The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dr. Parkhurst's Article —ON— Purging New York of Criminals

How Fine if Such a Policy Could Be Nationalized—Dr. Eliot's Creed; Harvard's Ex-President Forgets Every Man Has Some Form of Faith

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

It is already evident that the negative policy of police administration, latterly in vogue in this city, is going to be replaced by a policy that is positive and that law is going to be treated as a substantial fact and not as a whim to be respected or ignored, according to executive caprice.

The same holds in the law as in business—that people want to know what can be counted on. People that would not otherwise be criminals become such because the attitude of the government is so unpronounced as to leave it uncertain where the line lies between what is crime and what isn't.

The edict has gone forth that professional criminals will have to sleep and take their meals somewhere outside of New York. That is as far as our own local government can go, and it is going a great way, and is evidently appreciated by the law-abiding element of the town.

It is no argument against what has been already achieved that it simply expels an undesirable class and does not regenerate it or destroy it. When our Lord cast out the unclean spirits and sent them into a herd of swine which ran down a steep place into the sea and were drowned, we infer that that was the end both of the swine and the unclean spirits.

Now, it is neither constitutional nor humanitarian to treat in exactly the same way the unclean spirits with which we are locally infected, and to send them out in scows and dump them in the bay.

They will simply move on—are moving on—going to Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis. What is our gain is some other cities' loss. We are better off, but if disease is transferred from the stomach to the liver, the body, considered as a corporate whole, is as much invalided as it was before.

It would be a wonderful achievement if the policy which our local administration has put in force could be nationalized, and if the large cities throughout the country, where the vicious experts, who have just bidden us a hasty goodbye, are now continuing their operations, would join us in the chase and pursue them till they were compelled either to jump into the Pacific or to adopt habits of respectable living and of honest industry.

Ex-President Eliot of Harvard university has again pronounced himself on questions of religious faith. This is a frequent habit of his.

His ambition seems to be to induce people to believe as little as possible. He has a passion for pulling down, but no genius for building up, and will hardly be likely to create a large following among either Jews, Catholics or Protestants.

Differently brought up, he might have issued as a gunman or a dynamiter. According to the account furnished by the press, he has eliminated theology and dogma from the twentieth century. His destructive criticism has gone even to the extreme of exterminating creed, but he so far forgets himself as immediately to proceed to the formulation of a creed of his own.

The creed which he exterminates was not one of his making. The one which he claims is henceforth going to prevail is one of his fathering. Like other manufacturers, he is enamored of the excellence of his own goods and interested to have them usurp the market.

The creed which he proposes does not contain a great deal, but he thinks just as much of it as other people do of theirs, and that is the reason why he keeps talking and writing about it.

In decrying forms of faith, the wall against which the learned ex-president butts his head is that every man has some form of faith, and has to have if he is going to be any kind of force in the world.

In every department in which one would be anything more than a nonentity, one must have a creed, a creed of his own; not one, perhaps, that has ever been put down in black and white by one's self or by anyone else, but a set of convictions that give shape to whatever one says or does.

That holds in the matter of politics, of morals, of business, of journalism equally as in affairs of religion.

One's significance in any department of life depends on the beliefs that are cherished relevant to that department and upon the intensity with which they are cherished.

Without such inward assurance a man becomes like a balloon which is able to float because it is so empty, but no one can tell in what direction it will float, and consequently so unsubstantial as to be unable to draw anything after it.

It is very much to be deplored that the influence over young men which Mr. Eliot has acquired by virtue of his braininess he prostitutes to the end of fostering among them a state of negativeness and incertitude that saps vitality and undermines efficency.

What a Dollar Represents

By ADA PATTERSON.

A girl of 20 who is engaged to marry a young man "worth" according to his father's bequeathed fortune $100,000,000 caused a smile to ripple across the American continent by refusing to pay 75 cents for a Christmas tree. She declined to pay 75 cents for it because, she said, it was worth but 50 cents. What caused the continent-wide smile to broaden was that she got the tree for half a dollar and drove away in triumph in her hundred-million-dollar fiancee's sleigh, with her hundred-million-dollar fiance beside her.

