

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Motherhood, Woman's One Great Passion Through Life

Natural Education Makes Children Think

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Education begins with life. As a matter of fact, life itself is education; and even death may be simply a graduation to a higher grade—who knows?

Education comes from the Latin word "educere," meaning "to lead or draw out."

It would seem, however, that the general conception of education is to cram full.

Plato's famous definition of a man as "a two-legged animal without feathers" led Diogenes to bring a plucked Roostard rooster to school and, holding it up before the assembled class, he exclaimed, "Here is Plato's man!"

And although Plato precluded the recurrence of the joke by adding the words "with broad flat nails" to his definition, still it would appear that some of our educators look upon a child as a pet fowl, to be stuffed to repletion.

Education is an evolution, an all-round development, and it must be free, spontaneous, natural.

You may take a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink; you may send a boy to college, but you cannot make him think. The great aim of education is to discipline rather than furnish the mind—to lead it to think.

What does the accumulation of the knowledge of others profit if it crowds out your own initiative?

Education is meant to open up to our vision new vistas of thought and beauty; it enables us to chart our own ship, to paddle our own canoe, collect our own cargo and find our own market.

You co-operate, first with yourself; then with others.

The education of the race begins at the cradle.

It is here that the foundation of character is made, and subsequent teaching avails little or nothing in removing or altering it. Here is awakened the love of truth and the sense of duty.

The needs of kindness, brotherliness and sympathy are implanted at the mother's knee.

The mother's smile, the father's "well done," picture books and sand piles, handfuls of pebbles, the falling leaves of autumn, the snowflakes of winter, the birds and bees of summer, the bursting buds of spring, the sunshine and the wind in the trees—these begin education.

They direct the thoughts to Mother Nature, to things that are wondrously beautiful, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of mercy, to the source of all good.

And subsequent education should be their auxiliaries. To think clearly and to act rightly should be the object of true education.

The art of the teacher consists in stimulating thought activity—in thrilling the pupil with the thought that he is part of all that is. Kindling minds—that is the teacher's greatest function and privilege.

"Delightful task," says Thompson, "to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot, to pour fresh instruction over the mind, to breathe the enlivening spirit, to fix the generous purpose in the flowing heart."

Suggestion to the teacher's "live oral," and the teacher who has succeeded in arousing the mind and body to action has learned the secret of true education.

The body is developed by exercise, and the mind also. All education should be play, just as all employment should be as play, that's the logical sequence. Education is all-around development.

An educated man is he who develops his totality. So it happens that observation and experience play the most important part in education.

And one of the best educations in the world is to make a living.

And to make a living nowadays man must be honest, truthful, healthy and good-natured.

Thus we get back to our starting point, the cradle, where the foundations of education—love of truth and sense of duty—are laid.

Alas, Fletcherize on that! Educated parents have educated children.



By DOROTHY DIX.

The artist has drawn for you on this page a tender and suggestive picture showing how, from the cradle to the grave, motherhood is the one great passion of women.

We have first the little girl, herself a mere baby, cuddling her doll through sheer instinct of maternity, just as you have watched your own little girl doing with her Christmas doll—nature preparing her for the little ones that long years hence she is to sing and croon over.

Next is the woman to whom her husband, larger than she is, older than she is, perhaps twice as wise as she is, is still her biggest baby, to be petted and fussed over, and spoiled and scolded, always her baby dependent on her, no matter how great and strong he is to the balance of the world.

Last, we have the old woman, who

has mothered so many babies that the crooks of her arms form a cradle of themselves, holding to her withered breast her grandchild, her face lit up by that radiance of softness and gentleness that makes the homeliest woman beautiful when she looks at a baby.

This great maternal passion is the most wonderful thing in nature. It is only that which gives women the strength and courage to hand on the torch of life from generation to generation without counting the cost to themselves in suffering and death, but it is what gives them the patience and the love to bear with the infirmities and the weaknesses of humanity.

If it were not for this glory of mother love through which a woman sees her own children transfigured babies who die like flies. It is only a mother who can hang with tireless devotion over the cradle

of a sickly, fretting infant, grotesquely ugly, with its too big head hanging from a wobbly neck, and see in it something for which it is worth while to sacrifice every comfort and pleasure. Yet such children as these—children that any hireling would let die—have grown up to be the very flower of manhood and womanhood, thanks to the mothers who saved them at their own expense.

