

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Defective Children

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In America today there are 20,000 children attending our public schools.

Dr. Thomas D. Wood, professor of physical education in the Teachers' college, Columbia university, New York, says that 75 per cent of these children—that is, 15,000 of them—need attention for physical defects.

Carrying with them these defects they are handicapped the grand game of life.

There is a great loss in educating defectives. The only object of education, anyway, is to give us a better citizenship. The old law of "mens sana in corpore sano" certainly applies. We owe it to the coming generations, first, to see that they are well born, and next they must be relieved as nearly as possible from every physical disadvantage.

Education is supposed to give weapons with which we fight life's battles.

A valuable pamphlet by Dr. Wood has been printed by the United States Bureau of Education. A copy of this can be secured by writing to the bureau at Washington. In this booklet will be found a frank, but good-humored discussion of the subject of physical defects in children.

As long as the youngster does not actually get sick or die, we assume that he is well. "But the fact is," says Dr. Wood, "that five per cent of children have a tendency toward tuberculosis, and the disease is easily evolved in them."

Five per cent have curvature of the spine. Five per cent have defective hearing. Twenty-five per cent are suffering from mal-nutrition. Thirty per cent have enlarged tonsils or adenoids. And from fifty to ninety-eight per cent of all children in our public schools have defective teeth, which interferes with health and, therefore, with their thinking processes.

The loss to the world through physical inefficiency is absolutely incalculable. The necessity of supervision and the tremendous cost involved come largely from the fact that we are not good animals.

No doctor, no teacher and no parent can really afford to miss this particular little book, given out by our government gratis.

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## Dorothy Dix Says :

### Vanity Makes More Matches Than Cupid, and the Use of Soft Soap Smooths the Way of Many Feet to the Altar, and the Lack of It Makes a Toboggan Slide to Reno

"Vanity of vanities," sayeth the preacher, "all is vanity"—even matrimony, according to a correspondent of this paper who thinks that he has solved the problem of why people marry.

"Are not most marriages the result of vanity, and not of love?" he asked.

"A man marries a woman because it pleases his vanity to win her away from other men, and thus triumph over his rivals. A woman marries a man because it gratifies her vanity to be preferred above other women, and because she is enraptured with his praises and flatteries of her."

Of course nobody knows why anybody marries anybody else. Still less do they know why they married the particular individuals that they did. That is the great mystery of the universe, the sex call that is the profoundest secret of nature.

But outside of this without doubt my correspondent is right, and vanity has to



do with the making of more matches than ever Cupid has. It is vanity that makes marriages, and it is vanity that breaks each other by playing upon their self-esteem grow careless or tired of listening to agonies. The use of soft soap smooths the way of many feet to the altar, and the lack of it makes a toboggan slide to Reno.

That many a man marries because it tickles his self-esteem to carry off some particular maiden whom other men are pursuing, goes without saying. Often there is no real affinity between him and her, and he would never have been attracted to her if some other man's attentions to her had not piqued his vanity, and inspired him to show that he was the better man.

It is a proverb of the boudoir that no girl ever has just one beau. She has many or none, for men are like sheep in this respect. They all want to go where other men go. Every man is eager to dance with the girl over whose ball program other men are fighting, but no man, save a martyr, will dance with the lone maiden who papers the wall. Nothing inspires a man with such a mad desire to take a girl out to the theater as for her to refuse to go two or three times because she has previous engagements.

The woman who has a dozen proposals

will have a dozen more, whereas the woman who wants to marry will never have any at all. You could make any girl a belle by employing three good looking young men to hang about her for six months. They would toll in all the other eligible men in the community, and she could have her pick of them because it would please their vanity to marry a woman whom other men admire and desire, and also it would stimulate their sense of rivalry to know other men to be in pursuit of her.

Undoubtedly the reason why many men grow tired of their wives is because this filth to their vanity is removed with marriage.

