse:

*"The purr-puss of this copy-cat
Is tracing things—but you've guessed that
Because the paper thin and new
Is meant to trace the pictures through"*

(1) Black Copy-Cat, with orange ribbon round its neck (real, or painted) could contain pictures of Jack-of-All-Trades, if you have started a Jack-in-the-Box. Magazine advertisements will be plentiful.

(2) Yellow Copy-Cat, with black ribbon, pictures of Chinese children, homes, etc. See "Everyland," "Missions," "World Outlook," and—especially—free oriental steamship folders.

(3) Brown Copy-Cat, with blue ribbon; *India*.

(4) Gray Copy-Cat, with pink ribbon; *Japan*.

(5) White Copy-Cat, with green ribbon; *Alaska*.

(6) Tracing books, square ones, may be bought for 10 cents each from the Home and Foreign Literature Departments: "Yo San and His Friends" (Chinese) and "Little Native Americans". Also "Poster Stamp Book" (10 cents. F.). See note at end of chapter II. in regard to ordering literature.

Note: As far as possible choose pictures where the outlines are clear enough to be traced through the thin paper. Crayons may be used.

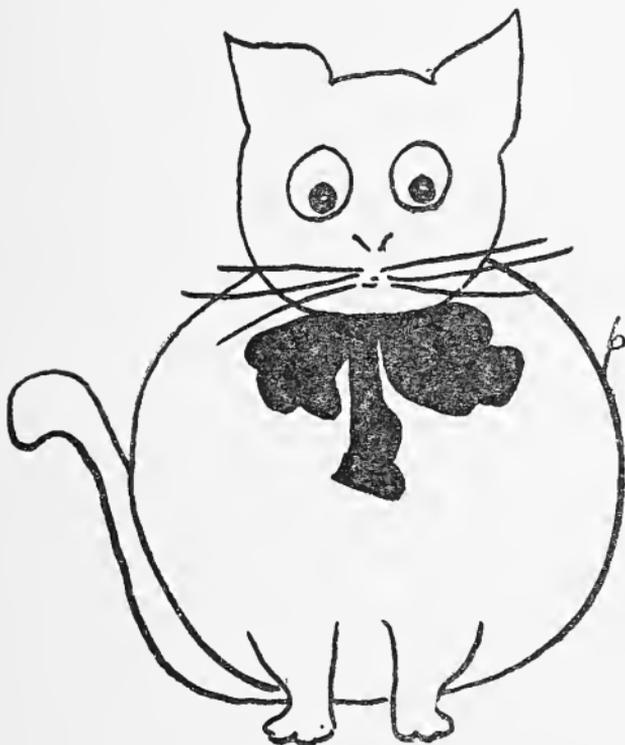


Figure 1 Copy Cat.

DIRECTIONS: In making a pattern for the Copy Cat, figure 1, outline a saucer for the head, and a plate for the body, overlapping it somewhat on the head circle. Paste white paper circles on the head for eyes, and fasten the layers of paper together with two round brass paper fasteners for pupils! Tails are worn at any desired angle this season!

The traced drawings may be colored and if you are on hand to weave delectable little stories about each picture, an added value will surround the Copy-Cat.

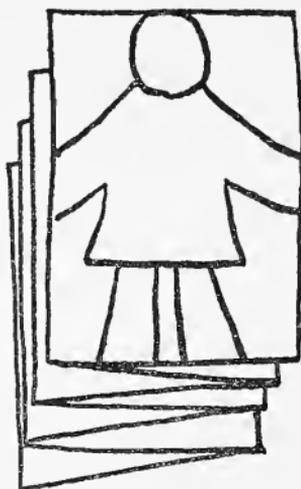


Figure 2
Cut-outs.

For figure 2 any of the dolls in chapter IV. may be used, remembering not to cut out the hands; and any house in Chapter V may be used with roof eaves attached:

*“Way round the world it is reaching,
This Street of the Open Door,
And neighbor is calling to neighbor,
‘We each need the other more!’”*

5. SCISSOR CUT-OUTS AND NURSERY GAMES.

When the Blunt-Scissor-Age has been reached a new field of missionary occupation has been opened, for whole villages of houses can be cut out from magazines and folders, and entire congregations of converts from the same source. To make these houses and people stand up satisfactorily, paste little paper props on the back sides. Other original designs and games are:

(1) *Ring Around a Rosy.* A long strip of paper must be folded, like accordion pleating, and on the top fold a little figure drawn so that the hands alone *cannot*

be cut out, as they meet at the folds. Cut out the figures, and when opened a whole bevy of little creatures will stand hand in hand to play games. With crayons, faces and hair and buttons may be added. (See figure 2.)

(2) *Village of Open Doors* is made in the same way, only this time the roof ends are left uncut at the folds, so that when the rest of the house is cut out and opened a zig-zag street of houses stands ready to be visited. Cut the doors so they can open and shut, and color the roofs in different hues—if it is a Chinese village, red, green, yellow, brown, and if a thatched hut village, then in shades of brown, yellow and black.

(3) "*Where, Oh Where, Has the Missionary Gone?*" is a game that Johnny will enjoy playing with the above-mentioned street of houses and some marbles. These are to be named Mr., Mrs., Miss and Dr. Missionary (a color will differentiate them), and one by one they are to be rolled from some distance through an open door. This is more fun, however, if different houses are set up, one a church, one a house, one a hospital, and one a school. Then Mr. Missionary enters the church door, and you must ask: "What will he do in there?" Johnny to give his own answer: "Preach a sermon," "have Sunday school," etc. Miss Missionary should try to roll through the school door, Dr. Missionary through the hospital door, Mrs. Missionary through the home door. In each case the question "What will she do in there?" should be asked and answered. Encourage original answers by further questioning.

6. OUTDOOR PLAYTHINGS.

The Friend of Little Children has made His outdoors one of the most thrilling places for missionary play-times. In chapter V. it will be shown how the chang-

ing seasons make ideal settings for tropical jungles or for Arctic explorations. But for the wee children He has prepared more fanciful playthings—painted in His most delicate colors—nodding their saucy heads in the most enticing invitation to “Come and Play!”

(1) *Garden Playmates*. In case you have overlooked the possibilities of flowers as playmates for babies of three and four years old, let me introduce a few so that on your rambles through your own garden you can help Johnny meet them, too.

(a) *God's Little Yellow Telephone* is, of course, a daffodil! Try naming it that to Johnny, and if he has imagination he will at once stoop over and mumble little messages through the phone to his other new garden friends. Perhaps the Pansy Family will nod their velvety heads in reply, and the Sunbonnet Babies will wriggle with excitement. As a beginning teach him to whisper this lovely “Whisper Song” into the flower phone:

* *“I'd like to send a whisper song
Across the water blue,
And say to all the children there:
'Jesus loves you!'”*

*“If they should not quite understand,
They'll wonder if 'tis true,
So I will keep on whispering still,
'Jesus loves you!'”*

(b) *God's Pansy Family*. The five little pansy faces—white, yellow, brown, red, black—give an excellent likeness to the faces of God's human family. Use the two stories in “*Primary Mission Stories*” entitled “How the Artist Forgot Four Colors” (pages 20-26) and “God's Little Garden” (pages 154-160) to develop this idea.

*Verses from the Neidlinger song card used by permission of W. H. Neidlinger.

(c) *The Sunbonnet Babies* are nasturtiums, who have little green trays with dewdrop milk on them for breakfast and supper! This would be suggestive of a day nursery, perhaps, or of the mountaineer children who really do wear sunbonnets.

(d) *Canterbury Bells*. The bells should be named: "Ding-Dong-Come to school—to learn by rule", for the *school* bell; "Ding-Dong-Something's Wrong—Come here for pills—To cure your ills!" for the *hospital* bell; "Ching-a-ling-a-ling, It's quite the thing, To come to Sunday school and sing", for the *church* bell; etc. Or tell Mrs. Peabody's stories, "Rafaelo and the Seven bells" (F. 5 cents).

(e) Other quaint playmates would be Poor Little Mr. Butterfly who goes up in his yellow (or brown) aeroplane to drop down messages in every land, saying "Jesus loves you!" *Little Miss Hyacinth* has any number of bells, too, which may be named, as suggested above. *Miss Morning Glory* is in the church choir singing "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on high!" Try having a lavender flower sing it as alto, a pink flower as soprano! *Jack in the Pulpit* is minister, of course; Johnny can decide on the text. As for the *Tulip Family*, don't they really look exactly like the gay turbans of Hindu gentlemen, bobbing in the market place as they exchange gossip about what Mr. Missionary told of the one and only God? Johnny will beam delightedly over all these stories, but you will have to be ingenious enough to think up enough to fit *every* flower! *Forget-me-nots* will be simple; and *Rose* will suggest the name of Jesus, the Rose of Sharon; *Golden Glow* will be money to send teachers and Bibles, but what will you concoct about zinnias, dandelions and clover?

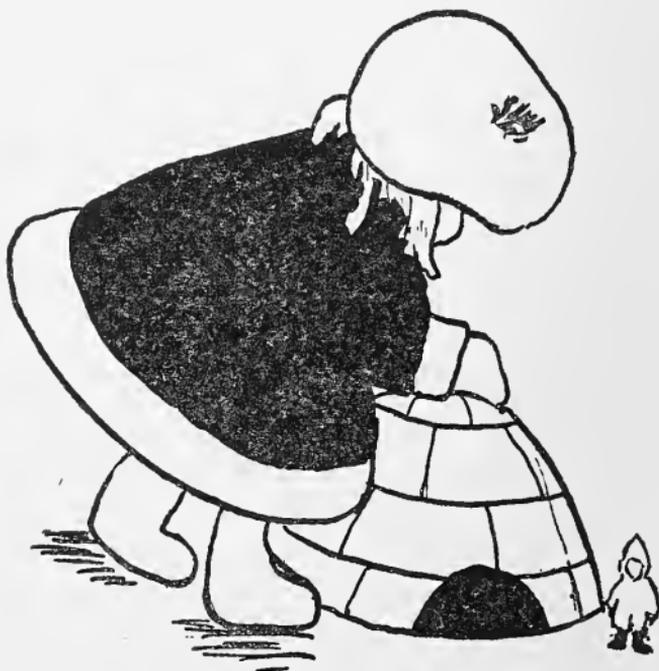
(f) *Mr. and Mrs. Twig* are described more fully in chapter IV. and are very sprightly playmates.

(2) *Snow Playthings* are suggestive of Alaska, so see chapter IV. and V. for equipment, and ideas.

(3) *A Japanese Garden* may be made in one corner of the yard,—a little lake with a twig bridge over it, a house, a doll in a kimono, and you are all ready for a tea party when Mrs. Missionary comes to call!

(4) *Acorn Cups and Saucers* are for sale every autumn in wholesale quantities at Oak Tree Inn!

Note: As you play, other and better plans for Boxes and Copy-Cats and Playmates will occur to you; these are merely suggestive of the simple beginnings that can be made for the development of missionary interest in the littlest child in your home.



MY ALTAR

"I have worshipped in churches and chapels;
I've prayed in the busy street;
I have sought my God and have found Him
Where the waves of His oceans beat;
I have knelt in the silent forest
In the shade of some ancient tree;
But the dearest of all my altars
Was raised at my mother's knee.

The things in my life that are worthy
Were born in my mother's breast;
And breathed into mine by the magic
Of the love her life expressed.
The years that have brought me to manhood
Have taken her far from me;
But memory keeps me from straying
Too far from my mother's knee.

God, make me the man of her vision,
And purge me of selfishness!
God, keep me true to her standards
And help me to live to bless!
God, hallow the holy impress
Of the days that used to be,
And keep me a pilgrim forever
To the shrine at my mother's knee!"

(John H. Styles, Jr., in "*The Christian Herald*.")



CHAPTER II.

"BEDTIME PRAYERS AND STORIES"

(For children under six.)

*"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed."*

There is room for some debate whether a child's first prayers should be ready-made, to be repeated from memory, or a spontaneous expression of his own desires. The latter is preferable, of course, and should be the end toward which all prepared prayers lead.

Bedtime, with its "Now I lay me down to sleep", is a peculiarly precious time to every mother. After the very earthly activities of the day, you feel that there is a little touch of the divine in that sweet heaviness of the small body pressing drowsily against your knees to pray.

But any prayer is apt to be a bit perfunctory if no vital contact or definite information lies in one's mind while making it. So before offering any suggestions about prayers, let me give a few ideas about the kind of bed-time stories which will create such a missionary atmosphere that out will burst heartfelt little prayers like this: "Oh, dear Jesus, do bless every single one of these dear little black girls-who-are-always-'scart'-of-something! I want them to know You are taking care of them, so they needn't be a bit afraid any more." There is more value in that breathless petition, than in a hundred memorized words, because it is "the soul's sincere desire."

You cannot tell too many missionary stories. Let them be woven into each daily event, into each garment as it is buttoned on, into each meal, into the very furniture in your home. Concoct delectable little names to describe the unknown children of whom you tell, so that certain objects are continually connected in Bobbie's

mind with "The Little Girl-Who-Eats-So-Much-Rice", "The Boy-Who-Never-Took-a-Bath", "The Girl-Who-Has-No-Buttons", "The Family - Who - Never - Use - Chairs", "The Tables-That-Never-Grew-Up", "The Ladies-Who-Never-Wore-Hats". Into all the quaint unusualness breathe a little of the unhappy heathen longing for Some Big Somebody Somewhere to love them. Of all places, bedtime is indeed the School of Mother's Knee, where motives of sympathy and helpfulness can be nurtured. Stories are *eye-openers* and *heart-openers*; they are *keys* to unlock any door; they are *magic carpets* on which you and Bobbie can travel anywhere; they are *fairy wands* to summon unseen playmates; they are *invisible rings* to bind the whole round world into one family.

At the end of this chapter is a list of stories suitable for bedtimes, but why not practice making up your own? It only needs a little knowledge of missionary lore, plus a big love for everybody everywhere, to make quite tame events—like baths, and lacing up shoes, and buttoning underwear—bristle with fun. The knack of doing it will delight you as nothing else, when you see the bubbling response you receive! A few stories with which to begin are given below:

1. BATH TUB STORIES. (The water at once becomes an ocean, or at the very least a river, and is promptly named!)

(1) If it is the Red Sea then you tell about the "*Little-Boy-Who-Never-Had-a-Bath!*" No sir, not one tiniest drop of water had ever washed him since he was born! That was not because his mother wanted him to be dirty, but because she was positively sure water would kill him. You see no one ever told her how to be the *clean* kind of mother, for over in that faraway Land-near-the-Red-Sea the Persian People have so very few missionaries to teach them that they do the strangest

things to babies. Yet you have no idea how hard she loved this cunning little fellow who never had a bath! She called him the sweetest names, like 'You little Jar of Milk and Honey' or 'You Sweet Pomegranate Blossom,' and the dirty baby thought she was just the nicest mother in the world. Only of course he wished she wouldn't make such mistakes, for one day she gave him a perfectly huge pickle to chew on, and by and by he had the dreadfulest pain in his tummy, so he yelled as hard as he could. She laid him on the hay, as Mary used to lay the little Lord Jesus, but this Persian mother put seven flat round loaves of bread under her baby's head, for the poor Dear hoped the baby's pain would jump out of his tummy and skip into the loaves of bread! In the morning she threw the bread outdoors for the hungry doggies to gobble up, but the sick little baby was just as sick as ever! But we had a fine doctor all our very own in that town, and he heard the baby moaning, so he came into the stable and carried him out to our nice white hospital. Who do you guess tagged along behind to see that baby was safe? And what do you suppose she did when she found the blue nurse was actually going to *wash* her dirty little boy who had never had a bath? My, what a fuss she did make! She jabbered away as fast as she could, she tore her hair, and beat her hands on her breast, begging them not to kill her sweet little pomegranate blossom, but *PLOP!* in went the dirty baby into the clean water—then *splash!* *splash!* just as we are doing now, out came a clean baby, out of the very *dirty* water! And he cooed and gurgled about it; and by and by he got well. So now there's one more wise mother in that Land-Near-The-Red-Sea who knows that every baby needs a bath every day. All on account of a dear Dr. Missionary and a sweet Miss Nurse. God bless them all tonight!"

(2) When the bath tub becomes the Inland Sea of Japan you can tell about "*The Little Girl Who Gets*

Almost Boiled Every Time She Has a Bath! For over in Japan, my dear, the bath tubs look like big round barrels, with a little stove set in the side to heat the water, and it gets hotter, and *hotter* and **HOTTER!** She doesn't really mind it much, because she's so used to it, but you would squeal terribly, and would feel as if you were being *cooked!* After she is scrubbed nice and clean, her mother dresses her in a dear little blue kimono with a gay red sash, and she's ready for Sunday school. For you and I have the loveliest white ship of our own (put sail-boat in bath tub) in that Inland Sea of Japan. It is called the Fukuin Maru,—can you say that yourself? And it's the sailors from this pretty boat who sail around and hold Sunday schools all Sunday afternoon on the different islands. Let's make it sail around! And now make your fingers into little Japanese girls and let them skip down to the seashore to hear the sailors tell about the Lord Jesus. They teach them to sing "Jesus Loves Me", in Japanese, of course, and when our little Girl Who Gets Almost Boiled When She Has A Bath reaches home, she teaches her mother to sing the lovely words, also. And of course that's the way people get to be Christians, dear,—when somebody goes to tell them. Only there aren't nearly enough somebodies to go around! While I dry you off let's sing "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know", and let's pretend I'm the mother and you are the dear little Japanese Girl Who Gets Almost Boiled When She Has A Bath. And then let's ask Jesus to bless all the little Japanese children."

(3) When you name the water the China Sea then you begin: "Let's pretend that you are the *Little Girl-Who-Always-Lived-in-a-Boat*. You never go on shore, and I never go on shore, and Daddy never goes on shore. We buy all the things we eat from other People Who Always Live in Boats. There would be thousands and thousands of Chinese families like ours, and oh

dear! we'd be ever so dirty, and we'd worship idols, and be scared of evil spirits all day long. We would have a big black eye painted on the front of our boat. What for? Oh, so the boat could see the evil spirits, of course. But even then we would feel unsafe and unhappy all the time, wondering which god would take care of us,—only we would have tiny *wooden* gods or little *brass ones*. Just dolls, really; only we would be so hungry for God that we would bow down and pray to them. Wouldn't it be just horrid for you and me if nobody ever came to tell us about the one true God? Then you would get married to somebody from some other boat, and your baby would be scared of evil spirits, and I would grow into a poor old grandmother with white hair—and we would all be scared and lonely and hungry for God. There would be boats and boats and boats, all full to the brim of dear Chinese families who never go on shore, who never saw one of our missionaries or heard one littlest word about God. I'm sorry, aren't you? Let's tell Jesus how glad we are that somebody finally did tell me, so I could tell you, and you can tell your babies. And let's pray for the other lonely scared Boat People."

(4) There are all kinds of other *water* stories—about crocodiles on the Congo, and turtles, and birch bark Indian canoes.

2. DRESS STORIES.

(1) "The People-Who-Made-My-Buttons" (or my shoes, my hair ribbons, my "nightie", my hat, etc.) will form a series of stories to last a whole year about the Jacks-of-All-Trades who plant and sew and weave and cook in order to keep girls and boys becomingly clothed. "The Forget-me-not Family" in "Primary Mission Stories" is along that line; although to begin with, this story is suggestive: "Did you know that you and I are really Story-Books-That-Walk-Around? Wouldn't

you be surprised if you could see your *hair-ribbon* turn into a story-book, and your *shoes* turn into another story-book, and then before you knew what was happening you found yourself wearing a regular *library* of story-books? How you would giggle to find that your stockings, your dress, your buttons, your hat, your coat and even your tiny gold ring had all become little books, labelled like this: "The World's Secret. Volume I. How Hair Ribbons Get to be Hair Ribbons", or "The World's Secret, Volume IX., Button, Button, Who Made the Button?" etc.

I know exactly what you would do, you would rush indoors to show me how queer you looked as a walking-library, with a book balancing on your head where your hair-ribbon once was, and a book perched on your little finger where your gold ring ought to be! But dear me, I would be covered with my own walking-library, my volumes called like yours "The World's Secret". Then you would notice that the front door had turned into a giant book, even the wall-paper and the telephone and the carpets and the chairs had all becomes books—everything everywhere,—books for you to read about "The World's Secret!" And you would say: "I do wonder what the secret is, don't you? And I would answer: "Oh, but I know already, and every night we'll touch something to turn it into a story-book, so I can read you about the secret, won't that be fun?"

From the suggestions in chapter I. about Jack-in-the-Box you will gain an idea how to proceed. Three simple thoughts to be kept in mind are: *first*, a dictionary plus a little imagination will consturct the story of the important stages in the evolution of the articles of clothing to be described; *second*, many different nationalities contributed their share in this evolution; *third*, we are therefore indebted to these unseen workers, whose hearts are hungry for God. As far as possible, do not limit the workers to American soil: e. g., hair-ribbons

could start their career in a Japanese garden, where the silk worms feed on the mulberry trees tended by Japanese girls, to be later woven in a Japanese factory, brought over the sea by American sailors, etc., working in all kinds of races, with all kinds of especial needs.

(2) Of course there are any number of Dress Stories, —“*Seven Jackets Cold*” (Chinese); “*Pockets Three Feet Long*” (Japanese kimono sleeves); “*His Mother Chewed His Dress To Make It Soft*” (Alaskan way of making fur pliable); and here is a Button Story which a certain small child requests quite often: “Once there was a little *Girl-Who-Never-Used-A-Button*. I know you must be thinking that is an easy way to dress; but my dear, her little clothes seemed as if they were falling off all the time! They didn’t, but they a-l-m-o-s-t did! You see, her dress was called a sari, and it was just a straight piece of goods draped around her body; and all day long, every five minutes or so, she would loop herself into her clothes, and then re-loop herself into them, and then re-re-loop herself! It was dreadfully tiresome, so I’m sure you’ll never grumble when you button buttons again, for in the end it’s so much quicker and more comfy. This Little Girl Who Never Used Buttons lived over in India, and she simply couldn’t get used to the buttons our missionaries wore. Once she said to Mr. Missionary: “Please, Sahib, what are the rows of buttons on your coat sleeves for? I’ve watched and watched, but I never see you button anything to them!”

You should have heard Mr. Missionary laugh, for, after all, what *are* those funny extra buttons for? I don’t know! And he didn’t know! Daddy doesn’t know, either. But one Christmas morning Mrs. Missionary gave a present to the Little Girl Who Never Wore Buttons. It was the cunningest little doll, dressed by a little girl who lives over here in the land where you

and I live. And that doll had a *coat*, and a *dress*, and a *petticoat*, and cute little *underclothes*, every single one of which buttoned and unbuttoned! All the grown-up neighbors crowded into the mud hut to see that doll, and they clucked their tongues over it, and even old grandmothers begged to button and unbutton the clothes, until it became a regular *Button Town!* Then the people began going to our mission school to see nice Mr. and Mrs. Missionary for themselves, for they said: "If the buttons and the clothes of these white people are so pleasant to use, perhaps their unseen God can feed our empty, hungry hearts. Anyhow we will get down into this new religion and see. So *they* did; and *God* did; and I only wish every button on your clothes could make somebody happy like that, don't you?"

3. FURNITURE STORIES.

(1) Do you want to hear tonight about the *Little Girl-Who-Never-Went-To-Bed?* Perhaps you wish you were that little girl yourself, for aren't you painting a picture of her in your mind's eye, sitting up awfully late, even until the moon and the stars themselves blinked sleepily and dropped clear out of sight? But this Little Girl Who Never Went To Bed did not sit up all night,—dear me, no! For she had to lie down and take naps just like children everywhere; but like the chickens and the kittens and the puppies she just did it by curling up right where she was: over she flopped, and slept! And nobody in the family picked her up and carried her gently upstairs to a clean, little, white bed, because for one thing, there *was* no upstairs to her house, and for another thing there was no bed! The whole family slept on the floor! And their neighbors all slept on the floor! And the people in the next village all slept on the floor; so now you understand why I called her The Little Girl Who Never Went To Bed, don't you?

She lived over in India. It's hot there, dreadfully

hot, like our hottest summer days, and the people get sick because they aren't afraid of dirt, and drink bad water. So this little girl got sick. And nobody could cure her. People came and beat drums; they shook her—oh, so hard; they even burned little places all over her to scare away the pain. But you and I know what a silly thing that is to do to sick people, and so you aren't surprised to learn that she got worse instead of better. And yet the poor dears did the very best they knew, for she was their pet daughter!

Then, oh joy! Along came our very own Dr. Missionary jolting through that village in her rickety bullock cart, which jolted so badly that it jiggled the hair-pins out of her hair, and made her nice bones ache and ache. Wouldn't it be wonderful if some nice Mrs. Silver Moneybags would buy her a cozy little auto, so she could whizz from village to village, and help more people and not get jolted to pieces? Well, she heard of this sick child—in fact she heard the *drums!* So she hurried to the little brown mud hut, and shooed away all the noisy neighbors with their drums, and she fanned away the flies, and gave her some medicine to make her sleep. Then the next day she bundled her into the bullock cart and took her right to our hospital. And what do you suppose? Yes, sir! she put her to bed! So then the Little Girl-Who-Never-Went-To-Bed went to bed. And she was simply scared stiff!

Why? Well, dear me, can't you guess? You see, she had always *sat* on the floor and *slept* on the floor, and now here she was perched way up on a big soft white mountain with four legs, and of course she was afraid she'd fall off! Just as you and I might feel lying on a fleecy white cloud up in the sky.

"Mem sahib," she begged the doctor, "if I could only lie *underneath* this big whiteness, I would feel so safe!"

The nice nurses snickered a little up their sleeves, but our Doctor Lady took lots of time to explain what

a fuss it would make for everyone in the hospital if she were hidden under a bed. The question would be, *which bed?* In would come the nurses with medicine, and would have to play hide and seek under every bed till they found her, and their dear backs would ache stooping over to bathe her, or to fan her! And the Little Girl Who Had Never Been to Bed Before nodded her head bravely, and decided to be a Heroine and sleep up there on the dizzy bed!

The nice part about it is that she got well, and when she grew older she became a nurse herself, and when new patients trembled at lying way up on dangerous beds she always knew the nicest, kindest ways of soothing them! She sleeps in a bed every night herself, now, and she thinks it is much safer than on the floor; and every night she thanks the kind Father in Heaven for the soft white bed she lies in. And I think maybe you would like to thank Him, too, wouldn't you?"

(2) Other Furniture Stories would be about the *Family-Who-Never-Sit-On-Chairs*, a Japanese family who sit on the soft matting with their legs tucked under them, looking for all the world like human letter Zs! They leave their shoes outside the door, so that the matting can always be clean, and when the children go to our mission school and sit on chairs before their desks their poor legs dangle miserably in mid-air, until finally they tuck them under them and are comfortable again. Or you might tell about "*The Tables-That-Never-Grew-Up!*" My dear, their little legs were only three inches high, just the length of my finger! But there was no reason why their legs should be longer, because they were specially made for the Family Who Never Sit on Chairs." Then tell about a Japanese meal at these tables, one for each member of the family, and how the men eat separately from the women. "*The Bed-Made-Out-of-Snow*" would be about Alaska; where

the Eskimo snow house is built with an ice ledge *which serves as chairs and beds for the family.*

After simple stories like these Bobbie has someone in mind to pray for, and he should be encouraged to express the feelings in his own way. But there are children who lack the ability to do this, and for them the following suggestions may be helpful. Take this verse, for instance, as a suggestive basis for prayer:

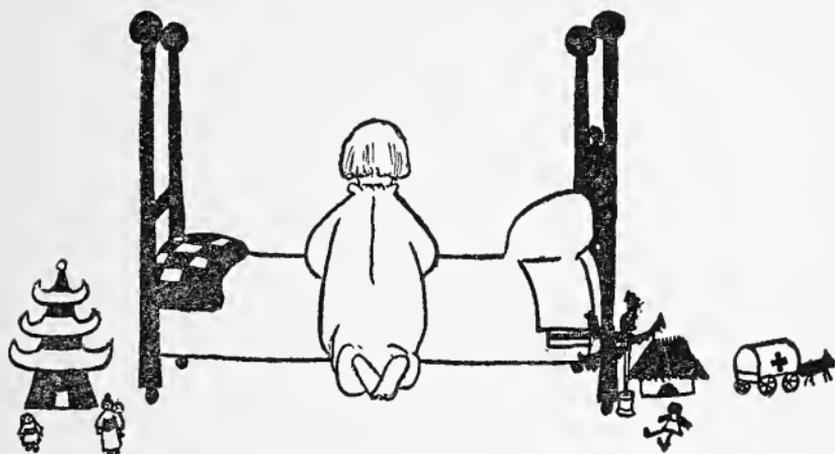
SO MANY

*"I've heard about the children
That live in other lands.
There are so many that they take
The fingers of both hands.
One is for India, I know;
And one for China—so!
This is Japan; and this, I think,
Will stand for Mexico.
Here is my little finger, and
Korea it shall be;
This thumb is South America,
And this is Italy.
Here's Burma, and Bulgaria,
Where there is war today;
And I mustn't leave out Africa,
That needs us most, they say.
Now don't you think it's pretty hard
For me to love them all—
The children in those countries,
For I am rather small?
But this is something I can do—
My hands I'll clasp this way:
Then God will see the children's names
And bless them while I pray."*

(Anon.)

Try having Bobbie name his fingers: Mother, Daddy, Sister, Grandma, The Little Girl-Who-Never-Went-to-Bed, etc., etc., selecting his own particular lot of friends, then clasping these friendly fingers, teach him to repeat the Whisper Song, or the Little Brother Hymn while his hands are clasped. It will gain in significance as new fingers are named after other stories have been told. The best part about it is that such a Friendship prayer need never be abandoned, it can grow up with him, deepening in power from year to year as actual individuals replace the story friends—a new rosary of precious names! We recognize that the great need in our churches today is for earnest intercessors who will bear the needs of others in their hearts while communing with God about themselves.

When the little named fingers of the hand clasp the little named fingers of the other hand, you will have accepted your divine opportunity to train up intercessors at the School of Mother's Knee.



“Once again, dear Lord, I pray
 For the children far way,
 Who have never even heard
 Jesus’ name, our sweetest word.

Little lips that God has made
 ’Neath the far off temple’s shade
 Give to gods of wood and stone
 Worship that should be God’s own.

Little hands whose wondrous skill
 God has made to do His will,
 Offerings bring and serve with fear
 Gods that cannot see or hear.

Teach them, O thou heavenly King
 All their gifts and praise to bring
 To Thy Son, who died to prove
 Thy forgiving, saving love!”

(Selected.)

BED TIME STORY SOURCES.

"Bed Time Stories" (12 stories. Peabody & McKinney. 10 cents. F.)

"Plum Blossom Stories" (Japan). (8 stories. Peabody. 5 cents apiece. F.)

"Little Black Brother of the Forest" (Africa). (8 stories. Peabody. 5 cents apiece. F.)

"Rafaelo and the Seven Bells" (Philippines). (8 stories. Peabody. 5 cents apiece. F.)

"Around the World Stories" (Burr. 25 cents. F.)

"Primary Mission Stories" (52 stories. Applegarth. \$1.00. F.)

"Junior Mission Stories" (52 stories. Applegarth. \$1.00. F.)

"Home Mission Primer." (10 cents. H.)

"Growing Up in America." (10 cents. Order from Woman's Board of Home Missions, Presbyterian Church, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.)

NOTE:

Books and leaflets mentioned in this book are marked:

(1) F, if they may be ordered from:

Publication Department, Woman's American Baptist *Foreign* Mission Society, Room 1433, Stevens Building, 16 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(2) H, if they may be ordered from:

Literature Department, Woman's American Baptist *Home* Mission Society, 2969 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(3) Books with no such designation may be ordered through a local book store, unless otherwise indicated.

(4) In ordering, always send money:—Small amounts may be paid in postage stamps, larger amounts by money order. Postage is charged on all orders, even for leaflets marked "free".

CHAPTER III.

“THE MYSTERIOUS CHARM OF BUNDLES”

(For Boys and Girls between Seven and Eleven
Years Old.)

The most irresistible method of introducing missionary playtimes to Aged-Seven-to-Eleven is summed up in the five magic words: The mysterious charm of bundles!

For of course you recognize that there *is* a charm, don't you? Not only on Christmas and birthdays, but even after a shopping expedition when you know exactly what should be lying inside the unopened bundle—even then, isn't there a fascination about ripping off the string and unfolding the paper which far exceeds what you actually expect to find inside? Nobody should ever become too hopelessly grown-up or too sophisticated for that thrilling moment of suspense that comes just before the wrapped-up object is revealed, or similarly, just before the letter is withdrawn from the envelope! It is the psychological reason why Jimmie spends his precious pennies answering alluring advertisements which offer to send sample tubes of tooth paste, cold cream, bouillon cubes, etc., in consideration of one or more two-cent stamps! Jimmie hates to clean his teeth, and scorns cold cream—but a bundle through the mail! How different! Addressed to him! To be jiggled experimentally before opening; to be unwrapped in secret; to be admired for a day; and then forgotten.

“Bundles,” then, are the never-failing aids which a mother can have at her disposal in starting the missionary ball rolling. The next two chapters will explain in detail how to make, or where to buy, the contents of these bundles; the remainder of this chapter gives a detailed method of procedure, selecting China as the country.

Perhaps it will be a Cold-in-the-Head-Stay-at-Home-From-School day which you will choose as a starting point, or a Nobody-Loves-Me-What-Shall-I-Do-Now-Mother? day! For a first attempt, it is just as well to select an off day, when something new is especially desirable.

Let us suppose that the postman has just rung the door-bell. You receive the mail, and, unnoticed, slip among the other letters an envelope with a used stamp carefully re-pasted in the corner, with realistic post-marks decorating the top. Little Miss Grumpy has tagged you disconsolately to the door, so you say: "Sort the mail for me, dear, please."

Pretty soon: "Why, mother, look, here's a letter for me! Look, it says 'Miss Molly Hathaway' as big as life! Now what *do* you suppose it can be?"

You (innocently!): "Suppose you open it and find out."

With bated breath and shining eyes the little Girl-who-was-Blue-as-Indigo reads:

Street of Ten Thousand Moonbeams, China.

Hathaway Molly,
Most Exalted and Adorable Friend:

I guess your excellency doesn't know that you have a miserable little new playmate waiting to play with you, or you wouldn't keep me smothering in such a perfectly absurd place in your book-case! But here I sit, all tied up in this queer bundle, and it's dreadfully stupid, for I can't see a thing that's going on in your honorable home, and I'm crazy to get out and play with you all day. So won't you honorably march on your celestial legs to the book-case on the left of the fire-place, and on the third shelf from the top you will find me sitting patiently behind a book called "Our Mutual Friend."

With Ten Thousand Thank Yous,
Wang Huantzi.

(Written by Tai Fah Min, the village scholar.)

You may be quite sure that Molly will tear to the book-case, and after an excited search find the delect-

able bundle, neatly tied and labelled: "A New Playmate for Molly." You will be amused to watch her jiggle it to see if it makes a noise! Children almost always do! But not a sound comes from this waiting playmate. So Molly whisks off the paper and string, and brings to light a demure little Chinese rag doll. (See chapters IV. and V. for patterns.)

"Oh my! Oh my! Isn't she cute, mother? And do look, here's a roll of yellow paper! Isn't it dreadfully long? Oh goody, it's another letter."

Unrolling the narrow scroll, she reads:

Precious maiden with the heavenly name of Hathaway Molly,

I miserably thank you for unwrapping me, and since I'm still a bit stiff from sitting cooped up in the book-case so long, perhaps you will help me to bow way way over, in true Chinese fashion,—for although I'm miserably stupid, I must remember to be very polite. That is the reason I shall always call you, and everything you do, "honorable" or "exalted" or "celestial"; while the poor things I do, I must humbly call "unworthy" or "miserable" or "modest".

I wonder if you are honorably thinking that my miserable clothes look queer for a girl; permit me to inform you that all girls in China wear trousers, though, and grown-up women do, too. You would honorably giggle to see how I look in winter, for on cold days I put on one jacket, then another and another and another, and so on until *perhaps* I can wriggle into seven jackets! I look like a plump ball or a pin-cushion, as I say "B'rrr! It's SEVEN JACKETS COLD today, isn't it?" Of course after I've played around I get warmer, then I peel off a layer or two of jackets and begin to look positively *thin*.

My name is Wang Huantzi. Wang is my family name, which we always say first in China, and Huantzi is my own name, which means "Change-into-a-brother". Perhaps you can guess from that how much my parents wanted a boy-baby instead of a girl, when I was born. Parents feel that way all over China! I have one friend named Ling Te, which means "Lead-along-a-brother", and another friend was so unwelcome that they didn't trouble to give her *any* name, they just called her "Number Two"! If you ever visit my house you will understand why parents

want sons instead of daughters.

By the way, did you know my mother was visiting you today, too? You will find her sitting behind the brown velvet sofa cushion in the window seat! Please fold up the paper I was humbly wrapped in, and carry it and my miserable self over to my poor mother.

