

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "A Modified Montessori" School for Farmers

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Fifteen miles west of the city of Knoxville is the Farragut school. This is a country school. No place of business is in sight.

It is a school surrounded by woods and fields and great, green, towering hills. Nearby a stream goes dancing over the rocks, searching its way to the sea.

Six teachers are employed. The Department of Education at Washington has thought so much of the Farragut school that a special bulletin has been prepared concerning it.

To build a school in a country is a great warrior symbol of the new time in which we live.

But then Farragut was a school teacher as well as a soldier. So why not a Farragut school?

It is a grade and vocational school, combined. It is a school of farmers, evolved out of the minds and needs of the mountaineers.

Superintendent Phillips, the man in charge, is from Chattanooga county, a product of the Fredonia Normal school.

The methods at the Farragut school might be termed "modified Montessori," or a kindergarten for the higher grades. Discipline is kept out of sight. Any one eligible to enter who wants to learn.

Occasionally a mountaineer and his wife come down from the hills, twenty, thirty, forty miles away, and spend a week or a month at this school, boarding with some farmer in the neighborhood.

There are lectures on farming, house-keeping, cooking, dairying, dressmaking. The three R's are taught, also the pupils are taught to live. They are taught to be polite, active, thrifty, energetic, cleanly, healthy.

In this country school there is a system of modern plumbing. Shower baths form an important part of the curriculum, and when one realizes how much in need a country district is of both facilities, you can guess the wisdom of the mind who installed this modern plumbing system.

This was something the farmers really hadn't thought of. Applicants are merely expected to bring their own soap and towels.

Certain evenings a week the school is open. Volunteer teachers are provided. There are night classes for those who cannot come in the daytime.

Days are set apart for social purposes. There are spelling bees, debates, cooking classes and much good cheer with the help of hickory nuts, apples and popcorn.

There is a complete cooking outfit here, with a kitchen that is much more complete than is found probably in the homes hereabouts.

And just please remember that this is a plain, every-day school, supported by the people who live in the vicinity.

It is not an endowment school. Every part of the equipment is in use, and to some people who know the lavish outfits that are provided in certain schools of the north, the Farragut school seems almost pitiful in its parsimony of equipment.

But you remember the words of David Starr Jordan, who said: "The value of a college is in inverse ratio to the cost of its equipment." That is to say, the people should provide things for themselves, and that is the big lesson in life.

Students here are not pauperized, nor do they suffer from paternalism. They are lifting themselves, under the kindly guidance of a most able, generous, simple and effective teacher.

In talking with the state superintendent of education of Tennessee, he told me that the endeavor all over the state was now to do away with the little red schoolhouse and its lonely teacher, and to combine several schools in one.

In Tennessee there are quite a number of schools conducted along the plan of the Farragut school, and, as the years go by, there will be a great many all over America.

Several teachers working together can get up an atmosphere which will permeate and dispel the fog of ignorance in a community. They acquire an impetus, as it were, a momentum, which makes for progress. Co-operation must prevail in school teaching as in other things.

When one thinks of the indecency and disorder that are often found around the district school, one is both surprised and delighted to find in a so-called illiterate district, in the mountains of Tennessee, a school where good order prevails and the rights of property are respected.

This is "our school" and the farmers and their families so regard it. It is a center of light, a candle throwing its beams to a distance.

In pedagogy, as in all else, we work from the complex to the simple.

Admiral Farragut, it is well to repeat, was born on a farm near Knoxville. Here his parents sleep. He was a mountain boy, of Scotch parentage, who had a hungry mind. He entered the navy as a lad of 9 years. He was an errand boy, a servant, a midshipman, a lieutenant, a captain, a commander, an admiral.

Well have the people of Tennessee done honor to Farragut by naming after him a school, and a school which is so simple, so natural, and effective that it has attracted, in a degree, the attention of the teaching world.

Nothing is good enough until you know something better. To see the Farragut school is to feel a pity, not a pride, in the old-time "little red school house."



## What Are the Wild Waves Saying? :o: Copyright, 1914, Inter-News Service. :o: By Nell Brinkley



That soon their leaping manes of white foam will be bringing in tumbling, laughing, countless Loves—that somewhere Love, and bathing girls and fellows are already fringing the beaches along with the shells and kelp—and that it won't be so everlasting long now till they're here, here, here!

NELL BRINKLEY.

## Do Men Shun Marriage Because It's Too Easy?

By DOROTHY DIX.

