

taste. As a matter of fact, women in Paris wear the trousered skirt, but of a fashion so discreet, so veiled, that one is scarcely aware of it. Women who are wearing trousers have the satisfaction of knowing that they are wearing, though almost invisibly, a fashion which has not yet been fully disclosed and which will not be revealed until the appropriate moment has come.

There is, moreover, another reason why American women must not continue stubbornly to resist the coming of new trends. It is a solemn responsibility which they hold, and I mention it with all seriousness. Since the War, France has suffered greatly in economic and financial matters. She is laden with taxes, burdened with duties, depleted by the expensiveness of living. She has had to give up holding the sceptre of elegance and luxury. And, just as generations pass the torch of life from one to another, so now the banner of luxury has passed into the hands of American women. I pray that they may hold it high during the time when France herself is not able to carry it. It is a precious talisman, and it is important not to let it become tattered or tarnished — it must not be neglected.

If France has given it into the hands of American women, it is because she knows that they hold an æsthetic ideal approaching her own and that they are always prone to glorify womankind, that they are always in love with innovation and ready to accept new and fresh ideas.

## THE YOUNG EMPRESS IS BORED

**T**HE peacock strutted solemnly  
 In the great Imperial Garden,  
 And his shadow passed slowly  
 Over the wide fountain whose water  
 Was a perfect counterpart of Heaven —  
 The young Empress sitting at the open window  
 Sighed and thought:  
 “Whatever the magnificence of the colors,  
 The shadow must always be black. . . .”

— *Paul Eldridge*

# SAVING THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

ROLAND G. E. ULLMAN

*IN the May issue Montgomery Major criticized the Sunday School as a vicious institution because, in teaching children things they must unlearn in later life, it makes for irreligion. The accompanying article, while not written in reply to Mr. Major, nevertheless answers the questions he raised. Mr. Ullman has tried an unusual experiment, and its success is its justification. He has courageously abandoned the old, familiar type of Sunday School — "lest one good custom should corrupt the world."*

**W**HEN I was a boy, my parents did not force me to go to Sunday School. I was permitted to be a free agent in the matter. Having the decision left to myself, I did not become addicted to the habit of regular attendance, but I did go as often as I could stand it. Every few weeks I'd go with some crony to the Sunday School which he attended, almost invariably from compulsion and in a state of mind

from which reverence seemed to have been almost entirely expunged. It seemed the normal attitude to despise Sunday School and to go with the determination to retaliate for the coercion and subjection to an uninteresting programme. I was almost on the point of saying an uninteresting restraint, but there was no visible restraint except the four walls of the class and assembly rooms.

The boys did about as they pleased in class. They brought blowguns and sling-shots, threw spit balls, stuck pins into each other, scuffled, crawled over and under chairs and tables, and generally contributed to the perplexities and troubles of the teacher. In this — which was the form their retaliation took — they were generous.

Later when I had outgrown the "gang" age and attained the "girling" period, I went a little more frequently to Sunday School. With the selective and salutary trial-and-error method of youth, I spread my attentions over a considerable acreage of the gentler sex without regard to denomination or previous Sabbaths of servitude. The consequence of this browsing in fair feminine fields led me to the Sunday Schools of many different churches. None was barred so far as I was concerned. In fact, I was not concerned at all. I found them all equally deadly to my interest and equally devoid of inspiration. I tolerated them for the sake of my companion's favor.

So far as I could see, the class work was a competition between teacher and pupils — a sort of holy war in which the boys made