Yours stupidly,
Huantzi.

(Written by Tai Fah Min, village scholar.)

The blue Molly should be somewhat of a sunbeam by this time, as she prances to the sofa cushion, behind which a second bundle awaits her, also another long scroll letter—this time of a different color. The letter reads:

Hathaway Molly,
Glorious Miss:

I am the little Chinese Mother who never has her own way! It makes flowers bloom in my heart to see your smiling American face, and I hope you will gently cherish my wretched little Huantzi today.

Chinese mothers who never have their own way are never happy and free like your own dear mother. For one thing our husbands must be called "lord and master", and they *never* speak of us as *wives*, but always as "My Inner Person", or "She Who Occupies My Inner Apartment", or "My Walk-Behind". Perhaps you can guess from this what meek, unimportant little persons we feel ourselves to be; for if I ever do have the high honor of appearing outdoors on the street with my lord and master I wouldn't dare walk beside him as your mother does beside your father; oh dear me, no! I would have to meekly trot *behind* him, with my eyes meekly looking at the ground. That's how I get the name "The Walk-Behind". The other two names I get because Chinese women live in a separate part of the house from the fathers and sons. It all sounds very stupid and unloving; sometimes I wish I could live like your mother for just *ten minutes*, but more than all I wish poor little Huantzi could grow up to a happier lot.

Allow me to miserably inform you that my lordly husband and my precious son have condescended to pay you a visit today also, and as they hate to be kept waiting, perhaps you had better fold up the piece of paper I was wrapped in and carry Huantzi and me over to the sofa,

behind which Mr. Wang is scowling and gnawing his big mustache impatiently.

Miserably yours,
Little Mother Wang Who Never Has Her Own Way.

(Written by Tai Fah Min, village scholar.)

Running to the sofa Molly will discover the lordly Mr. Wang and his superior son, and this letter:

Marvelous Female!

I will not use up the air in compliments of great length, although I am absolutely amazed at your exalted education. A GIRL READ? Why, celestial young lady, I never dreamed it was possible before, since neither my stupid Walk-Behind nor my silly young daughter can either read or write the tiniest little word. Indeed, in all our village there is not a single female with any learning of any kind. My son and I have been talking over your remarkable education, as we noticed how easily you read the letters which my Inner-Person and my ignorant girl-child dictated to our village scholar, a poor man who earns his living by writing letters for people who can't write. So my son and I have decided to ask you to come to China and open a school in our village for girls. Perhaps you are clever enough to knock some new ideas into their empty heads. It miserably gives me pleasure to invite you to visit us in our insignificant home, which you will find located in the S. E. corner of the Sewing Room upstairs (or outdoors; wherever you wish Molly to play). Sweetly condescend to carry all four of us upstairs to our miserable home, and oblige,

Your astonished and admiring host,

Mr. Wang.

Molly skips upstairs with her four new playmates, and discovers their red-roofed home in the designated spot. For the rag dolls, specified in chapter IV., this house can be made out of a hat-box and some red cardboard according to directions in chapter V. Smaller cardboard dolls will fit into a smaller house, of course. For this first attempt, you should prepare all the objects needed, so that there need be no hitches, but everything ready to captivate Molly and make her feel that of all games this new one is certainly the "thrillingest, cheer-

fullest, bestest" one she ever played. On other days, when other countries are to be visited, Molly will understand the ropes well enough to enjoy making the houses for herself. The only exception to the above suggestion is in case there is a Stay-At-Home-Jimmie on hand, also!

Dolls and playhouses may not seem in a boy's domain, but I believe you could interest almost any Jimmie in these bundles and letters, provided he has a mechanical frame of mind, and enjoys making things according to directions. He would receive a letter in the morning mail, also:

THE CHINESE HOUSE BUILDING ASSOCIATION

Hathaway Jimmie,

Most Distinguished Sir:

Permit me to bring our unworthy business to your honorable attention, for we are agents for the building of Chinese homes.

We understand you are not only a clever architect but also an accomplished builder, so we are venturing to approach you with the remarkable request that you build a house for one of our clients within the next thirty minutes. This unfortunate gentleman, Mr. Wang, has just lost his former residence by earthquake, and finds himself in a most distressing situation, for he has just met your magnificent sister, Hathaway Molly, and has invited her to visit him and his family in the S. E. corner of the Sewing Room. So unless you can rebuild his home, the poor gentleman will be unable to entertain her suitably. You will find blue prints containing full directions in the above-mentioned room, and we modestly request that you jump rapidly up stairs and busy your honorable fingers at this new task.

Yours insignificantly,

The Chinese House Building Association.

Upstairs he will find box, cardboard, brass fasteners, etc., and suggestions so that he can get to work, and with your assistance have the home almost ready by the time Molly gets upstairs. He can then assist making the sedan chair, temple, hospital beds, etc., according to

directions in chapter V. Or, if there is no Molly in your family for whom such playthings are to be made, by letters and bundles he might be led to construct houses of all kinds around the world, and become a Real Estate Agent; or to conduct an Oriental Livery Stable with the various "go" vehicles of the Orient: jinrikishas, sedan chairs, bullock carts, etc.; or start a Boat House with sampans, canoes, etc. There are endless things he may be led to make, if the letters are enticing enough; and even without a Molly to use them, your Primary Superintendent will delight to borrow them for Sunday school missionary lessons, so that his efforts will be instructive to himself and to others.

This, however, is a digression, for several paragraphs back we left Molly skipping upstairs to the Chinese house. Another narrow scroll letter accompanies it: "Won't You Come Into My Parlor?" is written on the flap; inside it reads:

Welcome to China, Worshipful Maiden!

Your lovely eyes will notice some queer things about this house, which do not seem queer to the Wang family because they are so used to them. Kindly cast your brown orbs upon the quaint red tipped-up roofs, for you will learn with astonishment that the roofs tip up because the Chinese think the air is full of unseen evil spirits. These wicked spirits are crazy to sneak indoors to hurt people, so the wise Chinese families build the roof corners very sharp and tipped up at the ends, so that when a naughty evil spirit comes rushing toward the front door he will hit himself *bang!* against one of those sharp corners and be shot pell-mell way into the air! This isn't a joke, Glorious Molly, but a sad, everyday Chinese belief, and when you open your school in this village you must remember to teach the children all about Jesus and His great love, and how God takes care of everybody everywhere.

Also rest your heavenly eyes on the gaudy pictures pasted on the inside of the front door. That is a "door-god", for Mr. Wang and all the other Wangs believe that this ugly paper idol protects the door by scaring away any evil spirit who might try to poke its wicked nose in-

doors! You must stop this, too, when you start your school. Teach the children Psalm 121, so they will know God protects their going out and their coming in, without any silly paper idol.

If you peep inside the house you will see a stiff row of chairs on each side of the room, with a table at the end on which are some funny-looking slabs of wood. That table is the most sacred place in the whole house, for these wooden slabs are called *Ancestral tablets*, and Mr. Wang believes that the spirit of his dead father came back to live in one of the slabs, and the spirit of his dead mother lives in another slab. So every day he kneels and lights incense before the tablets, and worships them. His son does the same thing, but no girl is allowed to do it. That is the reason Chinese parents want *boys* instead of girls, so there will surely be sons to worship before *their* tablets when they are dead. You will have a thing or two to say against this custom when you teach school, won't you?

And now please glance here and there about the room to discover various bundles. Open "number 1" first, then "number 2," etc.

Yours modestly,

The Chinese House With Tip-Up Roofs.

On the outside of "Bundle Number 1" is written: "A Chinese Auto!" Inside is a sedan chair, easily made from a box by following the directions in chapter V. Another scroll letter accompanies it:

Hathaway Molly,

Honorable Sitter in American Chairs:

I am a kind of chair you have probably never seen before, for I never go indoors, and as for standing still, I hardly know what it means, for I'm always "on the go", walking somewhere! And yet I have no legs, only four poles for arms, so I can't do my own walking. I have chairmen to walk for me—not the kind of chairmen that committees have, however! My chairmen are poor fellows called coolies, who wear tattered clothes and who lug me about by my arms all day,—one in front, and one behind. My arms are so long that they bump into people on the street, and knock over peanut stands, etc. Please put Mrs. Wang and Huantzi inside of me, and pretend

you are the poor coolies while you carry us to "Bundle Number 2."

And oblige, yours helplessly,
A Chinese Sedan Chair.

On this second bundle is written "A Chinese Temple," made according to directions in chapter V. On opening it, Molly finds a temple with green roofs, an idol painted inside and a tiny bell hung over the doorway. A long scroll contains this letter:

Alas! Alas! Sweet Christian Molly,

I am a Chinese Heathen Temple, and I am really very unhappy about it, because for hundreds of years every Chinese temple like me has seen a great deal of foolishness and sadness. Here I stand year by year with this silly idol inside me, painted to look horrible, and scare away evil spirits. Of course I can tell the idol is nothing more than a foolish *doll*, for he can't budge an inch, he can't move a finger, or wink an eye, or speak a word. Yet day after day our poor Chinese people bring presents to him, and ring the bell in the doorway to wake the old idol up! But of course he can't hear.

Mrs. Wang has brought Huantzi here today because the poor girl has a pain in her stomach. Mrs. Wang fears it is an evil spirit inside her, and she hopes the idol can chase it away. You must please help her out of the sedan chair, and lead her up to the bell in my doorway, which she rings. She and Huantzi then come inside, and bow way over to the floor several times, after which Mrs. Wang will do a very silly thing: she will rub the idol's stomach and then rub Huantzi's stomach, hoping the ache will skip from Huantzi into the idol. But the poor girl has just as hard a pain as ever! No wonder! When you open your Christian School in our village, you can teach them Psalm 115:2-8 until they learn what useless things idols really are. Kindly turn coolie again and carry them in their sedan chair to "Bundle Number 3."

Your Melancholy Chinese Temple.

This third bundle is labelled: "Owl of Wisdom, M. D." Opening it Molly finds another Chinese doll; if you use the rag doll set, he will be the one wearing the big horn glasses. Around his neck hangs a small black

medicine case containing a darning needle, a pill and a nail. This letter accompanies him:

Most Radiant Maiden:

I hope you have peace inside you, for I am the Chinese man of medicine in this village, and a very wise old fellow I am, for my medicine books are over 2,000 years old. I have no use for any silly modern medicine notions. You bring Huantzi to me, and I will prick her body with my long needle to let the evil spirit run out of her. Of course she will squeal, but I will jab her some more to give that naughty evil spirit other places to leave! Dear me, hear the silly child yell and scream. She seems just as sick as ever, so I shall have to burn her with this red-hot nail to scare away the evil spirits, and if that does no good I will give her this pill made of a little tiger bone, a dried grasshopper, some rusty iron and a piece of toe-nail. You can plainly see what a wise Owl of Wisdom I am! But dear me, how frightfully Huantzi does scream! Mrs. Wang, kindly remove this squawling brat from my presence! Good-bye, madame.

Your obedient servant,

Dr. Owl of Wisdom.

The next three bundles contain three of Molly's own dolls, redressed. In Number Four is a doll fixed up as a Red Cross nurse, in apron and cap. Around her neck is a string attached to a homeopathic pill bottle full of little colored candies. A label on the bottle reads: "Headache—1 pill; Cold in the head—2 pills; Measles—3 pills; Mumps—5 pills; Stomach-ache—6 pills." Accompanying her is a note with a red cross at the top:

Darling Mistress Molly,

I am your own little doll, Dorothy (real name) and I really don't know *what* you will think of me for daring to do what I've done! For Mistress Molly, when I heard poor little Huantzi yelling and saw the dreadful needle of the hateful Chinese doctor, I rushed off to a Nurses' Training School and said: "Teach me to be a good nurse as quick as you can, for I've simply *got* to go China at once!" So I studied and studied and studied, until I graduated. Then I went to our Baptist Board in Boston and I said to the nice ladies there: "I'm all ready to go to China as a mis-

sionary nurse; can you send me at once?" The dear things were so delighted and yet so worried, for they knew how dreadfully I will be needed and yet they haven't enough money for my salary or to build me a hospital. But I said I knew you would give something toward helping dear little Huantzi and her friends, so here I am, dear Mistress Molly! You *do* approve of my coming, don't you? And you *will* help me?

Your devoted
(Dorothy.)

Bundle Number 5 discloses another of Molly's dolls transformed into a school teacher. A slate, slate pencil, pieces of paper and tiny pencil should accompany her, also a little hand-made note book called "Suggestion to Chinese Teachers," containing this list:

- (1) Verses to teach Chinese pupils (John 3:16. Exodus 20:2-18. Psalm 115:2-8. Psalm 121. Isaiah 44:10-19.)
- (2) Hymns to teach Chinese pupils—"Jesus loves me this I know," in Chinese, as in Chapter VII. "Trust and Obey. "He Leadeth Me."
- (3) Health Hints, etc., etc., etc.

This letter comes with the Teacher Doll:

Miss Molly Hathaway
My dear Owner,

When I saw (Dorothy) dashing off to be a nurse, I said to myself: "Oh, I want to do something for those dear Chinese people, too." So I went to the same nice Baptist Board of Managers in Boston, and said: "Ladies, could I please go to China as a teacher?" They smiled all over their faces; and then they almost cried! I never saw anything so much like April showers! They said it was because there wasn't enough money to build me a school house even if they sent me, and yet they had been praying somebody would come along to help; so they would send me over. And here I am! You're probably ever so upset to have both Dorothy and myself make our own plans without consulting you, but won't you please

64 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE

remember how dreadfully Huantzi and her mother need us? And won't you help me start a school?

Yours respectfully,
(Belinda.)

"Bundle Number 6" contains another one of Molly's dolls, quite the most stylish, in hat and coat, with a little bag slung over her arm. In this bag are to be pieces of paper money, each labelled with an amount of money, stating below what that money will do in China. Some of it should be cut from silver paper in circles for nickles, dimes and quarters; some cut in gold circles; still others in greenback bills. A few blank checks to be filled in will serve the double purpose of teaching Molly simple banking, while she learns what money will do in Mission lands:

5 cents will pay Huantzi's tuition in (Belinda's) Christian day school 1 day.

10 cents will buy 5 copies of the gospels.

25 cents will feed a Chinese orphan 1 week.

50 cents will support a bed in Dorothy's hospital 1 week.

\$1.00 will send out a Chinese Bible woman 2 weeks, so she can visit 50 homes and tell 200 people about Jesus.

\$1.00 will pay a missionary teacher's salary for more than half a day.

\$3.00 will pay a nurse's salary for 1 day.

\$10.00 will buy 200 copies of the gospels for free distribution.

\$25.00 will endow a bed in a Chinese hospital for one year.

\$100.00 will supply medicine for Dorothy's hospital for 1 year.

\$650.00 will pay Dorothy's salary for 1 year.

\$650.00 will pay Belinda's salary for 1 year.

\$3,500.00 will build a hospital for Dorothy.

\$3,500.00 will build a school for Belinda.

There may be re-divisions of these funds so that there

may be plenty of money to be spent for various objects.

This letter accompanies the doll:

Hello, Miss Molly!

Aren't you dreadfully surprised to see me way over here in China? The truth of the matter is I've been a nervous wreck, and when I went to the doctor he felt my pulse and said very seriously: "Jemima, you are in a bad way! You certainly need a change of air; you really must travel for your health."

Of course on account of the war and the reconstruction, I didn't dare go to Europe, so I chose China. My dear uncle died a month ago and left me all his wealth, so 'your Jemima Silver Money Bags' is now dreadfully rich!! But I'm not a bit *stuck-up!* To tell the truth, I'm rather lonely, and wondering how I can amuse myself and spend all this money. Dorothy and Belinda want me to send them money for their new hospital and school, but I thought I ought to come and see their work for myself before sending them checks. Then I trust your judgment, too, you've brought me up so beautifully thus far that if you say: "Jemima, spend \$100 for this!" then I will spend \$100 gladly. For I'm not mean, and I want to help in the ways you suggest to me. The Wangs have courteously invited Dorothy, Belinda and me to have tea with them today, so will you please show me their house, and tell me all the queer things that seem so heathenish? Then while we're at tea we can plan for building the school and hospital, and shouldn't we have a church building, too? I'd love to be a Sunday school teacher!

Your eager and devoted friend,

Jemima Silver Money-bags.

You will notice a little thread of continuity in the letters, leading Molly on and on to the next thing! She should want to begin playing school and hospital at once, with all the delightful extras that can be added here and there!

The space underneath any chair forms an ideal place for a school room. Try hanging on the rungs of one or two chairs little "TO RENT" signs! "FOR SALE. This building is ideal for a school, the roof being of cane assures the pupils of good ventilation, but owner

refuses to sell to Christians, as he fears evil spirits from America might fly over into his premises adjoining. Price \$3,000. Apply to Dr. Owl of Wisdom."

This will bring the doctor doll and Miss Silver Money-Bags into confab, while she argues him into selling and assures him there are no evil spirits anywhere. Then there will be all the fun of fitting up the school house. A toy piano is easily made (pattern in chapter V.), for which Miss Money-Bags gives \$425. The slate can be set up against the chair rounds for a blackboard, and a desk made from a box.

"Hospital" is even more fun to play, for toy beds, or cardboard ones, can be placed in rows, made according to pattern in Chapter V. Miss Money-Bags endows each bed at \$25 a year. An ambulance can be made, similar to a bullock cart, with a red cross on each side, and the word: "Baptist Mission Hospital and Dispensary."

It is in quaint little ways like these that seeds will take root in Molly's mind which can never be pulled up later on. She will know the needs, and the fact that answering those needs costs definite sums of money, and she will have had the princely pleasure of paying for them all herself! This is a game that can be re-played from day to day, with variations, any number of children can play it, and envelopes containing leaflets on China can be inserted in the morning mail from time to time. "How Long Must I Wait?" (2 cents); "Chinese Children at Work and Play (2 cents); "Chinese Pollyana" (2 cents); "Who Will Open The Door for Ling Te?" (5 cents) are among the best of the cheaper leaflets. Stories may be read, too, from the books mentioned, and some of the games in chapter XI. will follow up the plans successfully.

Provide a large envelope where all the Chinese "letters" may be stored, and if possible devote part of a closet to Molly's missionary playhouses. The dolls and smaller articles can be neatly packed inside the houses.

CHAPTER IV.

"INCREASING THE DOLL FAMILY"

Ever since reading the mere title of Zona Gale's book "Mothers To Men", it has lain in my mind what a pity it is to let little girls be mothers to dolls of their own nationality only! The reason lots of people never believe in missions is actually a complacent contempt for anyone who dresses and looks and speaks so differently from themselves—"different skin, different needs", "inferior races, my dear!" But just as a mother's love instinctively protects every one of her children—deformed or beautiful—so little girl mothers will also develop an affectionate protection over every member of their doll families, no matter how peculiar those dolls may be. One cannot but feel that the little girl with a world family of dolls to love is more likely to grow up loving the world family of real people. Especially when all their queernesses have been intimately explained away, and methods of relieving their troubles have formed her playtimes for months.

After a first increase to the doll family, as described in preceding chapter, nothing as elaborate need be attempted again. And yet do not be too casual in handing over the next new dolls. A little mystery goes a long way toward maintaining charm! And the facile knack of letter-writing will make the dolls almost like living personalities. Also, because variety is the spice of life, the newcomers need not always arrive in the same fashion. Imagine the thrill of awaking some morning and finding a little Miss Waterfall sitting patiently beside your pillow, with a cute note saying: "Ohayo, O Molly San, which really means in English, '*Honorably early* (good morning) *honorable Miss Molly*'! Permit me to rudely request that you condescend to put on your honorable clothes and eat your honorable

breakfast, then spend the rest of the day playing in Japan with me."

Or if Molly helps with the housework, what fun to find two cunning negro dolls perched industriously beside the dish-pan, with a note: "O, pale Whiteness of Whiteness, let the gold dust twins do your work! And after we three finish the dishes, let's travel way upstairs to Africa and build a kraal, shall we?" Or perhaps, some little Eskimo twins could demurely guard a mound of vanilla ice cream, moulded to represent an "igloo": "It grieves us that you are going to eat up our little snow house, Giantess Molly, but perhaps after you are full of a cold Alaskan igloo you will be quite ready to play house in a new snow igloo we will build out in the yard this afternoon."

There will be numberless ingenious ways of introducing the doll playmates, and the unexpected quality will make them doubly appreciated. In each case the requisite homes and other paraphernalia should be ready, or on hand for Molly to make herself. This chapter deals with preparing dolls, the next chapter solves the house-furniture-and-vehicle problem!

1. DOLLS THAT CAN BE BOUGHT.

There are five sets of dolls, with story books, all ready-to-serve! They are:

(1) "*Seven Chinese Rag Dolls*," also model bound foot, and booklet explaining characters. (75 cents. F.)

(2) "*African Curio Set*," consisting of two negro dolls, kraal outfit, book of stories. (\$1.50. F.)

(3) "*Japanese Curio Set*," consisting of two Japanese dolls, prayer house, knick-knacks, stories. (\$1.50. F.)

(4) "*American Indian Object Lesson*," consisting of two Indian dolls, tepee, stories. (\$1.50. H.)

(5) "*Jack and Janet Paper Dolls*" (25 cents, F.) to go with book "Around the World With Jack and Janet." (25 cents. F.)

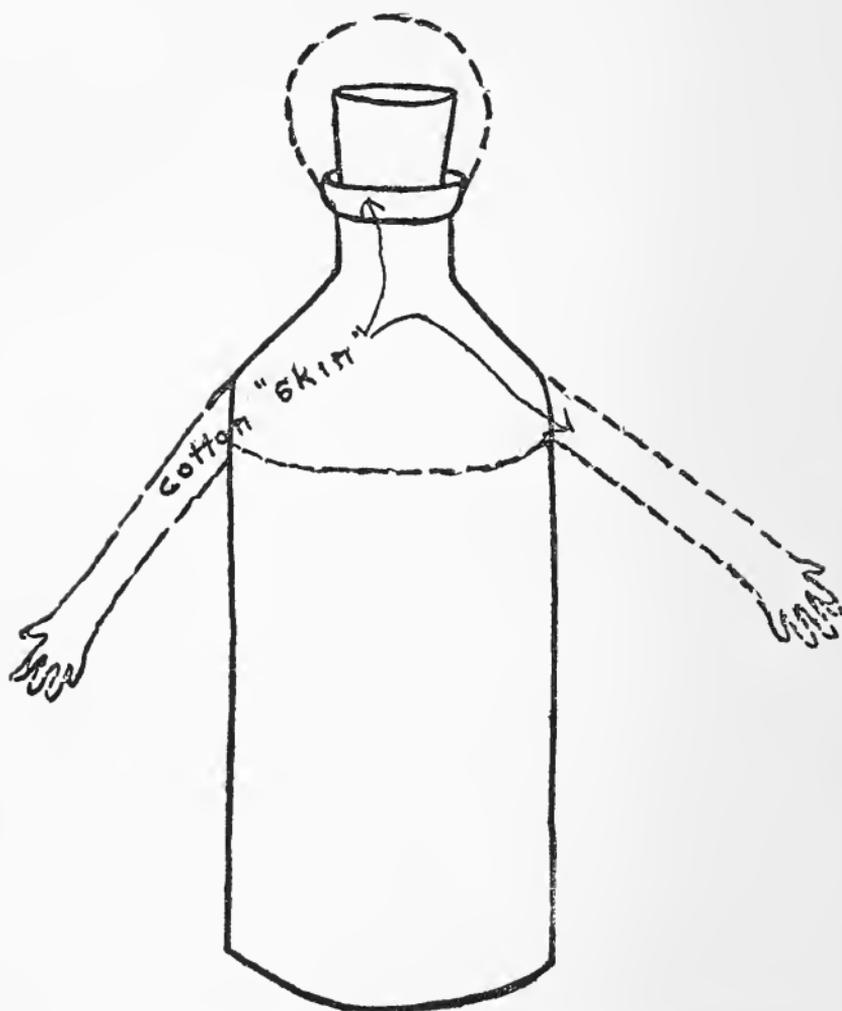
In addition to the above you can find at the doll counters in most stores dark-skinned negro and American Indian dolls which can be quaintly re-dressed as Africans, Alaskans, Hindus, Burmese, Moslems, etc. They will range all the way from 10 cents to \$1.00 in price, according to size, and whether they are rag, china or celluloid. Also in the Five and Ten Cent Stores you can often find Alaskan dolls in white fur suits and Indian dolls in gorgeous feather headgear and khaki suits. At Japanese stores, Jap dolls of all sizes may be bought for 5 cents up, together with tiny fans, parasols and lanterns.

In order to become an Oriental Dress-maker send for leaflet "Oriental Costumes and How to Make Them" (2 cents. F.), which not only shows pictures but describes how to drape the goods; the paper doll cuts in this chapter will also show how the finished product should look.

Any white doll may become an immigrant, nurse, missionary, doctor or a wealthy Miss Silver Money-Bags. There is no doubt but that these real dolls will be actually *loved*, while cardboard dolls are generally just *played with!*

2. BOTTLE DOLLS.

If you cannot afford buying enough dolls of each kind to be actors in the little dramas suggested, and yet desire something more substantial than cardboard dolls, try camouflaging bottles. You must admit they seem manufactured expressly for the purpose of being big papa bottles, and slighter mamma bottles, and tiny baby bottles, with plenty of in-between sizes.



Glue the cork in the bottle, then form a good-sized wad of absorbent cotton into a ball around the cork, and cover it smoothly with cream, tan, yellow or brown-colored cotton material according to the nationality and tie this "skin" around the neck firmly, pasting the loose flaps neatly over the shoulders and front and back of the bottle. Arms may be made by stuffing absorbent cotton into two long bags of the same cotton "skin"

material, which may then be both sewed and pasted to the "skin" shoulders. To protect the glass from breakage it is well to paste a thin layer of absorbent cotton all over the bottle, and then drape on the desired costume, made from odds and ends of colored cotton or silk. This should be sewed to the underneath layer of cotton, and so kept in place. Features may be drawn with pen and India ink, cheeks lightly painted pink. Hair may be either painted on, which is satisfactory; or, black yarn, black darning cotton or black rope silk may be sewed on in equal lengths; or, real hair may be sewed in place; then it may be braided, coiled or bobbed in the proper fashion.

(3) CLOTHES-PIN DOLLS will amuse the very little girls and boys, but older girls will not like them nearly as much as the more individual and piquant Button Face families. The head of the clothes-pin should have a tiny face drawn with pen and India ink—two dashes for eyebrows, four dots for eyes, nose and mouth, also a bit of rouge, of course. Clothes can be made of colored tissue paper, crepe paper, cotton, silk, or even heavy weight paper cut out into *double* suits,—one thickness for each side of the doll, to be overcast at the seams. Black yarn, glued to the flat top of the clothes-pin head, is the best hair.

4. TWIG DOLLS are whimsical, but not very durable, as they break easily, but for outdoor playmates or as an occasional visitor indoors, they are surprisingly good fun. Twigs are rather better if taken from trees having *opposite* rather than *alternate* leaves—e. g., maple, ash, balsam, fir (these latter stripped of needles) are good, although twigs from other trees show comical contours of "arms" and "legs". Generally some *extra* legs and arms have to be carefully amputated, after which simply paste double thicknesses of paper heads, hands and feet to the five extremities of the twig, after



these have been gently whittled smooth and flat, so that these ends lie wedged between the double thicknesses. Heads may easily be traced from any of the drawings in this chapter.

5. CARDBOARD DOLLS.

Quite good-sized cardboard dolls, anywhere from 12 to 24 inches long, may be cut from two thicknesses of fairly heavy colored cardboard. Paste the two layers of heads and shoulders together, and spread feet apart to enable doll to stand alone. By using brightly tinted cardboard you get plenty of variety in color without needing to paint much. In case the cardboard is too brilliant for convincing faces, then tan, brown or yellow paper faces and necks may be pasted over the too-gorgeous cardboard faces.

Use the same patterns as suggested for Button Face dolls, enlarged. The gentle art of "making faces" is

decidedly subtle to the person quite sure she is not an artist!

The dot-and-dash methods will be the salvation of all beginners—two dashes for eyebrows, two nice big black dots for eyes, an insignificant dot for a nose, and an astonished little o for a mouth! Practice making them in idle moments—while waiting for phone connections. As a matter of fact little girls are not such connoisseurs in faces as you might imagine! One's very worst attempts are generally accepted as all right, provided the costumes are gay enough, and an alluring letter intrigues the imagination. Extra sets of dresses are most acceptable, of course, and may be cut from colored paper.

The Oriental Cardboard Dress-maker needs five utensils: (1) *colored cardboard*, usually 6 cents a sheet at Wholesale and Retail Paper Stores; (2) tube of *Dennison's paste or glue* (10 cents); (3) bottle of *Higgins' India Drawing Ink*" (waterproof, 25 cents); (4) book of Eastman Kodak "*Velox Transparent Water Color Stamps*" (35 cents), or any paints you may already have. These suggested come in 10 exceptionally clear and vivid colors. Simply wet (5) *paint brush* in glass of water and rub directly onto the colored cardboard. By using plenty of water, and by always testing color on piece of waste paper before applying to doll, good results ought to be easily attained. The India Ink for hair, pantaloons and all big surfaces should be applied with paint brush, but for marking faces, outlining garments or designs a pen is best.

6. BUTTON FACE DOLLS.

These smaller cardboard dolls, three to six or seven inches high, are very lovable! They are most amusingly provided with *bone* corset button faces: the kind with two round holes for tape to go through, such as are often used for children's underwear. If you are planning to make whole neighborhoods of dolls in the course

of your career, it will pay to buy a gross box of the buttons—35 cents for 144 faces! It is impossible to prove by any pen and ink drawing how winsome these ready-made faces look—the hollows for the eyes are so realistic, all you need to do is to make a penciled dot inside each hole for the pupil, two India ink dashes for eyebrows, a dot for the nose, a tiny o for the surprised mouth! Hair may be inked in by pen, and a little pink paint delicately applied to cheeks. These bone faces are to be glued onto the cardboard dolls, which should be cut from double thicknesses of colored cardboard, the two *heads* and *shoulders* pasted together so that the feet may spread apart to support the doll. Six and seven inch dolls are parents; two, three and four inch dolls babies and children. By using a variety of colors a whole village may be made, instead of the two pictured here. In these drawings where only two figures are shown, it means that the children are merely shorter editions of papa and mamma dolls, or vice versa.

7. THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE is just around the corner from every child. So, with the designs which follow, appear the beginnings of letters to accompany each doll, whether Button-Face, Bottle, or real; for without such details to go by, there will be little impetus for Molly to enact these miniature dramatics to the best advantage. The book references which finish out the shorter notes are stories which offer plot ideas for the doll actors to dramatize. Dolls for Nurses, Doctors, Missionaries, Travelers, etc., should be included in each set. Alphabetically the dolls for each country follow:

AFRICA.



Figure 3
Boy.



Figure 4.
Girl.



Figure 5
Mother.

DIRECTIONS: For boys—the waist bands in various bright colors; for girls—little grass skirts, in tawny brown; for women—cloth wrapped around body, bright colors. Brass ornaments painted with gilt (10 cents a jar). If Button Face dolls are to be used the bone button may be painted black, all but a red mouth. The

eye hollows will show the white cardboard behind very realistically. Men dolls dressed same as boy. Feet must always be cut out *very flat* and extra large so these cardboard dolls may stand!

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

“Very Valuable White Molly,

How much are you worth? My father said last week in the palaver house that I was worth five brass rods, thirty glass beads, one plow and one goat. Brass rods and beads are money in Africa, you know, and girls are just *things*, to be sold to anybody. My name is Chikondawanga, which means ‘Rustling Grass’ in English. You can read about mother and me in——”

“Other Children.” (2 cents. F.)

“Brass Rods and Beads.” (2 cents. F.)

“Wife That Cost Ten Cows.” (2 cents. F.)

Pages 20-23, “Through Eye of Needle.” (10 cents. F.)

Names for other girl dolls:—Ngomomo (Rainy Day). Majikenza (Little Breeze), Nlem Ngon (Heart of a Girl), Osoneman (End of Shame).

2. *Boy*—

“Pale Whiteness-Never-Afraid!

We are always scared of something in my country—of the palm leaves that rustle overhead, of the birds that chirp at us, of sunlight dazzling at us on the waves—for we know these things are caused by evil spirits trying to worry us. That’s why I’m hung all over with these queer sticks and feathers for charms (called fetishes), the witch doctor gave them to me. Let’s pretend you’re in Africa and saw our banana tree all dressed up, and then taught us better. You can read all about it in——”

Pages 105-112, “Primary Mission Stories.”

“African Adventurers.” (25 cents. F.)

Pages 93-114, “Junior Mission Stories.”

Boys’ names:—Njaku (Elephant); Kulu (Eagle); e (Leopard); Nwaeke (Lazy Legs).

ALASKA.



Figure 6.
Boy, Girl, Man, Woman

DIRECTIONS: By slashing the edges of white cardboard little suits may be made very furry-looking! For variety's sake we use brown "fur" for some suits. Button faces may be painted brown to give a more Indian appearance.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

"Poor chilly Cotton-and-Silk-Molly,

B'r'r'r'r! How shivery you will be up here in Alaska near the North Pole! Indeed, you will simply *freeze* unless you make yourself a fur suit like mine, although it's perfectly hateful to make one the way we all have to up here. Father goes hunting and brings back a nice skin. I scrape it with a stone to clean it, then I *chew* every inch of it to take the grease out, next I stretch it out to dry, then scrape it some more to make it soft, after which I sew it with great tough needles. That's about all I can do really well, although we are dreadfully astonished because a white Stranger-in-a-Bag has just come on a dog sled to teach us to do something called reading and writing. Grannie says it must be magic, and says we mustn't learn, but grannie's always scared of things—evil spirits, you know. We're so bored in the long winters without any sun that maybe reading and writing will amuse us. The stranger says the bag she lives in is called a skirt. It flaps around her knees all the time, like a tent. Won't you come up here, too? My name is Koolee."

(Other girl's names: Agoonach, Mane.)

2. *Boy*—

"Hello, Sunshine Molly,

Aren't you afraid you'll melt away with sun shining on you all day long? I'm an Eskimo, which means *raw fish eater*, and I live up in Alaska where it's winter half the year round, with no sun at all, very dark, and snow everywhere. Father and I go fishing through ice holes. Grannie tells us fairy stories in the igloo, and teaches us how to get the best of the evil spirits that are so crazy to hurt us all. The new White Stranger says this is all nonsense. She has

a black thing called a Book out of which she reads us strange words about somebody nice named Jesus. She says He is the Lamb of God. But we don't know what in the world a lamb is, so she said: 'Then let's call Him the *little seal of God*, for I know you love the baby seals with their soft fur and their dear mournful eyes, don't you? You bet we do, and I will want to hear a lot more about Him. So we both guess if this Jesus is sweet and tender like that we hope you'll come up here and help her build a school. You can read about us on——'

Pages 204-223, "Primary Mission Stories."

Boys' names:—Kyo, Ikwa, Nipsu.

AMERICAN INDIANS



Figure 7
Papoose



Figure 8
Girl



Figure 9
Boy

DIRECTIONS: The boy's suit should be tan-colored, with slashed edges to sleeves, trousers and coat. The feathers in his warbonnet red, blue, green, yellow. The girl's feather yellow, blanket red. Papoose wrappings in gay colors. Faces brown.

LETTERS:

1. *Boy*—

"Pale Face Squaw of the Baptist Tribe,
One Little Injun, Big Horn, he send you plenty love, and ask you make footprints soon to his tepee, for have big pow-wow and sun-dance, and for smoke peace-pipe. Big Chief Strong Arm, he be there, also plenty braves, plenty squaws and plenty papoose. If Pale Face Squaw follow trail blazed on ground by One Little Injun she find tepee shortly!"

(A chalk line, or a little trail of white paper arrows laid on the carpet, leads from this first doll up the front stairs to the distant tepee! Vastly intriguing, of course, if en route the little squaw is found waiting, and the papoose hung up in a cardboard tree! Enact a sun-dance, pages 338-363, "Junior Mission Stories.")

2. *Girl*—

"Tum-Tum-Tumety-Tum-Tum
Pale Face Squaw is plenty wel-come!
The drums make plenty noise for welcome White Sister to wicked sun dance. Smiling Sunset, she welcome White Sister, too. Smiling Sunset, she unhappy little squaw. Hungry all up and down inside her for to walk the Jesus Road, and for go to big Jesus Pow Wow."

Enact pages 279-308, "Primary Mission Stories."

"Hiawatha" (Longfellow) will suggest many other playtimes for these dolls.

See "Rockabye Baby" in chapter X. for Papoose suggestions.

BURMA.



Figure 10
Girl



Figure 11
Boy

DIRECTIONS: Boys and girls dress alike, except that girl wears her colored scarf around her neck, with ends hanging *unevenly*, while boy wears his as a turban. Jackets white, hobble-skirts draped on tightly with fullness in front, bright-colored. Skin brown.

