

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12:1



Youth's *Living Ideals*

A Magazine of Christian Guidance



Vol. 4. No. 9—June, 1964

IN THIS ISSUE:

TRAIN THEM

•

TV TOLL

•

THE WIDOW
OF THE PINE COTTAGE

•

THE SCHOOL
OF EVIL INSTRUCTION

•

MISPLACED PITY

•

THE THIEF
AND THE TANNER

SPECIAL ISSUE

ON AN INVENTION OF MENTAL INFLUENCE

*"And they served their idols . . .
They sacrificed their sons and
daughters unto devils . . .
And went a whoring with their
own inventions."*

—Psa. 106:36-39

25 Cents Per Copy

Youth's Living Ideals

A Magazine of Christian Guidance

Published monthly in the interest of young people.

Glen Berry, Editor

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Elon College, N. C.
Second class postage paid at Post Office, Elon College, N. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

\$3.00 a year — Two years, \$5.00

In clubs of 5—\$2.00 a year

Address:

Editors, Youth's Living Ideals

Rt. 2, Elon College, North Carolina

• Any material may be reprinted from YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS without special permission—except in cases where certain articles are copyrighted by other magazines. Due acknowledgements for all material reprinted should be given. Let the good here be shared.

In This Issue . . .

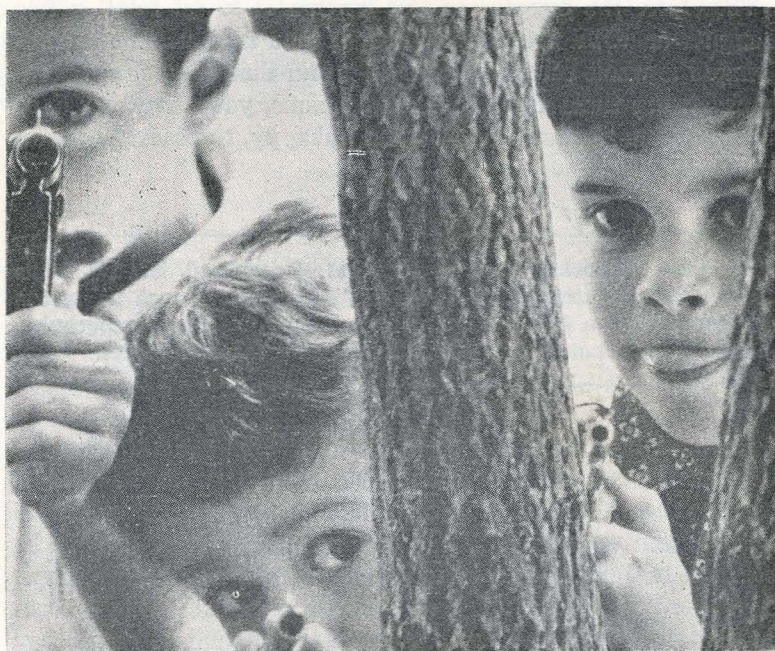
Train Them, Mrs. Henry Sledge	257
He's Nothing but a Little Boy	261
Television—Is It Losing the Battle for Quality?	263
TV Toll, Lafe Culver	264
The Widow of the Pine Cottage	267
Notes from Mom, Mrs. W. J. Berry	270
Round Table Discussion—"Should girl wear shorts?"	272
The Guide Book—Satan Is Recognized, Editor	274
What to Do with a Bad Temper	275
The School of Evil Instruction, Editor	276
Dream House Is Let Down If It's Not a Home, Ruth Millett	277
Feminine Adornment as Taught in the New Testament— Other Methods of Outward Adornment, William E. Paul	278
Misplaced Pity, Mrs. W. J. Berry	280
A Child May Be Useful (poem)	281
No. 44 of Fifty-Seven Reasons, Fred John Meldau	282
Words Fitly Spoken	283
The Thief and the Tanner	284
A Lovely Mama	286
She Had a Pearl (poem), Walter E. Isenhour	286
News Items	287
Johnnie Was Helped (For the Kiddies), Richard Newton	288

◀ IS IT TIME FOR YOU TO RENEW? ▶

Youth's

Living Ideals

Vol. 4. No. 9—June, 1964



ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG MARRIED READERS

Train Them!

I'LL BEAT YOU to death! You little demon! Go on, get out of here! Brat! Brainless! Stupid! Monster!"

Familiar words? Yes, all too familiar, I'm afraid. For these words so often are not spoken to a dog, or some other kind of

animal, but to God-given little human beings—our own children! If you have been guilty of speaking thus, or if you have just *heard* someone speak this way, please read on.

It is a privilege to have children to rear. They are given to us to love and enjoy. Whether or not we can love and enjoy them depends wholly upon us as parents. Whether they bring us pleasure or grief when they are grown depends upon the parents.

Therefore, the purpose of this writing is to set forth a few thoughts on child training, which, if put into practice, could change the whole course of your life, and that of your children. In following these few simple suggestions, your lives could be changed from restless, troubled, and unhappy, to peaceful, useful and happy lives.

Toy guns are looked upon as a symbol of manhood. But Dr. Louis Barclay Murphy states that there are better ways—such as sports and games—for a boy to develop masculinity, without encouraging warlike attitudes at a time when the world faces destruction.

If our children are not taught and trained right during the first *months* and years of their lives, what hope do we have of bending them the right way after they are older? Proverbs 22:6 says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." That is God's promise. Some may say, "But I took my children to church. I taught them the truth. I told them how they ought to live, and now that they are older, alas, they have gone astray." Now think back. . . . *How did you train them?* With love? Did you *show* them *how* they ought to live, instead of just telling them? Or did you treat them as though they were just by-products that had to be put up with? Did you neglect them, then wonder why they were unthoughtful, untidy, and untrained? Or did you supervise them and teach them by your own life how they ought to live? It is much easier to understand *how* we should live if we are shown by personal example.

Whether you realize it or not, you can mold your children's characters into good or bad patterns. The way you correct them, the spirit that you manifest while doing so, will be reflected in the result. By scolding children continually, screaming at them constantly, and ridiculing them often in whatever they try to do, you will reap from them resentfulness, hatefulness and disobedience.

