

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Teach All Children Trade with Alphabet

By DOROTHY DIX.

Mr. Henry Ford's assertion that he could make every criminal in Sing Sing into a decent citizen by turning him into a first-class mechanic, capable of earning good pay, is the most sensible reform program that has ever been put forth.



The gospel of work is the salvation of the world, for it is not only true that Satan finds work for idle hands to do, but the majority of people who go wrong are crooks because they don't know any straight way of making a living.

Mr. Ford believes, and rightly, that the best way to reform a criminal is to give him fairly paid work to do. He might well have gone a step farther and have said that the way to prevent people from becoming criminals is to teach them, while they are still children, some trade by which they can earn enough money to live on honestly.

It is a pathetic and a terrible thing that most of our criminals are so young. Go into any court and you will see that the thieves, the pickpockets, the gangsters, the women who commit murder for hire are just boys. Look at the painted faced women on the street any you see that they are young girls, hardly more than children.

Of course, there are some unfortunate who are born physically and morally deformed, and who would be criminals under any circumstances, but the great majority of those who become criminals are more weak than vicious. They are simply those without much intelligence, without any initiative of their own, who follow the line of least resistance, and go in any direction in which they are pushed.

Boys and girls of this type do not do well at school. They have not what homey people call "book sense," and they fall behind in their studies. The teachers scold them and their fellow pupils ridicule them, and they become truant, and drop out of school altogether at the first possible moment.

These boys and girls have not been taught one single, solitary thing by which they can earn a decent living. They have to take the lowest paid kinds of labor. They cannot earn enough to live on in any sort of decent comfort, and so the boy is drawn inevitably into the criminal gang, and the girl takes to the streets.

If, along with their "a, b, c," these children had been taught some trade at which they would have become sufficiently expert to command a living wage, I believe that 80 per cent of them could have been saved from ever becoming criminals. In the first place their pride and self-respect would have been

saved even in school, for very often people who have little intellectuality have a strong mechanical sense. The boy who can never learn the names of all the presidents may be able to do things with his hands that will redempt his scholarship in the sight of his fellows, and thus keep him interested and eager to go to school, instead of making him a truant.

Nor should we forget this most important fact that the habits that we form in childhood are practically unbreakable. They follow us as long as we live, and it is a safe assertion that no child who has the habit of industry, of doing some sort of particular work accurately and efficiently, ingrained in him or her, will ever develop into an idler and a loafer.

It is perfectly possible to teach every girl and boy a good trade, to turn them into expert workers capable of earning a living wage by the time they are old enough to take out their working papers. If we did this we should remove temptation to a large extent from their pathway. We would have formed the habit of industry in them, we would have taught them the joy there is in doing good work, in being efficient, and that is about the best thing that any human being can know.

The real reason that most people hate to work is because they are bunglers at their jobs, and they are ashamed of the results they turn out. They have never been taught scientific management or how to do their work artistically. Women hate to cook, because they don't know the first principles of cookery and the results of their labor are adamant bread, and watery vegetables and leathery meat that would kill an ostrich. But find a woman who is an expert cook and whose pies and cakes and sauces are celebrated among all who know her, and you'll find a woman who delights in cooking.

The jackie carpenter, whose work is clumsy and ill-done, hates his job and "lays off" as often as possible, but the expert carpenter, the real mechanic, whose work is a joy to behold, thinks carpentering the finest occupation on earth and wonders everybody doesn't follow it.

For good work of whatever kind, is artistry, and it commands recognition and pay and it fills the one who does it with the sacred joy of achievement.

The Manhattan trade school in New York has shown that girls who are taught a definite trade can command from the very outset a living wage so that they need be under no temptation to eke out the pitiful pay of unskilled labor by wrongdoing.

Surely our educators should not be blind to the lesson this teaches. Surely it is time for them to abandon some of the theories and the fads of the "higher" education and come down to the real necessities of the people, which is for some thing practical and tangible, some way first, by which the poor boy or girl can make a living and then afterwards such culture as the individual can assimilate.

The way to stop criminality is with work, and the place to begin is in the first grade of the public school.

The Bride and Her Bridesmaids

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The maid of honor, particularly if she be older, may wear a white satin gown, decrees Jeanne Lanvin. The skirt should be short and very full, the corsage simple, a narrow waist ribbon adding a touch of primness. A large flame-tinted yellow rose embroidered on one side gives character.

