NOW AND THEN

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Henry van Dyke

Henry Van Dyke has been dead for several years, but his words still exhort his readers to find a blessing in the work they have to do. Happy indeed it is the man with busy hands.

It is a sad sight to see the jobless, sitting around, and sadder still to see them in the bread line, waiting for their time to be fed.

The man with nothing to do, except to find pleasure, or sport is not one to be envied.

THE DOG OF FLANDERS

This is not the dog that Ouida wrote about a long time ago, for this Flanders is in Canada.

Well, this dog, a big Bernard fellow, boards the train every morning and goes to the next town where he gets out and trots to the schoolhouse there. There he lies down and waits quietly until recess comes, at which time he jumps up and joins the children in their play. After school is over he boards the train again and rides 8 miles to his home.

Speaking of dogs this comes to us from Los Angeles.

DOG LOVER

Los Angeles

"I belong to two little girls. If I get lost please send me back to my mistresses."

A tag bearing this inscription has brought its wearer—a little wire-haired terrior puppy—back to its owners on several occasions. Not long ago, the dog strayed again and was gone for several days.

Remembering their previous experiences, the two little girls were sure that, somehow, their pet would come back to them; and their faith was rewarded by a joyous experience.

They awakened one morning to find the terrier tied on the front porch. He was wearing a new harness; and on the porch railing were two books, tattered and worn: "Beautiful Joe" and "Black Beauty," with a note reading:

"Your dog came to my home yesterday. I fed hmi, kept him overnight, and I'm bringing him back to you along with two books that were mine when I was a little girl. I want you to have them.—Just Another Dog Lover."

CONTENTMENT OR SATISFACTION

A family once had engraved on its family crest. "Laeta Sorta Mea" which means. "Contented with my lot, Many, however, argue that contentment is not progressive that when one is contented he does not wish to change his condition. Long years ago, Jane Taylor wrote about honest John Hopkins:

"One honest John Hopkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all vain wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented."

Perhaps a better word for that would have been "satisfied" for that means really enough.

When one is satsified, he does not wish to change. While contentiment might like an advancement, yet when in his present state, he is content.

THOREAU'S WOODLAND CABIN

Thoreau was an enuthusiast lover of nature. When one visits Walden Woods just outside of Concord, he is shown the spot on which Thoreau's Cabin stood.

The following is taken from Van Wyck Brown's "Flowering of New England."

Henry Thoreau had built a hut at Walden. In March 1845, he had borrowed Alcott's axe—which he took pains to return with a sharper edge,—and cut down some tall arrowy pines for the timbers, studs, and rafters. For the boards he bought a shanty from one of the Irish labourers on the railroad. The hut was ten feet by fifteen, shingled and plastered, with a garret and close, trap-door below, a brick fireplace, windows at the sides and a door facing the cove. The cost, all told, was $28.12½,— less than the annual rent of a student's room in Cambridge. There was a bean-field, close by, with a patch of potatoes, corn, peas and turnips. As a quasi-Pythagorian, Thoreau seldom indulged in beans. He exchanged his crop for rice in the village. Rice was the proper diet for one who loved so well the writings of the Oriental sages.

He had long cherished the notion of a forest-life. Ellery Channing had built himself a hut on the prairie in Illinois, and Henry's college classmate, Sterns Wheeler, . . . had also bulit a rough woodland cabin, over at Flint's Pond, where he had lived for a year to save money, to buy Greek books and pay his way to Germany to study. Henry had spent six weeks in Wheeler's cabin, sharing one of his bunks of straw. There was nothing new in his own adventure, and he could not understand why, his friends thought it was so peculiar. Some of them spoke as if he had gone to the woods in order to starve or freeze. Emerson had bought land on both sides of the pond, intending to build a summer-house, and Henry had carried out the project. Alcott, who liked to tinker at rustic architecture, helped him with his saw and hammer, along with the young Brook Farmer, George William Curtis of New York, who was boarding at Edmund Hosmer's in the village and working as a farm-hand.

Henry felt at home in his sylvan dwelling. It made him think of some of those mountain-houses he had seen on his inland excursions, high-placed, airy, fragrant, with a fresh, auroral atmosphere about them. It was quiet, clean and cool, fit to entertain a traveling god. For company, birds flitted through his chamber, red squirrels raced over the roof, chickadees perched on the armfuls of wood he carried. There were moles living in the cellar. He had occasional visits from a hare. As he sat at his door in the evening, he remembered that he was descended from the Greeks of old. He was a wanderer, too, one of the crew of Ulysses. The shore of the cove was another Ithaca. . . .