They have captured the prize, and since, after marriage, nobody else appears to want to dispute their ownership in it, it becomes cheap and worthless in their eyes. Many a neglected wife would find her husband turned into a lover again if she were about to be snatched away from him. It is the knowledge that she is his for keeps and that he can't lose her that makes him indifferent to her.

Women marry just as much for vanity as men do. Most girls do accept the first man that proposes to them, and every girl is tempted to, no matter how unattractive he is, or how homely, or dull or uncouth he may be, or how little she may

ever have thought of him before, just because such a gorgeous, surging wave of gratified vanity goes over her at the realization that she has been able to inspire sentiment in a man's heart. It is her initial experience of the success of being an attractive woman.

And she never gets over this feeling. Her vanity is always a harp with a thousand strings upon which a man can play as long as she lives. It is this that makes women do fool and criminal things, such as a rich old woman marrying a boy young enough to be her son, or a married woman wrecking her life and her family by carrying on a flirtation with some man she really cares nothing about.

Man's strongest appeal in courtship is likewise made not to a woman's heart, but to her bump of self-esteem. A man wins a girl by telling her that she is the most beautiful creature on earth, that she is an angel, that she is a combination of every grace and virtue.

If a lover should dare to tell the truth, and say to his sweetheart, "Sally Ann, you are as homely as a mud fence, your nose is too short and your mouth too wide, and your eyes too small, and your figure stumpy and fat, and you will never set the river afire with your wit, but even so, I love you and I want you to marry me," why Sally Ann would shout a "No"

at him that would sound as if it came out of a megaphone. And she wouldn't marry him if he was the finest chap in the land. Not she. She would wait until some nice plausible liar with a slick tongue in his head came down the pike.

It is one of the tragedies of marriage that both men and women marry to get their vanity tickled, and that matrimony so often stops the hand that spreads the salt and pulls the punkah. The man has married believing that he was getting a queen that men would forever fight over and behold, when he has gotten her he finds he is perfectly welcome to her. Also, he thought that he had found the intelligent creature in the world who appreciated how big, and strong, and wonderful, and superior to all other men he was, and he ascertains that he has gotten a wife who has no hesitation in reminding him of his weaknesses and calling attention to his faults.

The woman has married believing that she will spend the balance of her life in listening to a paean of praises of her own charm, and after the wedding day her husband doesn't even notice how she looks, nor what she has on, nor speak of her housekeeping except when the bread is burned.

Hence the failure of matrimony and the prevalence of divorce.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It Has Lasted Longer.

Dar Miss Fairfax: I am seventeen years of age and have been friends with a young man of the same age for two years. About six months ago he told me he loved me. I love him dearly, and he treats me with all the respect and love that any girl can get. Still I doubt him because he is of the same age as I am.

Do you think age can have anything to do with love, and do you also think our love can last for about four more years, because circumstances will not permit him to marry before then?

DOUBTFUL.

It has lasted longer than four years, thank heaven, for this would be a very unhappy world if it were as short-lived as you fear.

The years have this much to do with love: A boy of 17 is too young to know if he loves or not. I am glad marriage is impossible for four years. Perhaps by then you will be more sure of yourselves and of each other.

Does He Love You?

Dar Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young gentleman two years my senior. I love him very much. Do you think it is proper for me to tell him that, as he has asked me a great many times?

BEATRICE.

"Don't confess your love until he has first confessed his. Neither is it wise to give a man assurance of love unless a proposal of marriage accompanies his confession."

No matter how fast a young man is he seldom catches up with his good intentions.

## "Children at Age of Ten Should Read Papers"



By ADA PATTERSON.

MRS. INEZ HAYNES GILMORE.

"I think, generally speaking, a newspaper may safely go into the hands and the mind of a child when the child is ten years old."

Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmore who loves children and writes with an exceeding telling heart about them, was telling me that women need not grieve about their so-called unfinesse to vote. She thinks newspaper reading begun to-day or tomorrow an admirable preparation, and she says children should read the newspapers.