Parents, you don't *drive* sheep. You *lead* them. Little children are like lambs, and to start with they are so easy to lead, so easy to guide, so easy to mold. While they are still young and tender, you can make something good out of them. They still love you. Tell them *you love them*. *Show* them you love them. [Confess your failings to them as you want them to confess to you in humbleness.] Tell them you've been too impatient with them, too hasty, too soon angry and cross. Ask God's help. Within ourselves we can't be different, but we can be more than conquerors through Christ. When you see that the way is hard, and it seems almost impossible to hold your temper, call upon God for strength and guidance.

Parents, those little lives are in your hands. Whether they grow up to be honest, law-abiding citizens depends largely upon you. Take time to hold them in your arms and listen to their little talk. Be interested in their problems, and anxious to guide them in the right path. Be sympathetic and understanding. Realize they have a mind and feelings, too. They need to be appreciated. They need to feel loved and secure. And when they have done some task that has been assigned them, let them know you appreciate them for doing it. When you give them a job to do, encourage them to finish it, not with constant quarreling but with cheerful words of commendation.

We parents should not constantly sing a song of "No, don't, quit, stop—or else." Neither should we threaten our children. Just tell them what we expect of them, and be firm in seeing that our instructions are followed. Certainly there are going to be times when our children will need a good old-fashioned whipping, because the Bible says that "Foolishness is bound in the

heart of a child, but the rod of correction will drive it far from him." The wise man Solomon says in Proverbs 19:18: "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Also, Proverbs 13:24 says, "He that spareth his rod *hateth* his son: but he that *loveth* him chasteneth him betimes." Go ahead and whip them if they need it. And when you whip them, let them *know* they've been whipped. Don't give them just enough to make them angry. Tell them beforehand that you are going to punish them, and make sure they understand why they are being punished. Do not lose your head and beat them just because you are angry. Punish them, then forget it. Don't keep scolding them forever afterwards. Don't whip and scold them for doing one thing one day, then laugh and think they are cute for doing the same thing the next day. Be consistent so that the child can know what to expect.

Do not be afraid to punish your child but you cannot expect a child to think like an adult. Don't lose your patience trying to get adult actions out of a child. And here is another very important fact that should not be overlooked: *Do not whip or punish your child in a fit of anger.* There is a right and a wrong way to punish your child. The wrong way is in anger and impatience. The right way is with the thought in mind "I am punishing my child because I love him; because I want him to grow up to be fine and noble."

Love is the key. Remember . . . "For God so loved . . . that He gave . . ." God also chastens (corrects) those whom He loves. God's chastening is for our own profit. That should be the reason we chasten our children—for their own good. But if we do it in anger and impatience, we are doing them more harm than good.

Now as your children grow older, their wants will be increasing. Do not be afraid to say NO to your children. Your child does not need everything he wants. God has promised *His* children that He will supply the *needs*, not all the *wants*. Surely we are blessed when we can give our children what they need, but we should not spoil them by giving them everything they want. If they get everything they want, they will not

appreciate anything. They will grow up with a "the-world-owes-me-a-living" attitude that will make them disappointed with life. Very likely you have heard the saying, "Responsibility builds character" and good hard work has never hurt anyone. So see that your children have something to do to [stay busy] and to earn their own spending money. Young folks appreciate something they work for.

Remember, you hold those young lives in your hands. Make the best of it. Look at it as a privilege, an opportunity as well as a God-given responsibility.

Let the love of God be the ruling factor in your home. A home that is saturated with God's love is sure to be happy and pleasant.

Train them—in the spirit of love. *Train them*—with God's help—God's way.

The following, whose author is unknown, makes a practical application of the truths that are learned from "Train Them." I have been given permission to use "He's Nothing but a Little Boy," and I know it will grip your heart as it has mine.

HE'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE BOY

Listen Son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little hand crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls sticking wet on your forehead. Just a few moments ago as I sat reading in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, Son. I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school, because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "Good-bye, Daddy." And I frowned and said in reply, "Hold your shoulders back!"

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your socks. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, Son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

Do you remember later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it that you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but you ran across in one tempestuous plunge and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again. And your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither.

Then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, Son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands, and a terrible, sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart. What had habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, Son. Your little heart was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me goodnight.

Nothing else matters, Son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt here, choking with emotion and so ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must . . . make free confession.

And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real Daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer, and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual—He is nothing but a boy, . . . a little boy!

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you, Son, crumpled and weary in your bed, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much! . . .

Tears came, and heartache, and remorse, and I think a greater, deeper love when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!

—Mrs. Henry H. Sledge in *The Christian Youth*



SPECIAL NOTE:

Occasionally we print an article that may be mainly directed to parents. We publish such for three reasons: 1) You young readers are preparing for adulthood and your attitudes are forming now; 2) Many of our readers are young parents and such benefits them; 3) The younger reader can usually benefit from the article right now as well as in coming adulthood and it is suggested that he pass any such an article on to his parents to read so that benefit and understanding will come to all.

TELEVISION . . .

Is It Losing the Battle for Quality?

Violence, low-quality escapist fare, and dull routine dominate the TV screen today.

"I invite you to sit down in front of your television set when your station goes on the air, and keep your eyes glued to the set until the station signs off. I can assure you that you will observe a vast wasteland." So declared Newton Minow three years ago when he was chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Minow's remarks immediately blew up a storm of controversy—and much soul-searching within the TV industry.

What has happened since then? Has TV become instead a vast wonderland? Not a bit. The weekly TV schedule is *still* full of "mayhem and murder." A recent Los Angeles survey for one week logged 161 TV murders, 60 homicides, 192 attempted murders, 83 robberies, 15 kidnappings, 24 conspiracies to commit murder, 21 jail breaks, 7 attempted lynchings, 11 extortions, and 2 cases of arson. All this happened *before* 9 p. m., when many children were still up.