LETTERS:1. *Girl*—

“Lonesome Shwe Zo to Lonesome Molly:

Over here in Burma 'tis the night before Christmas, whatever *Christmas* may be, and I'm wandering lonesomely around wondering who wants to love a dirty little tot like me. You can read what I did in this

story, so let's pretend having a Christmas party for all the other children in this village. You can make a cute pine tree from green cardboard and trim it up with bright red and blue paper ornaments, and teach us all to sing a carol."

"Her First Christmas Tree." (5 cents. F.)

Story of "Ma-Me-Yah" in *Missionary Bed-Time Stories.*" (10 cents. F.)

Pages 10-13, "Chinese Tails and Other Tales." (10 cents. F.)

2. *Boy*—

"You Disgraceful Cannibal Molly,

Ning Krang shudders when he thinks of you, for never was there anything so dangerous as to *eat one's relatives!* Yet at breakfast I plainly saw you eating *pig*; and at luncheon, *lamb*; and at dinner, *beef!* How do you know but that they're your dead grandfather and aunts and uncles whom you are gobbling up? You shock me. And you even swat flies and kill mosquitoes. Dreadful! Horrible!! Cannibal!!!

For you must know that in Burma everyone believes that when a person dies he is born again as some animal, if Buddha was not pleased with the way he lived on earth before; so you never can tell which animal or insect may be your very own dear relative. My father carves idols out of teak-wood all day long, you can read about us on pages 9-12, 'Through the Eye of a Needle' (10 cents. F.), after which I am sure you will find it fun to build a bullock cart and jounce up to visit my village among the hills."

CHINA.

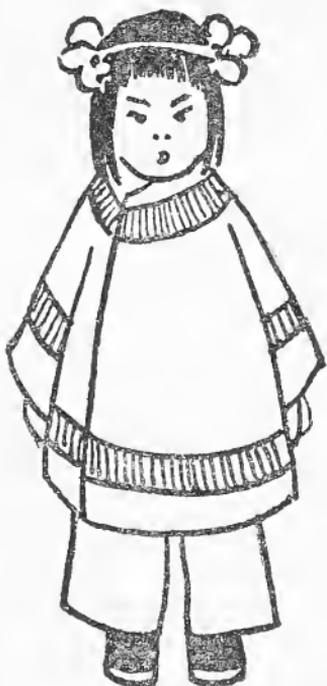


Figure 12
Girl.



Figure 13
Boy.

DIRECTIONS: Yellowish faces (the bone buttons will do with a touch of pink on the cheeks), bright suits and flowers. Mother doll should have hair parted in the middle and sleeked down smoothly over ears, knot behind. Father should have mustache drooping down each side of mouth—narrow and black. For the grown-up dolls use darker purples, blues, reds and greens. Red buttons on men's caps. Trousers and jackets may be of contrasting shades, or one a deeper shade of same color.

LETTERS given in chapter III.

INDIA.



Figure 14
Girl.



Figure 15
Boy.

DIRECTIONS: Faces, legs and arms brown. Women's saris in all bright colors, under jacket of another bright color. Widows wear white, no jacket, hair shaved off, no jewels. Men's turbans in all bright colors or white. Jacket and draped trousers can be white, or colored.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

“Salaam, Molly Sahib,

Thy devoted little slave, Manorama (Heart's Joy) begs thee to accept her love. Thou wilt be wondering about my dress—it is called a sari, and because we never use buttons in India I have to keep looping it around me every few minutes to keep it draped in place. Thou canst act out my wedding if thou wilt read about me on pp. 308-319, ‘Junior Mission Stories’.”

2. *Widow*—

“Salaam, Heaven-born Sahib,

Alas! alas! thy unfortunate little slave sees that thou dost not recognize her as Manorama! Yet I am the same little lass, only now a widow in a white sari, without any jewels or hair, hated by everyone. Thou mayst act out my sad pilgrimage if thou wilt make a wreath of yellow flowers and read pages 319-337, ‘Junior Mission Stories’.”

(Suggestion—for a “*sacred temple cow*” cut out a good sized advertisement of a Horlick's Malted Milk cow! By mounting it on cardboard four legs may be turned backward, and four forward to allow it to stand alone. Ink over the printed matter on each cow!)

3. *Boy*—

“Salaam, Missy Sahib.

Being a cousin of the unfortunate Manorama I dare greet thee, and ask that thou will act out my story as found on pp. 113-146 ‘Primary Mission Stories’. Thou wilt of course tremble with admiration for my wonderful turban. Once I heard one of your missionary sahibs say that if all the gay tulips in America suddenly *grew legs* and strutted around, they couldn't make nearly as splurgy a display as our Hindu turbans of many colors.”

(Suggestion: An elephant idol may be made by drawing a picture of Ganesa in chalk on some uneven good-sized stone.)

IMMIGRANTS.



Figure 16
Girl.



Figure 17
Boy.

DIRECTIONS: Different color schemes will differentiate the girl immigrants, and shawls need not always be over the head, of course. Blue overalls for boys.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl from Italy*—

Signorita Molly,

I no like-a de America as I have hope-a, for I make-a de blue forgessamenot-a all de long-a day, so I cannot-a go school-a. You come-a by de tenement-a house-a for visit-a me, an' read-a pp. 27-36 in 'Jack-of-All-Trades.'

(Other girls in the tenement house should be *Marietta*, helps family crack nuts; *Theresa*, neck-tie maker; *Luccia*, lace-maker, etc.)

2. *Girl from Poland, Russia, Bohemia*—

“Sooner I comes on Amerika, I has an awful glad, for I knows as how I can to go on schools mit all de udder kids, und learn me how to do readings and writings. Und afternoons I has lovings mit a Lady-Rounde-Corner, what lives on a house called ‘Christian Center.’ Me und lots of kids goes on that house und she learns us how to do cookings und sewings, und tells us stories of Christ. You should to pay visits on me, und we play Christian Center mit each udder, yes?”

(Other girls: *Olga*, works in box factory; *Minna*, silk mill; *Sophie*, clothing factory; *Rebecca*, “finishes” clothes at home.)

3. *Boy*—(*Jan Jackenowski*, Pole, vegetable picker and canner; *Ivan Harner*, Russian Jew, basting threads; *Johann Strauss*, Bohemian, picks cotton; *Jaos Czeko*, Hungary, coal mine. As in “Jack of all Trades.”)

“Sooner I comes on America, I must to work und earn my livings. Mit udder boys I goes on de” (factory, mine, field—as above).

4. *Boy*—(Italians from tenement house: *Tony*, newsboy; *Giovanni*, forgetmenots; *Beppo*, sews buttons on cards; *Angelo*, makes roses, etc.)

“Say, I’m de guy what pick-a de cranberry for you! De mosquito, he come-a an’ nip-a me over de leg-a, de arm-a; de Padrone, he come-a an’ slap-a me on de head: ‘*Slowpoke!*’ he yell-a, so I pick-a de cranberry quick. We all pick-a de cranberry—me mater, me fater, me sisters, an’ de little bit bambino, too. We must-a to live in de shanty, no good-a; no good-a things to eat, for de Padrone cheat-a. You come-a an’ start-a de mission for Italian boy—yes?”

(See directions for playtimes in chapter V. with tenement house.)

JAPAN.



Figure 18



Figure 19

DIRECTIONS: Girl's kimonos are in all gay colors, with contrasting sashes, and for variety fans, flowers and pins in hair; boys wear more subdued colors.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

"Ohayo, O Molly San,

Which means '*Honorably Early* (good-morning!) *Honorable Miss Molly!*' I'm sure you can see that I'm a *Cradle-That-Walks-On-Two-Feet*, because of little brother whom I tote around this way all day. I modestly suggest that you let me show you how to fix flowers in an empty spool vase for our honorable recess; and then let's have a Japanese girls' birthday

party; and go to Sunday school, and bury our idol and climb Fujiyama with father—all of which you will know how to do if you will honorably condescend to rest your beautiful eyes on——”

Pages 172-204, “Junior Mission Stories.”

Pages 39-49, “Primary Mission Stories.”

Girls' names:—*O Taki San* (Little Miss Waterfall); *O Kiku San* (Little Miss Chrysanthemum); *O Haru San* (Little Miss Springtime).

2. *Boy*—

“Honorable Molly-of-the-Tiny-Pockets!

Augustly imagine the fun of having two pockets *two feet long!!* I can carry lots of things ‘up my sleeve’: tops, marbles, fan, paper handkerchief, school books, and a little oval stove for cold days at school. All the boys in Japan are going to have a birthday today, so suppose you hoist a fish in front of our house, and come to my feast of flags.”

(See pages 50-55, “Primary Mission Stories.”)

Boys' names:—Taro (Leader); Shoichi Hatanaka (Bell of the Field).

KOREA.



Figure 20
Girl.



Figure 21
Mother.

DIRECTIONS: The father's horsehair hat is black, his suit is white, straw sandals yellow; boy's suit is bright colors, braid of hair down his back; girl's short little jacket bright-colored, skirt of contrasting shade; mother's outfit same as daughter's, except that well-to-do women wear out-doors a green coat with sleeves, as a cloak, never putting arms in sleeves, however!



Figure 22
Father.



Figure 23
Boy.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

“Honorably Dear,

Do the mountains sit as close together in your honorable country as they do here in Korea? It's horrid

to have so many everywhere, sometimes I wish they would *sit down for a while*, it would make walking easier! Yet in the spring they are covered with violets, and that's nice of course.

Most things are horrid in my life—even my name is miserably ugly—Kesiki, which means '*Thing*,' or '*What-You-May-Call-Her!*' That's because father was so dreadfully disappointed to have me a girl instead of a boy. Yet I don't see how he would get along without me, for he always has to wear glistening white clothes, so I'm really his little washerwoman, washing and washing and washing to keep him looking spick and span! Of course I nearly burst with pride to see him go sailing down the street in his long spotless coat, but you have no idea how hard mother and I work to keep him looking that way. Every day we lug bundles of clothes down to the river bank, and kneel to wash them—in winter breaking the ice to get at the water. Then to iron them we have wooden paddles like baseball bats, and after spreading the clothes on a smooth stone we rat-tap-tap, rat-tap-tap, slapping them for hours until we have paddy-whacked them smooth and shining!

My short little jacket is called a chokeri. Mother and I made it. She loves me even if I am a girl, and calls me her '*Kwehi*' (Treasure)! Come on over and let's play washerwoman together!"

2. *Mother*—

"Happy Daughter of a Happy Mother,

Permit me to rudely introduce myself as the wife of Chum Yung Kam (Little Old Man!). I have no proper name—when he wants me he simply calls: '*Yabu*', which means 'Look Here!' And you must admit that isn't much of a name. I am dreadfully anxious about the evil spirits who bring so much sickness to our home, even though the old '*mutang*' (witch) tells me the proper things to do to keep us well—like throwing rice into the well, or offering sacrifices, or putting up devil posts to frighten the spirits away. Your family don't get sick often. Come and tell me how your mother manages to make the evil spirits overlook you!"

3. *Father*—

“Wise Thing!

You surpass belief—reading and writing as well as I can! And not being afraid of evil spirits, either. From the crown of my black horse-hair hat to the soles of my straw sandals I wish I could have your calm, happy religion. There are people called Christians in our village who also have this happiness, and we soon will see them going to a little chapel you will build. The men sit on one side, the women on the other. My Yabu (Look Here!) would like to go, too. And so would my sons Kim, Nam and Pak. Come and visit our ‘chip’ (house) and tell me what to do.”

MEXICO.



Figure 24
Girl.



Figure 25
Boy.

DIRECTIONS: Girl's reboosa blue, dress any color; mother's dress blue, mantilla blue, or if better class, black. Poor peasant boys and men straw sombreros, red sarapes; richer men and boy black bolero jackets, either straw or black felt hats. Priest, brown cossack, hood drawn in back. Gold cross. Black prayer book.



Figure 26
Father



Figure 27
Priest

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—

“Gracious Señorita Molly,
Buenas dias (good morning!). I that speak unto you am Pepita, a little Mexican maiden. This little blue shawl over my head is a ‘rebosa’, and I wear my dress way to the ground like a grown-up senora! I live in a blue adobe house. Next door lives Mercedes in a pink adobe house, and next to her is Juanita in a pale yellow house. None of us can read, and we think it would be most gracious if Senorita Hathaway could travel down and play school with us, for very few people in the village can read. In a quiet corner of the market is always the ‘Evangelista’, our public letter writer, who writes down what we tell him to say—whether it’s a love letter, or a business document or a note like this. There is the public newspaper reader, too, who goes his rounds reading the daily paper to a crowd of peasants who can’t read themselves. They like best to hear about fights—you ought to hear them shout ‘Buen hombre’ (fine fellow) when they are pleased. We can play evangelista and paper reader, too, if you’ll cut up a big newspaper into a little one *our* size!”

2. *Peasant Boy*—

“Señorita, *Excellenza!*

I that speak to you am Pedro, really a little Hat-Store-on-Legs, for my mother weaves these big straw sombreros, and I carry them all to market and sell as many as I can. The brims are so very wide that I can carry home fish, vegetables and fruit for supper! So I become a Delivery-Basket-on-Legs. The red blanket over my shoulder is a sarape (sah-rah-pay), at night I sleep under it. Father looks just like me, only bigger. We are only peons, or peasants, but we own a donkey and when I talk to him you ought to hear him bray back at me, as if he were terribly amused. Sometimes we all perch up on top of him and go for a *fiesta* (festival) at the church—that means the little madre, Sarita, Concepcion, Francisco, Teresa and me!”

3. *Richer Boy*—

“Señorita of Smiles,

I am *at your feet*, Senorita, which is the polite Span-

ish way of telling you I'm yours to obey. I that speak unto you am Manuel, brother of the saucy Pepita. Being lazy, I do nothing all day but smoke cigarettes and have a cock fight between my pet rooster and Juan's pet rooster. If you will make some paper roosters I'll show you how to do it. Then you show me what American boys play. I hear Americans don't approve of cock fights because they are cruel. Just start something better in town, and we'll play it!"

4. *Priest.* (This same letter could be used for a Catholic friar in the Philippines).

"Kind Christian Señorita,

I whisper unto your sympathetic ear a story I dare not tell out loud, for I am Padre Filippe, a Catholic priest, and of course I have always been forbidden to let my people read the Bible. We like best to keep them ignorant and superstitious, so they will buy candles to burn before the saints, and pay us big fees for forgiving their sins and marrying them or burying them. We like to see people afraid of Christ, and come into the cathedral to kiss the stone hem of a stone Virgin Mary's dress, as they pray her to persuade Christ to be kind to them. But I have been reading the Bible you so kindly sent me, and I see how lazy I have been, and how stupid I have let my people become, so I will indeed be glad if you can come and open a chapel so we can all learn about real Christianity."

MOSLEMS.



Figure 28



Figure 29

DIRECTIONS: Girl's dress skirt made double, outer skirt brought up over head as shawl, black veil under eyes. For Button Face dolls attach a real veil across face. Boy—red fez, green sash, yellow striped sleeves, red slippers, blue coat. Man, green turban, red belt and slippers.

LETTERS:

1. *Girl*—
 "You Bold, Courageous, Shameful Molly,
 I take the ground from beneath your feet and kiss



Figure 30

it, I salute you with the protection of Allah, yet *how dare you run around outdoors with your face unveiled*, cherished Jar of Milk and Honey? And your mother actually daring to appear with uncovered face, also! May Allah protect her! Doesn't your father beat you both, and shove you back into the harem, shouting. 'Stay where you belong, you immodest pigs!' That is what my father would certainly do, for we girls and women all have to live cooped up in the women's part of the house, behind closed shutters. It is called the harem, and we are rarely ever allowed to go out, even when we wear veils over our faces. We get sick as you can soon read, and I'm sure you will want to send us a doctor and build us a hospital."

Pages 237-246, 254-267, "Junior Mission Stories."

Pages 309-314, 322-334, "Primary Mission Stories."

Girls' names:—Fatima, Abdullah, Sherin (Sweet).

2. *Boy*—

"Achmed salutes you!

May my eyes fall out of my head, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever saw anyone so surprising as you—a girl actually doing what she pleases, and going where she pleases, and saying what she pleases! Wonders never cease! Going to school, too! Over here only boys go to school, to the mosque, to learn the Koran. This is a wondrous wise book, as you will see for yourself soon. Once I went on a pilgrimage to Mecca with father, on a camel. If you will make a camel we can make the trip together over the desert, and I will show you how Mohammedans pray, and about my school, too."

Pages 247-253, "Junior Mission Stories."

Pages 316-321, "Primary Mission Stories."

Boys' names:—Ibrahim, Yosef.

102 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE
PHILIPPINES.



Figure 31
Mother.



Figure 32
Boy.

DIRECTIONS: The lines in the mother's stiff wide sleeves should be in colors—soft pink, or tan, or blue, a bright colored skirt. Boy in blue jacket and straw-colored cone-shaped hat. A little girl's dress would be a simpler Mother Hubbard effect, hair hanging straight and black. See roof pattern for African hut for idea of pattern for cone hat (chapter V.).

LETTER:

"Buenas dias, (good morning) Cousin Molly!
What? You didn't know I was your cousin? Oh, but

I am, because your Uncle Sam is my uncle, too. I'm one of Miss Suman's good-little-bad-little Brownies, so let's play you're Miss Suman and we'll do all sorts of Brownie stunts just as this leaflet says. Then here's a lovely big book so you can read all about the land where I live, and some shorter stories about boys."

"Miss Suman's Brownies." (2 cents. F.)

"Jack and Janet in the Philippines." (25 cents. F.)

Pages 8-10, "Chinese Tails and Other Tales." (10 cents. F.)

Pages 7-9, "Through Eye of Needle." (10 cents. F.)

Girls' names:—Rosalinda, Gregoria, Ritá.

Boys' names:—Rafaelo, Teofilo, Gonzola, Joe, Christobel.

SIAM.



Figure 33
Baby.



Figure 34
Boy.



Figure 35
Girl.



Figure 36
Buddhist Priest

DIRECTIONS: The baby has *too much on!* Even the boy would ordinarily wear only a "pa-nung", which is the name for striped piece of cloth around waist of baby. He is now dressed in plain yellow gown worn by wat boys, and for his hair-cutting ceremonies. Girl wears scant skirt of striped material edged usually with a *brown* hem, colored scarf around shoulders. Top-knots black; baby's has just started, brush-like little tuft as yet. Priest in yellow robes.

LETTERS:

1. *Baby*—

"Coo coo, How are you?"

I'm a really-truly Water Baby named '*Dang*', and I live in Siam right on top of the equator. *Dang* really means Red, in Siamese, because they keep rubbing us babies all over with a reddish yellow paste to keep away the pesky mosquitoes! So we all get called *Dang* for a while, until they think up better names for us.

I'm a Water Baby because my house is a little raft with a house on it. Father's a sort of nurse girl to me, he hasn't anything else to do, except sleep, so he ties me to the deck with a rope, then if I tumble overboard he can easily yank me back again without moving. I get spilled into the water so much lately I've just had to flap around and learn to swim. You see he snores away and never notices I'm missing. Dreadfully careless of him!

He never works, Father doesn't! Mother works, and sister works, in fact everybody works but a Siamese father, he sits around all day—minding babies, and sleeping, or chewing betel nuts to keep his teeth black. We say in Siam that 'any dog can have white teeth', so we'll be fashionable and have black ones. I only have four teeth yet, but I've chewed away at a betel nut until I've got them nice and black! *Yi Pan* (*Yi* means grandmother, in Siamese) ties charms all over me. The queerest are the heads of field bugs around my wrists to keep the evil spirits away from me. That's all I wear—just charms—it's so hot on top of the Equator, you see."

2. *Girl*—

“Dear Unknown Rat,

Whatever makes you squeal and jump to have me call you ‘*Rat*’? For surely you must know that in Siam that is the most polite way to address a young girl whose name one does not know!

My own name is ‘Pome Yik’, which I simply *hate*, because it’s a nickname meaning Curly-Head. For my precious little top-knot of hair ought to be straight and wiry, but it has some nasty little kinks in it. Of course you know how dearly we Siamese people prize these dear little top-knots! Every baby has its head shaved all but one little tuft right in the center of the head; each day that precious tuft is oiled and a jeweled pin stuck through it. I always put a wreath of fresh flowers around mine, but Nan Inta, my brother, never bothers about flowers. This week is the auspicious time for him to have a sort of *coming-out* party, called a ‘Kone-chook’, when his top-knot must be cut off. He made me promise to let him tell you about it himself.

I like you so well I want to give you a Siamese kiss: we do it by pressing our two noses together hard, and taking nice long sniffs, while I say: ‘Very fragrant! Very fragrant!’ Would you like to play store with me today, although it won’t be *play* for me, because while father loafes on the raft with Dang, mother and I earn the living. I sit in a market stall and sell fruit out of big baskets lying around me in a circle. Suppose you make some tiny paper baskets, and cut out a lot of bananas from yellow cardboard, and oranges, and some red custard apples, and some brown-green pineapples, and we can play market easily.”

Girls’ names:—Kui Keo; Dara Ratsami; Tipakesawn.

3. *Priest*—

“Greetings, American Rat!

Being a Buddhist priest, I hold my fan in front of my face to keep from beholding the things of this world, and especially you, a woman! For all Buddhists know that women are altogether wicked and useless persons, for whom Buddha has no use.

Like all priests, I live in a ‘*wat*’, which is a Buddhist temple, and the boys in town are all sent here for a

while so we can teach them to read and write. Every morning we go out with our little 'wat' boys on the street, stopping at house after house with our begging bowls into which each family puts some rice. We tell them Buddha will surely be pleased if they keep his priests well-fed, and that's all we ever eat—what is put in our bowls each morning. It's a stupid, lazy life, waddling around in a yellow robe, carrying a fan and having the hot sun beating down on our bald heads. Somebody gave me a book called the Bible, which amazes me—the man named Jesus is so different from myself! Have you read it yourself? And could you explain to me about Him?"

4. *Boy*—

"All Hail, City Rat,

My name is Nan Inta, Pome Yik's brother. I'm through being a wat boy, hurrah! No more trotting through sunny streets behind the waddling Buddhist priest, carrying his bowl and begging his meals! I'm twelve years old, a man now, and my 'Kone-chook', or Hair-Cutting Ceremony, occurs today. All the neighbors and relatives are here. A little hill is made on the front deck, on which I sit. The Buddhist priests in their very best yellow robes are chanting some monotonous prayers in a chorus. A white cotton thread passes from *their* hands around *my* hands, and back to them again—so that I can surely benefit by the chanted prayers; one of your missionaries said it was as if it was to be an electric current!

Next, the most important guest must clip off my long-cherished top-knot, and I want to give you that honor, noble Rat! After which dress me in white, pour water over me, then lead me down from my little hill, take off the white, and light candles which are to be carried five times around me, and blown out so that the smoke will float toward me, as the priests say the smoke will fill me with spirit and courage! Everybody then gives me a present of money; and I'm a twelve-year-old *man*, ready for a wife, if father can find me one. Meanwhile I'll just sit on the raft, and mind baby Dang, unless you'll stay and start something in our village."

Boy's names:—Noi Siri; Leam; Chua; Mee.

IDOLS may be made by pasting tiny pictures of idols, cut from magazines or travel catalogues, onto upright stones. Draw an idol in chalk on a stone; or draw one on gray cardboard and cut out. Joss sticks burning in spoons before them are a realistic touch.

ANIMALS will add much to the playtimes in each country. 1. *Cows* to wander around temple grounds and be wreathed in marigold garlands can be made easily from Horlick's Malted Milk Advertisement, where three cows appear. Paint over the printing. For all these animals try pasting cardboard to the body part only, cutting out in same shape as animal, then spreading four legs backward and four legs forward, so animal will stand. 2. *Camels* in quite huge sizes advertise both cigarettes and "Dromedary Dates." A visit to a drug store or a grocery may result in securing an even larger sized cardboard poster advertisement. 3. *Dogs* for Alaskan dogsleds may be strung together with brown string; on a white absorbent cotton snow field they look very life-like and fierce! 4. *Donkeys* for Arabia and the Philippines, and 5. *Elephants* for India, Siam and Mexico are harder to find, also 6. *Water Buffaloes* for Burma. 7. *Seals, Walruses and Polar Bears* should make Alaska more beautiful, and 8. *Fish* may daily be angled for with a bent pin hook, a string line and a tooth pick rod, provided the fish is shaped as follows, and has a nice round eye for the hook to catch in:

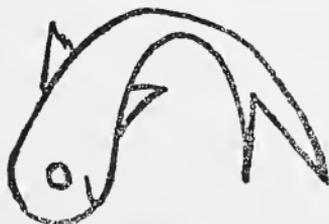


Figure 37

9. *Parrots* and 10. *Monkeys* and 11. *Snakes* are amusing to have around in the proper places!

In order that real rides may be taken on the backs of the animals (by any kind of dolls) try pasting a very narrow box between the two cardboard sides of the animal's body—a box just wide enough and long enough for the doll to fit inside. Then paste the two parts of the head together, also tail and back parts together. See diagram:

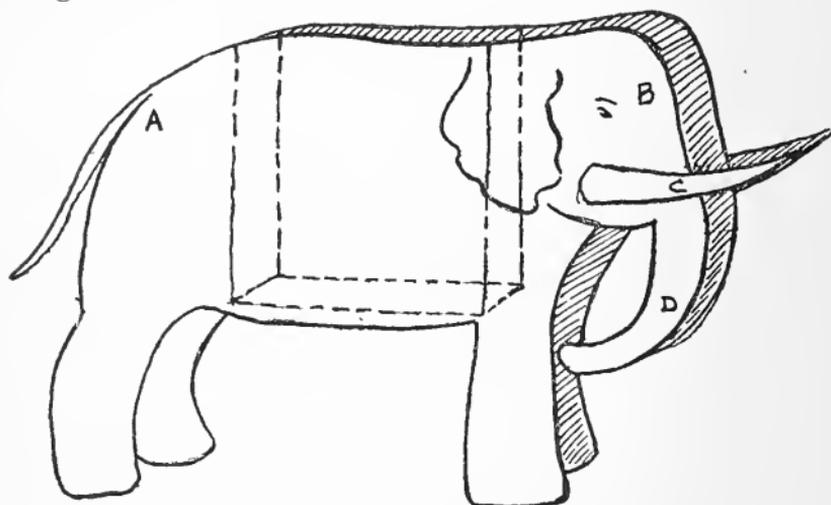


Figure 38

DIRECTIONS: Paste parts labelled A, B, C, and D to corresponding parts on other side of elephant. A little red cheesecloth rectangle may hang over the back of the elephant when not in use, thus covering the hole.

CHAPTER V.

“LET’S PLAY HOUSE”

When you begin your career as an Oriental Architect an amusing domestic lapse is going to take place in your home—for you will surely become a Mrs. Missionary Ragman the minute you discover that every large squarish box is the home of somebody or other; that smaller boxes are potential sedan chairs, pianos, tables and beds, not to mention stoves and frying pans and grandfather-clocks; that every bottle is a possible doll; that empty spools are simply ideal for flower pots, cement posts and fences, for cart-wheels, chimneys, lamps, beds, tables; and that all scraps of colored paper and cardboard serving as advertisement covers are exactly what you need for a door-god, or a Button Face family, or for one of the many letters you will be copying from this book.

You will immediately begin the fascinating game of hoarding junk, and unless you differ from the writer an eleventh commandment will have to be added to your decalogue: “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s advertisements, nor his hat boxes, nor his shoe boxes, nor his old bottles, nor his empty spools, nor his wire hair-pins, nor anything that is thy neighbor’s!” I have known what it is to suffer agonies of mingled pride and desire in passing neighbors’ waste barrels moved out on the sidewalk for the ash man. Oh, to be a rag-picker’s beautiful daughter, a la movies! So many desirable “nothings” on their way to being made pulp instead of missionary playthings.

For the lovely part about oriental homes is that they rent for a mere song—so you need have but trifling expense in preparing all the houses in this chapter; as for the song:

"One mother said it couldn't be done,
 But another, chuckling, replied
 That maybe it couldn't but she would be one
 Who wouldn't say so till she tried!
 So she waded right in with a trace of a grin
 On her face—if she worried she hid it;
 She started to sing as she tackled the thing
 That couldn't be done—AND SHE DID IT!"

For of course being an architect and a carpenter is a bit out of your line, but as an attractive young mother said to the writer last summer: "Well, you know I thought I *never* could smock Elsie's dresses, but I did; and I was afraid I could *never* knit heels and toes on socks, but I've finished my nineteenth pair; so now I'm not going to be stumped by fastening weird pieces of cardboard along a corset box and calling it a Japanese pagoda! If somebody else can do it, I can, too!" One pictures Elsie with quite a real estate problem in her nursery after that!

As in the case of dolls, where colored cardboard saves an immense amount of painting, so in making houses and vehicles lay in a supply of brown, black, red, green and yellow cardboard for the roofs; for these, together with a motley collection of boxes and brass paper fasteners, will save you from almost all painting and pasting. This latter especially is a mussy job, in the end much less secure than if paper fasteners had clamped the two parts together. One teacher who has taken these patterns for use in an institute, *shellacs* all her houses when completed, as she writes they are far stiffer, and stand handling better.

The size of the houses and vehicles will depend entirely on the size of the dolls, of course: rag dolls and bisque or bottle dolls will find roomy accommodations in hat-box houses; smaller dolls will fit into shoe boxes best. No directions are given for houses built of kind-

ling wood, twigs, leftover pieces of matting, raffia, etc. These may be a bit beyond an amateur, although anybody with a little knowledge of carpentry can spend happy hours nailing away for dear life, concocting very permanent homes for sister's doll families. And when one sees eager women taking free lessons in department stores learning to weave graceful baskets and lamps from Dennison rope paper and wire, it seems as if occasionally there would be a mother to adopt these methods for oriental homes! Meanwhile, being plain everyday inartistic souls, we will content ourselves with ordinary boxes, as the best foundation for all the houses we want.

As these homes are to accompany the sets of dolls mentioned in chapter IV., they are listed by countries in the same order as the dolls. Suggestive letters and story sources are also noted.

AFRICA.



Figure 39

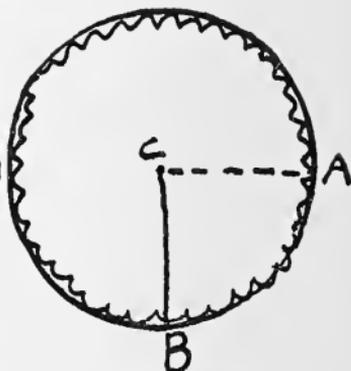


Figure 40

DIRECTIONS: Small round hat boxes or muff boxes will be splendid for these African huts, especially if box is gray or tan or brown. When men's hats are sent home there is usually an oval cardboard affair inside to protect the crown. This, too, makes an excellent hut! In building a whole *kraal* (village) the roofs should vary in color a little—tawny brown, brown, black. A roof may be made from a large circle of cardboard (outline a basin or plate on the cardboard). Cut radius from A to C, move AC over to BC and fasten in place with two paper fasteners. Jag the edges to represent thatching of straw or palm leaves. The roof may be fastened to the hut by means of three cardboard strips and six paper fasteners, as follows: Fasten three strips to hut with three of the fasteners; incline the strips inward to fit slope of roof; lay on the roof and fasten it to strips with the three other fasteners. Of course in case neither round boxes nor oval supports are obtainable, a strip of gray cardboard may be cut into a rec-

tangle with the three necessary roof girders jutting out from one side, and a doorway cut (figure 41). Curve the strip into a circle and fasten with two brass fasteners, then put roof on as suggested above. Two rows of these houses form a kraal, with a palaver house between the rows at one end. This is a larger hut than the others, where the men spend their days and evenings talking things over—here the little girl comes to lay at his feet her father's meals, served upon a palm leaf! Here they talk over what price she ought to bring; and here missionary doll may come to tell about Jesus.

Note:—"How to Make an African Village" (15 cents F.) is very suggestive, but as model to be cut out is made of paper, it will not stand such hard usage as these box houses, and will require more pasting and manipulation to make.

Three suggestions for making roof look more thatched are offered not only for this country, but for all others where such roofs are in style—you might vary your methods! (1) Cut out a great number of jagged palm leaves from brown tissue paper—at least 24 may be cut out at one time (as in figure 43)—perhaps 100 will be needed. Spread a film of paste around the lower edge of the roof, and hastily lay on a layer of the brown leaves; then another film of paste a little higher up and another row of leaves, etc., to peak. It is not hard, and looks most effective. Crepe paper is equally good, but harder to paste on. (2) Raffia may be sewed on in strips, the tuft at the peak of the roof where strips all converge being left uneven. This is quite a job, but attractive when completed. (3) A roof may be cut from a piece of Loofah sponge, bought at any drug store for 15 cents. *Very realistic!* Use same pattern as for cardboard roof; may also be used for tent-like roofs of following houses.

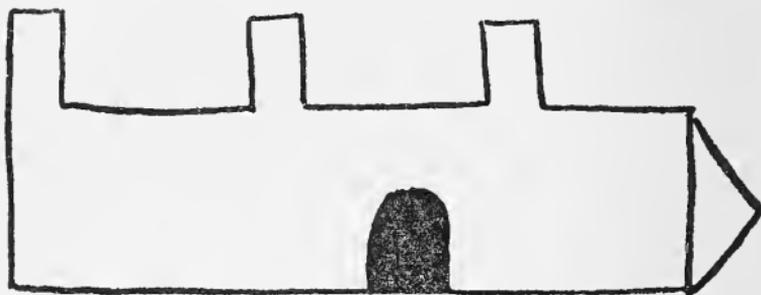


Figure 41

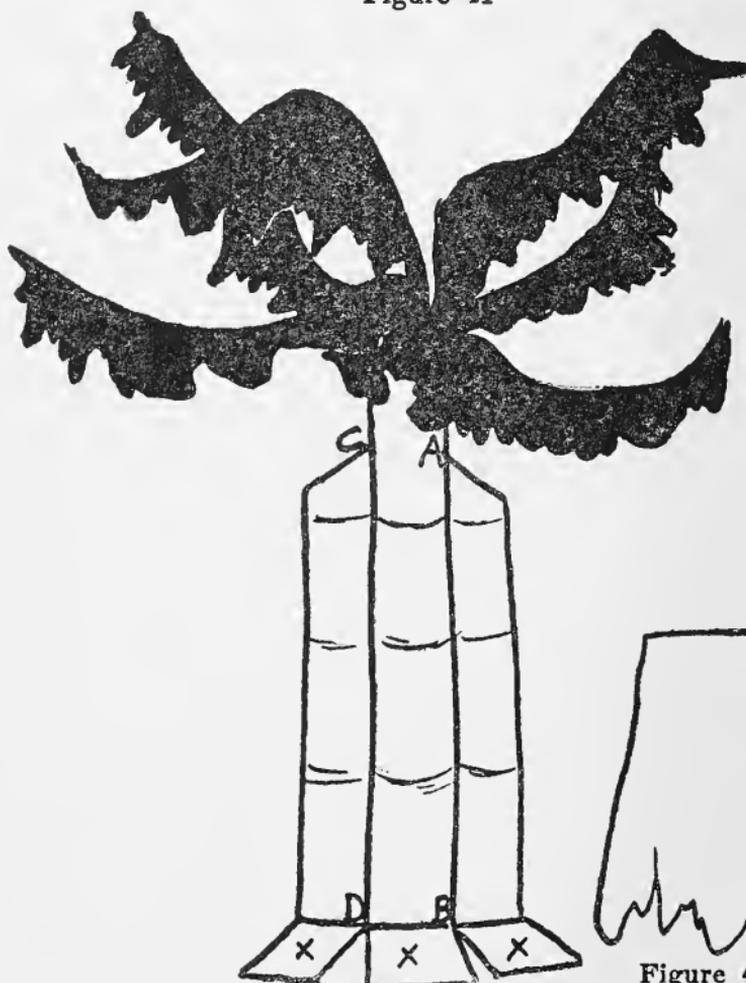


Figure 42

Figure 43

Figure 42. Palm trees may be made in two ways: (1) Cut green tissue or crepe paper into long palm leaves, tie them to one end of a twig and stand other end of twig in an empty spool, painted brown. (2) Cut palm tree from green cardboard, painting trunk brown; bend trunk along AB and CD at right angles to CA and DB. Paint trunk brown; slightly split apart base of trunk into roots X X X, which, at right angles to each other and to trunk, may be fastened by pins or thumb tacks to the floor to hold them upright.

AFRICAN LETTER:

“Stoop way over, Little White Sister, and enter me, for I am the House-that-the-Ants-Kept-Eating and the little House-that-Was-Built-in-Half-an-Hour. You can read about me in Pages 21-24, ‘Chinese Tails and Other Tales’, Pages 92-98, ‘Primary Mission Stories’, and ‘Home Life in Africa.’”

ALASKA.

A good game for snow playtimes, of course.