This is a case in which first thoughts are not best. Your first thought was that the girl who will marry the richest man in America is mean. You applied that scorching word, "stingy," to her, didn't you? The second thought was that if the tree was of 50-cent size and quality, the girl would have been foolish to pay more for it. The fact that a quarter of a dollar is an infinitesimal amount compared with her prospective share of an $100,000,000 had nothing to do with it. The green grocer who sold her the Christmas tree was doubtless not an object of charity. If he had needed that extra quarter of a dollar for a bottle of medicine for a sick child no one doubts that the future mistress of millions would have gladly given it to him. It was not the 25 cents that was the stumbling block in their transaction. Her helpful, everyday common sense rebelled at paying more than anything was worth. Charity she was willing to bestow, for she does it every day with lavish hands and overflowing heart and kindly eyes, but charity in the guise of an excessive charge for a purchase she denied.

When milliners, dressmakers and shoemakers say to you, "Rich people are those who haggle most over a few cents," look hard at them and do some thinking. Are they telling you the exact truth? Is it not, rather, that the men and women of fortunes, especially those who have themselves earned their fortunes, and, next in degree of experience, those who have learned to preserve the fortunes they have inherited, have fortunes because they know the worth of 100 cents that comprise each of their dollars? Not one of these persons but is charitable you will find, if you take the trouble to investigate, and some of them are unostentatiously charitable. It is no sign of a narrow, miserly trend of character that they count the outgoing dollars as carefully as the incoming ones.

The corner stone of every competence is the knowledge of what a dollar represents. "It's only a dollar" pleaded a salesmen anxiously to make his sale. "Only a dollar," but in the apportionment of values what does that dollar represent? The continuous hard labor of a $20-dollar bill for a year and that in one of the few states in which $5 is the legal rate of interest paid by savings banks or for mortgages. In many states it is less. "Only a dollar," yes I know little, bent pale-faced girls who work half a week for that sum. What will a dollar do? It will buy two or three good, plain nourishing meals for a medium-sized family. It will buy the material for sister's best muslin dress next summer and she can learn to make it herself.

Whenever you are tempted to spend money for what you do not need paint a hasty picture of what someone has done to earn or has done without to save that money. Form that habit and money will never leave your hands without your receiving its equivalent.

The smile that began in derision of the future multimillionairess should end in commendation of the girl who has a true sense of values. I don't know the crest of the family into which she will marry, but I hope she will graft upon it that which began in war, but should be applied to trade, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

One of the chief differences between people who make a goodly showing of their lives and those who allow them to slip as waste sand through their fingers is that the first have cultivated their sense of values. They know what is worth much, what is worth little and what is worth nothing. Not only what a dollar is worth, but what time is worth, how little beauty may be worth, how much character is worth, what is the value of manhood and the worth of womanhood, how fine ideals are above diamonds and usefulness beyond rubies.

Hair Grew 4 Inches In A Few Weeks

A St. Louis Lady Increased the Length of Her Hair Four or Five Inches in a Few Weeks With This Simple Home Recipe.

A well-known St. Louis lady, after using a sample recipe on her hair which she mixed at home, made the following statement: "Without exaggeration, my hair has grown four or five inches." The recipe she used is as follows, and any lady or gentleman can mix it at home: To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ oz. glycerine. Apply to the scalp two or three times a week with the tips of the fingers. It not only promotes the growth of the hair, but removes dandruff, scalp humors and prevents the hair from falling out.

It darkens streaked, faded hair, gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. These ingredients can be obtained from any drug store at very little cost and mixed at home.—Advertisement.