Says Harriet Van Horne, the nationally syndicated columnist: "It's utterly appalling that people waste so much time on the trash and trivia the networks throw at them. I'm convinced the audience for Westerns, situation comedies, and private eyes checks its brains at the door and sits through the dreadful junk in a stupor. Even imbeciles would start to climb the walls if they listened to the dialogue. With the exception of a few cultural and public affairs shows on Sunday afternoons . . . there aren't five hours of programing a week worth watching. The only reason that people watch the tripe on TV is because it's free and available."

—Senior Scholastic

READ IN THE NEXT ISSUE—

- "The Old School," by Walter Isenhour
- "A Brave Boy"

When it strikes close to home, it makes us think!



LAFE CULVER, Editor of ANCHOR

TV Toll

JUST THE OTHER DAY a mother in a central Iowa city glanced at her son and gasped in horror at what she saw. Dashing to her boy, she struck him full in the face with her hand. She then spun around and hastily removed the rope from around the neck of a little neighborhood girl. Results: A bloody nose for the boy; rope burn on the neck of the little girl; shock for the mother. But the end could have been far more tragic, for the boy was going through the preliminaries of *strangling* the girl. This case can most certainly be documented as true, for the boy is a neighbor of *Anchor* co-editor Ron Carlson and the little girl was his *own youngest daughter*.

Now where do you suppose this boy learned to perform such a brutish trick? Was it out of the newspapers and magazines? Did he hear a hanging described over the radio? Or did he actually SEE it acted out in a motion picture? Without a doubt it was a movie and most likely one that he saw right in his own front room—via television.

It used to be in years past that Satan had to wait until a child was old enough to attend the Saturday afternoon matinee before he could pump the child's mind full of vice and violence through the silver screen. New fertile young minds can soak up the devil's degrading wares even before the tots are able to toddle—thanks to TV. This factor accounts for much of the shocking

increase in juvenile crime and the alarming decrease in the *age* of the criminal.

Some time ago I sat in the home of a family that provided the fine "educational benefits" of TV for their children. A little boy just barely 4 years of age swaggered over to me and pointed his huge pistol at my heart.

"Stick 'em up," he growled.

"What will happen if I don't?" I quipped, leading him on.

"I'll KILL YA!" he snarled.

"Where did you learn that?" I asked, knowing that his parents were listening.

"On telebishen," he said smartly.

An embarrassed silence followed for his guilt-smitten parents.

While the *Reader's Digest*, *Parent's Magazine*, and even Federal Law Agencies scream warnings to the United States about what television's rotten programs are doing to the homes and morals of Americans, a great number of religious "leaders" look out the window and fail to see the issue at hand.

Their neglect to denounce the evils that gush from this powerful medium has been so *intentional* that even one independent group, the "Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America" have published a tract entitled "Crusade for Children." This is another loud protest against the crime, violence, and sex that saturates TV programing, a condition that will not change as long as American appetites remain the same. This meat cutter's tract closes with an appeal to churches to *join this crusade!* That is like a group of citizens asking the police to help them stamp out thefts in their city, the policeman's job in the first place! Christians and churches as a unit should be the *first ones* to condemn such a plague of moral poison!

While the great tidal wave of sin is engulfing our nation and drowning all hope of a spiritual revival, we are plagued with individuals who claim there is no cause for alarm. They advocate "controlling your set," but control is similar to the old saying about the weather: "Everybody talks about it but no one does

anything about it." While those who justify tele-violence and cinema-sins strive vainly to cling to their favorite westerns, detectives, and triangle love affairs on the basis of "good programs," the bloody toll of TV marches on.

Note this article from the National *Enquirer* Newspaper, February 24, 1963:

BOY, 2, IS TORTURE VICTIM

The game would be loads of fun for the two 8-year-old boys. They would be the Indians and the little two-year-old Kees Hamrath would be the cowboy. And the Indians would torture the cowboy, just like they had seen on TELEVISION.

So the pair of 8-year-olds (whose names the ENQUIRER is withholding because of their ages) tortured the tiny cow-poke.

Kees was "captured" by the "Indians" last November 25, 1962, a few minutes after his mother had put him out to play in the backyard of their home in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

It was 4 p. m. on a cold day. The older boys seized Kees and carried him to a yard behind a foundry about six blocks away. They set him on the ground and then did a war dance around him. Since it was a Sunday, the foundry was empty and there was no one around to hear their war whoops—or the crying of the little child.

Then began the torture.

First the older boys punched Kees over and over again. They hit him with their fists and with sticks. They smashed him in the stomach, on the arms, legs, and face. The tiny child was covered from head to toe with bumps, cuts, and bruises. The 8-year-olds picked up a 20 lb., half-inch-thick wooden plank and pounded it over Kees' head until the board broke. Kees was barely conscious when one of the older boys grabbed an ice pick he had found

nearby. He stabbed Kees with it in the stomach and the back. Only the heavy woolen snow-suit Kees was wearing prevented the ice pick from plunging deeply enough into his flesh to enter any vital organ.

Finally the older youngsters decided to "hang" their victim. They tied a length of rope around Kees' neck and pulled it tight. Then they dragged him from the foundry yard into a maze of ash cans and oil drums in the downtown area of Hamilton. To keep him from crying, they shoved a handful of dirt into his mouth. They stuffed him into a 45-gallon oil drum and turned the drum upside down.

Then they ran away.

Kees was not big enough to turn the drum back over to escape—he was trapped. He shivered in the near-freezing 33 degree temperature. He was terrified and bewildered. But all he could do was spit the dirt out of his mouth and cry.

A frantic search had been going on for him since his mother had reported him missing. Police, joined by 50 of Hamrath's neighbors were scouring the city. While the search was progressing, the boys who had tortured Kees returned home. One of them told his mother that he knew the child could be found under the oil drum.

The woman raced to the scene. She heard a faint whimpering. Kees had been missing for five hours by the time he was discovered. He had been trapped

under the oil drum for two hours.

"If he had been there a while longer, he certainly would have been a goner," said Police Sgt. George Mair. The child was rushed to the hospital and treated for his wounds, as well as exposure and fatigue.