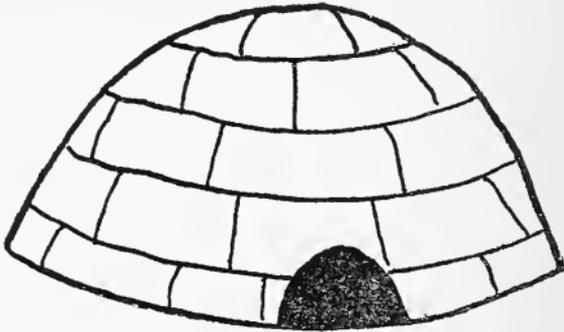


Figure 44

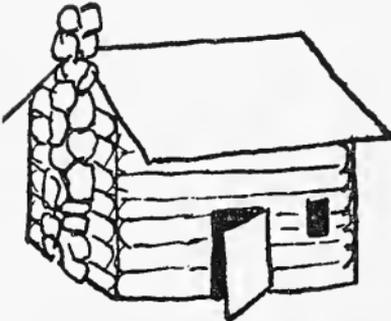


Figure 45

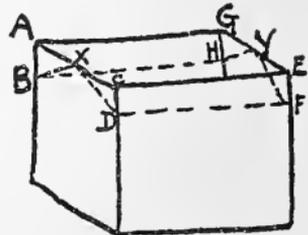


Figure 46

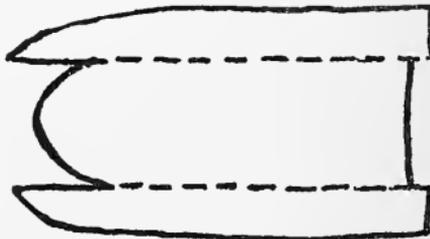


Figure 47

DIRECTIONS: Out-of-doors an *igloo* like figure 44 may be built of snow; indoors it may be one of two things: (1) an inverted white enamel bowl, with a piece of black paper pasted on for a doorway, or (2) a *round* white cambric crown, such as may be bought at millinery counters in Five and Ten Cent Stores,—being very stiff it is quite ideal for this purpose, and a doorway can easily be cut in it. Indoor snow may be a white sheet spread on the floor, or a piece of white canton flannel, fleecy side up! Dog sleds may be cut from a narrow box-lid; figure 47 shows the pattern spread open; but as the runners are to be the side flaps of the lid they should not be spread open. Brown string will form the harness. See suggestions about dogs, end of preceding chapter.

Pine trees may be cut from green cardboard, two thicknesses—paste upper parts together, spreading trunk and bottom branches apart. Paint trunk brown. Figure 48.

Cut totem pole, figure 49, from two thicknesses of white cardboard. Mount the pieces on opposite sides of a long narrow box, after fastening lid to the box. By making base of the pole wide enough the box then ought to stand alone. Use a jewelry box such as knitting needles, hat pins or spoons come in. Paint totem pole in all gaudy colors possible. See pages 215-129, "Primary Mission Stories," for story about this pole, and the log cabin house, further south. This house, figure 45, may be made from a shoe box by slitting down the four corners an inch or so: AB, CD, EF, GH (figure 46). Then bend inward the two resulting rectangles CDEF and ABGH), also the four triangles (ABX, XCD, EFY, YGH). The roof may be a tent-like fold of cardboard attached to these bent-in parts of box by paper fasteners. A pretended "stone" chimney of gray cardboard may be pasted along one side of box. Cut door so it will open, and a window. The box

should be striped into logs. This same house will do for negro cabin, mountaineer's home, house in mining or lumber camps, etc.

LETTER:

"Molly-of-the-Many-Rooms-with-a-Furnace!

If you don't melt, I should think you would certainly get lost, poor dear! So many rooms to rattle around in. I'm a cozy little round snow igloo with only one room—a combination Bed-Dining-Sitting Room, as well as a Kitchen. Even my tables and chairs are made out of snow, as you can read on pages 204-208, 'Primary Mission Stories.'"



Figure 48



Figure 49

AMERICAN INDIANS.

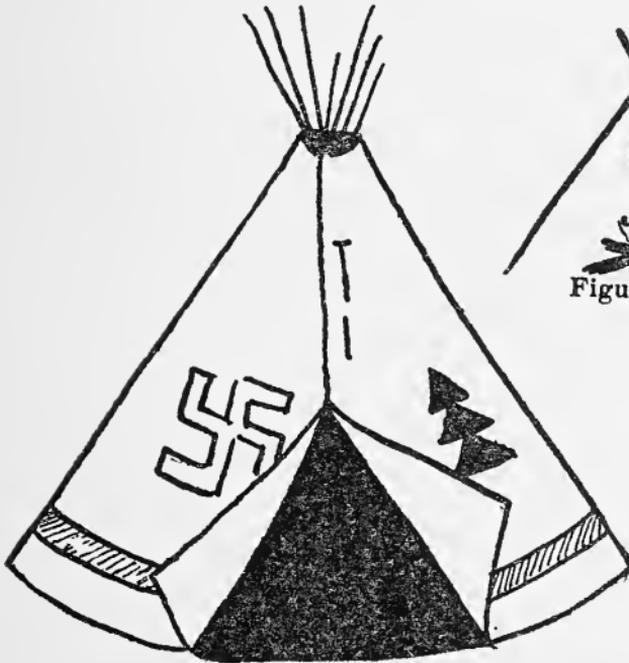


Figure 50



Figure 51

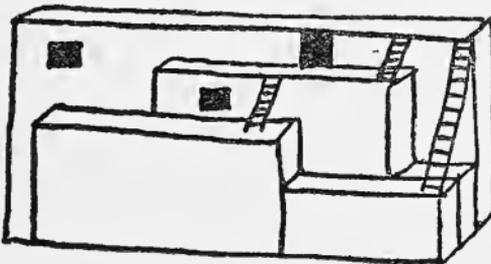


Figure 52



Figure 53



Figure 54

DIRECTIONS: Birch bark will make wonderful tepees and canoes, of course, but light brown cardboard will do almost as well. Practice folding a newspaper square into a cone of the proper size before attempting to do the same with the cardboard. Fold back the pie-shaped flaps at the entrance. These are very attractive if brightly colored in diagonals, outlined in heavy black. However, if a red band runs around tepee, and a blue swastika and a green figure decorate the sides, it will give sufficient local color. Some other "simplified" drawings are given for decorating other tepees. Broom straws coming out of the top of the cone resemble the tepee poles. Tepee mission banks free. (H.)

A make-believe fire is convincingly made of twigs, and orange and red tissue paper "flames". Other bent twigs will form the tripod from which hangs a kettle—i. e., acorn cup, with courtplaster handle, or blackened pill box with hairpin handle.

If you wish to have stories about the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, their dwelling may be made, as in figure 52, by pasting several small jewelry boxes of various sizes together. Cut out a few windows and doorways, and if all the boxes could be covered with gray moulding clay (unless boxes are all gray in color) it will give a very convincing tone to this pueblo!

BURMA.



Figure 55

DIRECTIONS: A yellowish hat-box will make a good Burman-house-on-stilts. Proceed exactly as for log cabin, figures 45 and 46, only this time let the greater length of the box be cut into legs. Look back at directions for cutting trunk of palm tree (figure 42), with right-angled flaps, and observe same directions in cutting out these four house posts, as it strengthens the supports wonderfully. The step ladder is also cut from the side of the box, the cross pieces may be pasted on separately, as this is easier than cutting out all the in-between spaces. The roof is the same tent-like flap as for figure 45, but it is thatched, either by slashing edges with scissors or by adding tissue paper leaves or raffia. (See African directions.) In order to make a floor, the lid of the hat-box may be bent up to fit inside the house, the bent up portions being fastened securely to the sides with paper fasteners. Mark the sides of the box as if there were narrow bamboo walls.

This same house may be used for the Philippine Island dolls.

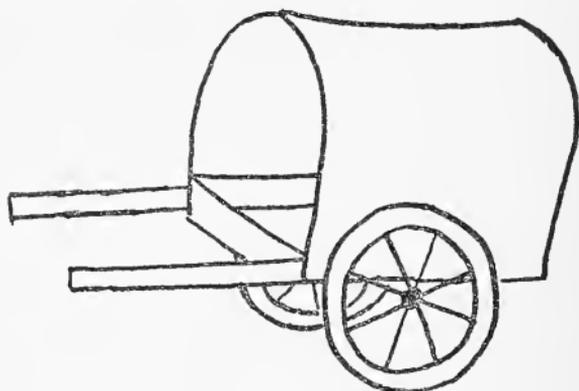


Figure 56

Figure 56 is a more or less accurate bullock cart which will answer for use in India also. Use the lid of a box for the floor, and curve over the top a piece of tan cardboard, fastening it to upright flaps of the lid with at least two brass fasteners on each side. Two large circles with either green or red rims, and black spokes may form the wheels and should be attached to the upright flaps of the lid with fasteners also. If a hole is made in each hub beforehand the wheels will actually revolve. Very tiny bullock carts may be made to fit into Chatter Boxes by using a visiting-card box lid, with a basting thread spool tied underneath. Horlick's Milk cows will again volunteer for service as oxen!

Figure 57 is the marvelous golden pagoda of the Buddhists, equally good for Siam, as is also the Siamese priest (figure 36) for Burma. To procure a balanced pattern, fold a piece of newspaper, and beginning at the fold draw one-half of the pagoda. Cut this out, and when opened you will have an equal number of ripples and curves. Cut the pagoda, using this pattern, from two thicknesses of yellow cardboard, fastening a box half the height of the pagoda between the two sides. That means that you can paste the two peaks of the

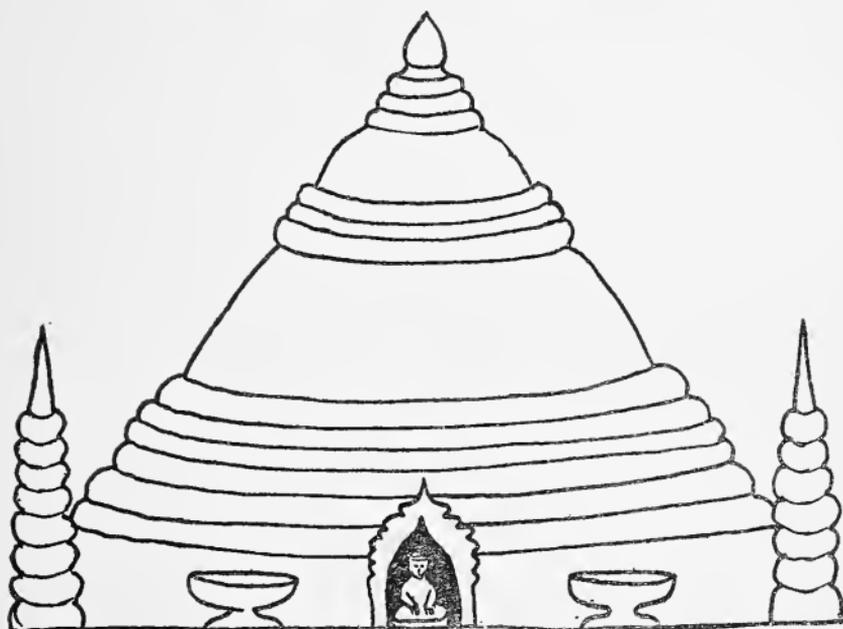


Figure 57

pagoda together, and at least several inches down from the top. Simulate a shrine on one side, where Buddha (or a magazine picture of him) sits complacently. The urns on either side of the shrine are to receive offerings. Several yellow-robed priests should be ambling around in the shade of some palm trees to give real local color when "somebody" arrives in a bullock cart to bow before Buddha and to kneel abjectly before the priest, too.

LETTER:

"Low Down Molly!

I should think snakes would walk right in your front door, and that in the rainy season you'd be simply swamped with water, living in a house so very near the ground. I'm a Little House-on-Stilts, as you plainly can see. I feel much more comfortable sitting up here among the tree-tops, because of the heavy rains, and snakes, too! When they clean house they just poke things through my floor—easy and quick!"

CHINA.

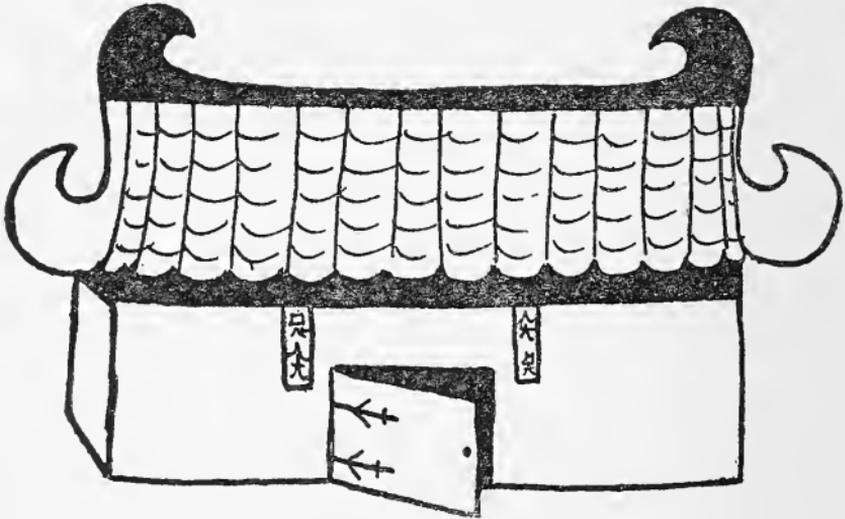


Figure 58

DIRECTIONS: Figure 58, the Chinese house, has a gray box for its foundation, and a roof cut from a double thickness of green cardboard. To secure an even pattern, fold a piece of newspaper, and starting from the fold draw one-half the roof. Cut this out, unfold, and lay it on green cardboard and outline. The ridge pole and corners may be painted black, as in cut, the facing "tiles" may be red, and the two plaques on each side of doorway, yellow. Fasten the two sides of the roof to the front and back sides of a box with brass fasteners, then paste the ridge pole peaks of the roof securely together, from the top down an inch or so, if necessary cutting away sharp corners of the box to allow for proper slope of roof. Cut a door so it will open and shut. A door-knob may be black shoe-button, punched through the cardboard with a tiny safety pin fastened through the shank of the button on the other side of the door. This inside of the door should have its gaudy door god, cut from bright yellow

paper or cardboard, painted in many colors (see figure 60), and pasted in place. Inside should be a table, with red scarf on it and an ancestral tablet or so, also a spool with joss-sticks in it. These tablets may be pieces of red cardboard stuck through the lid of small oblong pill boxes, also painted red. Chinese "writing" presumably describes the name and virtues of the ancestor whose spirit resides inside (figure 62). A prim row of chairs along each wall of the room will be better understood if story on pages 45-53, "Junior Mission Stories," is read first. This story also explains reason for roof tipping up, for door gods (also pages 76-77 same book), etc.

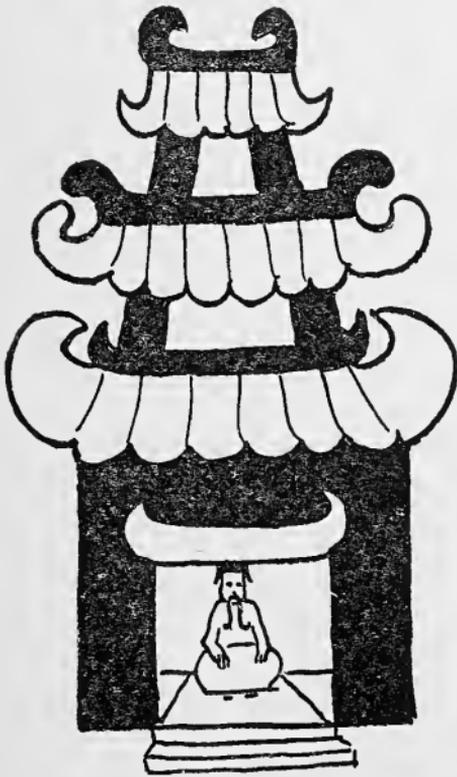


Figure 59



Figure 60



Figure 62

Figure 59. The roof of this temple should be made to "balance" by experimenting with a folded newspaper, drawing one-half of it starting from the fold—as for roof of house. Use two thicknesses of red cardboard, and paint the black portions of the cut black on your roof also. Clamp the roofs with fasteners to a square black box—if it is not black already, paint it so—leaving curved lintel over doorway to be painted a vivid green. If box is black already this green lintel may be cut from green cardboard and clamped in place with brass fasteners. The highest roofs, back and front, should be pasted together. Draw an idol on the rear wall of the box; a yellow strip of "carpet" leads to him, he himself may be purple and red and blue as to colors! Joss sticks in spools stand on each side of him, and a tiny bell hangs from the center of the green lintel. A few Chinese mock characters (as on tablet) are highly effective if painted in gold around the back walls of temple.

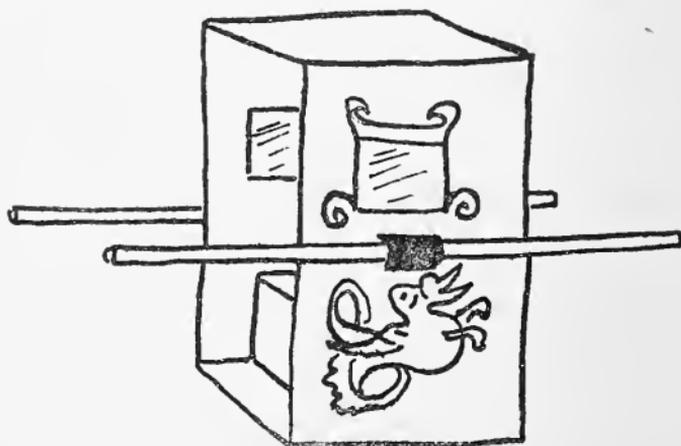


Figure 61

Figure 61, the sedan chair, may be made from a black box, with two skewers or straight twigs for poles. The seat may be made from the lid, bent several times and wedged in place. The dragon is, of course, unnecessary, but if cut from green or red or gold paper (two

thicknesses) he will add greatly to the effect of the chair! With gold paint put a scrolly design around the cut-out windows. If the chair-poles can be wound with colored red paper, they, too, will be more dashing. If you want to celebrate a Chinese wedding an entire *red* chair is a necessity; no one but a bride may ever ride in it. She should have a red veil (cheese-cloth or tissue paper) over her entire head and shoulders.

INDIA.



Figure 63

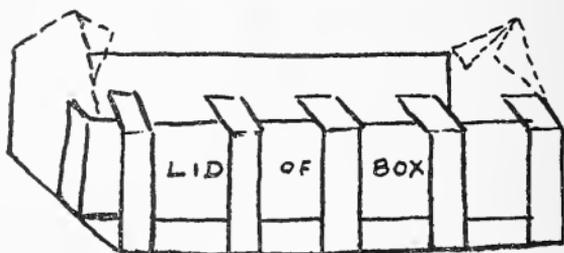


Figure 64



Figure 65



Figure 66

DIRECTIONS: A native hut may be made exactly like the Burman house, but *without the posts*. And the walls instead of being bamboo slats are mud, so use a grayish-tan box, leaving it plain except for a doorway. Palm trees in profusion are needed. See figures 55 and 42 for the above.

Figure 66 represents a water jar; may be cut from gray cardboard either with or without handles. If one of the village fathers is a potter an interesting play-time would be to mould little gray pots from plasticene moulding clay, such as is used in public schools. Acorn cups can be used, also.

Figure 63 shows a mission bungalow, which may be hospital or school as preferred. A white shoe box is best. Cut the pillars along one side of box; to form a verandah back wall, fit the lid of the box across verandah, clamping the two end flaps of the lid to the side walls of the bungalow. (The *lengthwise* flaps must be removed, and the lid somewhat cut down, lengthwise.) As in figure 64, turn down parts of the box so the roof may fit in place. In this case the verandah pillars will also need to be bent over at the top, and fastened to the roof with brass fasteners. This roof may be made of red or terra-cotta cardboard, folded in a tent-like fashion.

Leaflets: "Home Life in India." (3 cents.)

What Is a Zenana, and Who Lives in It?" (1 cent. F.)

"Caste and Its Results." (2 cents. F.)

LETTER:

"Salaam, Missy Brick-House Sahib!

'Out of the mud and scum of things

Something always, always sings!"

So although I'm only a little Mud-and-Thatch hut, something can sing inside of me, Molly Sahib, if you'll only come over and teach my family:

'Ye-su nan-nu pre-mis-tu

Tan-na Yod-da pil-cho-nu,

Ean-ni Sat-ya Veda-mu

Na-ku by-lu-par-tsu-nu.

Ye-su pre-min-tsu-nu

Ye-su pre-min-tsu-nu

Ye-su pre-min-tsu-nu

Ma-Veda chap-pe-nu—'

which is Jesus Loves Me in Telugu language."

IMMIGRANTS.



Figure 67
Street view.

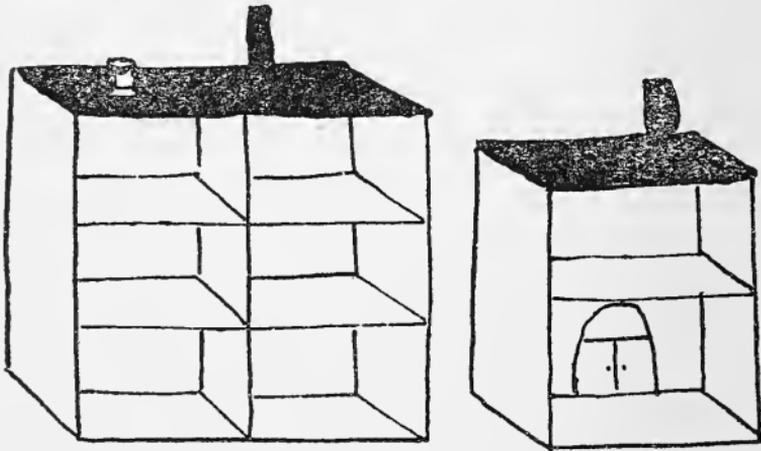


Figure 68
Back view.

DIRECTIONS: Figures 67 and 68 are views of the same tenement-house hat boxes: the street view for *looks*, the back view so the dolls can be doing things both in their dingy rooms and in the pleasant Christian Center across the street.

1. *Street View.* Very firmly made gray and brown hat boxes are the best. In cutting the windows of the tenement do not cut the cardboard *out*, but cut it into shutters, as in figure 67. These may be painted green (or covered with green paper) or left natural color. The grocery store awning is also part of the box, and should be painted red and white striped. The dolls who live in this room should keep store, of course. To do this, pictures of packages of cream of wheat, flour sacks, canned vegetables, sugar cartons, etc., etc., may be cut from advertisements and neatly ranged on *box* counters. In another room lives a family of dolls making forget-me-nots (the latter much in evidence, strung in a line across room so paste will dry!) In other rooms the families are making neckties, lace, etc. Very simple furniture is suggested later on.

To make floors and walls, the lid of the hat-box and the tops and bottoms of dry-goods boxes *could* be used: wedge them neatly in, with an ample margin of cardboard to be bent downward and clamped to the side walls with fasteners. But an even better scheme is to fit six shoe boxes inside the tenement hat box. Remove the *bottoms* of all six boxes carefully, thus leaving the four sides to be ceiling, floor and side walls. Clamp them in place with brass fasteners. This plan is not only simple to follow, but it makes the floors of double thickness, firm enough to hold plenty of furniture and dolls. For the Christian Center *two* boxes may form the upstairs and downstairs, in the same fashion; although as a matter of fact one box (for the downstairs room) is sufficient, since its ceiling will form a floor for the room above. Two boxes merely make the center a more enduring institution! Neat window curtains for its windows may be found in any candy box—those nicely scalloped paper flaps! Cut them the proper length, and paste at the tops of the windows.

The clothes-line across the alley is a bit of local

color not to be omitted! Paste a pair of bright blue paper overalls on the line, also some white paper towels, or little dresses cut from a fashion magazine. If there is a Mission Center in your town be sure to label the names of the actual streets on the corners of the box houses. Chimneys are spools, of course, painted red or black, and pasted onto the roofs. It is more effective to have the roofs black (from soot, of course!); they may either be painted black or have black paper pasted in place before chimneys are attached.

SPOOL FURNITURE:

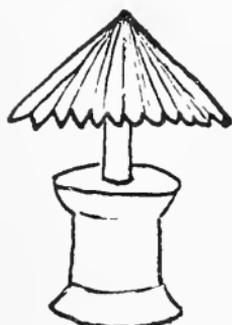


Figure 69
Lamp.



Figure 70
Parlor Table.



Figure 71
Dinner Table.

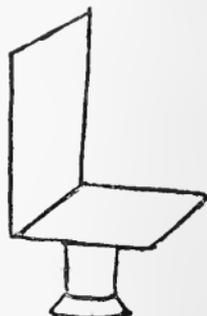


Figure 72
Chair.

DIRECTIONS: You will see from these designs that almost any kind of furniture can be made from spools—especially that for Chatter Boxes, as it is so quickly made—e. g., figure 70 is a spool with a circle of brown cardboard glued on the top—presto, a table! Four spools with a brown rectangle on top, another table (fig-

ure 71). One spool with a piece of bent cardboard makes a chair (figure 72). For a lamp, roll a piece of paper into a scroll and poke it through the spool hole. Take a circular piece of flowered wall paper and pleat it around the edges for the shade, glueing it to the paper lamp chimney.

BOX FURNITURE is a little more individual, however, and appeals to older children far more quickly because it is more lasting.

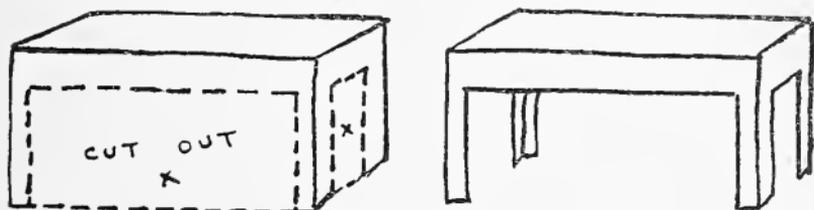


Figure 73
Table.

DIRECTIONS: Figure 73, the table, should be cut on dotted line, removing a rectangle of cardboard from each side. The bottom of the box forms the surface of the table top. Books for the table may be made of folded bits of cardboard. Try a spool lamp also. Or if it is a dining table which the teacher shows the immigrant chil-

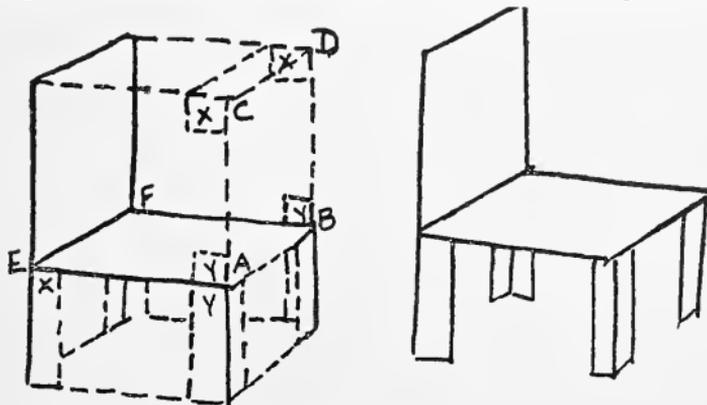


Figure 74.
Chair.

dren how to set, use tiny toy dishes, or ones made of paper. An old handkerchief forms a tablecloth. Table itself should be painted brown or black.

Figure 74, chair, is also to be cut out on dotted lines. Notice that rectangle ABCD is to be bent over at AB to form the seat (ABEF). Be sure to leave the tiny squares X X and Y Y attached to ABCD, as it is through these squares that brass fasteners are to be put, clamping the seat firmly to the legs,—see black dots on finished chair. Flowered wall paper pasted on seat makes a pretty cretonne effect. Chair may be left white or painted any color to match other furniture. Figure 75, the winged chair, is to be cut on dotted lines. A B C D is to be bent over at CD to form the seat. As for straight chairs, leave extra square flaps on this seat to fasten it to sides with clamps. Cover with wall paper for upholstery.

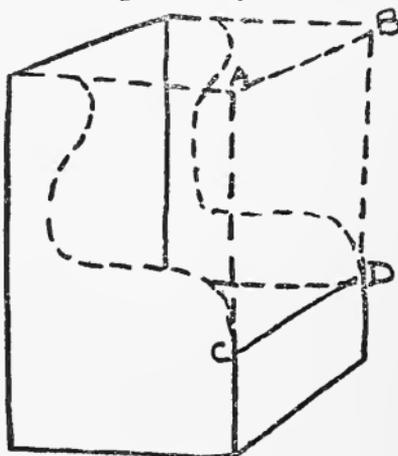


Figure 75
Winged Chair.

Figure 76, the bed, should be cut on dotted lines as indicated. When this is done a mattress is needed, for which use the box lid, after removing the end flaps, for the lengthwise flaps will just fit over the side rails of the bed, to which they may be clamped. You can see

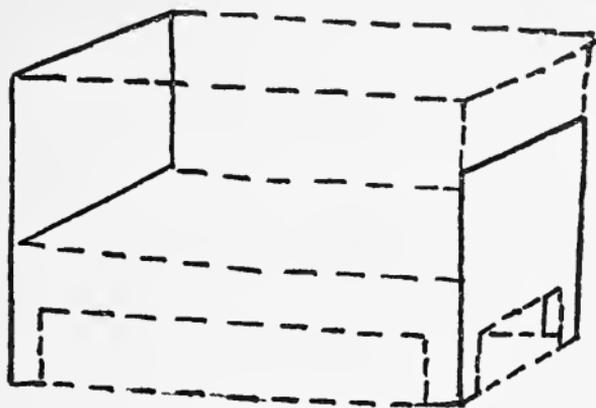
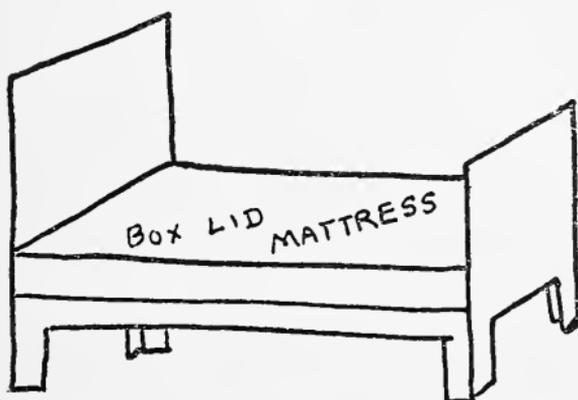


Figure 76
Bed.



from this drawing how easily a four poster bed can be made, also. Rows of these little beds—white—will be just what hospitals around the world need! A red cross on each head-board makes them more medical in appearance. A blue Button-Face nurse, a sick Button-Face patient lying under a handkerchief sheet, with a Button-Face Bible woman to come story-telling—what more of a little stage drama do you need?

Figure 77, a piano, is very simply made of a writing paper box (lid and all, clamped together) with part of the lid of another writing paper box clamped to it, back to back. Be sure to paste on two paper pedals! Paint

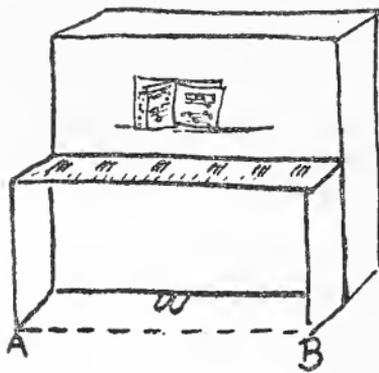


Figure 77.
Piano.

the whole affair black, then for a keyboard paste on a narrow white strip with black keys in alternate pairs of twos and threes. A sheet of "pretend" music can be pasted in place. A piano is a positive necessity for Sunday schools around the world, as well as for the Christian Center. (For story on effect of music, see pages 157-164, "Junior Mission Stories.")

Figure 78 shows a very simple mantel-piece and fireplace. A gray writing paper box will be good for this; fasten lid and box together, then cut away the arc AB. Then with a brush and black ink outline irregular stones on the front and sides. A little brownish-gray paint here and there will make the stones look stonier! If preferred, use a red box for a red brick fireplace, ruling in the bricks neatly. Twigs, and orange and red tissue paper will form a beautiful fire for families who can afford it—possibly Miss Money Bags will have to contribute toward the buying of fuel for the poor family! A watch, cut from an advertisement, and mounted on a small square pill box can tick very happily on the mantel shelf. Lovely candle sticks can be formed in the twinkling of an eye by using wooden button moulds with a scoll of colored paper shoved into each hole. Twist the top of the scroll into a wick; then set candle-

stick on each end of the shelf. The entire mantelpiece may be glued to the wall of some room, either in the tenement house or in an enlarged log cabin (negro, mountaineer, miner's). It is fun to "play Christmas" with such a fireplace—hanging little black paper stockings up, but no Santa Claus comes, because the father and mother dolls are so poor. Great disappointment! Presto! Mrs. Missionary Doll arrives on scene, tiny Christmas tree, etc., etc. Or a Button-Face Santa, from somebody's Sunday school up town, arrives with gifts from these unseen scholars.

Figure 79 is an amusing grandfather clock: a knitting needle box, or hat pin box, with a watch face on it. Cut a hole to see the pendulum through, and on the end of a string fasten a little bell, so that it can "chime"!

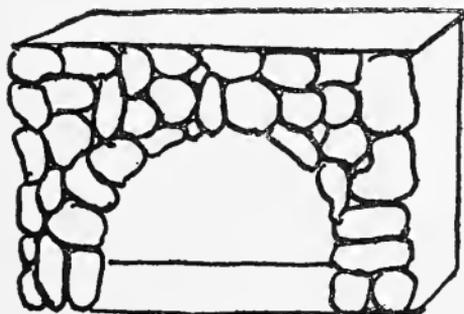
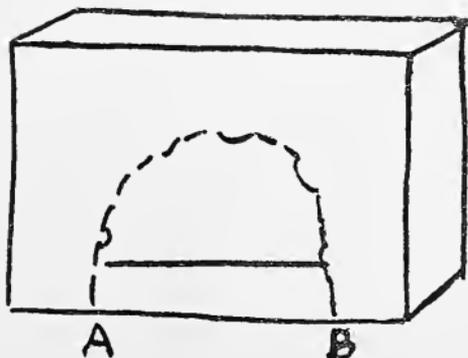


Figure 78
Mantelpiece.



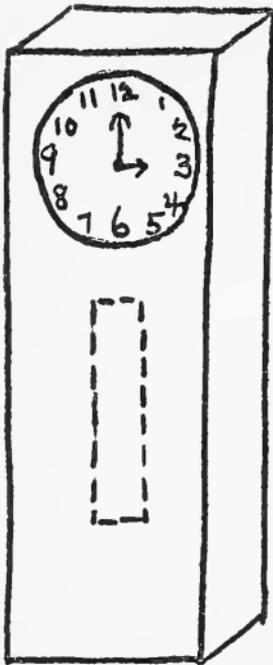


Figure 79
Grandfather Clock.

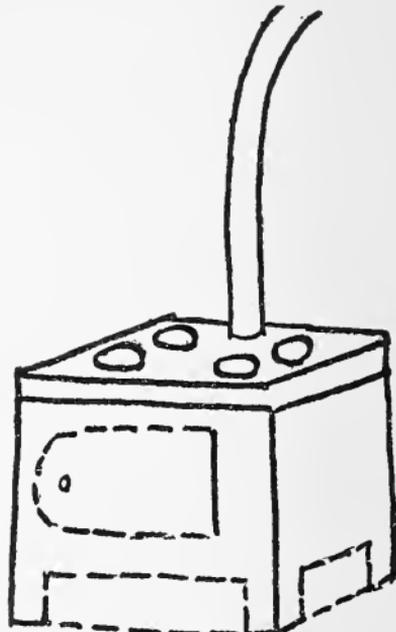


Figure 80
Stove.

The string hangs from the top of the box, the bell appearing just opposite the opening.

Figure 80. A square box is best for a stove, preferably black, although any box can be painted after stove is made. Cut on dotted lines, removing four small rectangles from lower sides of box. The bottom of the box forms top of stove, of course, but the lid of the box should be laid over this, because four round stove lids (size of a quarter) are to be cut out of this box lid, and would fall to the ground unless they had something underneath them. After cutting these little lids, fit box lid onto the stove, and where the four circles appear paint a few orange and red flames for fire! Punch a tiny hole in each lid, so they can be raised out with a lifter made from an invisible wire hairpin, twisted into proper shape. Cut an oven door in the front of stove;

another small box might be fastened behind this door so that dishes may actually be "heated" in the oven! A dramatic stove pipe rises from a fifth hole in the top of the stove and rears itself up through the wall of the kitchen in the Christian Center—being merely a scroll of black paper it is easily adjusted. Cooking utensils are easily formed from the two parts of any small round pill box. The lid, being flatter and narrower, suggests a frying pan, so jab an invisible wire hairpin through two pin holes, and press the ends of the hairpin together firmly to form a handle. The lower part of the box is an ideal kettle, with another hairpin arched over the pot. Blacken both utensils. Immigrant cooking classes are sure to be fun, as after the cooking is done the "dear class" has to be taught to set the table before they sit down to eat! The pupils then go home and tell their delighted parents about the Center,—Jesus stories, Jesus songs, cooking classes, sewing classes; the Forget-me-not-makers clean up their house a little; perhaps Mrs. Missionary sends home a Jesus picture to hang on the wall. There is no end to the playtimes possible with this combination of toys: all very practical and suggestive. See "Jack-of-All-Trades" (25 cents, H.) for stories to be dramatized.