Jeanne Lanvin makes her ideal wedding gown of layer upon layer of tulle, shirred very finely to give great fullness to the skirt. The uppermost layer is shot with a very wide, but very sheer, band of silver embroidery, which also appears on the shirred corsage. Even to the veil it is vaporous.

For the little flower girl, Jeanne Lanvin drops over a foundation of petals de roses satin a frothy shirred skirt of white chiffon crossed by narrow bias bands of old blue velvet and studded with pink roses. The white straw bonnet has a cluster of old blue roses and velvet ribbon streamers.

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"Are circles squared, and for what purpose?"—Inquirer, Brea, Cal.
Answer—No: the circle has never been exactly squared. They have been trying during 6,000 years, and have not yet found the length of the side of a square equal in area to any given circle. The reason for this is because the area of a circle has never been found, and this because the ratio of the diameter to the circumference is yet unknown.

The first eleven figures of the ratio, 3.1415926535, are a mere beginning. They have been computed out to 32 figures without the decimal coming to an end; that is, the figures representing the length of the circumference and of the diameter are known to be inconceivably, or impossible to express by two whole numbers.

The enormous labor of carrying out this dividing of 33 integers could have as well been saved, because the higher mathematics has proved that the ratio cannot be expressed in a finite number of terms. Hence, the work of attempting to square the circle is wasted. Likewise the useless labor of perpetual motion seekers, searching after the square root of 2 and overflowsers of the law of gravitation.

Q.—Please give locations of the earth's magnetic poles.—Subscriber.

A.—North magnetic pole is in latitude 70 degrees 5 minutes, and west longitude 94 degrees 16 minutes. The south magnetic pole is in latitude 72 degrees 30 minutes, and in east longitude 135 degrees 30 minutes.

A straight line, drawn from pole to pole, through the earth would pass at a distance of 70 miles from the center. And one of the remarkable facts about this magnetic axis of the earth is that it keeps itself at right angles to a line drawn from its center to the center of the sun.

The earth's magnetic field of force is now being explored with extreme accuracy by the United States magnetic survey, under Superintendent L. A. Bauer. The nonmagnetic ship Carnegie is sailing to all parts of the world to find magnetic potential.

Do You Know That

General Joffre does not speak English and Lord Roberts did not speak French. It was a very curious thing to see the two great men studying a map together, with hardly a word to exchange, yet quite able to follow one another's train of thought by pointing and by looks, so great a common background was theirs in military study.

Military training is compulsory upon all male citizens between the ages of 12 and 23 years in New Zealand.

The estimated population of New Zealand, excluding Maories, is 1,681,952.

Seventy-two letters are received by post every year per head of the population of the United Kingdom.

Auction sales originated in ancient Rome, and were introduced to enable soldiers to dispose of spoils of war.

Type metal consists of 65 parts lead, 35 parts antimony and 10 parts tin.

Knitting machine needles to the value of \$15,000 were imported last year into the United States from Saxony.

The wind in England blows from the southwest on 112 days during the year.

The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1802.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper photo-drama corresponding to the illustrations of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches directly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. He poses as "Spit of the Marsh," is given out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham June is aided, after several weeks, in being possessed by her landlady. Blye finds June in her tenement home and drives Cunningham away.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

"At Last, My Love!"

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
Ned Warner had been sitting on the edge of a table. Now he sprang to his feet, and his eyes flamed. He caught his wife by the wrist and pulled her away from her mother.

"Here's one thing you can't explain!" He dropped her wrist, and the stool swaying with half-closed eyes, but there was no mercy in him. "I saw you rush from a house in a filmy stage costume!" There was a strained tenor in the group which surrounded them. John Moore started to come to his daughter, but Ned fiercely waved him back. "It was moving picture work. Very well. But tell me this: How could any girl who would not endure the humiliation of accepting money from her husband consent to appear on the street for any purpose in such a costume?"

"Ned!" she cried. "Oh, Ned!" And she lunged upon his arm. He held coldly rigid. "Forgive me! You can't know how I've suffered! You can't know how I've battled it all! I was so mistaken, so wrong! I thought I had such a wonderful ideal. When I had achieved my independence, when I had no longer look to you for money, I was to return to you, and we were to walk hand in hand through life in that love which can be founded only upon mutual respect, which asks love for love and nothing more. I meant our love to be without a flaw. No man can understand the hurt to a woman when after marriage she becomes absolutely dependent on his charity."