"Thank God he wasn't permanently injured," said his mother, Mrs. William Hamrath. "But he must have suffered more in those five hours than some people do in a whole lifetime."

The 8-year-olds were turned over to juvenile authorities.

I wonder how many lives will be lost, how many minds will be warped, how many homes will be ruined, and how many churches will be dead before worldly-minded *church people* can be convinced of the tremendous toll that TV is taking?

May God help you, young person, to apply the principle that David set forth when he said, "I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. . . ." (Psa. 101:3)

The Widow of the Pine Cottage

IT WAS Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter. She thought of no friend in all the wide unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forest.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her; it was the only article of food she possessed. No wonder her forlorn and desolate state brought up in her bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children. Even when she suffered the heartswellings of despair to rise, she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and the orphan cannot forget

His word. Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the high seas. She had heard no note or tidings from him since. And, in latter time, Providence had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne. She had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the poor and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains.

The individual who has but his own want to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want. His affections are not wounded; his heart is not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such an one was the widow of the Pine Cottage.

As she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses, for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now. Rest and a share of all she had

she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," she said, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the cupboard. But when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment. "And is this all your store?" said he. "And a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! But, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

"Ah!" said the poor widow, and the tears gushed to her eyes, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of this wide world, unless God has taken him away. I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God who sent manna from heaven can provide for us as He did for Israel. And how should I this night offend Him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even as this, were I to turn you away hungry?"

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms. "God, indeed has provided just such a home for your wandering son," said he. "And has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! Oh, my mother!"

It was her long lost son, returned from the Indies to her bosom. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family. Never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful home in the valley. And the widow lived long with her dutiful son in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employment of virtue.

—*Golden Sheaves*



A school teacher upon entering her classroom found several boys kneeling on the floor. Fearfully she asked, "What are you doing?" One of the boys answered, "Shooting dice." Sighing with relief the teacher said, "I was afraid you were praying."

Notes from Mom



Dear Young Friends,

Two brothers were caught in a severe blizzard. After struggling for some time, suffering from a lame foot, one of them could go no further. He just gave up, wanting to lie in the snow. The warmth felt when one is freezing began to creep over his tired body. It would feel so *good* just to rest! But his brother, knowing the danger of inactivity, and despite his own weariness, half carried, half dragged him along until help came. In his anxiety over his brother, he forgot his own weariness. He fought the lethargy of one who is freezing, in his valiant and successful attempt to save his brother. When they were finally rescued, the doctor said it was this that had saved his own life as well as the life of his brother.

The lesson is plain. We cannot strive to help someone else without helping ourselves.

* * *

Two young men grew up in the community with a very rich old gentleman. One lived just a little ways south of the rich man's estate, the other about the same distance to the north. The gentleman watched them grow up with interest, because he did not have a son of his own. He watched them through the years as each made a place for himself in the community. Both were very fine young men, and he followed—unknown to them, of course—their progress with interest. He noticed that one of these young men was always giving to some good cause. The other, though fine and honest, seemed to think only of providing well for his own family. Their advantages were about the same. Their abilities were equal so far as he could see. But it was a strange thing. The one who was always giving to others seemed to prosper fully as well as the other one. "I wish I had realized this truth earlier in life," the old man thought. Perhaps he

could still make good use of his fortune! Instead of allowing distant and selfish relatives to fight over his estate after he was gone, he would leave it to the young man who had been so selfless in his service to the community. His will read that because he knew his wealth would be used for the good of the community, and not for selfish purposes, he was leaving this trust to the young man who *gave* rather than to the young man who *grasped*.

* * *

If we give merely because we think that by giving we will gain, this is just another way of being selfish. If we give and give, and give, and *never* gain,—still we gain! We give for the joy of sharing, and that our lives may be of some small good in this world. Giving of ourselves and what we possess in this spirit of love can never leave us poor, even though we may want material things. We keep really only what is shared with others. We lose only that to which we cling selfishly. A selfish person is really to be pitied because he loses by his very selfishness what he most desires. By sharing, we multiply our happiness by the number with whom we share.

See you next month, the Lord willing.

Lovingly,

MOM



"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone.
All that we send into the life of others
Comes back into our own."



SOMEBODY OR NOBODY

(Written by a high school student)

"Everybody's doing it!" No, not yet!
Because I'm "Somebody," don't forget!
Anyone with courage to stop and think,
Is surely "Somebody!" I don't drink.
Many a "somebody" who don't think
Became a "nobody" because of drink.
Anyone can follow what the crowds do;
I'm trying to be a "Somebody"—
How about you?

—Biblical Research Monthly, Los Angeles

Round Table Discussion

• YOUTH PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY OUR READERS •

This department is mainly for the views of you the readers. Please send in any questions you would like to see discussed in this department.

QUESTION: "I have seen girls wear shorts in cold weather, with bobby socks nearly to their knees to keep warm. Should girls wear shorts at all?"

Minnie Jones, Richlands, N. C.: "How very disgusting for I have seen the same. There is nothing charming about this but rather is it repulsive and another way to trap the fly in a spider web. Please, girls, don't tempt the very creatures who God intended for companionship. PLEASE don't tempt them to err and sin against God and mankind."



Winnie Seward, age 16, Jackson, Miss.: "My family has talked many times about this. I have learned much about it. I have my own opinions, too. I do not think that girls should wear shorts at any time, because it makes them look half naked. Shorts also put ideas into people of the male sex. You can read stories about girls who were attacked, and see that most of them had on shorts. This is a very good reason for not wearing shorts, I think. Wearing shorts is also deceitful in the sight of God. This should keep any girl from wearing them."



Patricia Sandifer, age 15, Jackson, Miss.: "It is wrong for girls to wear shorts, as we are instructed to 'adorn . . . in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety. . . . But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.' (1 Ti. 2:9)"



Cheri Baldwin, 14, and Mrs. E. O. Baldwin, 33, Fort Worth, Texas: "Luke 8:26 starts the story of a man possessed with many devils 'and ware no clothes.' Jesus sent the devils into a herd of swine and verse 35 says the man was 'clothed, and in his right mind,' then. We surely want to be considered 'in our' right mind,' and clothed."