In a recent interview in a Paris paper, Madame Bernhardt explained what Sigmund Freud would call "the decline and fall of matrimony." She said:

"If the customs of my youth were now prevalent and the young people of to-day were not allowed to mingle so much without hindrance; the marriage returns would rapidly increase."

Same here—the divine Sarah—the wise Sarah—has put her finger on the crux of the whole matter. People don't marry because comradeship has been substituted for love between men and women, and they are contented to be friends instead of husbands and wives.

Women were never as attractive and desirable as they are to-day. Not even among the ancient Greeks was the percentage of female pulchritude so high as it is now. The cult of the body has become almost a religion among women. So if a man seeks for beauty in a wife he may shut his eyes, and make a grab in the dark in any group of girls, and be sure of getting one who in his grandmother's time would have had all the poets writing sonnets to her eyebrows, and all the beaux fighting duels for her smiles.

Women are also more intelligent than they ever were before, more versatile, more sympathetic, better fitted to be wives and helpmates to men; yet with all of her attractions and accomplishments the modern girl lacks one art in which her grandmother excelled—the art of catching a husband.

And the secret of this art was the art of allure—of toiling a man along—in a word, of making courtship difficult. Instead of too easy as it is now.

The chief reason that men show a disinclination to marry may be largely accounted for by the freedom of companionship that prevails between the sexes. In the olden times when the only way a man could enjoy a woman's society was by marrying her, he was in a rush to hustle with her to the altar.

But when custom permits him to monopolize a woman's evenings; when they may spend long days together on the golf links; when they may attend theaters and parties together, and tea and dine in company unchaperoned in restaurants, the man is in no hurry to wed. He has as much of the lady's society as he desires without the necessity of assuming her bills, or giving her a right to lecture him.

The long engagement is a modern invention of man's, not woman's, and it is a handicap that our grandmothers never knew. Nothing that the new status of woman has brought her is so delightful as platonic friendship with man, but we get nothing in this world without paying for it, and the price that women pay for comradeship with men is too often spinsterhood. When it was a case of either lover or nothing, it was generally lover.

Another reason why men are less eager about marrying now than they used to be is that women are too willing. Many things change, but human nature never changes, and the primitive instinct in man is for the chase. The harder a man is to get the more he wants it. Women have forgotten this masculine peculiarity, and instead of permitting themselves to be pursued, they have turned around and run after the men with the result that they seldom catch them—for woman, alas, was not built for the chase.

Probably our grandmothers were just as anxious to get married as any girl is now, but they had the gumption to affect a coy and reluctant attitude, and because a man believed that it was difficult to capture the citadel of a maiden's affection, he wooed her with fire, and passion, and energy.

Because she appeared indifferent to his visits, he kept the path to her door hot with footstep. Because the most that he hoped to win from her hand in the shape of a letter was a line or two of sweet, copy book, maidenly reply to his numerous missives, he weighted down the mails with burning love letters.

How is it now? The modern girl has left him in no doubt as to the state of her affections. She'll say "yes," and thank you, too, whenever he asks her, so he feels that any old love making will do. If he doesn't come to see her, she calls up on the phone, and so he goes when there's nothing more amusing in prospect. As for letters, she'll write any way, so what's the use in bothering to keep up his end of the correspondence. It's the old story of the overripe peach that no one wants to gather.

Our grandmothers also had another advantage that we lack—our great-grandparents understood the value of the unattainable. They didn't throw their daughters at eligible young men's heads. They built fences around them. When a young man came a-wooing the entire family didn't take to the kitchen to give him a chance.

On the contrary, the stern parents stood guard over a girl, and put him to his wits' end to steal a moment's secret converse with her, or slyly press her hand.

Sometimes the wily father even went to the extent of locking a girl up in her room to keep her from a suitor, and then the man, who very likely couldn't have been driven in at the front door, raked his neck climbing up to the window to steal her.

In a word, they made courtship romantic and difficult, and in consequence there were many elopements. Now, however, because we have made courtship too easy, there is little of it. It is because nowadays a man may have a woman's society without incurring any responsibilities that he ducks the wedding ring. If women want to promote matrimony, they have got, in gambler's phrase, to make men either put up or shut up.