"Why, June!" The small, mild voice of Mrs. Moore, and she stepped forward with deep concern on her gentle face. "What is all this talk about a husband's charity?" And she turned with wonder to Father Moore. "A husband makes only one gift to his wife, and that is at the altar. After that everything he has

is here, if people will only remember the marriage service. Your ring is a symbol of it. "With all my worldly good I thee endow!"

Gilbert Blye clutched his black Vandike and looked at the ceiling; then he smiled suavely.

"That's a great idea! I'll work it into the feature!" But no one heard him. There was an audible snuffle from Iris Blithers, and Tommy Thomas was looking intensely sentimental.

"And you, my son!" She turned with surprising severity on Ned Warner. "Have you forgotten that you promised to love, cherish and protect my daughter?"

There was a cry from the little runaway bride and a sob from Ned Warner as, oblivious to all around them, they clasped each other in a solemn embrace. From that loving clasp the beautiful wife of Ned Warner raised a radiantly happy countenance to her mother.

"And I have no problem," she laughed, and then she cried. And Iris Blithers and Tommy Thomas sobbed together and formed a lasting friendship. And everybody was happy, including Marie and Officer Dowd, who had become nervous at the mention of the marriage service, and Aunt Debby, who was praising her Redeemer in an unctuously audible voice, and Bouncer, who was leaping and barking indiscriminately for the benefit of everybody and anybody.

"Where are they? Where are they?" screamed a shrill voice and Honor's Blye burst into the group.

Gilbert Blye walked serenely over to meet her.

"You may go home to your parrot, Honor," he advised her quite happily. Then there came a cold sobriety in his black eyes. "You can't interfere with my business this time, as you have done ever since we were married, and you can no longer assume a dominance over me with your money." Suddenly the glow returned to his black eyes, and he looked to June and smiled his suave smile. "I have worked out my independence."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

In-Shoots

The real nice girl who knows too much does not give herself a good recommendation by publishing the fact.

We should not criticize the loud preacher. The Lord is not deaf, but a lot of sinners about us seem to be.

Because a man fails to attend the concert is no indication that he does not understand classic music. It may be a proof that he knows what is coming.

When a fellow is short on brains it sometimes helps a little to have his hair cut so that his head looks like a cherry.

Advice to Lovelorn

By HEATRON FAIRFAX

The Dog in the Manger.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and have been in love with a girl for two years. He seems fond of me, but is careless about keeping engagements with me. He has a good position and is able to marry, but does not say a word about getting married. He knows I have to work hard, but he takes my evenings three days out of the week and doesn't want me to see other young men the other four evenings.

ROSE.
I doubt that you are really in love with this young man. You seem to regard him as a possible "good provider" and to look on marriage as an escape from uncongenial hard work.

Under the circumstances I think it would be as well for you to see other young men on your disengaged evenings. In this way both you and your hesitating lover may come to know your minds, have a little talk and tell him you do not see why he is unwilling for you to have other friends.

He seems to be like the dog in Aesop's fable in that he neither wanted you nor wants another to have you.

Don't Let Boys Kiss You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A short time ago I met a young man, and after going out with him a few times he wanted to kiss me. I refused to allow him to do it, for which he got angry. I have not heard from him since. I love him dearly and hate to lose him. Did I do wrong? Should I write to him? I am sure he cares for me.

HELEN.
You did just the right thing, Helen. If this boy cares for you in the right way he will surely like you all the better for being too dignified to permit yourself to be kissed. If he is one of those scamps who insist on making love to every girl he meets, you are well rid of him. You did the right thing; now don't lower your standard by writing. Let him choose whether or no he will know a fine girl like you.

MAG—Butterflies and girls who count. There are thousands of the latter if you look for them.

Be Sensible.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and am deeply in love with a policeman fourteen years my senior. I speak to him frequently, but I do not think he knows of my love for him. What shall I do?

PERPLEXED.
Of course he does not know of your love for him, unless you have been very silly and forward. For all you know this man may be married. Don't idealize men of whom you know nothing. And don't for a minute imagine that at 14 you are capable of a lasting love. What you feel is a silly infatuation. Try to conquer it.

"Such Stomach Comfort"

is rarely known as that which comes to him who drops food follies and starts upon a diet of

Shredded Wheat

the food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. These crisp little loaves of baked wheat contain the greatest amount of nutriment at lowest cost. Cut out heavy, expensive foods for a few days and try Shredded Wheat. Ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. A food for youngsters and grown-ups to work on, to play on, to live on.

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