

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 witnessed during a single lifetime. The human body, always admired as a divine work of art, becomes exquisite through the combined efforts 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 activity. The pursuit of science itself produces thought which is unscientific. The analysis of literature and man's mind often arouses questions on man's soul or nature which are inexplicable by physiology 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 fulfillment 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 individual 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

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 construction of an ivory tower is vital to mankind, it must be carefully constructed 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. Calming 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 ancestors 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