Mrs. Franklin Staggs, age 31, Flint, Mich.: "No, shorts could never be classified as 'modest apparel'; especially when worn in the presence of the opposite sex. We have enough wickedness in this world without wearing clothing which will cause more of it, if only in the mind."



Bill Clinton, age 32, Exeter, Calif.: "To make it pure and simple, my answer is NO! No amount of excuses or reasons can justify this type of wearing apparel in public."



Karen Spencer, age 17, Meadows of Dan, Va.: "No, I do not think girls should wear shorts. How can a girl feel properly dressed in such attire? I would never feel properly clothed if I went in public in them. Girls who appear in streets or anywhere in shorts lower their reputation and invite indecent thoughts and actions."



Edythe Fenter, age 19, Portales, New Mexico: "1 Tim. 2:9 states: 'In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety . . .' Webster defines modest as 'observing the proprieties of sex; chaste; decent.' Can a woman be decent in a pair of shorts? I do not believe she can. Also, can she possess the characteristic of shamefacedness dressed in this manner?"



Rodney Ross, age 19, Portales, New Mexico: "Girls should NOT wear shorts! Shorts cannot be considered as modest apparel. When you can't tell the difference between a Christian girl and a girl of the world, there must be something wrong. Surely no one will say it is okay in this context. Let each one consider the influence you might have toward pointing someone to Christ the Savior."

"I charge the modern parent with the nakedness today. If fathers and mothers demanded it, the youth would clothe themselves again. However, we can hope for nothing better when mothers set the example in nakedness to their own daughters. Mothers and fathers parade about the home and at the beaches, before their offspring, in a semi-nude condition. How can we hope for the better."

—Harold Sightler

The Guide Book

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS FOR DAILY LIVING

BY THE EDITOR

SATAN IS RECOGNIZED!

IF THE NEWSPAPERS were to tell us that by tomorrow morning Satan would have the minds of all young people so warped that they would be utterly corrupted, thinking nothing but evil and practicing all the imaginations of their evil minds, we would raise in holy horror and cry, "No! God forbid!"

YET . . . YET . . . Satan is not so ignorant. He is crafty. He works by **degrees**. He corrupts and warps minds so gradually that we give him our blessings. He gives us the rope and we tie the knot around our own necks.

WARNING! Young people are **NOW** being conditioned to work evil! Satan's sly tactics are now in action and the hearts and minds of young people are going through a **hardening** process. And soon **NOTHING** will shock them! They are being given **audio-visual** instruction in the school of evil.

FIRST, young minds are taught the rudiments of pride, deceit, dishonesty and lying. A little discernment will show that "innocent" TV programs are vehicles for this instruction. For example, in one program of "I Love Lucy," divorce was condoned, deceit and sophistication was common, and lying and stealing were part of the "fun."

THEN YOUNG MINDS drink in expert instruction on how to murder; how to drive a knife through someone's back; how to slice throats; how to beat and torture; and even how to commit suicide.

SATAN IS THE PRINCIPAL of this School of Evil Instruction. But he needs a faculty of teachers and helpers. He employs **PARENTS** to help. They even **PAY** for the opportunity! They furnish the "education." They help Satan pull the rope that is fastened around the necks of their own children.

YOU HAD BETTER KNOW that Satan is cunning! He is making a temporary success. The crime rate is soaring and a new record is reached every year. Your **own** children **MAY** never commit an offensive crime (except "heart" crimes), but what about **THEIR** children and their children's children? **YOU** will be responsible. **YOU** are sowing the seed that will have to bear fruit!

HERE IS AN INDICATION of the moral decline in America: I have been told that if only 1,000 people from throughout the country would object to a TV program, it would be discontinued. But most people are already "hardened" so that they will not even object. I

suggest you use every means to teach young minds GOOD instead of evil. With TELEVISION in your home you are working against yourself. Analyze every program with the thoughts in mind that are contained in this issue of YOUTH'S LIVING IDEALS. Discern the good and the evil and see if you can afford to gamble your children's and grandchildren's moral character and their lives.

God Speaks . . .

"Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."—Eph. 6:11

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walks about, seeking whom he may devour."—1 Peter 5:8

"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom. But if you have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descends not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure . . ."—James 3:13-17

"Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knows that he has but a short time."—Rev. 12:12

"And they served their idols: which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and of their daughters, whom they sacrificed unto the idols . . . and the land was polluted with blood. Thus they defiled with their own works, and went a whoring with their own inventions."—Psa. 106:36-39



What to Do with a Bad Temper

STARVE IT. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to get angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief, but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. The pain, too, often last for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler. It is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive.—Selected



Depend upon it—the believer who is careless in Bible reading is also careless in Christian living!—Selected

MILLIONS ARE ENROLLED IN—

THE SCHOOL OF EVIL INSTRUCTION*

(Fundamentally Wicked)

Authorized, sponsored and accredited by the
Forces of Evil—with a faculty that is very
deseccated and dissipated rather than consecrated

LEARN HOW TO—

- ▶ *Take part in Moods of Malice*
- ▶ *Be skilful in Lying and Deceit*
- ▶ *Delight in the Life of Divorce*
- ▶ *Have Fun with Fornication*
- ▶ *Make Applications in Adultery*
- ▶ *Enjoy the Techniques of Murder*
- ▶ *Cunningly make Sin Look Sane*
- ▶ *Get a M. A. in Envy and Strife*



Our Students Are Hilarious and Fun-Loving

The Majority of Our "Students" Join the—

"Fraternity of TV Image Worshipers"

*School of Evil Instruction, recognizable in degrading
television programs which "TEL-A-VISION OF EVIL"

Dream House Is Let Down

If It's Not Really a Home

Every American family, it seems to me, would be happier if they treated their house like a home, instead of a SHOWCASE.

They work and save through the years to make it just the kind of dream house they've always wanted to own. They pour money into making it attractive and livable, into putting in all the wonderful new labor-saving devices.

And when the dream house is a reality, then what? They start saving to get away from home!

What's behind this two-sided desire to own the perfect place to live, and then to get away from it as often as possible?