## Fashion Fully Described by Olivette



One of the most conspicuous frocks at a late French race meeting was this model, specially sketched for summer wear. It is made of white gabardine. The bodice is cut basque shape and fastens down the front with a row of small bow buttons of the material. Embroidery in white flows follows the line of the bodice. The basque gathers into a tab at the underarm. The neck is cut with a V-shaped décolletage, which is bordered by plaited black net, of which also is formed a high standing collar at the back. The sleeves are set into a low armhole and gathers into an embroidered tab at the wrist. The shaped long tunic is trimmed with a high band of embroidery that extends to the knees. Under this falls an accordion plaited underskirt of black satin. Could anything be smarter or simpler for the home dresser to copy?

## May Providence Intervene

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Some one, somewhere, is courting somebody tonight, and with such a large number of persons losing their hearts as and him, it is little wonder that the god of love occasionally loses his head. Overworked, flushed with success, and with a little conceited because of his power, he aims indifferently to the right and to the left, and matches a Beau Brummel with a Martha, and a Becky Sharp with a plowman.

He whisks his victims till everything around them assumes one shape and one color, and the wrong sweetheart looks like the right one, and the counterfeit love looks like the real. It is while they are still dazed, clutching fast to whatever comes first within their grasp, that they reach the marriage altar and then the trouble begins.

Such troubles and so much of it, and all due to matrimonial misfits. It is a wonder that there doesn't arise in the hearts of those still free a little suspicion of the good intentions of Cupid, and a determination to come into their heritage of love with eyes wide opened. It is a wonder that young men and young women, sane and wise in ordinary transactions, do not display at least a grain of common sense in this one big and most important transaction of their lives.

The writer of the following letter says he has a good position in business. How he holds it with the amount of credulity he displays in his letter is a mystery. If some one came into his store and wanted to give him pennies for dimes he would feel that his intelligence had been insulted, but along comes a woman who makes a similar offer, and he doesn't know what answer to give!

She is a widow with a child; he is only 22, and she hinted that she would like to marry him.

"What," he pleads, "shall I do?" Lose that "good position," and then see if she wants you to marry her? I doubt it. The women who are the real bargains on the matrimonial counters are so going around, with their children in their arms, hinting to mere boys to marry them.

A woman writes that she is a widow of 25 and has a son of 5, and is engaged to a man of 28 who hates her child, and makes no attempt to conceal it. Shall she marry him? she asks.

Again it may be stated that the women who are bargains on the matrimonial counter are not engaging themselves to men who hate their prospective step-children. A woman who is worth while loves her child first of all and considers its interests first. Unless she does, her love is not worth much to any man.

A young man of 20 loves a widow eight years his senior. He has a small salary, and she is extravagant and fond of pretty clothes, and would bring in her demands on him, not only personal wants, but the care and maintenance of a young son. What he asks, should he do?

Run, young man, run! Your extreme youth gives you the right to run, and run hard.

"Eighteen" wants to know if she should keep company with a young man who calls on her when intoxicated. She says that she would like to accept his attentions, knowing that she would never marry him.

There are others better fitted than I to give advice in a case like this. They are the gaunt, haggard, half-starved, ill-treated wives of drunkards. Let "Eighteen" go to them! When marriage becomes the sane,

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Are Wrong. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, in love with a pretty girl, she loves me also, but at present we are not engaged. She keeps company and goes out with a number of other men. Is this wrong or not? B. K. G.

Until a girl is engaged she has the privilege of having as many men friends as she chooses. There is absolutely no impropriety in this, and you must not permit yourself to be a harsh and unfair judge.

The Truth. Dear Miss Fairfax: Have known a girl for the last four years and confess that you will try to help her overcome this fault and that in turn she must help you in your weakness.

Speak to His Aunt. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a sixteen-year-old girl, and attend Sunday School regularly. For the last few Sundays I have noticed a certain young man, and he has noticed me. His aunt is my teacher. As I am very anxious to meet him I should like to know if it would be proper to ask his aunt to make me acquainted with him. UNCERTAIN. By all means ask the aunt of the young man you admire to introduce you. And do not delay so long that you will be self-conscious on meeting him and feel that he thinks you flirted with him.



Does your skin itch and burn? If you are suffering with eczema, ringworm, heat-rash or other tormenting skin eruption, try—

### Resinol

Ointment and Resinol Soap. You will be surprised how quickly the itching stops and the skin becomes clear and healthy again. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment (50c and \$1.00), and Resinol Soap (50c). For trial size free, write to Dept. H-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Refuse imitations.

The VANDERBILT Hotel  
Thirty Fourth Street EAST at Park Avenue, New York  
WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager.  
An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation  
Summer Rates