

quantities and at reasonable cost. Then will a milestone of immeasurable importance have been reached in man's ceaseless fight against the insidious powers of the invisible germs that are ever in our midst waiting to destroy us.

—CHARLES MacDONALD, 48

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MUSIC IN THE HOME

One of the great problems which confronts us today is that of juvenile delinquency. Its cause has been traced to a lack of training and discipline in the home. The reason for this lack of training is that children are not home very much to receive it. They have no love for their home because they have to go outside of it to find their amusement, and look upon it as just a place to eat and sleep.

In order to combat the disintegration of the home, a love for home must be fostered in the children. This can best be done by making home a happy place, a place where children can bring their friends and be sure of having a good time. The best way for young people to have a good time is for them to have plenty of music, not the canned kind one hears over the radio every day, but real music that the children make themselves.

There is some musical talent in almost everyone. At any rate, there is the ability to appreciate music in almost everyone. The music need not be of a high quality at all. You do not have to be a Meredith or a Goodman to make music that is enjoyable to yourself and others. Nor does it have to be the music of any particular instrument. Many a dull evening has been changed into an enjoyable one by dancing to the music of a mouth organ, or by singing "Come all ye" songs to its accompaniment.

In a home where there is no music, young folks usually have a dull time. They get tired of card-playing and small talk, and, since there is nothing they can do to enliven the party, they get bored. The home suffers as a result because young folks do not usually return to a place where they have had a dull time before. And if the young people stop coming to visit the children in their home, the children will not be found there very often either.

In a home where there is music, visitors are sure to spend an enjoyable evening. Time never drags, for there is always something to do. If the group gets tired of listening to the music, they can sing or dance. They have no trouble in keeping themselves amused.

It is true that when young people are amusing themselves they make a lot of noise. Sometimes they thoughtlessly throw furniture helter-skelter in their effort to clear a floor speedily for dancing. But is it not better to have them carry on in this way than to have them out throwing stones at store windows, and stealing things just for the thrill of it?

The up-bringing of children is more easily accomplished in the home where happiness reigns. In order to have a happy home there must be harmony in it. Let us bring music back to our homes, for its harmony will help to make the home harmonious and happy.

—FRANCIS CORCORAN, '47

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“WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS”

Joe Reeves reached into his pocket and pulled out the soiled letter. He gazed at it fondly before opening it. It seemed to him that he had read that letter and some of the other old ones at least a thousand times. He wondered, as he had wondered many times before, just what was delaying his mail. Of course, he had only been up in the front lines for about a month; so perhaps the postal authorities hadn't caught up with him yet. He knew Mom was writing because she always wrote at least once a week. Joe dreamed of the day when he would receive those letters—perhaps a dozen of them—all together. He'd take a day off to read them, he told himself. He laughed to himself then—the laugh of a man who has dreams and knows that they can't be realized. Yes, he'd be likely to get a day off around here.

But would he receive them? He knew Mom would be writing, but still he was worried—worried and scared. Scared of what, he didn't know. But although he tried to banish the feeling, blaming it on his imagination, still it persisted in remaining there.