Her First Proposal

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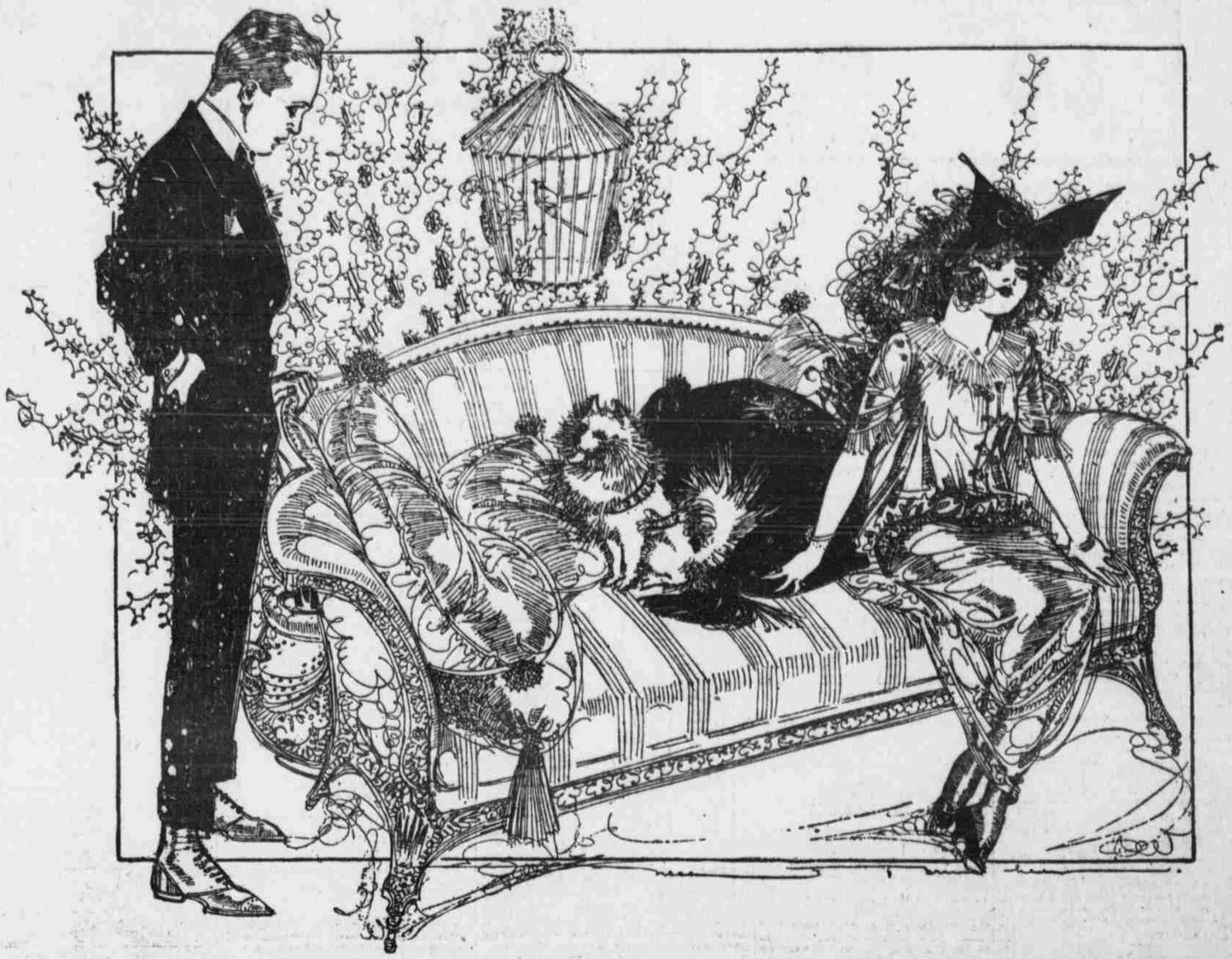
By Nell Brinkley



Her first it is, too. So you see, with that, it is entitled to come in the list of "terrible minutes!" It might be that it will be their last, but when Youth is this young two round-cheeked things with fraternity pins on their chests, his hair with the convict cut, hers clinched at the nape of the neck with a black velvet bow that butterflies out above her brows and rippling still down her back—when Youth is this young it likely should be called the "first," for there will come others after.

Babette is the prettiest girl in school, and she wears her hair in puffs over her ears and her ankles are slim little affairs sheathed in silk stockings. Billy is a blonde chap with his vests cut extremely high, and his collars deeply pointed, and his coat pinched in the smartest way across the shoulders, and he wears his pipe-like trousers turned up short—so short that it gives him the look of a young heron gone a-wading.

Well, it's a terrible minute. There's a miserable silence, and even her bird and her dog square themselves around and, looking him steadfastly in the eye, seem to wonder when he will begin. And he wonders if she has any notion of the thing that's on his mind. If she has, she manages her face pretty well. "But girls are deep," ruminates Billiam. "You never can tell what's in their heads!"