Is it because we've worked so hard achieving the ambition of a perfect home that we can't ever really relax in it?

Maybe we're afraid that when the kids come home from school, they'll scuff the perfectly waxed floors with their muddy boots [or even clean shoes] or clutter up the perfectly kept front yard with their toys.

And so to have a really gay and carefree time we have to run off and leave the perfect house behind us; leave it and the care of it and the worries connected with it.

We "rough" it in some place where we can relax without worrying because the lawn needs mowing, the rose bushes need spraying, or because the children are a constant threat to the order of the beautiful home.

Watch the carefree, easy relaxation of any family "roughing it" on vacation, and you can't help but wonder if the family couldn't have a little more of that same easygoing fun all year round if the house weren't quite such a perfect place and was more of a home.—Ruth Millett, Newspaper Enterprise Assn.



Don't give from the wealth of your wallet—give from the health of your heart.—C. W. Renwick

An illustration of a woman's head with voluminous, styled hair, looking slightly to the side. Below the head, a hand is shown with a ring on the ring finger. The entire illustration is framed by vertical lines.

Feminine Adornment

**as taught in
the new testament**

by

William E. Paul

OTHER METHODS OF OUTWARD ADORNMENT

There are certainly many other ways in which the human body can be decked out or adorned. These texts could not begin to elaborate upon all of the possible methods of improper physical adornment without becoming impractically cumbersome. Inspiration has given the principle. Its application covers a wide range of possible ways to "let it not be the outward

adornment." As examples of what is intended under this prohibition, the inspired writers list the general classes of hair, jewelry and clothing decorations.

Today, even as in ancient times, feminine ingenuity has developed unique methods of adorning the various parts of the body. History, both sacred and secular, tells of the cosmetics of such renowned women as Cleopatra and Jezebel. Archaeology has even uncovered some mixing pots which still contain traces of paint used for "make-up." Modern technology has perfected the art of beautifying the appearance with the development of such creams, greases and pencils used for coloring and shading the face. The fashion of this world feels compelled to use these items to "make-up" a facial appearance different from their natural one. The Hollywood movie industry has made the practice popular and together with the great fashion centers of Paris, New York and Rome, has set the pace for all the world to follow. All this of course is adorning the outward body, a thing pro-

hibited by God's word. In Romans 12:2 we read, "be not fashioned according to this world." The word "fashioned" ("conformed" in King James Version) here comes from a family of Greek words carrying such ideas as, "outward appearance, form, to dress up, to give one's self a certain appearance (made up, artificial . . .)" (Liddell-Scott). It can hardly be denied that facial "make-up" is simply another form of worldly adornment which the Christian lady is not obliged to imitate.

One of the nation's largest industries centers around the manufacture and sale of those cosmetics whose sole purpose is to decorate the outward body contrary to the teaching of the New Testament. Lip-stick, rouge, eye shadow, eye-brow, mascara, false eye-lashes, pancake make-up, finger and toe-nail polish, etc., are among the numerous preparations utilized by the female sex in a never-ending struggle to create, preserve or restore the "beauty" of the the outward person. While the world feels compelled to depend upon these artificial means of enhancing the appearance, the word of God says to Christian women explicitly, "let it not be the outward adorning." This principle excludes whatever might be used strictly for purposes of adornment. Thank God the feminine saint does not have to rely upon this sort of thing, for the scriptures show a more excellent way. Let us now turn our attention to it.

Read in the next issue the positive side of this subject—"Examples of PROPER Inward Adornment" which can be seen on the outside.



"The modern craze to disrobe has fed the rising tide of lust and adultery. Nakedness and fornication have always been companion evils. And always shall be. Hollywood has so set the example as to lead millions of both men and women to become near nudists. It is not uncommon in the summer to see women walking brazenly on the streets with hardly enough on to cover their nakedness. We wonder why young men and women have such evil minds. When America begins to cover her nakedness, it is then that lust will diminish. It is then that fornication and adultery will become lowered."

—Harold Sightler

Misplaced Pity

MRS. W. J. BERRY

My neighbor's house was always clean and tidy. She was always dressed daintily and tastefully. Everything about her life seemed orderly and pleasant. She had help with the heavier work, and her devoted husband granted her every desire. She was the world round which his life revolved. I was usually happy for her.

But it was the arrival of her mother which caused my period of self-pity. She was not feeling well, and her loving mother came to see that she should have no care. My own dear mother was many hundred miles away, and weary and sick though I often felt, I could not lean on her. Her own life was so filled with care that even my letters to her told only of the happy things. I had not seen her since I was a happy bride—and now it was ten years and three dear little boys later.

The homesick loneliness for her welled up in my heart as I saw my neighbor's mother come to help her in her time of need. She had so much I thought, and my life was such a burden of care. My own dear husband, a minister, though as devoted to me as hers was to her, had the cares of many others on his heart. I must bear the burdens of the household and the care of the dear little active boys. I must not put unnecessary care upon his already over-burdened heart.

I was usually happy, and could somehow *nearly* always have the disorder tucked out of sight, and meet him with a cheerful smile as he came wearily home. But this day I was sick, lonely, homesick and discouraged. The children fought continuously; my poor head ached unceasingly. The untidiness of the house seemed an unsurmountable burden.

And here was my neighbor's mother to help *her* in her already spotless and tidy home. At the sight of her I sat down and wept for the homesickness I felt. I shed tears of discouragement and weariness. Are there any more bitter tears than tears of self-pity?

Today my poor neighbor is so lonely in her tidy home. Its orderliness is but a reminder of her sorrow. For her precious little one is gone to heaven, and I have my dear little boys. Not all the loving attention in the world can ease her aching loneliness for the little sounds she never more will hear.

So today, after trying to say words of comfort to my neighbor, I sit here looking at the clutter of dear little playthings. I hear the dear voices of my little ones at play, crying, squabbling, and falling over each other like little puppies, and I feel sorry, not for myself, but for my poor neighbor. I am so rich! I have so much! My heart aches for my friend and neighbor, and feels deep gratitude for my blessings. God is so good to me not to punish me for my recent self-pity!