It is this passion of motherhood that enables a woman to see beauty in her scrawny and frail baby and literally mother it back into health; that also enables her to be blind to the moral deformities of her child, and to behold virtues in it where others see only vices. It is the knowledge that mother still believes in him, that mother has kept the lamp burning in the window for him, that has lighted the way to reform for many a prodigal. It is motherhood, with its in-

exhaustible love and its comforting arms that never fail, that has kept the world from despair, and made men believe there must be a God since He made mothers.

It is the motherhood of women that explains the strange phenomena we so often see in domestic life of a great-souled woman sacrificing herself to a weak and worthless man. It is often contemptuously said that the less worthy of love a man is the more some women seem to care for him, and that no wives are so devoted and so faithful as those of drunkards.

The reason of this is that the weakling man appeals to the eternal mother in the woman. Her love passes from that of the wife to that of the mother. The man ceases to be her husband, her mate, and becomes her child, her helpless, dependent baby, and she could no more turn her back upon him than she could

leave her little babe alone to the cruel mercies of the world.

In her own soul she may despise the weakness of the man who cannot resist temptation. She may be filled with contempt for him who is so cowardly he lacks the grit and courage to stand up and fight his own battle of life. She may blush with shame for him who clings to a woman's skirts, but stronger than any of these is the instinct of nature to mother him just because he is weak and clinging and dependent.

And it is a good thing for the strong man as well as the weak man that this is true of women, because the mother in them enables them to forgive to men many a fault and stumble that the wife would never forgive the husband, and that men never forgive to women.

Those of us who believe in suffrage for women believe that the most valuable

gift that women will bring to the service of their country, when they are permitted to serve it, is this passion of motherhood. We believe that we need mothers in politics, and that the whole human race is crying to be mothered. We believe that when women have a vote there will be no more child labor; that the life of a baby will be thought to be as valuable as that of a pig, and that millions will not be spent for the conservation of the lives of animals and nothing for those of children.

Blessed be mother love, the one love that never fails and never wears; the love that clings the closer to us the more others turn away from us.

The poorest of us, having that, is rich indeed, and the richest, lacking it, is poorer than the rattle babe above whose cradle some woman's face bends lit with the divine fire of motherhood.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

THE MEN GREW STERN.

"THANK YOU," JUNE MANAGED TO MURMUR.



"WHERE IS MY WIFE?"

NEED JUNE'S HEART LEAPED.

AROUND THE CURVE DASHED ANOTHER CAR.

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

THIRD EPISODE.

June Finds Work.

CHAPTER I.

Down the dark boulevard from Brynport, weaved and bumped and rattled a lone taxicab, with a high powered limousine steadily gaining on it. A black-eyed man in the limousine began to cough something out of the window as he passed the taxi at breakneck speed. He smiled as

he heard a loud report like the explosion of a revolver, then another. He knipped on the driver's window and as the car came to a stop he looked behind. The taxi had drawn up. He hastily replaced under the seat the hamper in which he had broken to bits all its porcelain and glassware. A tall, gaunt girl, distinctly a maid, was out, impatiently surveying the flat tires of the taxi, when the limousine, its bright dome light suddenly flashing up, backed alongside. The black vandyked man stepped down.

"Perhaps I can offer your passengers the use of my machine," he suggested. That relieved young woman opened the door of the taxi and peered her head inside.

"There ain't anything else we can do, Miss June," she whispered. "I suppose not," came a sweet voice from the taxi, and the face of a beautiful

young girl appeared in the window. She started as she saw the black vandyked man, Gilbert Blye! He stood, hat doffed, politely waiting their acceptance.

"You'd better go, miss," harked the taxi driver. "This old tub'll be here tomorrow morning."

June Warner slowly stepped down. "Thank you," she managed to murmur. "I beg of you not to mention it. The favor is to me." Blye gallantly returned, while the maid began to transfer from the taxi to the other car armload after armload of unpacked clothing.

Around the curb behind them there dashed another limousine and a runabout, heeded her address to her watch and her portrait.