The Virtue of Praise---A Talk to "Knockers"

By DOROTHY DIX.

The most over-estimated weapon in the world is the hammer. It isn't one millionth part as effective as the salve pot, though the great majority of people go through life without finding it out.

The average individual's ideal of the way to reform things is by perpetual knocking, which perhaps explains why so few abuses are ever changed for the better. Theoretically you can smash anything by lamming it hard enough and long enough, but in actual practice this does not work out successfully, especially when it is applied to the faults and foibles of human nature.

Still, when a man doesn't like his wife's housekeeping, or thinks she spends too much money—bing!—he begins lambasting her cooking and extravagance. And she goes on burning the roast, and making dish water coffee, and buying imported lingerie and French hats.

If a woman objects to her husband's belonging to a club, or smoking, she keeps busy, day in and day out, pegging away with her little hammer—knock-knock-knock, and still he puts on his hat and makes a break for freedom the minute dinner is over, and he smokes like a furnace.

If Johnnie is awkward and spills things at the table, and hates school, the whole family organizes itself into an anvil chorus, and it's bing, bang, bing! from morning till night until Johnnie grows surly, and hates home and books, and spends all the time he can with acquaintances he picks up on the street.

If an employer wants to speed up his employes and get more work and better service out of them, he goes for them with a trip hammer, and abuses them for loafers and incompetents, and shirks, and the employes say to each other that the old man is a grouch who never appreciates good work, anyway, so what's the use in giving it to him? And they don't.

Fault finding and blame never yet reformed anything, but praise is the lever of Archimedes with which you can move the world of humanity. And the reason of this is plain enough. Praise touches us in our weakest spot, our vanity, whereas blame wounds us in our most vulnerable point, our self esteem, and there is a natural inclination to revenge our hurt pride by persisting in doing the thing we were censured for doing.

Of course if we were the grand, noble creatures we should be, bent on our highest self-development, when our attention was called to our faults we would devote our energies to building up and strengthening the weak spots in our characters. That would be the logical thing to do, but alas, which of us is logical, when it comes down to brass tacks with us?

Surely this alone should furnish a tip to the knockers that it would be better to throw away their hammers and get busy spreading the salve if they want results. As a matter of fact, everybody knows that all you've got to do to make a woman break her neck is to dangle a little flattery before her. She will go for it every time, and so I advise the husband who bemoans his wife's bills to try praising her economy a little. Let him discourse before company upon her thrift and what a help she is, and, my word for it, she will put a Yale lock on her pocketbook that it will take a professional safe cracker to undo.

Likewise any woman can be turned into a good housekeeper by a husband who judiciously praises a good dish and sorrowfully remarks over a bad one that it isn't quite up to her usual exalted culinary standard.

Positively the only thing that will nail a man to his own hearthstone and make him a generous, attentive and interested lover as well as a husband, is to find in his own home a brand of flattery so much more potent, so much higher spiced and so much more inexhaustible than any to be had abroad that it puts all other women into the amateur hot air class beside his wife.

As for employes, isn't it invariably the man who knows he is most trusted who is most trustworthy, the one who knows the boss depends on him who is most dependable, the crackerjack salesman who works ten times as hard to sell as the man who knows that not much is expected of him?

Oh, it's praise, and not blame, that makes the world go around. We give the best of us to those who expect the best of us, and who appreciate that best. Throw away the hammer, and try spreading the salve!

Road Funds and Posterity

Pennsylvania is preparing to issue bonds for $50,000,000 for road construction, and if the plan goes through the people of that state in the next generation will be paying for roads which have long since been worn out and replaced with new ones. The Keystone state should profit by the costly experience in New York, where $50,000,000 has been expended already and $50,000,000 more is to be spent in the same extravagant manner.

In New York state the bonds are to run for fifty years. This will mean that the people of the next generation will be paying for roads which they never used. The ordinary life of such roads as are being constructed in New York is little more than four or five years. The roads will have to be replaced many times before the people have finished paying for the original work.

In Massachusetts the bonds run for only fifteen years. This is a much fairer proposition, if slipshod roads must be built. The people who use the roads pay for them. The next generation is thus left at liberty to provide its own improvements in its own way.