Self-pity is misplaced pity. It shrinks the heart. Compassion for others enlarges it.



A CHILD MAY BE USEFUL

"I may, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days;
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.

"One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed:
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing!

"Then let me try each day and hour,
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-by."



At a minimum estimate 5,000 persons see a movie for every one who reads a book.

Especially for college students who are facing men who will try to shake their faith by undermining the Bible.

No. 44 of Fifty-Seven Reasons

WHY WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE IS THE WORD OF GOD

44. *The Bible is written in such a way that it is intelligible to one group and unintelligible to another; that is to say, it reveals truth to willingness and humility, and conceals truth from pride and stubbornness.*

Two men were looking at the same picture—a picture of a horse running. One admired it, and the other laughed at it. The difference lay in the fact that one man looked at the picture right side up, and it was a masterpiece; the other looked at it upside down, and the horse seemed to be sprawling grotesquely. So all men are divided into two groups, relative to the Bible: some see it as God's masterpiece, and others laugh at it as a ridiculous hodge podge. And that unique characteristic lies inherent in the Bible. It was written largely in parabolic and symbolic form, so that to some (willing searchers for truth) "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" and to others (unwilling ones) "it is not given."

And that explains why an uneducated, though sincere, person can believe and rejoice in God's Word, while a lettered University professor may fail entirely to see the beauty and inspiration of it.

That leads us to state this vitally important proposition: *The primary difficulties which stand in the way of accepting the Bible as God's Word are MORAL, not intellectual.* The battleground between faith and unbelief is the HEART and not the head. The Bible is never UNreasonable, it is ABOVE reason; it is discerned by the *spirit* and not by the mind, though the mind is the gateway that allows convincing facts to reach the heart. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually discerned*." (1 Cor. 2:14)

Paschal said, "There is light enough for those who wish to see." The evidence, in the final analysis has been so ordained that only those who are "willing to do God's will" see it as convincing proof. And the reason for this is plain: The Bible is not merely a collection of biographies and a history. *It is God's Guidebook.*

—Fred John Meldau

Words Fitly Spoken

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Proverbs 25:11

Worry is a small stream of fear running through the mind.

The dictionary is the only place where success comes before work.

If you don't love Christ in life, don't count on loving in death.

"I charge TV and the modern movie with making fornication, lust, crime, adultery, nakedness, dancing, card-playing, necking, and smoking popular. Millions see their favorite movie star doing these things on the screen only to go out to do them also."—Harold Sightler

"Be somebody" is just as important now as it was when Abe Lincoln's mother said it to him.—Sunshine Magazine

The young man who refuses to hear criticism has no chance to evaluate it.

Learn to say "No!" It will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.—Sunshine Magazine

Accursed is that life, however good, which lives only for man to gaze upon; but blessed is that life which is lived for God's sake and for Christ's sake, for higher motives than man's eye could suggest, and for a nobler reward than man's hand can ever give.

—Charles H. Spurgeon

Small deeds done are better than great deeds planned.

Any weakling can be a peace-breaker; only the strong can be a peace-maker.—Sunshine Magazine

Too many people are looking for cushions instead of crosses.

Pride is to the character like the attic to the house—the highest part, and generally the most empty.

The Thief and the Tanner

William Saverly was a tanner by trade, but known by all who knew him as a man who "walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery; and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I will call John Smith.

The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper: "Whoever stole a lot of hides on the 5th of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

The singular advertisement attracted considerable attention. But the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family was about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door opened, there stood John Smith, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I've brought these back, Mr. Saverly. Where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then perhaps you will come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for you."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee and placed pies and meats on the table.

When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for you."

He turned his back towards her and would not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence for a moment, he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very badly about it. I don't know how it is. I am

sure I didn't think once that I should ever come to be what I am; but I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go downhill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man who has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them at the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth when I say, it is the first time I ever was a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Saverly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are still a young man, and by the grace and help of God you can make up for lost time. Promise me that you will not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you tomorrow at good wages. I will also pray to God for you. Perhaps we may find some employment for your family also. The little boy can, at least, pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep you from craving anything stronger tonight. Doubtless you will find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy with God's help and protection. When you have need of coffee, tell Mary. She will always give it to you."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After a while he ate and drank with good appetite; and his host parted with him for the night with this kindly exhortation: "Try to do well, John, and you will always find a friend in me." He entered his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man.—*The Banner of Truth*



Little children, you must seek rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak shine out in your cheeks and eyes.
Cherish what is good and drive evil thoughts and feelings far;
For as sure as you're alive, you will show for what you are.

The word that only you can say, the smile which is your own,
The thoughtful visit to the sick can come from you alone;
The greatest gift is not displayed on counter, rack or shelf,
The greatest gift that you can give is something of your self.

A Lovely Mama

Won't you come and see my mama? I've got a lovely mama!"

The speaker was a fair little maiden, and the lady so charmingly invited was her new teacher, whom she had just overtaken on the street.

"A lovely mama!" The thought lingered.

We had never seen the mama so sweetly praised. We did not know whether or not she would seem beautiful to the eyes of strangers but we did know that she was gentle and lady-like; that she wore pretty housedresses and dainty ruffles and laces, and sometimes a flower in her hair. We knew that she had a never failing supply of sweet old stories and quaint old nursery songs; and had a gift for dressing dollies and tying sashes and shoulder knots.

We were certain that she had a merry, tender way of coaxing the tangles out of flaxen ringlets, and of kissing the hurt out of bruised little fingers. And because of all this, she reigned the undisputed queen of her child's loving heart.

Happy and blessed are the children who can say, "I've got a lovely mama!"—God, Home and Native Land

SHE HAD A PEARL

She had a pearl—not from the sea—
But from God's grandest, highest throne—
A pearl that's priceless, yet it's free,
If you desire the pearl to own.
It is a good and noble name,
A character without a spot,—
Worth more than wealth and earthly fame,
And things that people prize a lot.