If he had had the wealth of Croesus, Henry's mode of living would not have been different. Space, air, time, a few tools, a note-book, a pen, a copy of Homer, what could he wish more than these? A bath in the pond at sun-rise, a little Spartan sweeping and cleaning, then a bath for the intellect.

REVIEW OF SOME OF THE BEST SELLERS

The new books on gardening scheduled for this Spring are perhaps fewer than usual; but there are some extremely good ones.

"Common Sense in the Rock Garden", Dodd, Meade and Co., deals particularly with the ornamental aspects of rock gardens, but contains as the title suggests, all kinds of practical information about this type of garden including we are told, instructions on how to avoid a stiff back from bending over.

The Dodge Publishing Company has a new one by Clare Davis, "In Our Country Garden." Her book is described as an informal and informative guide for the amateur, giving helpful information for each week in the year. Among the new books, Doubleday has published "Modern Dahlias". This is a complete manual for dahlia growers, with special emphasis for the beginner and the very amateur gardener.

Dutton is printing but one new garden book, "Annuals" by Roy Had. In his book Mr. Hay names all the annuals in alphabetical order tells the height characteristics, and the number of species of each, how to plant each one and what results the gardnerer may expect from each plant.

Hale, Cushman and Flint is putting out a new garden book which takes first place on their list. "The Gardeners Onnibus" at $3.75. There will be several hundred contributors, both amateur and professionals, who will cover every aspect of gardening.

"Gardening Indoors" a Macmillan publication is a complete account of the new art of year-round gardening indoors. The best schemes for arrangement in apartments; with complete cultural details and list of plants for different uses.

They also publish "How To Grow Roses" by Dr. J. Horace McFarland and Robert Pyle. 32 color plates and a 11 for $1.00.

Standard books on a few special fields of garden interest include such titles as; "Book of Perennials" and "Book of Annuals" by Alfred C. Hottes, (De La Mare) $2.00 each; "A Guide to the Trees", by C. C. Curtis (Garden City) $1.29; "Wild Flowers" by Homer D? House (MacMillan) $3.95 and "The Plant Doctor" by Cynthia Wescott (Stokes) $2.00; "How to Grow Perennials" Victor H. Ries (Doubleday).

The beginning of Lent is March 2nd, which suggests the Fourth Annual Lenten Reading List, which has been issued by a committee of The Religious Publishers' Group of the Book Publishers Bureau. The list includes, as in previous years twenty titles. A few are submitted for your information. John Baille—"A Diary of Private Prayer" 135 pages. Scribner. $1.50. Real prayers, not prefunctory, or professional, or self conscious, or written to produce a book, but each prayers as each one of us wishes to make or ought to wish to make for himself. They are provided for the morning nad evening of each day in the month.

Glenn Clark—"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes", 178 pages. Harper. $1.50 One never read any other religious book like this. It teaches the reality of prayer and the joy of life and faith in God and it does it in a manner quite unique.

Henry Emerson Fosdick—"Successful Christian Living" 270 pages. Harper. $1.50. This is rich in spiritual appeal. Addressed avowedly to those who regard themselves as modernists.

Alice Hegan Rice—"My Pillow Book". 112 pages. Appleton-Century. $1.25. Here are notes from Mrs. Rice's own heart about life's deep experiences of suffering, fear, prayer, loneliness, companionship, forgiveness, faith, love. Each meditation of her own is followed by quotations from a wide and varied range of authors whose words have found an echo in her own spirit.

Evelyn Underhill—"The Spiritual Life". 142 pgaes. Harper. $1.25. It is discussion of prayer and obedience in terms which avoid the use of theological language. It defines the spiritual life in two aspects, as communion with God and as cooperation with God.

Paper Money Designs Varied

Prior to 1890 designs for paper money issued by the United States Treasury were changed frequently.