Although New York has been spending such vast sums, an insufficient amount is being laid aside for the purpose of maintaining the roads. But even though the fund were larger and strict attention were paid to maintenance, the roads could not possibly last fifty years, and yet the people fifty years from now will be paying for them.

Economists who have studied the problems involved in the financing of roads agree that the serial bond issue is the better plan if bonds are to be issued. Thus bonds will expire periodically, and the people who enjoy the improvement will pay for it.

There is an excellent opportunity here for the conservationists who are anxious to protect posterity. We have a right to saddle posterity with debt when we are leaving improvements which may reasonably be expected to be permanent, but we have no right to spend posterity's money when we are leaving nothing to show for it.—Washington Post.

Next Monday

"The King of Diamonds"

A most thrilling serial of great imaginative range, the annals of another Monte Cristo,

By Louis F. Tracy

will start in The Bee, to run in daily installments. Start this great story with the first installment

Next Monday

Seeking a Husband

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Dr. Hammond proposed that night. Just think, Peggy, you might have been engaged today, and things might have been altogether different, but as it is, here you are, jus the same Peggy, and I think you're just as happy, although I suppose you really can't tell unless you've really been in love.

I wore my darling white lace gown when he came. Of course, I didn't expect him to do anything foolish, and, to tell the truth, I had lost all the funny illusions I had about him long ago. I remember how I felt the rainy day I learned to make tarts. But he has the most adorable hair. Even last night I wanted to rumple it up.

He was different when he came. I went to the door, and he brought in that dear, funny medicine smell with him. I sniffed and wrinkled up my nose, and he just looked at me, and I was afraid. I was afraid he was going to touch me before he said anything, and I didn't know what to do. So I slipped into the library, and called back, "We have some new records."

Then he came in, and was really quite sensible and friendly while I munched marrons and sorted out records. I never stopped to think before what a help a Victrola is in time of trouble. How could anyone propose to a ragtime tune?

"Peggy," he said suddenly, "every time I think of my first impression of you, I smile to myself. Didn't I say you were a mixture of frivolity and seriousness that was enough to puzzle anyone?"

"Yes, fair hero," I said, dropping him a mock courtesy, "and you said I didn't have enough sense to be a nurse."

"Hardly that."

"Well, at least you said I was in love with the idea."

"And now you aren't even in love with the idea."

"No, you see, I have taken your advice to heart. That ought to flatter you, any way."

"It does. But, Peggy, you would look nice in uniform." And then he laughed shortly, and I, with the bulk of the Victrola safely between us, said tantalizingly, "Such a nice laugh, but why, and why do you have such very nice rumpty hair?" And then I knew that I really shouldn't have said it, because, after all, the Victrola wasn't a very safe barricade, and he came around so very determindly.

"Well, you have," I said lamely, backing away, and then he crushed me up against him and I didn't like it, because I wasn't in love with him a bit. I could hear his heart beat just as plainly, but all I could think of was that I wanted to get away.

"I don't like your hair at all," I said, with my face all muffled against his shoulder. "I take back everything I said. Please, please let me go." And then, "Don't you dare to kiss me. I hate being kissed."

"Dear," he whispered, in such a funny voice, "I love you, I love you, you'll never know how much till you fall in love yourself some day. Some day when you won't hate being kissed." And then he kissed me on my throat, under my chin, and I let him go without saying goodby.

Oh, why do friendships always have to end in such a horrid way? "Some day when you won't hate being kissed," he had said. Why do kisses always make such a difference? And then I ran out into the hall after him. I wanted to say, "Aren't we going to be friends still?" But he had gone, and I had such a queer little ache in my throat, and I put my fingers up to the place where he had kissed me.

I wasn't going to see him any more, my big, adorable boy doctor. He might have said goodby. But I'm not in love with him, and he really shouldn't have kissed me, even on the throat. But I'm going to miss him, and, and—that part about kissing. I wonder what he meant? Oh, Peggy, what a lot you have to learn about life.

Hair Coming Out? Got Dandruff or Does Scalp Itch?—25-cent Danderine

Save your hair! Make it soft, glossy, fluffy, beautiful—Grows hair and we prove it.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.—Advertisement.