

made possible through the coöperation of the Boards of Education of the Methodist Conference and the Baptist Convention, the college trustees and the State Department of Education.

For years institutions have offered summer courses to the educated but it was left to a Methodist college and a Presbyterian college in South Carolina under the leadership of the State Department of Education to throw wide open their doors to the neglected and forgotten men and women of the mill and farm in order that life for them might be, through study, made easier, happier and more useful. Here folk from the work-a-day world were given an opportunity to study the elementary branches while surrounded by all the cultural influences of college life. Eighty-one pupils registered at each institution. In life experiences they ranged from grey haired grandparents to expectant youths, in grade ability from first to fifth.

One executive president of five mills who has sent annually twenty men and twenty women to each school bearing all expenses and when necessary assisting with the support of the families says:

The money contributed to these schools, in my opinion, is the best investment we have ever made.

SOUTH CAROLINA LEADS UNION

South Carolina has a definite program for her fight against illiteracy and this in connection with marvelously improved public schools has enabled the State to lead the Union during the decade 1910-1920 in the percentage reduction of illiteracy.

If we are looking for concrete human interest expressions in order to become certain of the value in citizenship derived from adult educational and Americanization work, perhaps the following little narrative by Pauline Freeman, one of our South Carolina night school pupils will serve this purpose as well as any:

When I was about four months old I had pneumonia and typhoid fever and it left me an invalid girl. We were farming at that time and I had to go to the field and sit beneath the trees. Sometimes I would sit in my little chair or on the ground or in my little wagon. I tried to find amusement by trying to push myself with my left hand, as the fever had drawn my right hand. I always wanted to help work but I couldn't, I just had to sit there and look at the field. I didn't have anything to play with except my little dog, Leo. Leo would always stay around me and kept me company. I did not know what school and books were at that time.

We moved to Brandon Mill, Greenville, about eleven years ago. I think Brandon is the best mill in the state. The people at Brandon certainly have been nice to me, especially President Smith and Mr. Wrenn, and Miss Florrie Lee Lawton. I thank every one for their kindness.

In 1921 the Adult School started and Miss Madge Harris came around and asked me if I wanted to take lessons. I told her I didn't know and she patted me on the back and told me I could try. She told me she would come back that next week. I was looking in my trunk that day. Miss Harris came back on Monday afternoon and gave me a lesson. I began to read and write. I found studying hard at first but my teacher worked faithfully and taught me. She taught me Bible stories, The Lord's Prayer, and the Twenty-Third Psalm. I am always studying and writing from morning till night. Miss Harris taught me for two years. Miss Lillian Shirley taught me one year, but her sister Miss Helen Shirley, took her place for two months. I think this is the greatest work in the world. I cannot say just how much the night school means to me. I am getting Library books to read. I like them fine.

DOES IT PAY

To those with a life vision narrowed down to the

scope of their work-a-day world, this work of educating the adult too often appears to be misspent energy and waste of money. For the benefit of such and for the heartening of those who are backing this work with will and substance, let me cite one of the many stories that come to the desk of the Supervisor of Adult Schools, which amply sustains the contention that the adult school is a paying proposition.

Four years ago there was filed in this office a teacher's record book containing pictures and specimens of the various pupils taught by a teacher during the August Lay-by School Campaign. One picture was particularly striking. It was a little kodak of a man and wife with eight children, all un-kempt and barefooted. The oldest child was about sixteen, the youngest, a baby in arms. Under the picture was a statement that this family had moved to South Carolina from Tennessee and that no member of the family had attended school long enough to read and write. Every member old enough had enrolled in the Lay-by School.

This picture made such an impression upon me that I often wished to follow up the history of the family. A few days ago I met the teacher of the family. As a result of this meeting the following story was related:

The father had killed his brother several years ago. When I first invited him to come to the Lay-by School in 1921, he was not interested in school but he afterwards became interested. He had a lovely family, but they had grown up in complete darkness. They have attended the summer schools for the past three years. Last year for the first time in seven years they went to church. The father allowed me to take a preacher to see him and later he joined the church, as well as six other members of the family. So interested was Mr. — last year in the Lay-by School that he sent to a distant town for his nephew, a young man twenty years of age, and kept him during the school term that he might learn to read and write.

Is this not evidence that a lack of opportunity in one state often becomes a disadvantage to another state, since people are constantly moving from state to state, and is it not a plea for public action in favor of Adult Education?

WORK AND PLAY

Walt Mason, in "Rippling Rhymes"

IT IS WELL to do some playing when the day of toil is done; when we've spent twelve hours at haying, we're entitled to some fun; when behind a plow or seeder we have trudged, the weary day, it is fitting, gentle reader, to indulge in harmless play. When we've earned the precious dollars that will pay the monthly bills, let us don our standup collars and enjoy the pace that kills. But we cannot dance a measure or slide down the cellar doors with a fair degree of pleasure, if we haven't done our chores. We feel guilty and dejected as we fox trot here and there, if the tasks have been neglected that demand our skill and care. Some there are forever playing, with no duties on their mind, down the path of pleasure straying, fun before and fun behind. But they're bored and weary critters who in sloth forever bask, and each passing hour embitters men who have no honest task. There is always most enjoyment for the man who spends his day in some earnest, sane employment, drawing down a well-earned pay. Oh, the play-time has its splendor for the man of nerve and brawn who has torn his pink suspenders mowing whiskers off the lawn. Knowing that he's stocked the larder, filled the tank with gasoline, we admire his pep and ardor as he gambols on the green.

A grapefruit is only a lemon that had an opportunity and saw it. Get busy. — The Weekly App.