Note:—All of this furniture may appear in Mrs. Missionary's Oriental home, and will serve as a contrast to native habits. It will be quite educational for the dolls to come a-questioning: "Why this?" "Why that?" Because it has actually been this daily contact with missionary furniture, etc., which has led the Orient to be so eager for all kind of American things for themselves, everything from Singer sewing machines to alarm clocks!

JAPAN.

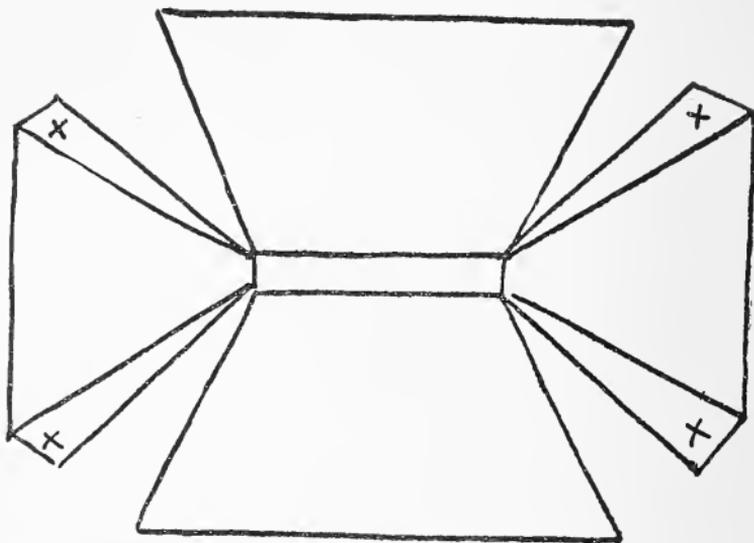


Figure 81
Roof.

DIRECTIONS: Japanese house—figures 81 to 84. For small dolls, take a tan shoe box, stand it on its bottom and cut away two rectangles, as indicated in stage 1, figure 82. Insert the bent lid of the box to form a back verandah wall, and draw lattice work over porch, using bright green or red paint, as in figure 83. Cut roof from dark brown cardboard, figure 81, and clamp the X X X X flaps underneath the roof. Jag the edges, and streak it to represent soft thatching of straw. Then with three strips on the front and three on the back, clamped to house, fasten roof on. Hang a yellow lantern and a pink lantern of different shapes by strings from the painted lattice work, and have gray cardboard “stepping stones” lead from house to garden. This side of house is really the *back*, but as it is here that the Japanese families live it receives the most attention. On the front side of the house cut a doorway, and put some lattice

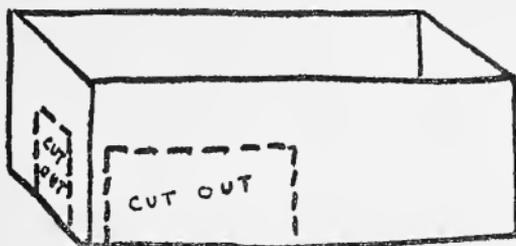


Figure 82.
Stage 1.

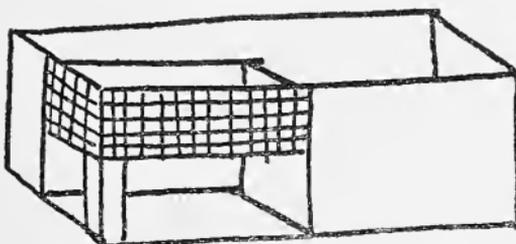


Figure 83
Stage 2.



Figure 84
Japanese House.

work beside it. An "honorable recess" may be made inside, if desirable—merely a long scroll to hang on the wall, and a red spool with cherry blossoms on it! Cherry trees in full bloom are always obtainable by

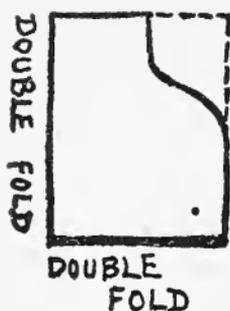


Figure 85



Figure 86

pasting crumpled bits of pink tissue paper or silk here and there on a graceful twig.

Patterns for lanterns may be best obtained by folding a rectangle of waste paper into quarters, as in figure 85. Starting from the fold draw one-quarter of the lantern. Cut this out, spread open and lay on colored cardboard to trace off the outline. Very charming little flowered lanterns may be cut from sprigged wall-paper, use a double thickness of paper, and paste the plain sides together, so that whichever way the wind blows a pretty side is always in view. Basting thread cords may be used to hang them up with. The framework may be either black or bright red.

Figure 88 represents one of those quaint old stone lanterns one always associates with Japanese gardens. Cut it from four thicknesses of gray cardboard, and paste one thickness to each of the four sides of a square pill

bottle. A touch of red, or of orange, in the upper square of the lantern is attractive.

Figure 89 shows how easily a bridge may be put over any nice mud puddle in the garden. If really playing out-of-doors keep such a puddle always on hand! If indoors, a mirror may be used, or a glass from a picture frame with something blue under it. Four spools with a nice long strip of brown cardboard from a suit-box will form a very artistic span. Hand rails may be made by leaving on some extra side projections when cutting out the bridge, turn these side pieces up at right angles and Little Miss Plum Blossom will be in far less danger of drowning in Mirror Lake! See pages 33-38, "Primary Mission Stories," for a tale about the little house-that-is-made-of-paper.

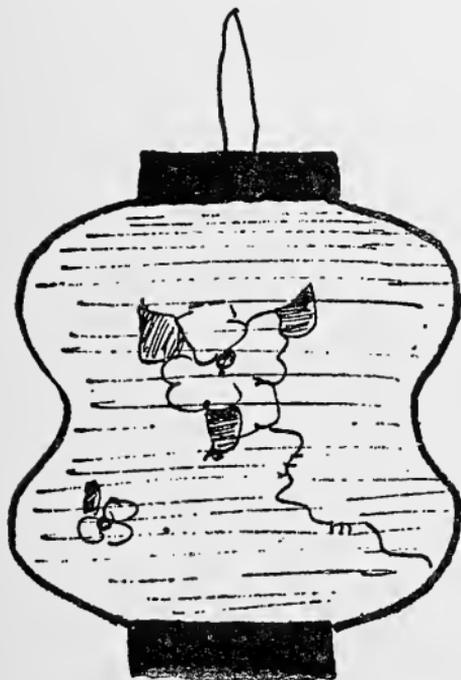


Figure 87

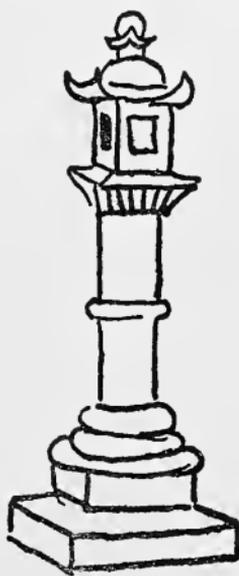


Figure 88

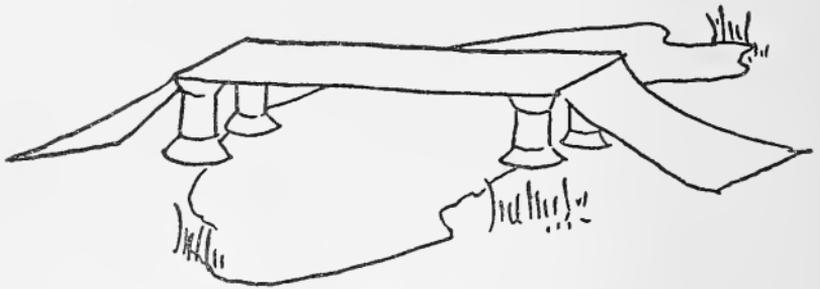


Figure 89



Figure 90
Pagoda.

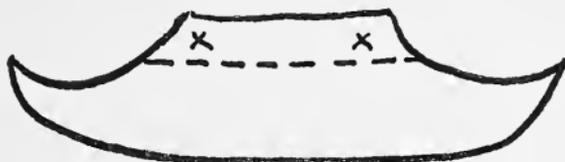


Figure 91
Pagoda Eaves.

Making Pagoda, figure 90. A long corset box is to be the foundation of this edifice. The pattern should be cut from a folded newspaper, drawing one-half the pagoda starting from the fold. Cut this out, open, and lay it on two thicknesses of black cardboard. Then from green cardboard cut six pagoda eaves, two of each size. Bend the part of figure 91 marked XX under, and through the XX marks clamp these eaves over the black cardboard eaves with fasteners. These eaves will then shelve out in the most realistic fashion. Next clamp the front and back sides of the pagoda to the corset box—indeed, this might well be done at the time when the extra eaves are being fastened on, as it is underneath these eaves that the fasteners had better be placed. The box should extend just about as high as the lower edge of the highest roof. Clamp the lid securely to the box, and then paste the little ball tops of the pagoda together. These balls may be painted gold; a few gold markings here and there over the black walls of the pagoda dress it up astonishingly. Cut a doorway in it, and from red cardboard make a torii-like gateway to fit over the entrance. Paint an idol on the back wall of the temple, or paste a pictured idol there. The white sides of the pagoda and the white end up under the pointed top will displease your eye unless you make them black with India ink and a big brush.

Jinrikisha, figures 92 to 94. Start by carefully cutting away the sides of a box, as indicated on figure 92. Then fold a rectangle of black paper into folds to form the hood of figure 93. Fasten these in place with

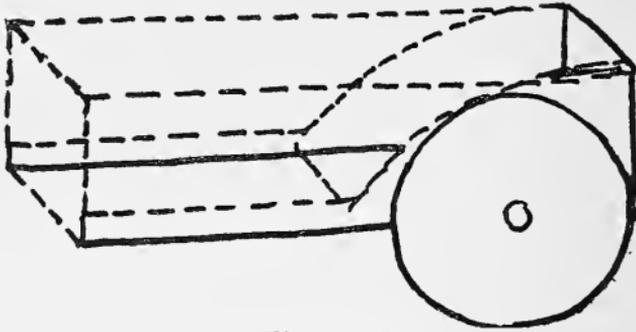


Figure 92
Embryo Jinrikisha.

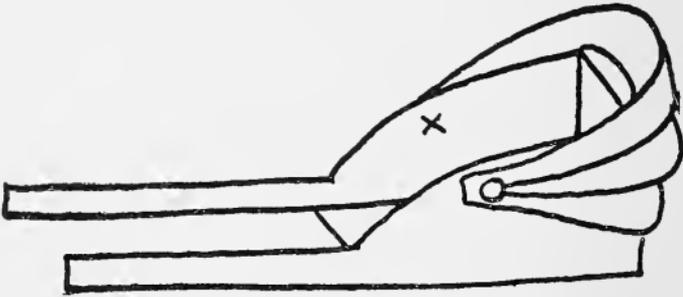


Figure 93
Emerging!



Figure 94
Complete.

clamps, and then clamp on two cardboard circles for wheels, with red (or green) rims and black spokes. The jinrikisha itself should be black also. See pages 45-49, 63-68, "Primary Mission Stories," for ideas about temple worship and jinrikisha travel.

KOREA.

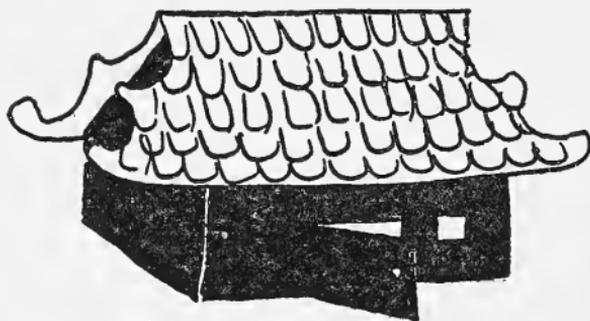


Figure 95

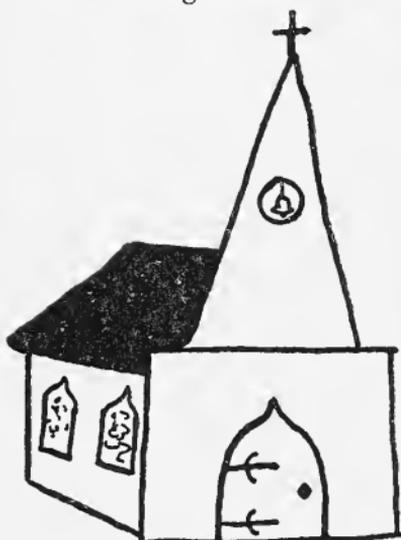


Figure 97

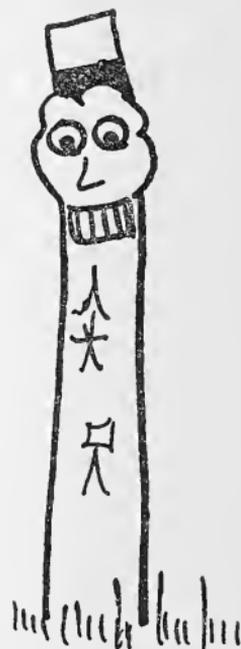


Figure 96
Spirit Post.

DIRECTIONS: Prepare the box for the Korean house in same fashion as figure 6. The box should be brown or black. A tent-like roof with fancy edges may be cut from dull terra-cotta cardboard, marked in tiles. Clamp it in place as directed in figure 46.

Without a devil post, or spirit post, to frighten away the cholera and smallpox demons poor Mrs. "Look-Here" and Miss "What-You-May-Call Her" will feel

far from safe. Any sort of hideous face done in colors with enough white to make the eyes and teeth rather horrible will do to head a piece of tan cardboard, fastened to a tall thin box.

Every country visited will need a church, of course. See figure 97. One can easily be made by fastening a white cardboard facade and steeple to one end of a white box, putting a dark brown or green tent-like roof over the rest of the box. Colored Sunday school cards make marvelous stained glass windows if pasted behind a Gothic framework! A generous front door has a shoe-button knob and simulated hinges. A little bell in the steeple is a great attraction. As a rule the men and boys in oriental churches sit on one side of the center aisle, women and girls on the other side. Koreans are usually wonderful Christians, like those early Christians who accepted the faith in the simplest, most joyous fashion, living out every precept, laying hold of every promise. Every Christian carries his Bible with him; tailors had to invent "Bible pockets" for this very purpose! Every year huge Bible conferences are held for several weeks at a time, and people cheerfully walk hundreds of miles and live crowded into each others' homes to attend them. This is a game suggestion:—set Molly to being a Conference leader, and see how she holds her audiences! Let her select the first Christian principles these beginners are so eager to know.

LETTER TO ACCOMPANY KOREAN HOUSE:

"Dear Home-made Molly,

For houses have a lot to do with making people what they are, my dear! I ought to know, for if I wanted to say *Home, Sweet Home* in Korean I would have to translate it *House, Sugary House*, and you must admit that doesn't begin to sound as comfy and home-like as your way does. That's because nobody but these happy new Christians in Korea understand what a real *home* is, we just haven't invented a word for it yet. We keep using the little word '*chip*', which means anything anyone lives in—chickens live in a

chicken chip, a button lives in a button chip (button hole!). I guess what my poor family needs to do is to learn to love each other as the Christians do, and then they can make even a chip into a dear cozy home! This is the way to sing 'Jerusalem My Happy Home' in Korean: 'Ye-ru-sal-lem na pok toin chip.' So even heaven is only a 'chip' to Koreans—a house to live in!"

(Leaflet: "Village Life in Korea." 3 cents: Send to Literature Department, Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.)

Two good Korean stories for story nights are: "Daybreak in Korea" (Annie Baird. Fleming H. Revell, publishers) and "The Vanguard" (James S. Gale. Order through Revell.)

MEXICO.

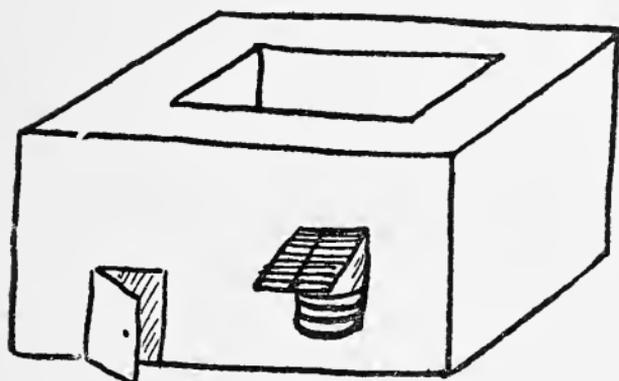


Figure 98
Adobe House.

DIRECTIONS: A soft-colored blue box will make a good adobe house. Cut a good sized square in the center of the flat roof as an opening above the "patio" inside. This patio, or open court, has a fountain and blooming flowers in it. A fountain is somewhat difficult to make, but a tiny round mirror with artificial flowers in spools will make a pretty effect. Cut a window with black bars below, and an awning-like shutter above, painted green.

LETTER:

"The Little Blue House sends greetings, saying: 'Su Case, Señorita Molly', which is the Spanish way of saying 'This house is yours, Miss Molly', which just shows you how hospitable and polite we Mexicans are. Even a Little Blue House can be cheerful if you come a-visiting!"

MOSLEM LANDS.

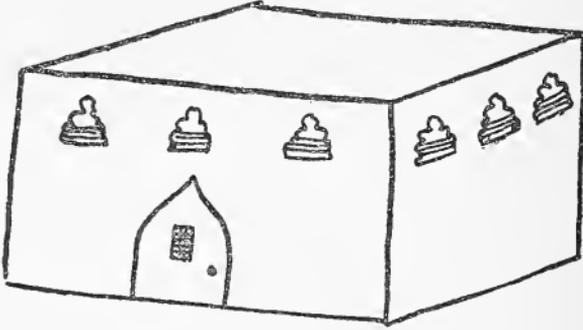


Figure 99
House.

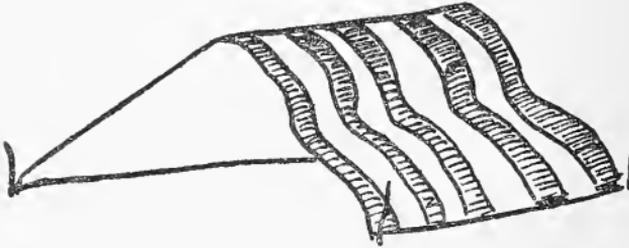


Figure 101
Arab Tent.

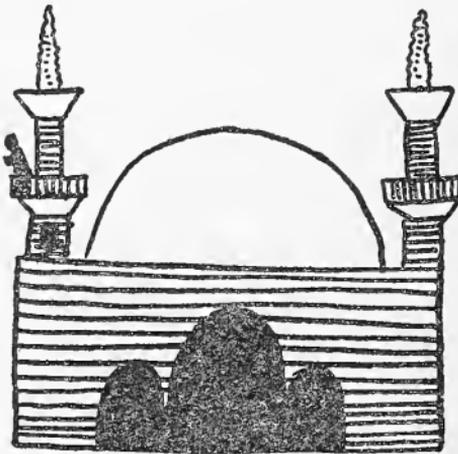


Figure 100
Mosque.

DIRECTIONS: A characteristically gloomy house may be made from an inverted hat box, with the bottom serving as the flat roof. The Moorish windows have bars across them, and the door has a grating in it, so the inmates may give every visitor a good inspection before letting him in! Part of the house is the harem, exclusively for women. Figure 99.

Figure 100, the mosque, is really two façades cut from white cardboard, and striped zebra-fashion, all but the dome. Fasten a box between the front and back façade, which means that four minarets stick sky-ward,—the two domes should be pasted together, however, about half an inch down. A muezzin gives the call to prayer from one of the minarets five times a day, see pages 247-253, "Junior Mission Stories," for facts about these prayers, and for story of boy who went to school in the mosque and what he learned. Prayer rugs may easily be made from a piece of red cardboard, with the ends slashed and oriental designs scattered here and there over the surface.

An Arab tent, figure 101, may be striped wall-paper, folded in half. A camel or two, a palm tree and a donkey would make a nice desert scene!

PHILIPPINES.

The tree-house given under Burma, figure 55, will also do for a Filipino hut. In building a whole village (*barrío*) it will not be necessary to have them all up on posts, however, as there are plenty of ground huts,—mere hovels really. A school building should fly the American flag, and some soldiers in khaki and sailors in blue should walk the streets to show that the Filipinos are really our cousins, and helped fight our battle in the war.

SIAM.

The Siamese *wat* or temple may be like the Burman pagoda, figure 57, as they look much alike.

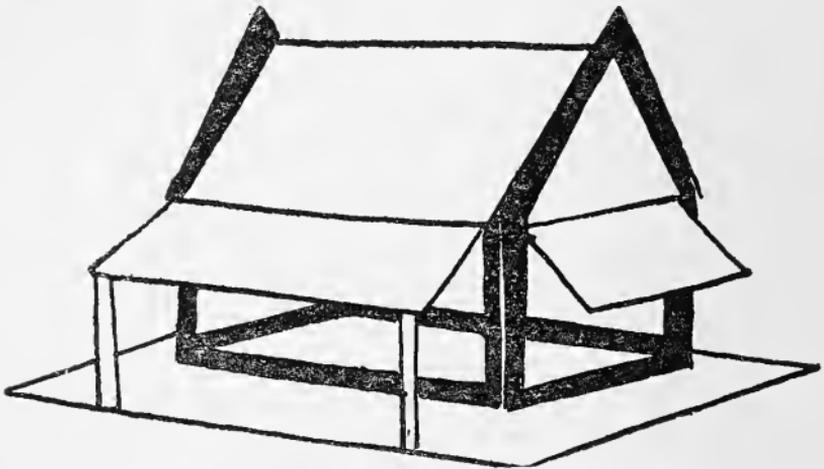
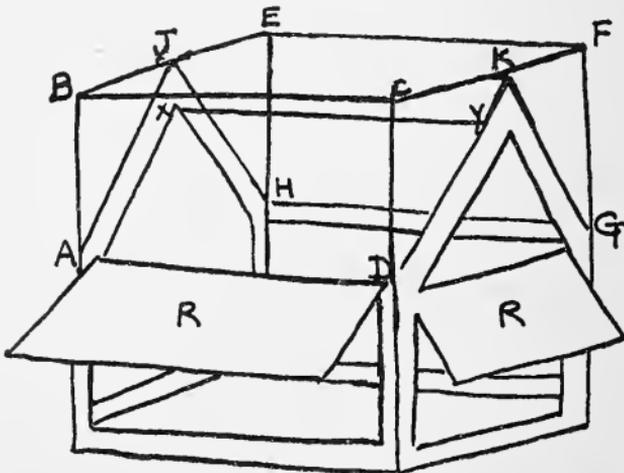


Figure 102
Siamese Floating House.



DIRECTIONS: To make this house take a light brown hat box and mark the side architecture on the box. R and R are supposedly movable bamboo or rattan shutters, they are really the raised-up flaps carefully cut

from the sides. The roof is slightly different from any other roof described, in that it is part of the box itself: namely, the rectangles A B C D and E F G H sloped together to meet each other at X Y, where they may be overcast together with needle and thread, after the triangles A B J, J E H, F G K and K C D have been cut off. This roof is supposed to be thatched, so streak it effectively with a brush and brown paint. The framework, black in the cut, should be black in reality also. It will really be a highly picturesque little model, and may be pasted onto a raft made from the bottom of a brown suit box. Blue crepe paper will make a ripply river on which to float the houseboat.

LETTER:

"Dear Dry-Land Rat!

Don't fall overboard, *please*, until I get a rope and tie you to the deck with Baby Dang! Nobody has to pay any rent for me because I'm floating on the water, which is the reason there are so many floating houses in Siam, as rents are terribly high. Yi Pan ties little bits of charms in different places to keep the evil spirits from upsetting us, or swamping us—but then she's the most scared, timid grannie in the whole world, anyhow."

A GOOD PLAY

“We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails,
And Tom said, “Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;”—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.”

(Robert Louis Stevenson, in “A Child’s Garden of Verses.”)
Charles Scribner’s Sons.

CHAPTER VI.

"DRESSING UP!"

"The Sheldrick household possessed a big chest full of pieces of colored stuff, cloaks, fragmentary wigs, tinsels, wooden swords and the like; this chest stood on the big landing outside the studio and it was called the dressing-up box. It was a liberal source of joy and a liberal education to the Sheldricks and their friends."—(Quoted from H. G. Wells.)

Have you a "Dress-Up Box" in your home?

The child who never plays at being somebody else has missed the "thrillingest" moments of life. The writer can recall the most wonderful episodes of her early teens, when after school a very gentle young friend of hers was daily metamorphosed into a gruff and burly Henry VIII., while she herself enacted many roles: all his poor eight wives at once, as well as "George", the king's valet. Nothing can make her forget the shiver of dismay when his majesty would thunder: "George, bring in Anne Bolyn!" "Aye, aye, sir," quavered poor George, making an obsequious exit. A trailing scarf, held on the head by a fillet, transformed "George" instantly into a trembling Anne Bolyn, and it is doubtful whether any Shakespearean actors have ever been done to more dramatic deaths than those two gentle little pretenders of long ago. To this very day there is something horribly arresting about the spoken or written words "Henry VIII.",—my heart loses a beat: the old wretch, how many times he's killed me!

No more romantic or thrilling stories exist than those in missionary lore, and if you have started a Once a Week Story Night you will have provided hints a plenty. Pirates and cannibals and wild animals for boys, weddings and house-keeping adventures and sicknesses for girls—nothing is omitted! It only remains for you to equip a Dressing-Up Box for the actors. Send for a free leaflet, "Oriental Costumes and How to Make Them."

1. THE CHILD WHO PLAYS ALONE.

To a child provided with imagination, Unseen Playmates are almost as satisfactory as the Flesh-and-Blood kind,—

*“When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.*

*“Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he’s sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When Children are happy and playing alone.”*

Read the other verses of “The Unseen Playmate” by Robert Louis Stevenson, and then at once be ready to give Rachel a chance to be some little unknown somebody, and play happily with other unknown somebodies.

A very lively and thorough idea of how children in other lands live may be gained by presenting her with an oriental costume and an oriental name, and letting her be that far-away person for an entire day. She will love it! If you can conveniently arrange your luncheon menu to include oriental dishes such as curry and rice, and let them be eaten with fingers, as in India and Burma, or with chopsticks (knitting needles or skewers), as in China and Japan, you will help sustain the pretense. Also by your conversation during the meal aid in the right understanding of that other little girl’s life. Suppose a father or a brother were home, imagine how Rachel would despise it to meekly stand around and serve them, waiting to eat what was left over after it was cold!

This should never be done, however, if there are other children coming in from school who cannot share intelligently in the play, but will ridicule her.

On one of her Nothing-To-Do days, when weather or illness keeps her shut indoors, slip this letter in the morning mail, properly addressed:

"Salaam, Missy Sahib Hathaway,

Although the American garments that adorn you are very exquisite, you will kindly run on swift feet to your bedroom and find under the bed a box containing a Hindu sari, in which you will please drape yourself according to directions. You will not neglect wearing the gorgeous jewels, of course! From the minute you first wear the sari until you take it off your new name becomes Manorama, which means 'Heart's Joy', and your Hindu playmate's name is Sukhdarshan, which means 'Beautiful-to-see'!"

Excitedly,

Your Six Yards of Hindu Sari.

This sari may be five or six yards of any brilliant material, perhaps cheese-cloth. There should be all the necklaces and bracelets possible. Rachel in her new character as Manorama might even be required to make some of her own necklaces by breaking, painting and stringing macaroni tubes. Gorgeous ear-rings may be made by looping brass curtain rings over her ears with string, and a bead dangling by a thread from a piece of courtplaster may be pasted on the under part of the nose in the most fetching fashion. Anklets of curtain rings will tinkle with true Hindu mysteriousness. With the costume should be the tiny picture of the Hindu girls and directions for draping sari cut from the free leaflet "Oriental Costumes"; a second note reads as follows:

"Salaam, Most beautiful Manorama,

You must be very anxious to know all about yourself, and your real home, and your dear friend Sukhdarshan. So please peep carefully into the bottom drawer of your bureau and remove a book called 'Junior Mission Stories,' reading pages 308-337 about Manorama."

"Of course her "itinerary" from now on will depend mostly on the books and leaflets you have procured for

her. The following list of stories and stunts is much fuller than is needed for one day, but you are to choose from it the possible stories available, and as in the "Mysterious Charm of Bundles" each new story may be found hidden in some out-of-the-way place, together with alluring directions to the *next* stop.

1. Pages 308-337, "Junior Mission Stories." (About the life of a girl named Manorama.)
2. Pages 32-75, "Around the World With Jack and Janet." (Two excellent accounts of life in India.)
3. Pages 113-153, "Primary Mission Stories." (Story of a Hindu boy and his sister.)
4. Leaflet, "Home Life in India." (3 cents.)
5. Leaflet, "Children of India." (3 cents.)
6. Leaflet, "Little India Girl." (2 cents.)
7. Leaflet, "Bridal Pictures." (3 cents.)
8. "Stunts" to be sandwiched in between stories will follow up the impressions gained:

(1) Map, or some good sized picture, of India, cut up into a puzzle.

(2) "Concealed Cities." A list of India's cities to be untwisted:

HILDE (Delhi).

TUCCATAL (Calcutta).

DRASMA (Madras).

MOBABY (Bombay).

RUDAMA (Madura).

LUCCITA (Calicut).

LORNLEE (Nellore).

GOOLEN (Ongole).

It will probably take some study of the map to do unraveling, which is exactly what you want, of course.

(3) Behind a sofa hide a piece of gray cardboard, so that houses and dolls may be cut out and painted. (See chapters IV. and V.)

- (4) "School," "House," "Hospital" and "Church" can then be played.
- (5) A Progressive Scrap-book is another idea for a day's record. Each new stopping place gives directions for a new page:—map to be traced; products of country to be drawn around; "Concealed cities," as above; leaflets and pictures pasted in; original drawings of huts, dolls, etc. By the end of the day it will be a compilation of "Things About Hindu Me!"

Of course, if sufficient stories have already been told on story nights, then these suggestions will not be so necessary, the new costume alone will be enough to start Rachel playing; although hidden stories will always add a thrill or two.

2. GROUPS OF CHILDREN.

Two or more children, dressed up, instinctively know how and what to play, especially if plenty of stories have been told to suggest playtimes. Appropriate names for each character are indispensable, and it would seem as if any Dress-up Box could contain the following outfit:

1. For "*Manorama*"—a Hindu sari of 5 straight yards of bright cheese-cloth, all available jewelry.

2. For "*Huantzi*" (i. e., "Change-Into-a-Brother") and "*Ling Te*" (i. e., "Lead-Along-a-Brother") a Chinese suit, gay pajamas will do with a border of Greek key designs painted around ankles of trousers, and around wrists and neck of coat. Flowers for hair, Chinese fan.

3. For "*O Kiku San*" (Miss Chrysanthemum) and "*O Taki San*" (Miss Waterfall) old Japanese kimonos with gay sashes, little home-made paper fans for hair, and possibly a paper parasol.

4. For "*Ma Bo*" and "*Ma Bin*", of Burma, a striped

piece of goods fitted hobble-fashion tightly around the legs, a plain white dressing jacket, scarf over shoulders flower in hair.

5. For "*Sherin*" (i. e., "Sweet), the Moslem girl, a dismal outfit, a double black skirt—the upper one to be drawn over head and shoulders like a shawl, after a black veil has been tied across the face (*under the eyes*) and fastened behind head. This veil hangs loose in front as far as waist-line.

6. For "*Minna Jackenowski*," Polish immigrant, a checked gingham apron, a triangular shawl over shoulders and brilliant scarf tied over head and under chin.

7. For "*Nicholena Salamonte*," Italian immigrant, same as above.

8. For "*Señorita Juanita Murillo*," from Mexico, ear-rings, black mantilla and a flirtatious fan.

9. For "*Painted Redbird*," an Indian squaw, a gay blanket and a feather in her hair will be sufficient. A doll tied papoose-fashion on her back adds local color. (Also good for Japan and China!)

10. For "*Mrs. Missionary Greatheart*" any grown-up dress and hat, with some school books and hymn books so she can open a school at once!

11. For "*Miss Silver Money-Bags*" the most elegant wardrobe of abandoned finery, including a homemade lozgette and an old purse full of paper money (see Jemima of the same name toward end of chapter III.). This wealthy lady is an inveterate traveler with a mania for adopting child widows and orphans, and equipping schools and hospitals at the request of Mrs. Greatheart and Miss Nightingale.

12. For "*Miss Florence Nightingale*" a nurse's cap and apron, with a box full of medicine bottles filled with candy pills, also a nurse's chart to keep track of prescriptions to patients.

Stories of all these maidens may be culled from the books mentioned previously, so that the players will

know how to be ignorant, and sick, and in trouble,—plainly ready for relief at the hands of Mrs. Greatheart and her assistants!

You may be interested to know that an actual Dressing-up Box, like the above, belongs in the writer's house, and when her Sunday school girls come a-visiting, each Eleven-Year-Old promptly says: "Well, let's draw names now, and dress up!" Nothing can solve a teacher's troubles about what to do at parties as easily as a similar box of abandoned clothes.



3. "DISCOVERING PRINCESSES" AT A DRESS-UP PARTY.

Our last party was such a success you may care to hear the details. Formerly the girls had "drawn" names, dressed up in the corresponding costumes, and then "played house" or "played school" with their dolls, without much direction. This time it was Valentine's Day, such a special occasion that a new costume was added for "The Undiscovered Princess"! This consisted of a gold crown, made from an old cardboard box

cut in the proper points and covered with gold paper! Colored candies were pasted here and there on it for the crown jewels—very taking! A piece of old blue silk was cut into a circular cape (unsewed) with a white collar painted with plenty of luxurious black “ermine” tails at intervals.

The basis for the entire party was a dear little story called “Discovering Princesses” (2 cents. F.), which shows how anybody or anything needing help is really a princess for us to rescue! This story was read to the guests, when properly garbed, then these four games were played:

1. *Drawing a Princess with Eyes Shut.*
2. *Discovering Princesses At Home, in:*
 - INCHA (China).
 - NAPJA (Japan).
 - DIANA (India).
 - ARMUB (Burma).
 - FARACI (Africa).
 - SLAAKA (Alaska).
 - REMAICA (America).
 - COXEMI (Mexico).

3. *Discovering Princesses At Work.*

This was a series of pantomimes, enacted by the teacher, showing the kind of things these nice everyday princesses keep doing for us. The little guests each had pencils and cards and wrote down their guesses:—washing clothes; sweeping; scrubbing floors; ironing; planting seeds; teaching school; sewing; motoring, etc.

4. *Crowning Princesses.*

We pinned a Chinese, an Immigrant and a Hindu paper doll in a row across a portiere, then each of us was blindfolded, given a gold crown, and sent on a haphazard journey to pin the crown on one of the three princesses.

Between games Miss Nightingale doctored the dis-

couraged "boobies", and the winners had to go through all kinds of stunts to find their prizes hidden high and low through the room. Each prize had a cute leaflet about some undiscovered princess—e. g., tiny Japanese doll and "Plum Blossom Stories" (5 cents. F.), Little Broom-pencil and "How Long Must I Wait?" (2 cents. F.).

At the refreshment table each guest had a favor made of a big cardboard heart with one of the cute red-roofed houses on it (1919 Junior Mission bank. F.) with a green cardboard tree growing beside the house! Underneath was printed:

*"My heart is a little island,
And the Princess who sails to me
Sails in the ship of Friend-ship
Over Discovery Sea!
The little house she's to live in
I'll fill for her cheerfully."*

Everyone also received a copy of "Discovering Princesses"; so having *learned* how all afternoon it was indeed a cheerful giving which two months later netted \$6 for the support of one of these little princesses in a Baptist school somewhere.

4. IMPROMPTU THEATRICALS.

Older members of the family can have just as much fun with a Dressing-Up Box as the children can. A sophisticated society girl loves to visit an artist and his sister who have frequent studio teas when each one swathes himself in some absurd draperies and has a regular lark! In at least two of Mr. Wells' novels quite staid and prosey families have a delightful way of indulging in dressings-up, as the quotation at the beginning of this chapter indicates.

Nothing is more fun, or develops such latent talent. At a World Wide Guild House-party last summer some

girls "presented" a little missionary play, "*A Stitch in Time*" (15 cents F), by merely reading the various parts in the most impromptu fashion. It was a never-to-be-gotten event, funny yet impressive, too.

Family reunions at Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's have a heavy way of lapsing into a stodgy dullness, lamentable to everybody—why not counteract too good a dinner by dressing up and reading through a missionary play? Or by dramatizing some brisk missionary story on the spur of the moment? Perhaps acting it in pantomime for the others to guess. Charades are a still simpler solution, of course; you will find 14 suggestions in chapter XI.