CHILDRFN'S AID ACTIVE IN KENT

Local Group Solves Many Problems

What happens to the Kent County children who are cruelly treated or deserted? Do you know? Every thinking citizen of this county should make it his business to know that these helpless children are cared for in a humane way. He should take part in sponsoring this work in his own country. For many years the worst cases among this group of children were sent to Baltimore orphanages, cut off from any respectable family ties, and raised as "institutional" children. This left a stigma not only on their names but also on their personalities, for there is nothing more pathetic than an unloved child, raised without any concept of family life and the security of family devotion.

Several years ago a group of Kent County citizens orgnaized under the Maryland Children's Aid Society and pledged themselves to see that the children of this county received protection from cruel treatment and immoral influence. Every attempt is made to preserve the child's normal home, but if this fails, the nearest substitute is called upon, and this substitute is, of course, the foster home. The child is studied from all angles—his family background, health, emotional attitudes and mental ability. After all this is considered, the worker chooses a foster home which nearest fits his needs. This does not end the process by far. That child is supervised by the worker, and studies of his behavior are made. His school and health record are carefully, watched, and most of all, his personality development. Generally, in a few months, the child makes an adjustment which would have seemed impossible to an outsider not knowing what can be done by kindness and a change of environment. The children are t reated as personalities and respond as such. Our civilization is founded on the family life. No child should be denied of its rights.

This is not an expensive way to care for underprivileged children. The cost per child is generally less than at institutions. This is because the child, if he is normal, takes his place in the community on a free basis much sooner htn an institutional child. For special cases, institutions are very necessary and successful, but for the average, normal child, foster home care better fills the need, both financially and humanely. The loss of boarding home care for dependent children is carried by the public funds of the county. The worker's salary and administration expenses are carried mainly by a state appropriation, however lately, because of an increase in the work, a supplement of private funds has been necessary. The clothing, medical and dental care, and boarding care for children who are considered special cases, in need of care but not considered dependent, are all taken care of by private funds—your contribution to the happiness and well being of the future citizens of your county.

This work in no way overlaps with the work of the Kent County Welfare Board. Most of the children who are accepted for care are refused by that agency. Under the Aid to Dependent Children Act, they are able to take care of children placed with relatives closer than cousins, but a number of the children have no relatives who are suitable to care for them, even with financial aid—and these children fall to the care of the Children's Aid Society.

Editor's Note.—A series of articles giving typical examples of what becomes of these children will appear each week on this page.

McEvoy Urges Parents To Help Children Marry

The old but ever new question of whether parents should help their children marry before the children are financially able to support a home is the subject of a lively argument between two famous authors—J. P. McEvoy and Rose Wilder Lane—in the current issue of WOMAN'S DAY magazine.

"Should parents help their children to marry?" asks Mr. McEvoy, and then proceeds to convince you that they should. "That would sound pretty silly to our forefathers—and certainly no one ever accused them of coddling their offspring. But we spoil our children—so we are told. We overfeed them, overpet them, overeducate them, overprotect them, up to a point —and then we kick them right out on their faces. We drop them from what ever limb we happen to be on, like a monkey dropping a stick that he's tired of. 'So you want to get married, eh?" we say—'Well, go ahead, but don't expect any help from us.' One can forgive the puzzled look on the youngster's face at this point. If ever he needed help he needs it now. In fact, he needs it nuow more than ever he needed it before. . . .

"The farmer's boy could and did earn his keep almost from the time he could walk. But your boy and my boy fresh out of college is a man in years but a child in experience. He has never done a man's work, and he is not equipped to take a man's place —but yet he is a man. It's not his fault that he hasn't worked; it's not his fault that he hasn't earned his own living, and it's not his fault that he's a man and in love."

Not blaming the boy who cannot support a family but who wishes to get married, nevertheless, Mrs. Wilder puts the responsibility squarely on the parents.

"In my views," she writes, "there is no excuse for the parents whose son is unable to be responsible for his own life when he is old enough to marry. For twenty years at least that parent has been obstructing his child's natural development. He has denied his son the human rights of real life, of liberty inseparable from responsibility, and of pursuit of happiness with all the disasters inevitable to that pursuit. . . .

"I hope my boys will marry young. If, after the age of twenty, they are carrying financial responsibilities too heavy for their strength, I hope to be able to give them the same help—in college or in marriage—that I would give any human being in the same circumstances. And on the same basis, I consider it an insult to an adult human being to offer to 'subsidize' him. And if my boys are not adult human being when they are twenty years old, then I have shortened their lives as much as if I had cut them short with a bullet."

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