"You were kind enough on the train, Mr. Blye, to offer to let me buy my watch, and I'll take it now, if you please."

"I'm very sorry I haven't it with me. But I shall see you another time, I am sure." He came back from the forward seat and sat with her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Read It Here

See it at the Movies

Heavens in February

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

This is a quiet month in the heavens. The only interesting event is the close conjunction of Mercury and Jupiter in the evening twilight on the 1st. Mercury will pass about a lunar diameter north of Jupiter, and will be about one stellar magnitude fainter. These two planets will cross again on the 18th, but at a much greater distance.

The sun, however, seems to feel languid from the winter cold because it is from thirty-six to thirty-eight minutes slow on standard time, and from twelve to fourteen minutes slow according to a sun dial. It rises in the 1st, 15th and 28th at 7:23, 7:22 and 7:05, and sets at 5:38, 5:55 and 6:10, thus making the day's length ten hours and no minutes, ten hours and thirty-three minutes, and eleven hours

and seven minutes, an increase of one hour and seven minutes during the month.

Venus is still the brilliant morning star, attaining its greatest elongation of forty-seven degrees from the sun on the 6th.

Jupiter is disappearing from the evening sky. It sets at 6:35 on the 15th. On the 24th it is in conjunction with the sun. Saturn is in fine position. It comes to the meridian at 8:35 p. m. on the 15th. The moon also seems to share the sun's languor, since it has but three phases this month. It is in last quarter on the 6th at 11:11 p. m., new on the 13th at 10:51 p. m., and in first quarter on the 21st at 8:56 p. m. It is in conjunction with Venus on the 10th with Mercury and Jupiter on the 14th and with Saturn on the 23d. Creighton University, Omaha.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRBAX

Racial Differences. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 26, and recently on one of my trips to China fell in love with a young Chinaman about 18. I am a missionary, but am willing to give it up to marry him. In fact, this will be necessary in order that the marriage will be valid. My parents object and say I must either give him up or they will break the marriage. Kindly advise me through your valuable column what you would advise me to do. G. A. POWERS.

I am so often asked for my opinion as to intermarriage between the races that I am glad of this chance to express myself very plainly. Where racial differences are not too great, are national rather than racial—as, for instance, the intermarriage of a German and French, or a Dutch and Swedish couple—I consider it prejudiced and narrowminded to hesitate on intermarriage. Where the differences are fundamental, as between southern and northern races, I consider it risky but not wrong. But when it comes to intermarriage between members of the Caucasian and Mongolian races, I heartily disapprove. I advise you to give up this Chinese boy with whom you are infatuated. Give him up because he is far too young for you, but primarily because your parents object, but primarily because the fundamental differences between your viewpoints and training are as wide as the ocean that lies between Oriental China and western America.

Matrimonial Advertisement.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A friend of mine is tired of leading a single life, and as she lives in a sort of rut and only meets a certain number of men, who are all married, there is no chance of meeting any others. She confided to me that she intended answering a matrimonial advertisement, and see what it would lead to. Have no knowledge of that sort of thing, so am anxious to prevent her from doing anything foolish. ANXIOUS. It would be very foolish for your friend to answer a matrimonial advertisement. In all probability she would find herself involved with some very objectionable person. Something pleasant may always be lurking "just around the corner" of life. Tell her to have a little more faith, a little more patience, and not to value herself so lightly as to throw herself away in the manner she contemplates.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

ITCHING NEARLY DROVE A WHOLE FAMILY CRAZY

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 24, 1914.—"My husband had a rash all over his body, and soon the WHOLE FAMILY was in the same condition. It looked awful and raised up on the arms and body in big lumps. This trouble burned and itched so that it would nearly drive one crazy. It was always worse at night, so we could not sleep. We all had this trouble for about two or three years, and during that time tried many remedies and prescriptions with no result. We tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and it RELIEVED AT ONCE, and before the third day of ointment had been used, we were completely cured. It has been four months since we were cured, and there are no traces of the trouble."—(Signed) Mrs. S. S. Clarkson, 133 Lavo Ave. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. For trial free, write to Dept. F. H. Resinol, Baltimore.—Advertisement.