For Story Evenings, the added charm that comes from a costume is always to be remembered. A girl in Hindu costume, standing in the fire-light, to tell dramatically the story of Chundra Lela, as if it were her own life-story, will make a much more lasting impression than the same girl in a middy blouse, merely narrating the marvelous career of an unseen Hindu woman.

MY CROWN.

The only crown I ask, dear Lord, to wear
Is this—that I may help a little child.
I do not ask that I should ever stand
Among the wise, the worthy, or the great;
I only ask that softly, hand in hand,
A child and I may enter at Thy gate.

(Selected.)

CHAPTER VII.

“ADOPTING A TWIN”

The Mysterious-Charms-of-Bundles has a very close rival in the Fatal-Fascination-of-a-Secret Society! When she isn't invited to be in one that already exists, life becomes sheer emptiness to little Miss Ten-to-Fourteen. And after she gets initiated, how she does puff up with a secret importance that threatens to fairly burst her little plaid gingham yoke!

It is another of those psychological inclinations which a mother can easily utilize to arouse in her children the instinct of service.

If Betty is an only child she has undoubtedly said many and many a time how she did wish she had a twin! You only have to mention that magic word to receive a very interesting response from children: “She would be just my age, you see, and I'd just *love her to pieces!*” says little Barbara. Ruth explains to me sagely: “But it's too late being twins when you're ten, you have to begin as a baby.” Alice says: “I do want a twin brother—somehow boys are so dreffully scarce nowadays.” Mary whispers, very wistful and shy: “I pretend I have a twin sister all the time, she lives inside the looking glass, you know. And she's *just exactly like me*, and her mother makes her dresses look just like mine. Her name is Martha. She's ever so nice.”

All too often we grown-ups neglect this magical World of Fancy in which a child lives. Yet it is so easy a trip to get there, and such fun to stay a while and play! Suppose a group of children are at your home playing with Betty, and in a lull you ask their opinion on the subject of twins. There will probably be an enthusiastic response.

You: “Well, I know how you can each get one!”

They (fascinated): "You do! A really-and-truly twin, Mrs. Hathaway? Oh, goody, do tell us."

You: "Oh, but it's a sort of secret society, and I'm afraid I couldn't tell unless you want to join."

Betty: "Why, Mother Hathaway, a *secret society*? Can't I belong? And what's it called?"

You (hesitating): "Well, I really can't tell the actual name to outsiders, of course, but the initials are S. A. T."

They (giggling): "S. A. T.! *Sat* on what?"

You: "Oh, but I can't tell, except that each letter stands for something."

They: "Can't we please join? Isn't it something we'd like?"

You: "My dears, you would all just *love* it, especially since each of you want a twin so badly. But, you see, this S. A. T. society is partly for fun and partly for work. One of you would have to be President, another one Treasurer, another one Secretary. Would you like it?"

Chorus: "Yes! Yes! Yes! And I'll be president." "No, you won't either, I will," etc., etc.

1. *Initiation Ceremony.*

After arousing their curiosity in some such way as this you can volunteer to initiate them into S. A. T. One by one they are invited into another room, where you shut the door and solemnly dress each candidate in a costume of whatever country you may have chosen. I would suggest China since there is such a splendid story book to use in connection with the S. A. T. meetings. Mabel, the first initiate, equipped in a quaint pajama suit (see chapter IV.) is feeling thrilled. Mysteriously you pull over her head a pillow slip, and ask her to kneel before you. Taking her hands in yours, you say: "Mabel dear, I ask you solemnly do you really wish to have a twin?"

Mabel's responses will probably be "yes" throughout the ceremony.

You: "And will you promise faithfully to work to get her, and to keep her?"

You: "Then I want to tell you, dear, that over in China there are thousands of little girls, just your age, dressed just as you are dressed now, who are waiting and waiting to be adopted by you. They have been waiting for years and years! So S. A. T. means '*Society for Adoption of Twins*', and each twin is to be a dear quaint, funny little Chinese girl. Everyone who joins the society promises to write a letter to her twin, to send her a Christmas box, and to earn enough money to send her to school (part of) a year.

(*Note:* \$15 is the amount which will send any oriental girl to any of our schools for one year; or \$7.50 for six months; \$3.75 for three months; \$1.25 for one month. You will know best the financial possibilities of the initiates and can choose the sum they can likely raise. Only do not underestimate their abilities! One of the most amusing little books of 1919 is called "Deer Godchild," and gives the correspondence between a ten-year-old *newsboy* who decided to play godfather to a French orphan, at \$36.50 a year, or 10 cents a day. How he grubbed for that money, and the sheer grit of the undertaking for a newsboy is not overcolored, for just such things *have* aroused the active sympathies of poor children to help other poor children during the war. So 5 cents a day will not overtax Betty and her friends, and it may lead to an actual correspondence as delightful as "Deer Godchild." There are endless ways of saving money, and of earning it, if sprightly wits are in earnest!)

Mabel is next required to repeat the pledge, sentence by sentence: "I, Mabel Jones, do hereby promise to earn money enough to send my twin to school (part of) a year, to write her a letter and send her a Christmas

box, and to pray for her every evening." You may then remove the pillowcase, and kissing her on the forehead say: "I do hereby declare you a member of the S. A. T." After she has removed her Chinese suit, pin on her the membership pin!

This pin should be a very simple affair. The pin part may be one of the very smallest safety pins—choose the gilt ones, as they look more impressive than the silvery color! Two small diamond-shaped pieces of bright blue cardboard should be pasted together, one on each side of the bar of the pin. Print the letters S. A. T. in a column on the outer diagonal.

Mabel is then given that appealing little story called "How Long Must I Wait?" (2 cents. F.), and sent into another room, away from the uninitiated (!), to read it while Initiate Number Two is going through the rites.

After each new member has been initiated, and received a pin and a story, then holding hands all stand in a circle while this jingle is repeated:

*"We are the members of the S. A. T.,
We each must very busy be!
By wearing these our secret pins
We pledge ourselves to love our twins."*

The election of officers by ballot now becomes a highly diverting experience. They will probably long to increase the membership, and the only condition will be that whoever joins must assume the care of a twin for a certain length of time. The following suggestions will probably meet with marked approval:

2. *A Regular Day for Meeting.*

This should be once a week, or every other week, when they meet to sew on Christmas presents for their

twins and to report on their progress in earning or saving the needed money. You will want to mother these meetings with the utmost devotion, so that enthusiasm may never dwindle. Two very obvious aids are:

(1) *Chinese stories at each meeting.* For this there is no more charming book than "Mook" (30 cents), written by Mrs. Sites, of Foochow, China, about a real Chinese boy. It is not only very quaintly written, but will bring "twins" to the forefront every minute! Be sure to get to know Moon Fairy, Moon Pearl and Crosspatch. Pages 224-278 in "Primary Mission Stories" will give stories about Little Miss Daffodil and pages 45-78 in "Junior Mission Stories" about Ling Te and Number Two. Consult a catalogue for Chinese leaflet stories.

(2) *Chinese Games.* In "Mook" some real Chinese games are suggested, which can be played after the sewing and story hours are ended; also see games in chapter XI., such as "Won't You Come Into My Parlor?" and Telegrams.

3. *The Christmas Presents.*

Send for a leaflet called "How You Might Help the Missionaries" (free. F.) for suggestions. Little dressed dolls are always acceptable, also. Small workbags, equipped with sewing utensils, post cards, with paper neatly pasted over the backs, are suggested in "Mook" in such a way you can't resist sending some off at once to Plum Blossom's dear granny! Indeed, if there is a granny in your home she might like to adopt a twin granny!

(And how I wish—by the way—that I could devote another whole chapter to *adopting grannies!* Our towns are full of dear forlorn souls, and sometimes because it's only Somebody-Just-Around-the-Corner we fail to see the glory waiting to be awakened in some lonely

old lady, needing the cheerful brightness of your Betty's friendship, week by week. Your Church Visitor knows the names of these Shut-Ins; let Betty have the delicious responsibility of amusing a brand new grandmother, by sending her funny little letters with scrawly drawings describing school and playtimes; an occasional call to take her a bunch of pansies or of field daisies, an orange in winter, passing on the Hathaway magazines, loaning a book. Why not?)

4. "*The Doll Shop.*" (A little play to raise money). This play idea will be greeted with joy, as children never seem to have the slightest doubts about their ability to carry things through. Doubtless they could sell a number of tickets at 10 cents apiece, especially if these tickets were cut from colored cardboard in the shape of Chinese lanterns (see chapter V.) with mock Chinese writing on one side, and on the other the information:

"THE DOLL SHOP"

A Playlet

to be given at the home of Betty Hathaway,
12 Pleasant Street,

on Saturday afternoon, April 12, at 3 p. m.

There will be some funny "side shows,"
too, so bring some extra nickels and pennies!

This playlet, "The Doll Shop," has already been used by a large Episcopalian Bible School as its Christmas drama, and is simple enough for any group of children to adapt to any stage! Each of the S. A. T. members should be an actor: one girl to be Shopkeeper, two others Arabella's Mother and Father, the rest costume dolls. When the curtains are drawn these dolls are shown standing around—stiff, staring, unblinking, each with a conspicuous price mark. Some of them should have the original black price marked through with red, and

a reduced amount marked below. A counter may be made from an ironing board resting on two chairs, with a sheet over it. Some of the dolls should be on "shelves", of course, formed from tables and chairs behind this counter.

When the play opens the Shopkeeper begins going around dusting them off with a feather duster, blowing off soot, straightening a bonnet or a bow here and there. Carefully examining one doll she says: "Oh, how provoking! Here is another doll with a cracked head. I shall have to mark you down to 98 cents now"; or better yet, if one of the human dolls is actually minus a conspicuous front tooth the Shopkeeper laments: "Oh dear, oh dear! I shall have to mark you down to 49 cents, dolly, until you grow a new tooth!"

Enter the two customers. Gentleman carrying high silk hat and cane, Lady in long-trained dress, with feather hat, *and lorgnette!*

LADY: "Is this the famous Doll Shop, where you keep the talking dolls? Tomorrow is my little girl's birthday, and my husband and I want to get her the finest doll that is made. One with real hair, and with eyes that open and shut, you know."

SHOPKEEPER: "Madam, I assure you all our dolls have the finest human hair, and I personally guarantee that their eyes will open and shut. Now here is our Mary-Mary-Quite-Contrary doll,—let me wind her up!" (Winds up doll in back, between shoulder blades.)

Mary-Mary-Quite-Contrary (dressed in sunbonnet and garden apron, and carrying a small rake and a green watering can, jerkily lifts the latter, and jerkily recites):

*"I love to hear the blue bells chime
And little cowslips moo.
Of tiger lilies roaring I'm
A constant lover, too!*

*But best of all the garden sounds
To which I love to hark
Is when at eve I go my rounds
The Johnny-jum-pups bark!"*

(Bowing jerkily, says "Bow-wow!")

HUSBAND (slapping his sides with laughter: "Bless my soul, what a stunning doll! My dear, shan't we just buy it, and go home?")

WIFE: "Oh, but Henry, dear, I don't believe it would suit Arabella at all, for it only costs 98 cents, so I'm sure the works inside it wouldn't last."

SHOPKEEPER: "Well now, madam, here's the Queen of Hearts doll; being a queen she's real expensive, although I could give her to you this week for \$3.49—very special, and the best body that's made, I assure you." (Winds up doll between shoulder blades.)

QUEEN OF HEARTS (covered with red cardboard hearts, and wearing a gold cardboard crown, jerkily holds up a big gold cardboard key which she jerkily fits into the keyhole of the red heart just over her own heart; as she recites):

*"Hearts like doors
Open with ease
To very, very little keys,
And don't you forget that two of these
Are 'I thank you,' and 'If you please!'"*

HUSBAND (clapping hands): "Bravo! my dear, she's a little jewel! Come on, let's have her sent right home for Arabella."

WIFE: "Now, Henry, *please* don't hurry so! Arabella is so beautifully polite already I don't see why we should pester her with reminders to say 'Thank you' and 'Please'. I want something very, *very* unusual, and captivating." (Peers around through her lorgnette.)

SHOPKEEPER: "Maybe you would like our cute little Old Black Joe doll, madam. She's fast black, color warranted not to run, and she comes from Georgia." (Winds up doll.)

OLD BLACK JOE (has face blackened with burnt cork, and wears long black gloves or stocking over arms, and a red spotted handkerchief knotted around head. Carries small aquarium with goldfish, either real or celluloid, floating in it. Jerkily recites:

*"Oh, de gol' fish say to de polly wog
'You'se gwine for to turn to a long-laig frog!
You can't be han'some, and swim like me
An' be raised as a pet, 'cause don' you see
De time is certainly boun' to come
When you gotter git out of dis 'quarium!"*

*"An' de polly-wog say to de gol' fish, 'Sho,
 You ain't tellin' nuffin I don't know.
 I'd rather hop than swim, I vow,
 An' I doesn't like comp'ny much, nohow!
 I'se jes' bin waitin' f'um day to day
 Foh my laigs to grow, to be on my way!"*

*"Now frogs is frogs, and fish is fish,
 An' it's nuffin but foolishness to wish
 To be changin' round like de white folks do
 An' dreamin' dem dreams dat can't come true!
 So honey, you stay whah you done belong
 And do yo' bes', an' you can't go wrong."*

HUSBAND: "My love, what have you against this splendid doll?"

WIFE (wiping eyes): "Oh Henry, it was only last week that naughty Fido ate Arabella's last little pet gold fish, and even on Fridays we never dare serve fish at meals, she weeps at the very word *fish*. Dear child!"

SHOPKEEPER: "Say, Lady, I really think what you need for Arabella to play with is a little angel. Now here's a real expensive doll that's as good as gold, pretty, with golden hair." (Winds up doll.)

ANGEL (has white wings made of cheesecloth, stretched on picture wire. She carries an artist's palette. A cardboard palette will do, with colors daubed in a semi-circle. As she recites she makes jerky painting motions with brush):

*"When little angels have been good
 And night is drawing nigh,
 God lets them take His color box
 And dabble up the sky!"*

WIFE (severely shaking finger at angel): "Oh! oh! oh! I thought little angels always told the truth. You know perfectly well that isn't the way sunsets are made, and as Arabella *never* tells fibs I couldn't possibly give you to her."

HUSBAND: "There's a sensible-looking little doll in a rain-coat. Let's hear her wound up!"

SHOPKEEPER (winding her up): "And she's a *very* truthful doll, mister, almost any family can vouch for what she says!"

180 THE SCHOOL OF MOTHER'S KNEE

RAIN-DEAR (dressed in mackintosh and rubbers, jerkily opens umbrella and holding it overhead repeats):

*"The gentle rain falls on the just,
And also on the unjust fellow,
It falls upon the just because
The UNJUST has the JUST'S umbrella!"*

HUSBAND: "Ha! Ha! You're a clever little Rain-Dear; come on, let's buy her. Only \$1.19, too!"

WIFE: "Henry, you shock me! Does Arabella ever keep anybody's umbrella? Then why inflict such an unnecessary doll on her? What's this queer doll with an extra arm jutting out behind, and an alarm clock around her neck?"

SHOPKEEPER: "That is the Behindhand Doll, madam. But I don't think she will suit such a paragon as Arabella, she's such a careless creature." (Winds her up!)

BEHINDHAND (fastened into all her clothes wrongly, hair fly-awry, etc.):

*"Little Miss Hurry,
All hustle and flurry,
Comes down to her breakfast ten minutes late;*

*"Her hair is a-rumple,
Her gown is a-crumple,
She's no time to button or hook herself straight.*

*"She hunts and she rushes
For needles and brushes,
For books and for pencils flies upstairs and down;*

*"If ever you'd find her,
Just follow behind her
A trail of shoe-buttons and shreds of her gown."*

("Junior World.")

WIFE: "Come on, Henry, we're wasting time. I can't insult Arabella's intelligence by giving any of these foolish dolls—"

SHOPKEEPER: "Madam, just wait one minute, for I have just received a package by express today, unopened as yet—it might be just what you want." (Goes to door, and carries in a big package entirely wrapped in heavy paper and tied around with twine. It is addressed to "THE DOLL SHOP, c/o Miss

Betty Hathaway, 12 Pleasant Street," etc. An envelope dangles from the string which the shopkeeper detaches and opens. Inside is a long blue Chinese scroll, which she reads out loud as follows: "Most celestial and glorious Shopkeeper! May you live to be a thousand years old and have ten thousand customers. I please you to open the accompanying package and find therein one Chinese girl doll, warranted not to crack. She do got heavenly voice, and if it make smiling in your honorable heart for to hear her operate said voice upon your worshipful ear, she will enthrall you muchly. The little song what she do sing have been stuck in her heart on Shanghai, China, by your Baptist mission school,—she can't never to forget it! She can to talk other things, too, if a five cent piece are put in her left hand. Your miserably friend,

Mr. Chinese Doll-Maker."

WIFE: "Oh, how quaint she must be! All the way from China, Henry, just think of that! See the Chinese labels (mock writing in heavy black) on the package. I'm sure she's just what we want for Arabella!"

HUSBAND, also excited, takes knife from pocket and cuts cords. He and Shopkeeper remove heavy paper, disclosing cunning Chinese girl.

SHOPKEEPER: "Alas, her eyes are closed. I'll jiggle her to see if they open." (Jiggles, but eyes remain closed.) "I'll wind her up and see what happens!" (Winds.)

CHINESE DOLL'S eyes fly open, she bows politely, then sings "Jesus Loves Me" in Chinese:

*"Ye-su wa-re wo ai-su
Sei-co-ni-zo ci-me-su
Ka-re tsu-yo-ke re-ba
Wa-re o-so re-ji-na.*

*"Aa Ye-su ai-su
Aa Ye-su ai-su
Aa Ye-su ai-su
Sei-co-ni ci-me-su."*

WIFE: "Oh Henry, dear, isn't she lovely? Isn't she exactly what Arabella needs to make her unselfish and companionable? How much is she?"

SHOPKEEPER (reading tag fastened on Chinese doll's suit): "This is not an ordinary doll. It costs \$15 a year to keep her in our Baptist school, or \$7.50 for six months, or \$3.75 for three months, or \$1.25 for one month, or 5 cents for one day."

HUSBAND (pulling out check-book): "I want her for a whole year."

WIFE: "And now put five cents in her left hand and see what she does!"

HUSBAND searches in vain for nickel, appeals to audience who may offer one; otherwise Shopkeeper gives it.

CHINESE DOLL then recites:

"There was a little

Chinese girl

Hindu

Burmese

Japanese

*Just about SO tall (measuring),
Each morning she has rice to eat
But never eats it all.
Oh, no, she takes a little out—
About SO much, I think (handful),
And gives it to a wooden god
That cannot eat nor drink.*

*"She lays it down before his face
And says a little prayer (clasps hands),
The idol cannot see nor hear,
I wonder—DOES HE CARE?"*

*"She does the very best she knows,
'Tis what her mother taught her,
She thought the idol old and grim
Could help her little daughter.*

*"Please, won't you help this Chinese girl
To love your Lord in glory,
And do all that you can to help
Send her the old, old story?" (Bows.)*

After this you can step forward and explain to the audience, as well as to the Doll-Shoppers, about the S. A. T., and why the little girls want to raise money, etc.

5. *Side Shows* may be a candy table, a lemonade table, a fish pond, a fortune-telling booth where cunning fortunes are written on the backs of tiny Chinese dolls. Or you might even achieve a comical Chinese Punch and Judy show with dolls.

6. *A Summer Christmas Tree.* In "Everyland" for June, 1914, the writer had a little story called "S. A. T." which various groups of children everywhere have been carrying out in the five years since then, as several interesting letters indicate. After organizing an S. A. T. the original story tells how a summer Christmas tree was held on somebody's lawn one August, right where a real little pine tree was growing. It was decorated with tinsel and balls and candles, and a good many people in the neighborhood received this note in their morning mail, together with a tiny red cheese-cloth stocking: "There is going to be a summer Christmas tree on Mrs. Holmes' lawn, with Christmas carols and a Christmas story at seven o'clock, August 27th. Each of the little girls whose names are signed below is going to adopt a Chinese twin for (part of) a year, at (\$15) apiece, and we thought you might enjoy attending the celebration and helping by hanging the enclosed stocking on the Christmas tree, with a gift inside."

One western church had such an August celebration on the church lawn, two twins were adopted by the contributions received and 100 little presents were brought by the attendants! In another city, a suburban family had such a tree, and a little Chinese girl lighted a candle every time a red stocking was hung on the tree. I think it was here that Van Dyke's "Other Wise Man" was told, the speaker explaining also about the S. A. T. The singing of the carols was lovely, and it did everybody good to know what the warm-hearted little girls were trying to do.

All presents should be mailed to the Orient by the end of August in order to arrive in time for Christmas.

7. *Little Americans for Little Americans!*

But a twin does not need to be a far-off-across-the-sea personage, since our own cities and towns are full of lonely little foreigners hungry to know "real" Americans! Imagine some little Polish (or Italian, or Bo-

hemian, or Chinese) twin for Betty who could come to play with her on Saturdays; imagine the breathless tales she would carry home to curious Mrs. Jackenowski about Betty's Mrs. Hathaway! Then imagine yourself calling on Mrs. Jackenowski and the resultant friendliness. Imagine Christmas morning with a Hathaway box of presents on the Jackenowski doorstep; imagine Sunday mornings when the scrubbed Jackenowskis file solemnly into your church, or perhaps into your mission chapel—warmed and uplifted in this strange land by the friendship with a "real" family. Multiply this by all the other S. A. T. families and you will see that all *Christian Americanization* means is a friendly acceptance of the ideals of the new country; and it will all be due to the little Americans who adopted Twins and to the interested mothers who intelligently backed the project!

8. "*The Dream Chest*" (10 cents) is a cute little Americanization play which the S. A. T. may present to raise money.

*"If I could make the laws
For dear old Santa Claus,
I wouldn't let him pass
A single lad or lass!"*

(Selected.)

CHAPTER VIII.

“SUCCESSFUL RAINY DAYS”

(Fourteen Scrap-book Suggestions.)

“The rains descended and the winds blew and beat upon that house,” while two disgusted little noses were flattened dismally against the window-pane!

But you had known all along that some day such weather would intern Peter and Polly, so you had been wisely “laying by against a rainy day.” You had visited steamship agencies and procured their free and profusely illustrated folders on trips to the Orient. You had written “Thomas Cook and Son,” Head Office, New York City, enclosing a two-cent stamp with requests for illustrated leaflets on oriental travel. You had written Vantines for their oriental catalogue (Broadway, between 18th and 19th Streets, New York), and you had laid in a supply of descriptive railroad booklets on Alaska, Mexico, New Mexico, Oklahoma, etc. You had been cutting interesting pictures from missionary magazines (“Missions,” “World Outlook,” “Everyland”), as well as from travel magazines like the “National Geographic,” and had docketed the pictures in separate envelopes labelled “India”, “China”, “Alaska”, etc. Advertisements had caught your eye in the newspapers and magazines, and you had discovered that the “Literary Digest” was a mine of good pictures, and that the Waltham Watch had entered Korea, China, and Japan—with clever cuts; cigarette “ads” gave you camels and Turkish men and maids; a patent medicine named Tanacra showed Hindu natives forging through jungles on elephant-back searching for herbs. Circus advertisements proved full of thrilling lions and tigers and camels; and Juvenile Book Catalogues at Christmas time contained many “finds”. And the rainy day arrived!

Peter and Polly removed their dismal noses from the window panes when they heard you setting up a cutting table and cheerfully rattling the scissors against the paste tubes.

"Why, whatever are you up to, mother?" they asked, and you replied, with unconcern: "Scrap-books!"

And they helped—of course, they did! Anybody can while away cheerful hour on hour by creating such books. One of the grave questions is a proper title for each book—a book is hardly a book unless it is dubbed something or other! And a whole library of nameless books would be not only a tragedy, but a waste of time, since an endless amount of knowledge along general or specific lines may be gained from putting together scraps that are connected with each other.

Each scrap-book may have covers of colored cardboard, with sheets of plain paper in between. It is as well not to bind the pages together until the book is complete. A number of titles are offered for your choice, with ideas as to development. The titles should be neatly lettered on the outside, and verses worked in, such as "Travel" in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses".

1. RAINY DAY SCRAP-BOOK.

On the outside may be pasted a picture of a rainy day—perhaps an umbrella or a rubber heel advertisement—with this jingle printed below:

*"The rain is raining very hard,
I cannot play out in the yard,
So I'll just make a little book
To show how other countries look!"*

This should be a general book of places around the world,—temples, quaint houses, harbors, etc. It might be a pretended trip Peter took, in which case an ocean steamship is shown first, with an X marking the port-hole to indicate "My stateroom on the trip across". Encourage him to make up little experiences to write

under the various pictures, making the trip really his own. Stories, on Story Nights (chapter X.) might connect themselves with the different scrap-books.

2. MY "HOW DO YOU DO?" SCRAP-BOOK.

On the cover should be a picture of an Oriental child shaking hands with an American child. Any two pictures can be merged into one by drawing in the hands. Underneath it print:

*"Little drops of water, little daubs of paint,
Make my Unseen Playmates look very dear and quaint!"*

The most valuable plan for this kind of book is to start with a picture of one or two of Peter's "very own" missionaries in Burma, for instance, and pasted all around them little Burman girls and boys. A descriptive leaflet may be bought for 2 cents telling about the children of any land, and should be pasted in the book. Let Peter have the fun of writing the letter ordering the leaflet by name from the catalogue, and enclosing postage. He can leave space for it in his book, and the mere "watchful waiting" will add an extra value when it finally arrives in the mail, *addressed to him*:—a side issue of *The Mysterious Charm of Bundles!*

3. MY JAP-O-LANTERN.

This scrap-book should have the covers and inner sheets cut out in the shape of a lantern. See chapter V. for patterns. The pictures should be of Japan only; people, temples, cherry blossoms, your own missionaries, the Fukuin Maru, leaflets on Japan, etc. Encourage the children to attempt original drawings occasionally, and to add little verses to explain the pictures. For instance, beneath a jinrikisha with a coolie:

*"This is the Man Who Plays Horse All Day—
A very queer Horse, for he often will say:
'Where will you go?' and 'How long will you stay?'"*

Or under a little picture of a Japanese house and garden:

"IF I WERE JAPANESE"

*If I should live in fair Japan
How quaint my home would be!
My house would be of light bamboo,
With paper panes, you see;
And sliding panels for the walls
Of all the rooms and all the halls,
If I were Japanese.*

*My shoes I'd take from off my feet
Before I went inside;
And if the days were fine, I'd ope
My sliding panels wide.
And then I'd sit on thick soft mat,
And have some tea, or this and that,
If I were Japanese.*

*My tiny garden at the back
Would be both sweet and cool,
With streamlet small, and wishing-bridge,
And deep, dark goldfish pool.
The old stone lantern in the night
Would always give a cheery light,
If I were Japanese.*

*The temple gong's rich, mellow boom
Would sound on evening breeze;
And fireflies would begin their dance
Among the willow trees.
And while I slept, a wind-bell gay,
Would keep all evil things away,
If I were Japanese.*

(Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in "Everyland.")

Underneath a picture of a Japanese sister with a baby tied on her back could be:

THE CRADLE-THAT-WALKED-ON-TWO-FEET!

*"The Japanese sister jumps rope all day,
And skips round the yard in her Japanese play,
While tied on her back is her brother, dear me!
His head is as wobbly as wobbly can be!"*

4. "A CHINESE FAN" SCRAP-BOOK.

This may be cut in the shape of a Chinese oval fan, and should contain only pictures of China, missionaries, etc. On the cover print:

*"Father is a BASEBALL FAN—
And sits out on the bleachers;
Sister is a MOVIE FAN—
Which much disgusts her teachers.
Mother waves a BAMBOO FAN—
To cool her heated features;
While I am a CHINESE FAN—
Because I love the creatures!"*

For poems to go with the pictures use "I Am a Little Chinese Girl" and "Jesus Loves Me" in Chinese, both given in chapter VII.

5. MY OWN JUNGLE BOOK.

This is to be about India: parrots, monkeys, snakes, elephants, lions, tigers, mud huts, bullock carts, Hindu people, bathing in the Ganges, pictures of mission buildings and missionaries, "Jesus Loves Me" (in Telugu), and "I Am a Little Hindu Girl" (chapter VII.). Circus advertisements will furnish *gorgeous* animals. On the front may be printed:

*"G-R-R-R-R—hear the lion growl!
 WHO-O-O-O—hear the jungle owl!
 HISS-S-S—hear the jungle snake
 Its sly and stealthy motions make!
 Hear the busy endless chatter
 Of monkeys calling 'What's the matter?'
 Hear the thud of giant feet
 As elephants plod through the heat!
 I'm making this a jungle zoo,
 And hope it's interesting to you!"*

Belle Brain's "Adventures With Four-Footed Folk" (Revell, \$1.00) would make splendid stories to tell in this connection. This scrap-book, and the next three, are especially good fun for Peter to make!

6. THE "GO" BOOK.

Peter will be amused to cut out pictures of vehicles and modes of travel the world around: American auto; Indian travois; Alaskan dogsled; Mexican burro; African hammock and pole; Chinese sedan chair; Burman bullock-cart; Japanese jinrikisha; Hindu elephant-back; Mohammedan camel-back, etc. Perhaps he could put a picture of some Mr. or Mrs. Missionary beside each vehicle, so connecting a name with the picture. "Chapel-Cars" in America are a novelty which must not be omitted. For the front page:

*"'G'dap!' and 'Whoa!'
 Said any old way
 Make Go-Things go
 Or Go-Things stay!"*

7. HOUSES FOR RENT.

Under a row of world houses print:

*"Houses for Rent.
 Apply to Peter Hathaway, Agent."*

Most boys like to know how things are built, and will enjoy collecting a scrap-book full of houses, temples, famous buildings in Oriental lands as well as pictures of our mission buildings. Encourage him to find out the "why" of certain things: why pagodas have an uneven number of stories; why Chinese pagodas are not temples, but memorials erected by loving widows; why the Taj Mahal was built; why houses in the Philippines and Burma sit up on stilts; why our India schools and hospitals have cool broad verendahs; why the roofs of Chinese houses tip up at the corners. Names may be chosen for the houses so that in renting them to a set of Polly's world dolls, for instance, Peter will know who should select "The Little House That Is Made of Paper" (Japan); "The Little House That Is Built in Half An Hour" (Africa); "The Brown House on Stilts" (Burma); "The House Made Out of Ice" (Alaska); "The Tepee Made of Skins" (Indian); "The House Upon a House" (Mexican Indian pueblos); etc. This little game will be fun to play endlessly, the dolls of each nation being pasted opposite the proper mission buildings, schools, etc.

8. SHIPS AHOY!

A log of the World's Famous Ships.

*I'm Captain of this fleet
Of famous ships I'll meet;
I'll interview the different crews
To find out missionary news!*

This scrap-book could be cut in the shape of a very large white-sailed sail boat, the boat itself painted brown. Or if a square-covered book is used, ships should decorate the covers—everything from Roman triremes to stuffy two-masters, and from Spanish frigates to modern ocean liners. A dictionary will furnish drawings which may be traced through thin paper, then pasted in the scrap-book, so that a record may be

made of the boats, new and old, which have helped make history.

A map of both hemispheres should come first in the book, with the couplet below it:

"Thus far," says Definition, and draws a map.

"Westward!" cries Suggestion, and builds a boat!

The boats should be numbered, and their numbers placed on the map where their routes lay. If colored crayons are used this will give a clearer itinerary at the end of the series, a separate color designating each ship. If a page of the scrap-book is devoted to each boat, and a few sketchy drawings or pictures are pasted there, plus a few facts, then quite a history of famous boats may be compiled. A few suggestions are given below:

(1) Paul's voyage and shipwreck, trace route from Asia Minor to Rome. Cut out Acts 27 and 28 from an unused Bible, and on the same page where they are to be fastened, paste some pictures of Paul, etc., taken from Sunday School lesson leaflets. The gospel is now started *westward*.

(2) 1492. Columbus discovered the West Indies in the Spanish frigate "*Santa Maria*". Trace his route, and devote a page to a picture of his ship, some waving palm trees, etc.

(3) 1519. Magellan discovered the Philippines, sailing from Spain in the "*Victoria*". Picture of old ship, and of Philippine villages.

(4) 1607. Virginia settlers sailed from England to Jamestown in the ships "*Susan Constant*", "*Godspeed*" and "*Discovery*". Three ships at top of page, also pictures of Capt. John Smith, Pocahontas and Big Chief Powhatan. A few tawny tepees, hand-drawn and colored, will add to the effect.

(5) 1609. Hendrick Hudson sailed up the Hudson River in the "*Half Moon*"; a little later, Dutch settlers bought Manhattan Island (now New York) from the Indians for \$125 and built their quaint gable-roofed houses where once wigwams had been. Twenty years

later 14 languages were spoken in this new Dutch city called "New Amsterdam", prophetic of New York's present polyglot population. Divide this page into four parts: *first*—the ship; *second*—Indian tepees and Indians; *third*—some tiny "Dutch Cleanser" maidens with a Sapolio "Spotless Town" in the background; *fourth*—a modern view of New York sky-scrapers.

(6) 1620. The Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth rock from the ship "*Mayflower*". Picture of three Indians: Samoset, Squanto and Massasoit to decorate the page with some pilgrim Priscillas and John Aldens!

(7) 1620. The first negro slaves were shipped from Africa in the "*Treasurer*", landing in Jamestown, thus beginning the dreadful system of slavery which ended only in 1864 at the close of the Civil War. Pictures of black people in bandana handkerchiefs ("Aunt Jemima's Pan Cake Flour" advertisements are invaluable, also "Cream of Wheat") and Abraham Lincoln.

(8) 1682. William Penn and the Quakers sailed from England in the "*Welcome*", settled in Penn's Woods, now *Pennsylvania*.

(9) 1771. Hans Egede sailed from Sweden to Greenland on the "*Hope*". Draw pictures of ice houses, fur-clad natives, and tell his story as given in "Junior Mission Stories", pages 373-379.

(10) 1796. "*The Duff*" sailed from England for the Society Islands in the Pacific Ocean. For missionary adventures with savage cannibals see "A Cruise of the Island World" (F. 10 cents) or "Yarns of South Sea Pioneers" (F. 20 cents). If possible procure both books, as they will give excellent stories for Story Nights, as well as explain about the five next boats.

(11) 1830. John Williams, on an island named Raratonga, in the Pacific, built his own ship, "*The Messenger of Peace*". See chapter III. of the "Yarns", and chapter II. of the "Cruise".

(12) 1839. "*The Camden*", given John Williams by some English friends. See chapter IV., "Yarns".

(13) 1864. In a ship called "*The Southern Cross*" John Coleridge Patterson set sail for the island of Santa Cruz. See chapters VI. and VII. of the "Yarns". Thrilling—just what boys should hear.

(14) 1893. In a steam launch called "*The Miro*", John Chalmers had many an adventure in New Guinea. See chapter IV. of the "Cruise" and chapter IX. of the "Yarns".

(15) 1857. John G. Paton in his mission ship "*Dayspring*" sailed among the islands of the New Hebrides, as told in chapter VI. of the "Cruise".

(16) 1899. The "Fukuin Maru". Send for 3 cent leaflet (F.), "The Gospel Ship of the Inland Sea", or read the spicier account in Mrs. Montgomery's "Following the Sunrise", pages 197-204.

(17) Do not omit Dr. Wilfred Grenfel, of Labrador. Consult a Public Library.

9. THE "HUNGRY" SCRAP-BOOK!

Where our food comes from will form another interesting book. On the outside, a picture of children eating, and the following:

*"I'm often M-T, R-U?
And eat pies, jellies, and stew!
But I wish that I knew
Where such things first grew—
I'm going to search the whole world through
And write my findings here for you!"*

On one page have a picture of a child saying grace: "Give me this day my daily bread" and that verse of Stevenson's:

*"It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place."*

—Child's Garden of Verses, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Another good poem is:

JACK HORNER UP-TO-DATE.

*Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a very queer pie;
He saw in a trice
It held everythng nice
From the lands where the mission fields lie.*

*From Ceylon came the spice,
And from China the rice.
And bananas from African highlands;
There were nutmegs and cloves
Sent from Borneo's groves,
And yams from the South Sea Islands.*

*There were nuts from Brazil
All the corner to fill,
And sugar and sago from Siam;
And from Turkey a fig
That was really so big,
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."*

*There were pomegranates fair
Grown in Persia's soft air,
And tortillas from Mexico found there,
And there did appear
Grapes and grain from Corea
And all of the things that abound there.*

*A Syrian date
Did not turn up too late,
He need not for tea to Japan go;
Tamarinds were not few,
There were oranges, too,
And from India many a mango.*

*"Now," thought little Jack,
 "What shall I send back
 To these lands for their presents to me?
 The Bible, indeed,
 Is what they all need,
 So that shall go over the sea."*

(M. B. Banks, in "Over Sea and Land.")

