and that we admittedly are reaching a far greater percentage of our population with higher education with each passing generation. Participation in family discussions is an inevitable result of the better schools and better teachers of today.

But the most inspiring type of family circle is to be found in the home where religion plays an important part. According to statistics, this class of family is rapidly on the increase; yet the critics seem not to have had the opportunity of visiting it at all. An entirely different atmosphere can be sensed while in the presence of such a family, regardless of whether it be needy and frugal, or situated in well-to-do and comfortable circumstances. In such a home, all problems are resolved not so much for expediency and self-satisfaction, but from a standpoint of moral correctness; and in discussions of this nature, all members of a family are on an equal basis. Religious training is so simple, and yet so saturating in its effects, that all members of a family circle express themselves more or less from the same platform, regardless of age or formal training.

From a religious standpoint, all problems and all pleasures seem at once to have an easier solution. When selfishness and personal satisfactions are ruled out, other angles of a problem seem easily to fall into their place. Sickness and care of the aged are handled with confidence when there is an abiding faith; the everyday rush of business and subsistence is best solved through the application of religious principles; church work and benevolent duties become pleasant deeds; vacations and family outings become not only enjoyable experiences but character builders as well.

It seems unfortunate that so many critics of present-day homelife and child training fail to differentiate between the secular and the religious home. They hear a few noisy family discussions, since it is always the loudest voices that carry the farthest, and from these disturbances they gather impressions which are set down as typical and universal. Meanwhile, these thousands of other groups are quietly minding their own affairs, and living a life of love and peace. “Still water runs deep” holds as true among family circles as it does among individuals. As a result, the analyses handed to us by the experts are wrong in many cases, and their corrective suggestions are not always applied in the right direction. Many family problems solve themselves, and many family discussions fail to reach the argumentative stage simply because a sufficient amount of splendid religious teachings have been applied throughout the development of the family.

Don't Build Too High

Carol Cook

“F or the world is filled with beauty,” an old hymn goes. Even after the downfall of the Garden of Eden, man has marveled and speculated over the exquisite beauty of the earth. Today, the progress of the modern civilization has enhanced, rather than
destroyed, its loveliness. In the past man has always worshipped the
gods of nature; the modern generation gives its devotion to a new
deity—the god of science. Nature remains comparatively constant;
there have been few changes in her aspects since the beginning of
man's history. Modern science is advancing; vast progress is wit-
nessed during a single lifetime. The human body, always admired
as a divine work of art, becomes exquisite through the combined ef-
forts of modern medicine, dietetics, and dentistry. The advance of
the rocket age opens the doors to the ancient wonder of a timeless
space. A new science, psychology, affords a glimpse into the deep,
mystical waters of the mind's channels. Our advanced civilization
has created an intricate network of thriving, pulsating metropolises
which are great works of living art.

Yet in this esthetic world of today it is an easy matter to slip
from the precarious cliff of realism into the interminable space of
that which is beyond the material world. A walk through a green
and quiet woods is sufficient to stimulate the imagination into activ-
ity. The pursuit of science itself produces thought which is un-
scientific. The analysis of literature and man's mind often arouses
questions on man's soul or nature which are inexplicable by physi-
ology or psychology. In studying the universe or the creation of the
earth, the dividing line between the real and the ethereal is so thin
that it is at times imperceptible. When, in daily life, these intangible
values do arise, man must separate himself from the multitude to
speculate upon them. For that purpose, man has devised a mental
tower in which to confine his inner self—commonly called an ivory
tower.

Even man does not have the complete power of communication.
He is unable to express many of his emotions, feelings, and ideas to
his fellow man. An idea is an individual creation. Since there is no
direct communication between the minds of men, it is difficult to
develop an idea simultaneously except by coincidence. Oft times the
presence of one person will interrupt the channel of thought. Many
great achievements then are accomplished in solitude. While man
is primarily a gregarious creature, a life spent completely within the
confinement of the multitude is an unfruitful life, not only in the
creation of ideas and accomplishments, but in the reduced fulfill-
ment of a personal life. Completeness of soul and personality are
achieved only after extensive search and development of the inner
self. Some emotions and thoughts are of too precious and personal
a nature to be shared. These are rightfully stored in the ivory tower
for jealous contemplation. The ivory tower is desirable both for
personal development and for worldly achievement, whether an in-
dividual ascends it to obtain a clearer view of the world, to reason
out a social problem, or to produce a work of fine art.

Yet if theories or ideas are not practiced and improved by others,
they are as fruitless as though they were never conceived. While
the birth of an idea is an individual thing, the molding and finishing
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must be completed by many workers. Complete solitude is therefore
dangerous. A life spent in solitude is like a life spent in an empty
chamber. Without the wholesome nutrients of a healthy social life,
the individual is left to speculate upon those things which were never
intended for man's perception. In his futile search for the inaccessible
knowledge, he constructs his tower until it is of such great
height that it can neither be ascended by another, nor is it possible to
descend again into life. He is, quite literally, left hanging in the
clouds to view life as it passes by under his lofty perch.

It is this unique combination of gregariousness and the desire for
solitude which sets man apart from other animals. In his solitude he
creates; in his gregariousness he finishes. So, although the construc-
tion of an ivory tower is vital to mankind, it must be carefully con-
structed so that he is not placed too far above a down-to-earth life.

To Be Thankful

Skip Elson

He was not only afraid, he was mad. His ancestral line was a
proud, cocky one. It was not his fault that he was in this
mess, but he was not about to give up without trying. His
thoughts ran through his brain in a wild, disorganized manner. Calm-
ing himself, he decided that this was no time to panic—time was
too short. Time was precious to him and could not be wasted. He
carefully inspected the high wire fence that encircled the area, and
wondered why they had tied him to the stake. They were certainly
taking no chances. He suddenly remembered that today would be
Thanksgiving Day. This thought was so funny he almost laughed,
but he restrained himself by remembering where he was and what
was about to happen. But there was one thing for which he could
be thankful—that of being last. All the others had been taken away
and had not returned, and probably could not return. On the other
hand, being the last brought him that horrible torture of waiting. If
there was anything for which he should be thankful, it was the little
bit of hope he still had.

He worked enthusiastically at the tightly-tied ropes that bound
him. Maybe these devils would show him mercy? But this was
silly; they never had and they never would. The odds of getting
out of the compound were against him, but it was his only chance of
saving himself. To accomplish this he first had to free himself of
the ropes that held him to the stake. He wondered if his proud an-
cestors could have figured a way out, but this also was foolish. They
had been free. They had faced death, but they had faced it while
free to fight for life. They would rather die than be captured and
live in pens like this. No, they had never been confronted with a
problem so great as his. But someone had been weak. He had
never known this freedom; he had been born a prisoner. Somebody
in that proud line had failed him. These thoughts frustrated him so