You cannot buy this charming pearl
With silver, riches, gems and gold,
Although the humblest, poorest girl
Can make it hers fore'er to hold,
If she but lives a noble life,
Both clean and pure through God's good grace,
Apart from sin and worldly strife,
And whatsoever would disgrace.

This pearl of beauty and true worth
Should be a treasure of the soul,
For nothing so enriches earth
While ages come and ages roll;
For womanhood, in all its charm,
Helps stay the awful pow'rs of sin,
And is to man a mighty arm
That help him this life's race to win.

—Walter E. Isenhour

NEWS ITEMS . . .

FBI CHIEF HITS REDS—A "top-heavy percentage" of the 744 Soviet-bloc diplomats stationed in this country—and many of their 1,099 dependents—are trained operatives on Kremlin assignment, stated FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. . . .

These Red spies have at their disposal unlimited operational funds, Hoover said. He quoted one Soviet defector as putting at \$1.5 billion the annual budget of the Kremlin's Foreign Intelligence Directorate.

The FBI chief pooh-poohed assertions the U. S. Communist party is no longer a threat, noting that the party has stepped up its activities on college campuses and will unveil a new nationwide Marxist youth group in June.

Commenting on Communist party finances, Hoover said that statements by party officials that the group is on the verge of bankruptcy are designed to create a false sense of security on the part of the anti-Communist forces. He asserted the party has never been in danger of going bankrupt because it has been directly controlled and financed by the Soviet Union for 44 years—High Point News

BIBLE READING IN ALABAMA SCHOOLS—The Alabama Board of Education has given a ruling making "Bible Reading and Prayer" compulsory in the state's public schools. Evidently they do not accept the finality of the Supreme Court's rulings last June. If Alabama sticks to her ruling, and some atheist challenges it, will some one go to jail in Alabama for reading the Bible to American children, or letting them pray in schools?

—Christian Victory

NIBBLERS, BEWARE!—The kindergarten cookie-break bothers a University of Rochester professor of dentistry. Dr. Basil Bibby says he has found that the more a person eats between meals, the more cavities he gets. Every time we eat, he explains, food forms acid that attacks enamel for about an hour. "If we eat three times a day, we have three half-hour attacks. But if we eat five, we have five attacks. The frequency is more important than the amount of food eaten." Dr. Bibby presented his findings to the midwinter meeting of the Chicago Dental Society.

—Health Bulletin

WALKING TO THE HEADLINES—A professor of a California university made a regular practice of walking each day from his home to his classes—a matter of 2 miles. As a result, he has become known to children along his route as "the walking man." The very use of such a special title suggests something exceptional, in fact eccentric. It is as if someone had chosen, like Apemantus, to live on roots, or dress in goat skins, or otherwise behave in a wholly peculiar manner. Walk 2 miles when one could ride or drive? There is something to ponder on. The spectacle is one the California kiddies find astonishing. Astronauts and space voyagers are commonplace compared with one who moves such distances by such odd means as his own feet. The Antioch anthropologist may be right in at least one part of his thesis: the day may be approaching when a "walking man," taking a mile or two in his stride, will draw crowds to stare and wonder.



Johnnie Was Helped

LITTLE JOHNNIE was only four years old. One day he was busy in the sunny corner of the nursery, trying to build up a castle with his blocks. Just as the last block was being put to the tower to finish it, it all came tumbling down with a crash. Johnnie gazed a moment at the ruins with a look of disappointment, and then, folding his little hands, devoutly said, "Dear Lord, please help me." Then he went to building his castle again. But as he was finishing it, down it tumbled the second time.

Hot tears came to Johnnie's eyes; but quickly dashing them away with the back of his hand, he kneeled down over the ruins of his fallen building, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, quietly said, "Please, Lord, help me to build, so it won't tumble down; and please don't let me get mad, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then he went to work again, and built his castle so that it didn't tumble down. That little Johnny is now a big "John." He is going through college, and he finds help now just as he did then. He is walking in a way that helps him to conquer difficulties, and, above all, helps him to conquer himself. This is a profitable way to walk in.

—Richard Newton



If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn.
If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.
If a child lives with fear, he learns to be apprehensive.
If a child lives with pity, he learns to feel sorry for himself.
If a child lives with jealousy, he learns to hate.
If a child lives with encouragement, he learns to be confident.
If a child lives with praise, he learns to be appreciative.
If a child lives with acceptance, he learns to love.
If a child lives with approval, he learns to respect himself.
If a child lives with recognition, he learns to have a goal.
If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.
If a child lives with honesty, he learns what truth is.
If a child lives with friendliness, he learns to be friendly.

—Author Unknown

Suggested Reading



The question for the Christian lady to ask is not "Should I adorn myself?" but "HOW should I adorn myself?"

PRICE: 15 cents

Order from:

Youth's Living Ideals
Route 2
Elon College, N. C.

Little Pilgrim's Progress

In this little volume, LITTLE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, the young reader actually pictures himself traveling with "Little Christian."
256 pp. Illustrated. Excellent! Colorful paper cover—\$1.00 Post Pd.

THE OLD McGUFFEY READERS

Primer	\$1.84	Third Reader .	\$2.24	Sixth Reader .	\$2.92
First Reader ..	1.96	Fourth Reader	2.44	Webster's "Old Blue	
Second Reader	2.08	Fifth Reader .	2.76	Back Speller"	1.80

Comfort for Troubled Christians

By J. C. Brumfield



Precious gems of comfort which have proved effective. Each page is complete in itself. When you order a copy for yourself, you will want to order more to share with your friends. 30 cents

HAVE YOU NOTICED . . .
the "due-date" beside your address?

Two-for-one Offer

This offer is for at least one NEW subscription. This may include your own renewal or two new subscriptions.

You may send in two subscriptions for \$3.00 (price of one). You may have a brother or sister, or a friend who would like to have Youth's Living Ideals mailed to him in his own name. Take advantage of this offer and you will each pay only \$1.50 for a subscription.

SEND A GIFT TO A FRIEND

1 year gift—\$2.00

6 months gift—\$1.00

If you request it, we will enclose a Gift Card with your name in their first copy.

—Youth's Living Ideals, Elon College, N. C.—