Pictures of food raised in America will be found scattered throughout magazine advertisements: tractors ploughing, with the yellow harvest fields waving in an adjoining picture (insert the first verse of "Oh Beautiful for Spacious Skies"); Campbell's soups invariably show either canning factories with neat "cooks" or fields where the vegetables are raised. Two chapters in "Jack-of-All-Trades" are devoted to people who furnish us food in America; tea comes to us from China; Ceylon, etc.; coffee from Java, Cuba, etc.; rice from India and China; sugar from Cuba and Hawaii; bananas, dates, figs, mangoes, etc., from tropical countries. A fascinating book can be made, luscious enough to make Peter's mouth water!

10. THE STAMP BOOK.

This speaks for itself, as stamp collections are always fun to gather. A few facts about each country could be added attractively, with pictures.

11. VANITY FAIR.

This will amuse Polly: the way people dress around the world! On the cover have a picture of an American lady looking at herself in a mirror (e. g., a soap or cold cream advertisement) with these words printed beneath:

*"What do folks wear,
 Oh Vanity Fair?
 Everyone's queer
 Over there—over here;
 What do folks wear,
 Vain Vanity Fair?"*

Several suggestions are:

(1) On one page have a picture of a very rich person and a very poor person, with verses 2-9 cut from James 2 and pasted between.

(2) A picture of tawny oriental lilies with verses 28-33 cut from Matthew 6 pasted underneath:

(3) The 2 cent leaflet (F.), "Oriental Costumes and How to Make Them", will explain some details in regard to clothes. Quaint titles will add much to the fun of making the book: "Pockets Two Feet Long" orders the Japanese lady; "A Hat With a Button on Top" orders Mr. John Chinaman; "Shoes Two Inches Long" groans his poor wife; "Silk Trousers—The Rage for Everybody in China!" "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?"—Answer:—nobody in India, where they "loop the loops" with their draped clothes, and then re-loop hastily one minute later! "Red Fezes and Veils" in Turkey; "Pillows on the Head", the Hindu men's *turbans*! "Sunshine Suits for Kiddies" in Africa, India and Burma; "Bells on Her Fingers and Rings on Her Toes"—Heathen Jewelry Notes; "Top Knots and Other Nots"—Siamese and Korean hair coiled into top knots; women do *not* wear hats in heathen lands; in China women carry fans that do *not* fold, men the kind that fold. "Laundry Hints"—washing done mostly by the riverside, ironing done by padding and pounding. In Korea and Japan clothing is ripped open along seams to wash, then re-sewed! "All-Over Embroidery!"—African tattooing. The story of who makes us our clothes in America is a fascinating tale along the "Jack-of-All-Trades" line: the factory, mill and tenement workers.

12. MY VERY OWN WORLD.

William Carey, the "Consecrated Cobbler", had a hand-made map of the world on the wall of his shop, with facts about the various lands written on each. Every child should be helped to feel a similar interest

in *his own* world: the teaching of it, and the saving of it, and the loving of it! A personal bond which will be hard to break, if formed in Junior years. On the cover write the title, with a map of the world beneath, and the lines:

*God gives His World into my hands:
 "Carry my gospel to all lands,
 You're little yet, but you can do
 The small things that occur to you."*

Maps, population facts, and flags of each oriental country—anything and everything to make the lands seem real! Near the beginning have one sheet called: MY WORLD. (1) *Who Made It?* With Genesis 1 cut out of an old Bible and pasted underneath the question. (2) *Who Loves It?* With John 3:16 cut out and pasted below. (3) *Why is it my very own world?* Mark 16:15. Leaflets concerning each country may be inserted also.

13. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

One of the most amusing and valuable scrap-books will be one on money, for on the mission fields \$alarie\$, \$chool\$, \$cholar\$ and \$ickne\$\$ all begin and end with dollar signs! Throughout the book let every word commencing with an "s" become a dollar sign.

One page could geographically show where American money goes in one year! For instance, a picture of a candy box:—\$150,000,000 spent yearly on candy, or 3,750,000 pounds. A picture of soda water glass:—\$160,000,000 a year, or 32,000,000 glasses. Movies—\$180,000,000, or 36,000,000 tickets. For world missions, only \$16,000,000!

Also try a See-Saw page.

SEE SAW
EITHER OR

Five Cents Will Buy

EITHER	OR
1 carfare	2 New Testaments
1 nickel's worth of candy	100 Christian leaflets

Ten Cents Will Furnish

EITHER	OR
1 movie ticket	Schooling for an oriental child 2 days (\$15 a year)
1 ice cream soda	Sunday cards for 200 heathen boys and girls

Twenty-Five Cents Places

EITHER	OR
1 baseball in your game	A Bible in the hands of a student
1 doll in your doll house	A Bible woman at work one day

Fifty Cents Pays For

EITHER	OR
1 story book	A child in a Christian kindergarten 1 month
1 mechanical toy	A native teacher 4 days in India

A clothing page worked out in terms of what money will do is instructive and fun to make. In Jemima's letter, chapter III., a list of sums and their equivalents is given which may be worked over to suit the prices of the clothing chosen. Use attractive pictures from a fashion magazine, choosing something belonging to Polly's own age: *Dress*—\$10.00—5 months' endowment of a hospital bed (at \$25 a year). *Shoes*—\$4.50—4 months' schooling for some little Burman, Chinese or Hindu girl (at \$15 a year). *Hair ribbons*—50 cents—Bible woman two days' visiting in ten homes a day, etc., etc.

*"How very neat I now shall be,
And wear my clothes more carefully,
Since every single thing I wear
Can send some heathen 'over there'
To hospital, or church, or school—
I'll just obey the Golden Rule
And do to others what I'd wish
If I myself were heathenish!"*

Bible verses on giving should be cut from an unused Bible and pasted in the scrap-book, with *illustrations*. A Bible school class once made little books on "Money" which were a joy to see: one girl had the woman who lost a coin sweeping in the corner (all hand-drawn), and Ananias and Sapphira in three scenes was most dramatic! Any good concordance will furnish plenty of texts under the words "giving", "tithes", "mite", "pounds", etc. Encourage the children to illustrate the texts.

14. LADIES' HOME JOURNEYS.

This is loads of fun for a group of High School girls some rainy afternoon. It is to be done on similar lines to the Ladies' Home Journal, of course, and should be written on large folded sheets of shelf paper, with an editor for each department.

(1) There should be a "heart-interest" page edited by Miss Love Lorn Old Maid, who decorates the edges with brides and grooms and engagement rings, then tells how people in various countries get married. Pages 61-82 of "The Child in the Midst" gives many instances, also the 3 cent leaflet "Bridal Pictures" and the 1 cent story "The Wife That Cost Ten Cows" (both F.).

(2) A "Better Babies" page, with pictures of children and their cradles and caretakers the world over. See verses under Jap-o-Lantern Scrap-book.

(3) A "That Reminds Me" page, edited by Miss Chestnut Burr, with funny jokes, especially on "English

as she is spoke", many of which are given in chapter XI.

(4) An advertising section, especially take-offs on the Oriental "autos" would be fun: *The Pack-hard*—the Hindu bullock cart; *Pullman*—Japanese jinrikisha; *The Caddylack*—Chinese sedan chair; *The Dodge*—the Chinese wheelbarrow; *The Fierce Arrow*—African hammock slung on poles; *The Ford*—elephant-back!

(5) Oriental menus would form another page, edited by Miss Ever Eatin.

(6) A Fable by Miss Hara Pinn on "The Taught-Us and the Hair" would bring in hair dressing foibles round the world.

(7) A Page of Bargains, edited by Miss Silver Penniwise, would give all sorts of sense and nonsense under Want Ads, or Lost and Found Columns. "*Found*—One jet black African baby who wants to go to school", etc.

Note: These little scrap-books, when they have done their duty in your home, may prove a real boon to the Junior Mission leader in your church, or an acceptable contribution to the children's ward of a local hospital.

“THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE”

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And see before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

(Robert Louis Stevenson, “Child’s Garden of Verses.”)
Charles Scribner’s Sons.

CHAPTER IX.

“SICK-A-BED PLAYTIMES”

Being sick has a distinction all its own, and no doubt Jane appreciates her importance! But when the “worst is over”, there is that dismal slump, when she is obviously getting better, but outwardly very irritable. What she needs is a diversion!

It may be you have been wanting to try out some of the preceding playtime suggestions on Jane, but the poor child never seems to have any free time, children *are* that way now-a-days: practicing two hours, lessons to study after school, dancing lessons once a week, house-work to be done—there never is a leisurely interval until the dull day when Jane falls sick. Then you realize that the Get-Well-Days offer an unparalleled opportunity, you have her lying there, crazy for something new. Or if Dick is the young invalid, the same plans will work successfully with him. Here are a few suggestions for your choice:

1. STORIES FOR WEE INVALIDS.

Medicine is never much of a joy to take, whether it is sweet or bitter, so a series of Pill Bottle stories may serve the double purpose of making the Time-To-Take-Medicine not only pleasant to look forward to, but instructive as well.

The pill bottle might be camouflaged a little, if you wish: the flat top of the cork painted black, and a little face inked in with three round dots and three dashes, as indicated on one side of the cork. This is really enough, although a plain white label could be pasted part-way around the bottle, with a neck-tie and cut-a-way coat effect sketched on it.

“Continued-at-the-Next-Dose” stories may be told, as follows:

(1) *First dose.* "Mr. Pill Bottle has come to call on Miss Jane Hathaway, if you please—is she home? Just see how stiff and straight he stands on his round glass foot, and what a nice little glass collar he has! And my dear, every time he visits a sick patient he lifts off his little cork hat to say politely: 'Kindly take a pill every hour, and you'll feel better tomorrow.'

"So suppose you pop one of his pills into your mouth this very minute, while I tell you some more about him. For Mr. Pill Bottle, poor fellow, doesn't want to stay home in America, he's perfectly wild to *travel!* Not that he wants a trip for his health, for I don't suppose a Pill Bottle *could* feel sick; although of course he must feel terribly *empty* when every last one of his pills is gone! But he is wondrous wise, because once upon a time he took a trip clear around the world in a doctor's satchel, so he knows about all kinds of sick people in every land; and it just breaks his heart that he can't rush back to them and lift off his cork hat to say: 'Just take one of my pills, if you please, and you'll feel better tomorrow!'

"I'm sorry he has to stay home, aren't you? And every once in a while when I see a Mr. Pill Bottle full of water, I know it must be *tears*, because he can't go to cure those dreadfully sick kiddies across the sea!"

(2) *Second dose, etc.* Very mild accounts of heathen treatment may be culled from the older stories and suggestions following. "Shoo Fly!" "Quack-Quack!" "The Comfortable Pain" and "Two Pills Dry on Tongue", "Rat-i-tat-tat" (child with crutches), "Eye Spy" (blind child) are some of the many labels which may be attached to these stories, so that they may be remembered separately, although in each of them polite Mr. Pill Bottle lifts his cork hat and eventually cures the patients!

2. DOLLY DEAR!

The mysterious charm of bundles offers an easy solu-

tion for the seven to ten year old invalid. First let her receive a letter (as suggested in chapters III., IV., V.) and then, with an hour between, bundles containing a doll at a time, a house, etc. But for a sick child it would not be wise to carry out as elaborate a scheme all in one day as was detailed in chapter III. However, a letter each day, followed at intervals by bundles, will not be too exciting, and when Jane wearies of sitting up to play with them, there should be stories on hand to read, so that the dolls become *dramatis personae*!

3. EYE SPY SCRAP-BOOK.

When the young Sick-a-Bed can sit up long enough to do cutting out and pasting an "Eye Spy Scrap-Book" will be just the thing: on the cover a child sick in bed (find a bed spring or patent medicine or blanket advertisement!) with the verse:

*"I'm sick in bed! While here I lie
I'm going to try to play Eye Spy,
And travel far to lands unknown,
And keep a scrap-book of my own."*

Fifteen other suggestions in chapter VIII. will afford endless occupation!

4. THE EVER-SO-SORRY POWDER CO.

For ages-eleven-to-fourteen a very amusing one-sided correspondence may be maintained with an unknown Mr. Ever-So-Sorry. The first letter may be written on a telegram blank, or on business paper:

THE EVER-SO-SORRY POWDER CO.

Miss Jane Hathaway,
400 Pleasant St.,
Nicetown.
Dear Madam:

It has come to the notice of our firm that you are ill. We greatly regret any discomfort you may be feeling, and we take pleasure in informing you that

every day, until your recovery, we will mail you some of our Ever-So-Sorry Powders, guaranteed harmless and sure to make the time in bed pass pleasantly. We make no charge for this medicine, as we are a firm founded on sympathy, desiring to help sick persons everywhere.

Hoping for your speedy recovery, we are, dear madam,

Very cordially yours,

Earnest Ever-So-Sorry,
(Secretary.)

After this has aroused sufficient interest, other letters may begin arriving at intervals, containing some of the guessing contests described in chapter XI. These may be sent in all kinds of curious shapes, with the answers kept separately, but in the same envelope. Oblong colored papers are the simplest form these can take; use a separate paper for each question, then fold them into homeopathic powders, number the outsides, and write the answers inside a larger powder. Or if you have adventured with scissors and cardboard far enough to attempt houses, animals, etc., then these powders may be made even more amusing:—

(1) A gray elephant, for example, has an envelope pasted on his back, with powders inside it asking the "*Twisted in a Jungle*" questions. The elephant is enclosed in a larger envelope, correctly addressed, with this wording on the back flap: "Straight from the Jungle to You. Frightfully Twisted!"

(2) For "Bees in Missionary Bonnets" use a cardboard bonnet with feathers or flowers pasted on it, and all the questions written on large letter Bs cut from paper. On the flap of the envelope containing the bonnet write: "A Swarm of Bees is Inside. Don't Get Stung."

(3) For the Ant Contest write on the flap: "Some Relatives of yours are playing hide and seek inside. Catch them!" etc. Boys will like this even better than girls, as the writer has proved from experience! Bible

school teachers can amuse sick scholars this way, by mail.

5. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE TELEPHONE BOOK.

A sudden wealth of *medical mission* material for children has appeared in recent months, making unnecessary extensive suggestions along these lines. Among the many simple stories available, the following are especially worthy of mention:

"The Bothersome Baby." (Nine primary medical stories. 10c, F.)

"The Flyaway Doctor." (Nine junior medical stories. 10c, F.)

"The Blue Cotton Nurse." (Nine intermediate medical stories. 10c. F.)

"Stories from Faraway." (Sixteen stories, half medical. Fleming H. Revell, \$1.00.)

After digesting the information contained in such stories Jane might next receive a telephone book carefully wrapped up and addressed to her, with this letter, headed by the picture of a telephone:

"Patient Jane,

I have been much gratified by your show of interest in the other sick-a-bed folks far over the seas. So today I am sending you a telephone book, with a sheet of paper and a pencil. Since you are sick-a-bed, with plenty of time, may I request that you do a little medical research work for me? For I greatly need to know the facts which you can glean from the telephone book (especially the supplement at the back, with its Classified Directory):

- (1) How many doctors there are in our town?
- (2) How many dentists there are in our town?
- (3) How many nurses there are in our town?
- (4) How many drug stores in our town?
- (5) How many hospitals in our town?
- (6) How many free dispensaries in our town?
- (7) How many Public School clinics in our town?
- (8)* Is there a Deaf Mute Institution in our town?

(9) Is there a School for the Blind in our town?

(10) Is there a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children?

(11) Is there a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

(12) Is there an Orphan Asylum?

(13) Is there an Old Folks' Home?

After you finish your search you will be amazed to compare the results in this one town of ours with the entire heathen world in the orient, where there are only:

1,011 missionary doctors for a billion people.

For 100 million women in India—159 women doctors.

For 200 million women in China—93 women doctors.

For 50 million women in Africa—15 women doctors.

For 100 million women in Moslem lands—20 women doctors.

Divide these figures and see how many patients each doctor is likely to have. 'Too many, isn't it?

There is a new Baptist hospital in Swatow, China, which is the only one for *six million people!* That is as if *all* the people in New York City, plus *all* the people in Albany, plus *all* the people in Utica, plus *all* the people in Syracuse, plus *all* the people in Rochester had only *ONE* hospital!!! Yet there are hundreds of hospitals and dispensaries in New York City alone. It isn't quite fair of us to keep so much for ourselves, is it? No wonder the poor people over there keep on going to their old quack doctors when they have fevers and broken arms and mumps! You could start a little fund all your own, the way Ida Gracey did. Get your mother to read you pages 103-130 in a lovely book called 'Red, Yellow, and Black' (75 cents). But DO SOMETHING YOURSELF, won't you?

Hopefully yours,

Dr. Frank Twig,
Friend of Sick-a-bed Folks."

6. SOME DOCTORS!

After these days of information and research, the young invalid is ready to hear about some of our splendid medical missionaries, pioneer ones like Dr. Peter Parker in China, Dr. Allen in Korea; martyr ones like Dr. Eleanor Chestnut; modern ones like Dr. Ida Scud-

der; native ones like Dr. Mary Stone, Dr. Ida Kahn, Dr. Li Bi Cu, Dr. Hu King Eng, all of China, and Dr. Ma. Sau Sa of Burma. Your own medical missionaries should be located on the map, and hospitals marked with a red cross. Read those wonderful stories of the healing miracles of Christ, and at dusk each evening sing softly to the tune Hursley:

*"At even' ere the sun was set
The sick, oh Lord, around Thee lay,
Oh, with what divers pain they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away."*

Story sources which may be borrowed from libraries, and leaflets which you may buy for yourself, are noted below:

"Notable Women of Modern China." (Margaret Burton. \$1.00. Stories of the Chinese doctors mentioned above. F.)

"A Crusade of Compassion." (Allen and Mason. 35 cents. F.)

"Ministers of Mercy." (Franklin. 40 cents.)

"Your Sister Is Sick." (Free. F.)

"Our Medical Work in the Orient." (10 cents. F.)

A MOTHER'S HYMN

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
 Heart and mind and soul awake;
 Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
 For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts soft and tender
 Guide my hand good seed to sow,
 That it's blossoming may praise Thee
 Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
 That my little flock may see
 It is good and pleasant service
 To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps,
 So direct my daily way,
 That, in following me, the children
 May not go astray.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me,
 Let Thy light before me shine,
 That they may not stumble over
 Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
 For His Word's sake unforgot,—
 "Let the little ones come to me,
 And forbid them not."

(From "Song Echoes from Childhood,"
 by Harriet Jenks and Mabel Rust.)

CHAPTER X.

"THE ONCE-A-WEEK STORY NIGHT"

One is always hearing of delightful families who do some special thing once a week: perhaps it's ice cream for dinner on Sunday, or playing games each Thursday evening, or having baked beans for supper Saturdays—something, anyhow, that is regular and time-honored, to which everyone looks forward with pleasant anticipation! This chapter pleads for another weekly occurrence: a story night on a stated evening. You have no idea what fun it will be, for of course this must be the most alluring and captivating and successful of all the things you do as a family. Perhaps there could always be candy, or pop-corn to pop, or marshmallows to toast, or chestnuts to roast. And of course there should be games to follow up the impressions received, as suggested in chapter XI. There might even be prizes—some simple addition to the "Bundles" or "Dressing-Up Box", a dime for the "Twin", a new book, or a camouflaged leaflet for the Inch Library.

As a mother you know the comings and goings of the family and can select the evening when everyone is most likely to be at home. Where children are too young for church-going at night, Sunday evening would seem to be ready-made for stories, provided you are obliged to be at home yourself. Where there are older children in their teens who should be forming the church-going habit, some other evening should be chosen; and these older children should be trained to help in the story-telling. Stay-at-home mothers can render a great service to the church in training girls and boys in proficiency not only in the actual telling of stories, but in clever ways of adapting the presentation. In case it is a sheer impossibility to have this a weekly institution, at least you can dub it an "Every-Once-in-a-While Club", and one evening when everyone is to be home each member

of the family should discover a mysterious little paper pennant (colored!) tucked inside his napkin, stating in a cryptic fashion: "E. O. I. A. W. C. 7:30 tonight."

In chapter II. on Bedtime Prayers and Stories, suggestions are given for the very littlest children, who love best the most intimate little stories spun from mere nothings, such as buttons and beds and baths! This chapter offers a more advanced variety, for between the ages of eight and eighteen a whole octave of emotions lies ready to be sounded sympathetically, and with the possible exception of *triplets*, a family of three children like vastly different types of tales, according to their ages!

1. FOR THE FAMILY-FULL-OF-FACTS.

If you have already introduced your children to the mysterious charm of Bundles so that they have played with all sorts of dolls, and dressed up in all sorts of costumes, then they have gathered such an interesting amount of information about people, houses, dresses, customs and needs that these story nights will not need much garnishing. But even when there has been no definite preparation, missionary stories, if well selected, never fail to interest children of this age. The teenage is a hero-worshipping age and the stories of missionary girls are among the most thrilling in the world. Beside them "Nick Carter" and the baseball heroes shrink into insignificance. Picture your little family some evening—the blazing logs crackling cheerfully on the hearth—firelight on the children's faces—someone reading aloud those thrilling stories "Mook", "The White Queen of Okoyong", "Uganda's White Man of Work", "Red, Yellow and Black", "Ann of Ava", etc., etc. Other books that may be used in this connection are too numerous to mention. Many of them are well known; new ones are appearing constantly. The various Mission Boards will furnish lists and the Missionary Education Movement has a printed list of one hundred.

The following list, containing some books already mentioned, is merely suggestive:

- "Livingstone the Pathfinder."
- "African Adventurers."
- "White Queen of Okoyong."
- "Mook."
- "Junior Mission Stories."
- "Primary Mission Stories."
- "Chinese Tails and Other Tales."
- "Jack-of-All-Trades."

The following books contain many heroes each to whom to introduce your family:

"Fifty Missionary Heroes Every Boy and Girl Should Know." (\$1.15. F.)

"Yarns of Heroes of Africa." (20 cents. F.)

"Yarns of Heroes of India." (20 cents. F.)

"Yarns of Heroes of the South Sea Islands." (20 cents. F.)

"Comrades in Service." (Burton. 40 cents. F.)

"Servants of the King." (Speer.)

"Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom." (Harlan Beach.)

"Red, Yellow and Black." (Fahs. 75 cents. F.)

2. TWICE TOLD TALES.

Impersonations "get across" in a more telling fashion than a straight story. In any of these above-mentioned series let somebody dress up occasionally and in the dim candlelight tell in her own words a thrilling life story, such as that of Chundra Lela's search for peace ("A Hindu Priestess," by Lee. Revell). If you own a victrola, it will be beautiful to follow the story immediately by playing the records: "Oh, That I Knew Where I Might Find Him", "If With All Your Hearts Ye Truly Seek Him", etc. Any story may be re-told and gain doubly in value, both to the narrator in costume and to the audience.

3. THE A. E. F. STILL CARRIES ON.

An interesting way to help your children learn definite facts about the "American Expeditionary Force" of their own denomination is to prepare a service flag,—red cardboard, with a white paper notebook pasted in the center with figures, representing the number of missionaries, in blue stars on the cover. Inside, devote separate pages to filling out data about these Christian soldiers of yours, as follows:

(1) "*In Our Trenches.*" Total number of missionaries, so many in Burma, so many in Africa, etc.—for all countries.

(2) "*Our Field Hospitals.*" Find out, by countries, just where your denomination has hospitals, how many doctors "man" them, how many native assistants.

(3) "*Our Training Camps.*" List the number of denominational schools and colleges by countries, naming best-known institutions.

(4) "*Co-operating With Our Allies.*" List of union institutions—hospitals, colleges, etc.

(5) "*Somewhere in France.*" On this page paste the three leaflets: "Foreign Missions as a Soldier Sees Them" (1 cent. F.), "Paltan Singh" (free. F.) and "Ngulhao" (free. A. B. F. M. S.) Also see "World Outlook" for March, 1919, for facts about the splendid contribution made by the 200,000 Chinese in France, the million and a quarter Hindus, etc.

(6) "*Behind the Lines.*" List the names of denominational officers, state headquarters, and total budget for carrying on work last year.

(7) "*Onward, Christian Soldiers.*"

(1) Who is our Captain?

(2) Call for Recruits. John 15:16.

(3) Armor. Eph. 6:13-17.

(4) Orders. Matt. 28:19-20.

(5) Hymns—"Who Is On the Lord's Side?"
"The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

(8) *Game*, called "Concealed Weapons", written on a cardboard shield (all answers in Eph. 6:13-17):

- (a) TELHME (helmet).
- (b) WORDS (sword).
- (c) ELDISH (shield).
- (d) HOSES of APEEC (shoes of peace).
- (e) LEGDIR (girdle).
- (f) ALSTABPETER (breastplate).

Note: The facts for this evening may be gleaned from "Following the Sunrise" (Montgomery. 35 cents. W. A. B. F. M. S.) and "Annual Report" W. A. B. F. M. S. 15 cents) and "Our Work in the Orient" (F. 15 cents).

4. "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!"

Ever since history began, civilization seems to have traveled west. For the older teen ages a study of church history connects school history with the real reason for all progress—history is *His Story!* A map and a blue pencil to trace the gospel route are necessary, as well as these books:

- "World Missions and World Peace." (30 cents. F.)
- "Missionary Milestones." (30 cents. H.)
- "The Call of the Waters." (50 cents. H.)

5. SING-SONG NIGHTS.

Because hymn-loving is on the wane, here is a way to build hymns right into the lives of your little family in a fascinating way,—with glue and scissors and pictures, and, of course, stories! In other words to change them in the twinkling of an eye from mere words into veritable *moving pictures*.

This is ideal for Sunday afternoons, in the evening telling stories of how the well-known hymns came to be written. A good book for this is "A Treasure of Hymns" (Amos R. Wells); also see your public library.

Pictured hymns are along the scrap-book idea, one hymn forming a book. A music staff on the outside, with the hymn title printed up and down the bars like

music notes, may designate the scrap-books. Here are some suggestions:

1. *"From Greenland's Icy Mountains."*

Once when Reginald Heber was visiting a minister a missionary hymn was badly needed to go with a missionary sermon, and he went into a corner of the room and wrote it! Eventually he went to India as a missionary himself, and wrote other hymns we all love: "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty", "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" and "Brightest and Best."

The hymn is full of picture-words; print a line or two, together with a descriptive advertisement—e. g., icy mountains—sunny strands—ancient river (Nile, with pyramids)—golden sands—palmy plains—heathen bowing to idols—lamp lighters—ocean.

2. *The Son of God Goes Forth to War."*

Crusaders—crown—blood red banner—cup of woe—cross bearer, etc.

3. *"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."*

Crowded street scene—gloomy tenement—forlorn woman and child—cup of water—mountain side—Heaven.

4. *"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."*

Blue skies—golden waves of grain—purple mountains—fruit trees—Pilgrims—wilderness—prairie schooner—pictures Washington and Lincoln—picture New York, many nationalities.

5. *"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."*

World—sun—moon—many races—bars of music—tiny children—prisoners—workers.

6. *"Oh, Word of God Incarnate."*

This is a splendid hymn to memorize, and it gives the most graphic images of what the Bible is to mankind:—lantern for footsteps, golden casket for gems—banner—chart and compass—lamp of purest gold—all nations.

7. *Other Practical Hymns*

That will repay you for scrap-book work: "Angel Voices Ever Singing." 8. "When Morning Gilds the

Skies." 9. "The Spacious Firmament on High." 10. "Now the Day is Over." 11. "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." 12. "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." 13. "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing," etc.

6. MELTING POT STORIES.

We say "Americanization" so glibly these days that it will be fun to become young Christopher Columbuses and discover America for yourselves, in a new way!

1. The Pot is America.
2. God is the Alchemist.
3. The Ingredients are all the Nationalities within America.
4. The Desired Product—Christian citizens.
5. The Fuel—Churches, Sunday Schools, Libraries, Social Centers, Public Schools, Playgrounds.
6. The Flame—the Light of the World: Jesus.

An effective way to tell this is by means of a big black pot, which you put on a table. One of the children labels it "America" with a piece of chalk. For the ingredients have a number of slips of paper, each with a nationality written on it. One by one read off the names and deposit them in the pot. Then take pieces of kindling wood and with a pencil let the children label them with the names of the agencies which are making Christian citizens. One by one put this fuel under the pot. Then on orange-colored paper flames let each of them write a verse about Jesus,—the light of the world, a light shining in darkness, etc. Then place the flames through the kindling wood.

For another evening, tell stories of the Americanization of these new-comers, as "The Promised Land" (Mary Antin) and "Out of the Shadows" (Rose Cohen) at any public library. Two other books are "Stories of Brotherhood" (30 cents. H.) and "Jack-of-All-Trades" (25 cents. H.) showing what immigrants do for us.

7. "A MOTHER'S OWN BOOKSHELF."

Any number of books have already been mentioned—so many you may be wondering which to select. But for your own use the current "Prayer Calendar", "Annual Reports" and "Missions" are invaluable. Your husband will be sure to enjoy the magazine, "World Outlook," from cover to cover. It costs \$1.50 a year, but the pictures are unexcelled, it is wonderfully breezy and up-to-date, sure to be more than you ever dreamed a missionary magazine would be:—An ideal Christmas present to the man in the family! Catalogues of Publications are gold-mines, of course, and the free literature listed in them often proves as well worth owning as that for which you pay. It has been said that women's missionary societies are an "organized motherhood of the world". On your own bookshelf keep some books that tend to make you a mother to every child everywhere: "The Child in the Midst" (Labaree. 25 cent. F.), "The King's Highway" (Montgomery. 30 cents. F.), "Things as They Are" (Carmichael) and "Lotus Buds" (Carmichael). Many of these may be drawn from Public Libraries,—also "Things Japanese" (Chamberlain) and "Things Chinese" (Ball).

8. FAMOUS QUOTATIONS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW.

1. "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God."—William Carey, India.

2. "I will go down, but remember you must hold the ropes."—William Carey, India.

3. "Now let me burn out for God."—Henry Martin, India.

4. "I have seen in the morning sun the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has ever been."—Robert Moffat, Africa.

5. "Anywhere, so it be forward!"—David Livingstone, Africa.

6. "God had only one Son, but He was a missionary and a physician."—David Livingstone, Africa.

7. "The prospects are as bright as the promises of God."—Adoniram Judson, Burma. (This, after those frightful experiences in prison!)

8. "If you want to serve your race, go where no one else will go, and do what no one else will do."—Mary Lyon. American pioneer for education of women.

9. "The world has yet to see what Jesus Christ can do with a life wholly devoted to His service."—Dwight L. Moody.

10. "Caesar, Charlemagne and I have founded great kingdoms by force, but they did not last. Jesus Christ has founded an everlasting Kingdom on love, and today thousands would die for Him."—Napoleon Bonaparte.

11. "We have given the Orient warships and telephones, steam cars and sewing machines and silk hats, but they are none the better for these, and except the old man be changed within, all these trappings will make him a more potent force for evil."

12. "The Bible is the most democratic book in the world. If we read the Bible aright, we read a book which teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord in the world, as we find it; to try to make things better in this world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can be done only by the man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by the man who in the fullest sense of the word is a true Christian, like Great Heart, Bunyan's hero. We plead for a closer and wider and deeper study of the Bible, so that our people may be in fact, as well as in theory, 'doers of the word and not hearers only.'"—Theodore Roosevelt.

Suggestions: In order to make these quotations live *with* the children, as well as *for* them, let each member of the family choose one of them, print it neatly (with little illustrations, perhaps) on a chart, to hang in his room

one month, then everybody change around mottoes for another month, etc. In this way they will sink in, never to be forgotten, as one inevitably reads and re-reads such printed words, even unconsciously. Stories of the men who said the words will add great significance to their meaning; and the little pictures, here and there, will make them more vivid.

Lyman Abbott's little story about the acorn will stand re-telling many times in your family, as follows: "I pick an acorn from the ground and hold it to my ear, and it says to me—'By and by I'm going to be a place where birds can build their nests. By and by I will be used to build great houses; and men will keep warm beside me on cold winter evenings. By and by I will be the strong ribs of a great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain while I carry men over the oceans!' But I said: 'O foolish little acorn, how canst thou be all this?' And the little acorn whispers: 'God and I! . . . God and I!'"

CHAPTER XI.

“MISSIONARY GAMES, GUESSING CONTESTS, AND CHARADES.

Doll families, playing house, dressing up, “twins”, and stories will all gain an added charm—and “stick in the mind” more permanently—if games and guessing contests make the children’s minds continue to dwell on these same ideas in a different fashion. These suggestions may solve the question: “What shall we play at our party?” or they may add spice to the time following your quiet Once a Week Story Night. Many of them are emphatically “follow up” games, to drive home impressions, but they can all be adapted for any occasion!

1. SOME BLIND FOLD GAMES.

These are each to be played on the same principle as “Tailing the Donkey”, the players to be blind-folded one at a time, turned around three times, and started on a haphazard course toward the house, pagoda, or man, as the case may be, to pin the object in their hands in the correct place.

(1) *Won't You Come Into My Parlor?*

After a series of stories and playtimes on China this little game is especially amusing. A Chinese house (see figure 58) is drawn on a good-sized piece of white cotton or paper, to be hung against the wall at a convenient height for the players. The roof may be made of red cloth stitched in place by sewing machine, or else painted red. The walls may be brown, gray or black (cloth, or painted), the doorway left white. Inside it is printed: “Won't you come into my parlor?” Each child is given a pin and a little Chinese doll (simplify figure 12, showing a back view only, the only painting need be black hair and pig tail) made of blue paper or cloth. Six or seven can be cut out at one time, and the only hand work necessary will be painting the hair and queue black.

The child who pins his doll inside, or nearest inside, the doorway is the winner.

(2) *Roofing the Pagoda.*

This is appropriate to follow Japanese stories and playtimes. A three-storied pagoda should be drawn on a piece of white material (see figure 90). The two lower roofs should be either painted green, or made of green material sewed in place, and the house part should be either black or gray, with a red doorway. From green cotton or green paper should be cut roofs of a size to fit the top story; and one such roof, with a pin, given to each child. The winner is the one whose roof most nearly fits over the white top roof.

(3) *Turbaning the Hindu Man.*

Hindu men are practically never seen without turbans, as the stories and India play-times will have taught, so the children will enjoy relieving this gentleman's temporary embarrassment by trying to pin gay red, yellow, blue, etc., turbans on the place where a turban should be! As in the preceding games he may be drawn on a piece of white cotton, his face, hands and feet colored brown, his hair and beard black. (See figure 15.)

(4) *Stepping the Step-Ladder!*

Burma play-times will make children appreciate the fact that without a ladder the Little House-on-Stilts is unlivable! So draw such a little brown house on white cotton (see figure 55), and draw the two parallel supports of the ladder, but no rungs! Each child is then given a little brown paper "rung" to repair the useless ladder, so making *steps* of approach to the front door.

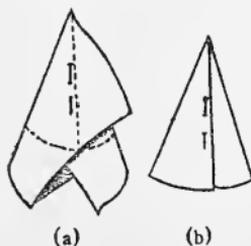
(5) Something for every known race may be made, of course! "*Feathering the Chief*" (a featherless war bonnet on an Indian chief, and a set of colored paper feather plumes to be pinned in place); "*Tagging the Immigrant*" (an immigrant in apron and shawl at Ellis

Island needs a government inspector's tag in order to be admitted to the U. S. A.! For these tags use little pieces of square cardboard with a string loop. On the tags write "U. S. A., O. K."); "*Dogging the Dog Sled*" (an Eskimo dog-less sled, and a team of brown dogs to be pinned in front of the sled); "*Trimming the Christmas Tree for So and So*" (when Sam and Sarah have been making a Christmas box for somebody somewhere they will love playing this game. From green cardboard cut a big Christmas tree, rooted in a brown tub. Then from different colored bits of cardboard cut candles, stars and balls to be pinned on certain black dots on the tree.) Etc.

2. A BOAT RACE FOR BOYS.

After making a scrap-book about missionary ships, or after stories about them, a boat race between any two of them will be huge fun. It can be played indoors or outdoors in two ways:

With paper cornucopias for boats. This requires *two parallel strings of equal length*, on which the cornucopias are to be strung, and blown by the crews from one end of the string to the other! If played outdoors clothes poles are often exactly the thing, and some verendahs have supports conveniently arranged for just such a boat race. The cornucopia boats are easily made by



rolling a square piece of paper into a cone, and pinning or pasting the loose end in place. Use different colors

Paper boats: (a) Curve a piece of paper into a cone, and pin it. (b) Trim off edges and run string through cone.

for the boats. This is breathlessly exciting, of course, and sometimes when both girls and boys are playing, the girls may be on one side, the boys on another. If the boys are Japanese sailors, try the handicap of making each successive "blower" wear an old kimono. A leader to whom the writer suggested this game said that after the race one boy said to another: "Say, did you know Capt. Bickel died?" "No—who's Captain now?" "No-body—can't find anyone yet." "*Gee, I wish I could!*"

3. FOUR GAMES ON MISSIONARIES AND THEIR STATIONS.

After missionary story nights these four games will help to fix the different names to the proper countries.