"How early?" I asked of the handsome gypsy-looking woman, the impression of whose strong New England features was softened by a smart brown walking costume and long, modish carriage of vividly scarlet coral.

"As soon as they are old enough to take an intelligent interest in what they read," she replied, leaning forward earnestly above the writing table

that, because of the season, was crowded with Christmas gifts instead of pens and ink and paper and reference books.

"Should the stories of crime be discerned?"

She reflected long enough for me to notice how attractive was the combination of New England profile and gypsy coloring, long enough, too, for me to recall that she is the daughter of Gideon Haynes, the warden of the Massachusetts Penitentiary, known during his long charge of it as the model reform prison of the world.

"I should say no," she said at last, slowly and thoughtfully, "for I should depend upon having so trained them that they would not dwell unduly on crime."

"But I should like to see newspapers read with intelligent interest by women as well as men, and children as well as women. I expect to see the newspapers

introduced into every grade of school above the primary and the discussion of current events a part of every day's school program, and a vital part of college life.

"You would have the children all over the country discuss the march of the seven suffragettes upon Albany?"

"I should indeed, and I should have a discussion of the death of Whiteley Reid and the plan to transport the body from England to this country in a battleship, if children are trained to seek the meaning behind these acts recorded in the daily news they will soon become philosophers and good citizens."

"But it does not require a system of training in current events in school to evolve a good citizen. Ten women have asked me two important questions, in almost the same language, in a short time. 'How shall I educate myself to the voting point?' And 'How shall I know for whom to vote?'"

## Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Progress

### Women and Mothers Who Wear 'Aigrettes and Birds of Paradise or Smoke Injure Rather Than Help Children.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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I believe that woman is making progress; that she is becoming a better mother and a better wife, and a better citizen, with every decade.

Equal suffrage will, of course, become universal in a few years, and woman will use her privileges wisely and well.

Nevertheless, there are some things which make one pause and wonder.

For instance, the sight of a woman dressed in baby lamb (the skin of an unborn lamb, whose dam has been killed) that this baby fur may adorn the gentle creature—woman, on her head a hat trimmed with birds of paradise or aigrettes—both necessitating the cruel slaughter of beautiful, harmless birds—and in her lips a cigarette.

Women who answer to this description can be found by the hundreds in England and America. And these are the women who buy guns for their little boys and send them forth to shoot birds, with never a thought that they are falling in any duty toward their children.

Boys who are taught by their mothers to study and understand birds will never want to kill them.

It ought to be a keen delight to every mother of a boy to obtain the books of bird lore so plentiful, and to train the young minds in the direction of sympathetic understanding and love of our little feathered friends.

But how can a mother do this who wears aigrettes and birds of paradise on her head?

Cigarette smoking is gaining among women.



It is causing weak throats, weak nerves and bad breaths.

A man who had smoked cigarettes for thirty years, and had been troubled with a delicate throat, through the persuasions of his wife, gave up the habit. Within three months his chronic throat trouble had disappeared. Besides which the man looked ten years younger.

There is little use, perhaps, of talking to boys about the pernicious results of cigarette smoking when they see the practice indulged in by their fathers, brothers and mothers.

Nevertheless, here are a few facts offered by a prominent clubwoman of Los Angeles, Cal., who has studied the question carefully:

"I have noticed that many of the boys, big and little, who have been brought into the juvenile court since that tribunal was established for the correction of young offenders told the judge that they smoked cigarettes. When they didn't admit as much the probation officer often volunteered a statement to that effect."

Many a career of crime began with the lighting of the first cigarette by a boy who might easily have been influenced for good. Cigarettes affect boys as drink acts on men. And the majority of boys begin smoking for the same reason that most men begin drinking: They see others do it, and they think it is manly.

Almost every week cases come up of little boys breaking into grocery or drug stores. In court it comes out that they stole candy, perhaps, maybe cookies, but it is almost always the case that they also took tobacco.