(1) *Looping the Loops.*

A good-sized map of the world should be pasted on a 10-cent bread-board, rectangular or circular according to the style of map. Into each country screw a brass hook (the kind that have *right-angled* hooks, not circular ones). By some contrivance fasten this board against the wall. Picture screw eyes and wire are best, hanging it up like a picture. Then use two boxes of rubber fruit jar seals, each circle labeled with the name of a missionary. The game consists of standing about eight feet away from the board and tossing the rubber circles to land on the hook of the proper country! Livingstone, for instance, ought to catch on the African hook, if he does it counts the player *five points*, but if he loops onto some other country it counts *one point*. Tally will be kept, of course, and to aid the inevitable disputes about "who belongs where" it will be well to have a list of countries and heroes on the back of the board. Families who grow impatient for meals half an hour too early should keep this game hung outside the dining room door!

A list of countries with the more famous missionary heroes follows:

Africa—

Robert Moffat
David Livingstone
Alexander Mackay
Mary Slessor

Alaska

Sheldon Jackson
William Duncan

North America

John Eliot
Marcus Whitman
Sheldon Jackson

South America

Allen Gardiner

Burma

Adoniram Judson

China

Robert Morrison
Dr. Peter Parker.

Greenland

Dr. John Kenneth
Mackenzie
Hans Egede

Labrador

Dr. Grenfel

Japan

Guido Verbeck
Joseph Hardy Neesima

Mexico

Melinda Rankin

Persia

Henry Martyn .
Fidelia Fiske

India

William Carey
Alexander Duff
Henry Martyn

South Sea Islands

(Pacific)
Pundita Ramabai
John G. Paton
James Chalmers
John Coleridge Patteson
John Williams

Turkey

Cyrus Hamlin

(2) "Looping the Loops" in { China, or
India
Africa
Burma, etc.

A similar map game can be evolved for each country, only instead of by-gone heroes, use present-day missionaries for the far circles, and have them looped onto their proper stations. Maps are not often large enough for the hooks to be far apart for this station game, so paste a small map in the center of the board showing

China, for instance. Then put rows of hooks up and down the board, each hook named for a prominent station in your denomination: Shanghai, Swatow, Shaohsing, etc. "Our Work in the Orient," (Foreign 15 cents) and "From Ocean to Ocean (Home, 15 cents) will give you names, stations, and stories.

(3) "*Bean Bag Missionaries.*"

A similar plan is to utilize a bean bag outfit, by pasting the name of the country over the hole and naming the bean bags.

(4) "*Where Do You Live?*"

An outdoor adaption of this game is popular, because it is of a romping nature! Signs are hung up: one clothes pole is Alaska; another Burma; the kitchen steps are India; the back fence the South Sea Islands; the lilac bush, Japan, etc.

The players all stand around the one who is "It," who calls out: "Where do you live, John G. Paton?" Everyone then has to recall rapidly where Paton did live, and make a dash for it, as the one who gets to the proper place first becomes "It." Score can be kept, and various changes made to make it more exciting.

4. TELEGRAMS.

Old and young always enjoy this game, and when played with a missionary significance it gives an ideal chance for expressing the impressions received on story nights. Each person playing has a pencil and paper. One person mentions a letter of the alphabet which everybody writes down on his paper. The next person in line mentions another letter, which is noted, and so on around until ten letters have been written in a row. Telegrams have ten words (if economically prepared!) so from these ten letters the players are to form a telegram from some heathen country; each word must commence with the letter listed in the row of ten letters in order. E. g., here are some telegrams which some

children made from the ten letters: P, B, J, M, A, F, C, I, G, V—"Pretty bright Japanese maiden artistically fixes chrysanthemums in green vase." "Presbyterian Board just met about forcing colleges into getting volunteers." "Persian boy joins mission although father cruelly inflicts grievous vengeance." "Pasha Bala, jealous Mohammedan, acknowledges following Christ. Influence grows valuable." "Physicians begin job mollifying all famished Chinese into getting vaccinated." "Philippine baby jabs mustard about face. Can I get vaseline?" (Variety enough! But because Missions *had* to be the theme it brought out all sorts of ideas.)

5. ELEVEN GUESSING CONTESTS.

These pencil and paper contests are adaptable for many occasions, and interesting to all ages. For *parties* they may be written on attractive pieces of cardboard cut out in appropriate shapes, or with pictures from "Missions" decorating the top. For family play, *following the Once-a-Week-Story Nights*, a less elaborate way would be for one person to read the question aloud, giving plenty of time for the players to think out the answers. For *sick-a-bed children* they can be mailed as "pills and powders" as suggested in chapter IX.

(1) *The Burmese Twins and What They "Ate"?*

- (a) When Ma-Bo ate chota hazri wearing a gray lone-gyee? (Ingratiate. In-gray-she-ate.)
- (b) When Ma-Bo looks exactly like Ma-Bin? (Duplic-ate.)
- (c) When Ma-Bin hits back at Ma-Bo? (Retali-ate.)
- (d) When Ma-Bo stirs up trouble? (Agit-ate.)
- (e) When Ma-Bin gently helps Ma-Bo? (Mitig-ate.)
- (f) When Ma-Bin brings water from the well to Ma-Bin to drink? (Liquid-ate.)
- (g) When Ma-Bin sits alone, and thinks and thinks? (Medit-ate.)
- (h) When Ma-Bo plants rice, what do the paddy plants do? (Vegit-ate.)
- (i) When Ma-Bin rows Ma-Bo on the river? (Navig-ate.)

- (j) When Ma-Bo's family move away? (Migr-ate.)
 (k) What Ma-Bo and Ma-Bin do before the Christmas exercises at our mission? (Anticip-ate.)

(2) "*Anybody's Aunt!*"

In the Turkish home of Ibrahim Mohammed there was a harem, and in the harem lived his mother and his sisters and more aunts than he could shake a stick at! Are they in your family, too?

- (a) An aunt which tells what Ibrahim played when he didn't go to school in the mosque? (Tru-ant.)
 (b) An aunt which tells how Ibrahim bent over easily to pray five times a day? (Pli-ant.)
 (c) An aunt which tells what Ibrahim was when he was nice? (Pleas-ant.)
 (d) An aunt which tells how Ibrahim looked in his gorgeous silk robe and his red fez? (Eleg-ant.)
 (e) An aunt which tells what Ibrahim's sister was when she was very cross? (Termag-ant.)
 (f) An aunt which tells what the village well became one summer? (Stagn-ant.)
 (g) An aunt which tells what kind of diphtheria the village got from drinking this well water? (Malign-ant.)
 (h) An aunt which tells another name for the Turkish Empire? (Lev-ant.)

(3) "*Missing Letters in a Japanese Home.*"

(x stands for the missing letters.)

- (a) Max—Underfoot in every Japanese home? (Mat.)
 (b) Lxxe—No Japanese can live without it? (Life.)
 (c) Xoxe—The more the Japanese take from it the larger it grows? (Hole.)
 (d) Rxox—It's all over the Japanese house? (Roof.)
 (e) Xoxs—Found in Japanese suburbs? (Lots.)
 (f) Xraxt—Gives the Japanese a cold, cures a cold, and pays the missionary doctor? (Draft.)
 (g) Bxaxtx—Desired by homely Japanese women? (Beauty.)
 (h) Xextxexs—Often called down in Japan? (Feath-e.s.)
 (i) Xaxx—Gets a good backing from a Japanese sister? (Baby.)
 (j) Xixrxkixxa—A grown-up Japanese baby carriage? (Jinrikisha.)

(4) "*A Chinese Age Contest.*"

- (a) In what age did the Chinese grandpa's house stand? (Vill-age.)
- (b) At what age did Chinese grandpa marry Chinese grandma? (Marri-age.)
- (c) What age shows he was a brave soldier? (Cour-age.)
- (d) What age did he worship in the gaudy temple? (Im-age.)
- (e) What age was he afraid of from evil spirits daily? (Dam-age.)
- (f) What age will grandpa receive when he dies and lives in an ancestral tablet? (Hom-age.)
- (g) What age does poor meek grandma endure? (Bond-age.)
- (h) What age do Chinese birds wear? (Plum-age.)
- (i) What age does the Chinese missionary travel around with? (Lugg-age.)
- (j) What age did the villagers build for him to live in? (Parson-age.)
- (k) What age did he use to write to us about his village? (Post-age.)
- (l) What age will grandpa reach if he lives long enough? (Dot-age.)

(5) "*Twisted in a Hindu Jungle.*"

These letters when properly transposed will spell the names of various animals in the jungles of India:

- (a) Soongome (mongoose).
- (b) Padrole (leopard).
- (c) Talligora (alligator).
- (d) Present (serpent).
- (c) Lulgborf (bull-frog).
- (f) Kacopec (peacock).
- (g) Trapor (parrot).
- (h) Noocrips (scorpion).
- (i) Obar (boar).
- (j) Pedicteen (centipede).
- (k) Somsoup (opossum).
- (l) Ocrab (cobra).
- (m) Peelthan (elephant).
- (n) Repthan (panther).
- (o) Yemnok (monkey).
- (p) Tophyn (python).

(6) "*Bees in Missionary Bonnets.*"

- (a) What bee buzzes when a missionary starts something new? (Be-gin.)
- (b) Which bee makes her early? (Be-forehand.)
- (c) Which bee describes the condition of the heathen before she came? (Be-nighted.)
- (d) Which bee tells how the cannibals painted themselves gorgeously? (Be-daub.)
- (e) Which bee describes the cannibal hung over with charms and fetishes? (Be-deck.)
- (f) Which bee tells what the witch doctor thinks is the matter with his patient? (Be-witched.)
- (g) Which bee describes how some people give to Missions? (Be-grudgingly.)
- (h) Which bee suggests what people might do in their wills for Missions? (Be-queath.)

(7) "*A Sting Contest.*"

- (a) A sting our missionary uses to cure tiredness? (Resting.)
- (b) A sting to cure her hunger? (Feasting.)
- (c) A sting to clean her school room? (Dusting.)
- (d) A sting that cooks her meat? (Roasting.)
- (e) A sting that browns her bread? (Toasting.)
- (f) A sting she uses to make us read her letters eagerly? (Interesting.)
- (g) A sting that causes the natives to give up their idols? (Trusting.)

(8) "*The Heart of Juanita.*"

All the answers are words made from the five letters forming the word HEART.

- (a) Referring to Juan, her husband? (He.)
- (b) What they had to drink? (Tea.)
- (c) What they did at meal-time? (Eat.)
- (d) The little animal that ran over their house? (Rat.)
- (e) The word to describe Juanita's crying? (Tear.)
- (f) What Juan's painting was? (Art.)
- (g) What was under their house? (Earth.)
- (h) Juanita had one on each side of her head? (Ear.)
- (i) What Juan did when Juanita talked to him? (Hear.)

(9) "*Katy Dids.*"

- (a) Before Kate came to our mission school she never told the truth? (Prevari-cate.)

- (b) She kept what belonged to others? (Confis-cate.)
- (c) She had always lived in the country? (Rusti-cate.)
- (d) And she liked home life? (Domesti-cate.)
- (e) But finally she left? (Va-cate.)
- (f) And decided she ought to develop her mental powers? (Edu-cate.)
- (g) Our missionary showed her the way. (Indi-cate.)
- (h) And now she is very gentle and kind, although not very well. (Deli-cate.)

(10) *Ship Ahoy!*

- (a) What ship made Captain Bickel a good sailor? (Seamanship.)
- (b) What ship brought him a wife? (Courtship.)
- (c) What ship made the islanders love him? (Friendship.)
- (d) What ship did they sail in on Sunday? (Worship.)
- (e) What ship had no soft berths? (Hardship.)
- (f) What ship helped the crew to assist Capt. Bickel? (Partnership.)

(11) *"Cannibal Islands and Other Islands."*

Following a "Ship Ahoy" Scrap-Book (chapter VIII.), these are good questions:

- (a) What islands are to be found at picnics and lunch-counters? (Sandwich.)
- (b) What island is always green? (Greenland.)
- (c) What island is always recently discovered? (Newfoundland.)
- (d) What island offers frozen refreshments? (Iceland.)
- (e) What island seems to send ships away from her by her name? (Ceylon—Sail-on.)
- (f) What islands are given as forfeits or presents? (Philippines.)
- (g) What islands remind one of birds? (Canary.)
- (h) What islands ought always to have a pleasant breeze? (Windward.)
- (i) What island ought to jump and kick well? (Kangaroo.)
- (j) What island can make good things to eat? (Cook Island.)
- (k) To what islands can we look for wisdom? (Solomon.)
- (l) What island is not intended for everyday use? (Sunday Island.)

6. FOURTEEN MISSIONARY CHARADES.

Missionary names and countries hide many a syllable just waiting for a group of lively young people to act out! Choose sides, divide this list, giving seven suggestions to each side. Each syllable is to be enacted separately, then the *entire* word acted. A "dressing-up box" (Chapter VI) will add much to these impromptu dramas, although it is astonishing how portieres can become gowns and brass-ferneries a crown in the twinkling of an eye!

- (1) Miss-shun-airy.
- (2) Living-stone.
- (3) Pay-ton.
- (4) Fee-tish!
- (5) Eye-doll.
- (6) Pay-go-da!
- (7) Add-dough-nigh-rum Jud-son.
- (8) Mow-ham-eye-den.
- (9) Burr-man.
- (10) Ass-am.
- (11) Tea-bet.
- (12) Sigh-am-ease.
- (13) Fill-lip-e'en.

7. ANAGRAMS.

Use small square cards with letters of the alphabet on them. Select a group of letters that spell some word pertaining to oriental or missionary life; mix up the letters, and give to the child to work out. Good game for traveling.

8. PICTURE PUZZLES.

Any missionary picture may be pasted on a piece of cardboard, then cut up in zig-zag segments to be fitted together again. Also good for traveling, where a map may be cut up.

9. FILIPINO RIDDLES.

(1) Come up and let us go; go down and here we stay. (Anchor.)

(2) His words are audible but difficult to understand; when you look at his face you can understand what he says. (Clock.)

(3) When held it goes; when let loose it lies down. (Pen.)

(4) When pulled it is a cane; when pushed it is a tent. (Umbrella.)

(5) If he sits down he is high; if he stands up he is low. (Dog.)

(6) If you chop it, it heals at once. (Water.)

(From "Literary Digest.")

CHAPTER XII.

SWEET SIXTEEN—AND OVER!

1. *Big Sisterliness.* If there are younger children receiving mysterious bundles, playing house, dressing up and concocting scrap-books, Helen will prove herself much cleverer than you in making and painting little nothings into little somethings! Incidentally it will be training her for future church activities, and should lead naturally to her telling mission stories in the Primary and Junior departments or conducting a mission band on week days. She might be a pioneer in forming a club of Big Sisters (C. B. S.) who pledge themselves to start missionary playtimes and story-telling nights in their individual homes.

2. "*Shut Ins.*" If Helen is sick she will thoroughly enjoy receiving some of the guessing contests, and one of the books mentioned below. Try to keep the ideas along one line, or one country, so that real impressions may be formed.

3. *A Cretonne Library.* An attractive clue toward solving a girl's missionary interest comes in following up her pride in her room. If she uses cretonne for curtains or cushions then give her a quaint library to match! This is easily done by covering the paper-backed missionary books with cretonne. Such a set of five books lies on my desk at the present writing and any number of girls who see it say: "Oh aren't they darling? And they just match your blotter and desk set, don't they?" On offering to cover some books to match *their* cretonne, one gains unending gratitude AND (incidentally) procures a reader for the attractive books. One of the simplest ways is to wet the covers of the book with Diamond Giant Mucilage (Diamond Ink Co.) and then immediately wrap the cretone around the book,—spreading, patting, taking out all possible creases. Then lay some heavy books on top and leave

for an hour; after which cut the cretonne to fit the covers. Here is a list of good books for girls; those marked * are bound in *cloth* and will need a slip-over cover, if cretonne uniformity is desired. A tiny gummed label on each back tells the title and author:

"Ann of Ava" (Hubbard).....	\$0.40
"The Moffats" (Hubbard).....	.40
"African Trail" (Mackenzie).....	.35
"Crusade of Compassion" (Allen).....	.35
"African Adventurers" (Mackenzie).....	.25
"Uganda's White Man of Work".....	.40
*"Letters to Betsy" (Cody).....	.75
*"The White Queen of Okogong".....	1.00
*"Revolt of Sundaramma".....	1.00
"Love Stories of Great Missionaries" (Brain)...	.50

Note: The books for boys given a little further on will be equally good for girls, and vice versa.

4. *An Inch Library.* Anyone who has ever given an interested girl a missionary leaflet knows the place where it will end its short career! It needs to be camouflaged a bit, and here again cretonne or flowered wall paper are invaluable. Let us suppose you have selected twelve leaflets you want Helen to read; they will doubtless vary a little in size and shape, but as an outer cover of heavy paper or cardboard needs to be added to each leaflet, these outer covers may be of uniform size even if the leaflets are not. Apply Diamond Mucilage to these outer covers with a brush and then lay them flat on the cretonne or wall paper, smoothing away any bubbles or wrinkles. After the covers have thoroughly dried, fold them in half, and sew each one through its center to the center fold of the leaflet. An extra suggestion is to provide a cunning little *inch* book rack for this slim new library. To make such a rack, remove the two opposite sides of any narrow box, into which the cretonne-covered leaflets will just fit,—the sides being half as high as the leaflets. The three rectangular sides of this rack

should then be covered with mucilage, inside and outside, and a long strip of cretonne be smoothed neatly over both sides. The edges may be bound with a cheap gilt braid. You have no idea how cunning it will look sitting quaintly on the table beside Helen's bed. It might be better for her to receive only one leaflet at a time,—one a day, if she is sick, or one a week. She may want to make Inch libraries as gifts for her friends.

5. *Quaint Presents.* Indeed, present-giving offers quite an open sesame to a missionary mother, as Helen wishes above all things to give the unusual, the attractive and yet the economical thing. A few such gifts are described herewith:

(1) *Blotters.* (1) A set of 12 colored blotters is often given with one of the 12 leaves of a calendar pasted on each blotter. Why not also paste on cunning little pictures of oriental children? E. g., a Chinese maiden on the blue January blotter, daintily painted, with this couplet printed in Chinese characters:

*“Every time you have to blot
Remember to forget-me-not!”*

The other eleven blotters show other nationalities. (2) Or quainter yet, a whole Chinese family of the very same size and shape can be cut from a big sheet of yellow blotting paper, using pattern in chapter III. (simplified by showing a back view only, thus doing away with the “face” difficulty). Each pair of trousers can be painted a different color to offer variety—black, red, deep yellow, green, etc.—but the hair and demure pig-tails must all be black. One leaf of a calendar on the back of each member of this family makes him a guest for one month. How would it be to mail the blotter dolls on the last day of each month, including a Chinese story each time, such as “Who Will Open the Door for Ling Te?” (5 cents), “How Long Must I Wait?” (2 cents), “Chinese Pollyana (2 cents), etc., as in cata-

logue. A present that lasts a whole year cannot help but be delightful, especially when it keeps on arriving! (3) Blotters can be cut in the shape of Japanese lanterns. (4) Bright red or green blotters as Chinese houses with tip-up roofs. (5) Tan cardboard as tepees with gaudy swastikas and arrow heads chasing themselves around the flaps. In fact, blotters can be *anything!*

(2) *Book Marks.* Little Japanese or Chinese dolls cut from bits of colored cardboard make very funny book marks. Their sleeves are cut so deep that they can hang affectionately over the page-tops, while their astonished heads stare out at the strange American world! This jingle appears on one side of the doll:

*"Every time you have to look
Behold me here to mark your book!
Perhaps because I cannot read
This duty makes me sad indeed."*

With it enclose leaflet—e. g., "How Long Must I Wait?" (2 cents.)

(3) *Writing Pads.* Very useful little memorandum pads and tiny program pencils can be bought for a penny or so, and pasted on pieces of cardboard attractively cut into some shape:

"This Jap-o-Lantern comes to say:

(1) Lantern, with this verse:

*'Jot down on me a list each day
Of all the things you ought to get
Or otherwise you may forget.'*"

(2) Chinese house, with pad in doorway:

*"My empty paper rooms I'll rent
Lest you become too negligent."*

- (3) Oriental doll, with pad pasted on back:

*"I cannot tell you what a strain
Is raised within my empty brain,
When I behold you with delight
Take up this pencil, miss, to write!
For in the land from which I come
Most girls are school-less, yet, and dumb."*

(4) *Flower Bulbs and Seeds.* It has become very popular to send narcissus bulbs with a little dish for them to grow in at Christmas or Easter. A similar idea for Helen could include any kind of bulbs, seeds, or actual flowers, for a friend who has a birthday or who is sick. The following little story may be re-named to fit the bulb or flowers to be sent: Little Misses Daffodil, Hyacinth, Wistaria, Lily Flower, etc. Put the bulbs in an attractive box, then cut a paper tulip from 25 or 30 thicknesses of paper, the flower to be about 3 inches long and wide, the stem and leaves about 6. With mucilage quickly paste all the 30 stems and leaves together, leaving the little flower itself to form a cunning notebook, on the inner pages of which this little story is to be neatly copied. The leaves and stem should be painted green, both back and front, making an unusual little story book, not easily forgotten:

"Cherished Friend,

Little Miss Tulip has come to pay your honorable self a visit. She humbly lives hidden inside this ugly little brown bulb of a house! Permit me to miserably suggest that if you will honorably deign to place her insignificant bulb under the brown earth which surrounds your distinguished residence, then the sun and the rain can warm her and cause a door in her little bulb-house to open so she can climb up and up to greet your celestial smile.

While she is humbly unlatching her little bulb doorway, permit me to unfold to you the modest story of a real Little Miss Tulip from over the sea in China. For be it known unto you, Dearly Honorable, that Little Miss Tulip was the third daughter of a haughty Chinese father. Great disgust filled his sedate brain at the thought of another

female mouth to fill with rice. "The gods have taxed my rice-bowl too heavily," he groaned, so when they asked him to name the cute little baby he roared: "We will not name the little toad—she shall be Number Three only."

In the tenderness of your American heart you will rejoice to know that the God who made us all tucked just as much love in Chinese mothers as in our own, so the meek little mother of Number Three wrapped arms of affection around the unwelcome baby, and saw much beauty in its yellow cheeks and little slant-up eyes.

Then one night Number Three was missing. High nor low could she be found! On heavy feet of unhappiness hobbled the little mother into the lordly presence of her husband: "High One," she groaned, "my rice bowl overflows with tears, for Number Three is not under our roof-tree!"

With cold words he poured into her sorrowing ears the bitter truth that he had wrapped Number Three in a piece of old matting and laid her outside the gateposts to die, or be carried off. "So waste no further thought on the foolish brat," he commanded; "have you not other children?"

Now God had long since put into the hearts of His people in America to build orphanages in China, and late that evening as one of our missionaries was hurrying home he heard a baby wailing for its mother. Knowing only too well why it was left outside, he carefully carried it to our orphanage, but first he held up his lantern to locate the house.

And *they* named her Little Miss Tulip! She went through our mission school, and through our college, and finally became a teacher in one of our schools. Then they told her who she was, and the house where she had been found. So she went back to enquire whether they had once left a girl baby outside their gatepost to die. The sad little mother nodded her head, and was startled to have this lovely Miss Tulip whisper: "I am she!"

As for the haughty father, he looked with amazement on her rare intelligence and her enviable politeness. He said to his neighbors: "She has become as a son—these strange Christians with their new doctrines can make useless females valuable. She has made flowers bloom in all our hearts."

Cherish this true little tale in the secret place of your heart, and ponder its truth as you watch God send His wind and His rain to unfold doorways to the heart of this

little brown tulip bulb. For in like fashion His love and His knowledge brought forth Little Miss Tulip in all her sweet beauty."

(5) *Tea Sets.* A similar plan can be used in sending a little Japanese tea cup (five and ten cent store) to some boarding school or college girl, with a dozen tiny tea balls neatly made of gauze and tea. Little Miss Tea Leaf from China writes her letter on tea cups cut from many thicknesses of paper, with all the handles pasted together so that a story-book is formed by the cup and saucer:

"All hail, Heavenborn! It has been whispered into my stupid ears that Honest-tea is the best policy, so I hasten to tell you the sorry tale of my little life, for I recall that curiosi-tea once killed a cat, and I should dislike to see your esteemed and beautiful self fade into oblivion! My miserable home is in China, where quali-tea and not quanti-tea is desired in the matter of having daughters. I have sometimes heard that sweet are the uses of adversi-tea, but it is not true in my case, as mine is a poor family,—so long before I was old enough to toddle I was yanked out into the tea gardens to pick the tender little tea buds, and the blinding sun made my little slant eyes blink and blink in the still steaming heat. Then by and by, at home, the velvety tea leaves were exposed to the sun and air on big circular trays, to wither them; after which we all took the dried leaves and rolled them in our hands to squeeze out any juices; then they were roasted ready to be sent over the Big Sea to you, Excellency.

They tell me necessari-tea is the mother of invention, but the only things I ever invented were excuses to run down the road to watch a wonderful White-Teacher-from-America, who had opened a school for girls near-by. When I begged to go how my father sneered. "You go? You read? Bah! maybe chickens could be taught wisdom, but never stupid female children!" But when the White-Teacher herself began pestering him about me, then he let me go, and we are all so glad that I did seem to have a little brain, after all. I whisper what I learn to the little mother, and we no longer worship the wooden idols.

Brevi-tea is the soul of wit, so I must stop writing. But whenever you drink a cup of this tea, will you not

think of the little yellow fingers that have worked so hard to give you your nice drink? And will you not pray that the little hearts under the blue coats may open to the sunshine of God's love as the little tea leaves grow up and open in the sunshine of the Chinese hills?

Your lovingly friend,
Miss Chinese Tea Leaf."

6. *Friendships.* Oriental boarding schools and colleges are full of adorable girls who would love to open a friendship with Helen. It costs \$15 a year to keep a girl in one of these boarding schools—that means only 5 cents a day, or 35 cents a week. If Helen could undertake the support of such an unseen friend and exchange pictures and letters with her, it is hard to tell which of the two girls would gain the most from it. Look through "Our Work in the Orient" with Helen and pick out the particular school where she would like to have a friend. Her choice will determine the books you give her to read, the special Inch Library of leaflets, etc.

7. *Personality Plus!*

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

Sweet Sixteen loves love stories, and Helen may enjoy forming an amusing little club to hold six or more sessions. Let her invite the girls to her home by little circular invitations cut from white cardboard in the shape of engagement rings (the rim painted gold), with a solitaire projecting from the circle. Inside she should write: "Your engagement is hereby announced for Friday afternoon, June 28th, at 3 o'clock. No bride ever stays away because of *showers!*"

A capital little book called "The Love Stories of Great Missionaries" compiled by Belle Brain may form the basis of the club studies. (Order for 25 cents from Lit. Dept., Woman's Foreign Mission Society, Methodist Episcopal Church, 586 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.)

Choose a Bride and Groom to dress up, at least to the extent of the bride appearing in an old lace window curtain for a veil, and the groom in a man's coat and hat! The wedding march may then be played while they file solemnly downstairs to sit around the wedding table. At each "place" should be a little Bride and Groom notebook favor, which Helen has made from two white cardboard covers cut in the shape of wedding bells, with a bride and groom decorating the outside. The faces can easily be corset buttons pasted on, as suggested in chapter IV.) Sheets of paper should be clipped inside the covers.

The chapters of the book deal with the love stories of Judson, Moffat, Livingstone, etc. Each chapter may therefore be *played* like a game of "Consequences." The Groom is to read the chapter out loud, and the Bride to indicate when to enter the list in the wedding bell notebooks of:

- (1) His name—
- (2) Her name—
- (3) Where they met—
- (4) What he said—
- (5) What she said—
- (6) What the World said—

When it comes to number (7), Consequences, the Bridesmaid-of-the-day is to be prepared each time to tell what happened afterwards,—what the particular couple were able to accomplish in the land of their honeymoon. For this, longer books must be read.—for chapter I., "Ann of Ava"; for chapter II., "The Mof-fats"; for chapter III., "Livingstone, The Pathfinder", etc. For the less-known missionaries it might be as well to spend the time on customs of the country, showing how Missions have improved conditions. If younger children in the home have dolls and houses illustrative of life in these countries, the objects might form a centerpiece for the wedding table! Following each

“study” a game is to be played, re-developing the ideas just gleaned, in some fashion. These are some suggestions:

1. To follow the “Ann of Ava” chapter try this Ann guessing contest, giving each girl a card on which to write her answers:

Ann of Ava is all of these Anns, too!

- (1) An Ann who knows all its different parts. (Ann-alize.)
- (2) An Ann who comes from an old family. (Anncestors.)
- (3) An Ann who holds the boat steady when it stops off the coast of Burma? (Ann-chor.)
- (4) An Ann who explains that Burman history and customs are very old. (Ann-tique.)
- (5) An Ann who tells many details of her life story. (Ann-ecdotes.)
- (6) An Ann who knows what to take when she is poisoned. (Ann-tidote.)
- (7) An unseen Ann whom God sent to watch over her in trouble. (Ann-gel.)
- (8) An Ann which shows how she felt when Adoniram was in prison. (Ann-xious.)
- (9) An Ann which tells how the savage Burmans tried to worry her. (Ann-oy.)
- (10) An Ann which she eventually taught them all to sing. (Ann-them.) The prize for the best list—a copy of “Ann of Ava.”

2. To follow the Moffats try having a little poetry contest, each contestant to work in the three words Moffat, Africa and Mary. The prize for the best—a copy of “The Moffats”.

3. To follow the Livingstone chapter give each girl a paper with the name “Livingstone” printed across the top. Each of the answers are words made from the 11 letters forming his name:

- (1) What little word kept Livingstone moving on and on? (Go.)
- (2) What did the savages do with his provisions? (Stole.)
- (3) How would you describe the walking trips he took? (Long.)

- (4) What did Livingstone write down so he would remember facts about language and geography? (Notes.)
- (5) Name the African river whose source he discovered? (Nile.)
- (6) What article of clothing did the natives omit wearing? (Vest.)
- (7) In what strange place did they wear gold rings? (Nose.)
- (8) How many evil spirits did these poor people fear? (Legions.)
- (9) What wild animal nearly crushed his arm? (Lion.)
- (10) What did he then pay the Moffats? (Visit.)
- (11) In what did he carry his arm till it healed? (Sling.)
- (12) What crept into his heart on this visit? (Love.)

Prize for the best list—copy of "Livingstone, the Pathfinder."

4. To follow the Chinese chapter try playing the blindfold game "Won't You Come Into My Parlor?" as described in chapter XI. of this book. Prize—copy of "Mook" (30 cents. F.).

5. Following the chapter on Coillard try some of the charades mentioned in chapter XI.

6. Following the last chapter try "Looping the Loops" (see chapter XI.), seeing how many of these six famous Lovers can be looped on the proper loops. Prize for one with highest score—"Comrades in Service" (Margaret Burton. 40 cents).

8. "HERE COMES THE BRIDE!"

After such a personality study, or possibly in connection with it, the girls will be interested to know how other girls of the world get married. Leaflet suggestions are: "Bridal Pictures" (3 cents—India); "Wife That Cost Ten Cows" (2 cents) and "Brass Rods and Beads" (2 cents), both on Africa. Then if you own a copy of "*The Child in the Midst*" by Labaree, see pages 67-84. Pages 309-337 in "*Junior Mission Stories*" for Hindu wedding. For Chinese and Japanese weddings

see under "Marriages" in "*Things Chinese*" and "*Things Japanese*" (Chamberlain) at any public library. If the little wedding bell notebooks are well-kept they may become real store-houses of knowledge. To insure originality and care, how about a prize for the best? Also, why couldn't this group of girls adopt a little Hindu widow in some boarding-school? Several girls could very easily earn \$15, and it not only means a new life for *her*, but a vital interest for them.

9. PENNANTS.

And now for boys! One mother whose son wanted his room fairly plastered with pennants and pictures provided some piece of bright cardboard cut out pennant-style. On one was written "Jorhat", on another "Jaro" in huge black letters, with pictures of the splendid boys from our Assam school on the former, and of Filipino boys on the second. He fell into the habit of glancing through "Missions" for group pictures of these boys, which is a splendid sign, you must admit. This same plan can so easily be used for other countries, and be equally decorative and instructive!

10. BOOKS FOR BOYS.

There need be no cretonne covers for Dick! The book itself will be all that matters. The following are all good:

"Adventures With Four-Footed Folk." (Bell Brain. \$1.00.)

"Uganda's White Man of Work." (Sophie Fahs. 40 cents.)

"Livingstone the Pathfinder." (40 cents.)

"The Black-Bearded Barbarian." (40 cents.)

"Judson the Pioneer." (40 cents.)

"Life of John G. Paton."

"Ancient Peoples at New Task." (Price. 40 cents.)

11. CONNECTING UP!

Both Helen and Dick are studying something: do you know what? Perhaps in no wiser way can a mother of Sweet-Sixteen-Year-Olds connect up than by unostentatiously giving the extra piece of information that will complement what is being learned at school.

1. In the Study of English. Theme subjects are very often left to the choice of pupils, and to direct the mental floundering that goes on while Helen and Dick try to select a suggestive topic, it will not be at all amiss for you to prepare a list of titles along all possible lines of composition—description, narration, analysis, etc. A very few of the limitless possibilities are jotted down herewith:

- (1) "All Aboard for—" (any place from Calcutta to Tokyo.)
- (2) "Vanity Fair." (Clothes of the world.)
- (3) "Japanese Poetry."
- (4) "Folk Lore of the Far East."
- (5) "Hand-Me-Downs." (The ancient customs of China, or of Japan, or India, now suffering a change.)
- (6) "Boxers of Yesterday." (The Boxer Movement in China.)
- (7) "The Orient in the Occident." (Oriental Immigrants.) See book called "Angel Island" (25 cents).
- (8) "The Occident in the Orient." (How the missionary has paved the way for the business man, creating a demand for his wares.)
- (9) "It Pays to Advertise." (Sale of American goods in Orient and vice versa. 15,000 Singer sewing machines sold in China in one year, seven million Japanese tooth brushes sold in U. S. A. in one year, etc.)
- (10) "By-Products of Christianity." (What Christianity has done to the heathen world. See book of same title, by I. T. Headland, in most libraries.)
- (11) "The Book They Quote." (Famous Authors and Speakers and their quotations from the Bible.)

- (12) "Scratching the Scales off the Chinese Dragon." (Superstition of Chinese about earth resting on back of dragon; enormous wealth in untold mines. The country of the future as far as wealth goes.)
- (13) "First Aid to the Injured." (How a heathen doctor practices; present needs; the response of 1010 medical missionaries to a world of one billion heathen.) See book "Crusade of Compassion" (35 cents).
- (14) "Rapid Slowpokes." (Rapid raisers of Liberty Loans, Red Cross funds; slowpokes for spreading gospel.)
- (15) "The Next War." (A war of Christian soldiers against dangerous heathenism.)
- (16) "The Charm of the Impossible." (See Miss Slatery's book of that title, but develop along your own lines.)

2. *Subjects for Debates.* Great foresight should be used in choosing something that will not bias the debater's mind forever. Each side should emphasize a *likely* point of view. Once a group of young people debated: "Resolved that Christianity surpasses Hinduism as a religion for India." To those who chose it, it certainly sounded sane enough; but all the brilliant speakers were given the Hindu side, and they had the picturesque stories for their facts, so that the poor Christians with their well-known reasons were blithely voted down as losers by the Sweet Sixteen audience, who gleefully went home and spread the news. It took some time for a startled pastor and amazed parents to dissuade the prejudiced debaters and the equally prejudiced audience from their false point of view. Here are a few safe topics:

- (1) Resolved that all Orientals should adopt American dress.
- (2) Resolved that missionaries should be men.
- (3) Resolved that China needs missionaries more than India.
- (4) Resolved that the Christian Education of Women is the greatest present need of the Orient.

3. *Historical Background.* Some one has said that "All history is mystery until it becomes *His Story.*" Step by step a great pattern is being worked out, and on story nights take plenty of trouble to "connect up" Christian history with the particular part of history which Helen and Dick are studying. When one once gains this Christian sidelight on the pattern working out, it makes everything doubly interesting and intelligible.

4. *Biology and Missions* would seem to have little in common, yet the lack of knowledge in the Orient is still causing thousands of deaths every year. A book like the "Crusade of Compassion" gives many instances. "Adventures With Four-Footed Folk" will also be interesting along this line.

XII. THE WAR, AND SERVICE.

But above all "connect up" the war with God's plan to remake His World of Tomorrow. We need to find a "moral equivalent for war", and especially do we need to present that equivalent in terms of definite service to susceptible Sweet Sixteen. At this age, if they once feel the height and the depth of heroism in Christian service they will never forget it. Modern "Acts of the Apostles" should be real everyday dramas in your home: "What wouldst thou have me to *do?*"

It is so easy to say that Helen has too much to do to be counted on for outside service in church or city mission—"yet!" But the time will never come if she does not begin "now".

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