Once formed, the appetite for tobacco fixes itself upon a boy until he is finally a slave, and he will go to almost any extreme to secure the poisonous weed.

Mothers would do well to teach their boys that it is a proof of manliness to show strength to refuse a cigarette when other boys are smoking.

"Any loafer can smoke, not every boy can be man enough to refuse," was the answer of one brave boy when his companions laughed at his refusal to join them.

## The Wreath Man

By WINIFRED BLACK.

He's here, the man with the wreaths. Hurrah for him and the wares he carries!

Oh, I know it isn't the thing to make a fuss over him these days. Christmas has gone quite out of fashion, they tell me. It's proper nowadays to groan whenever you hear the name Santa Claus, and it's the correct pose to wish the hideous holiday season was over and done with before it has fairly begun.

We are awfully out of fashion, the little boy and I, hopelessly behind the times. We love Christmas; why, we can't even think of sleighbells without wanting to prance, and as for wishing it was over, we'd thank people with such wishes as that to keep them to themselves with their other gloomy views of life.

Such folks don't know what fun it is to live at all, do they, little boy? I warrant they don't even like mince pie, and the very idea of a plum pudding would give every one of them indigestion for a week.

What they want is tea and toast, or swieback and mineral water, or cocktails and caviar. Well, they are welcome to them for all of us, aren't they, little boy?

We'll take elder, and egg-nog, and roast turkey, and a round of beef, and mince pie with lots of raisins, and plenty of good rich crust, and pumpkin pie, too, with an old-fashioned American cheese to go with it.

None of your foreign stuff this time of year, imagine Santa Claus speaking with a French accent! Nuts and apples, and elder, and oranges, big, yellow ones, and little fat comfy, pincushion fellows, red-dish and easy to peel. Citron, too, candies and preserved ginger, and candy, stocks of it, red and white, and candy canes, and old-fashioned chocolate creams with a little white button on top of them, and gingerbread with nuts shipped up in it, and raisins, too. Dear me, little boy, what a world of good things it is, to be sure! And I can smell them all whenever I look at the man with the wreaths, can't you?

He's a funny little man, isn't he? Sort of withered and ragged and tired-looking, and yet there's a twinkle in his eye. I wonder if he knows Santa Claus and got those wreaths right from Santa Claus' own wreath garden. I shouldn't wonder, would you?

Hello, there, wreath man, how did you leave the reindeers, and have the toy



tree's borne a good crop this year? Better than ever! Hurrah! and the candy bushes are fairly bent down with glorious fruit, all colors and sweeter than ever.

Show! You're surely going to have some of that by Christmas, aren't you, wreath man? There may be a new sled a regular sled with low runners and a screaming eagle on the side, and we've got to have a chance to try that.

Dolls prettier than ever this year, are they, wreath man? And soldiers, regiments of them. T-r-um, t-r-um, t-r-um—can't you hear the drums, little boy? Hark! they are faint and far away, but drums for all that. Hurrah! Christmas is coming, Christmas, the jolliest, happiest, gayest, kindest, most generous time in all the year! Hurrah for dear old Christmas and all that Christmas brings!

Show us your wares, wreath man. That's a splendid fellow with the berries, I'll take that, and what a glorious green that holly is! One of those, please. Why, we couldn't eat a bite without a wreath in the dining room window and one for the light above the table. Festoons? Well, yes, we'll take some of that, too. Hurrah! We'll look like the very home of the blessed old Santa Claus, won't we, little boy?

We like you, wreath man, and we love the thoughts the sight of you brings to us. Happy thoughts, tender thoughts, generous thoughts.

How is the little sewing woman who worked so hard to get daughter ready for school this fall—how is it going to be with her Christmas? Loves all alone somewhere, doesn't she, on the top floor that is none too warm?

Invite her and her best friend to dinner at the best restaurant in the neighborhood. You can't be there? Well, what of that; she can be your guest just the same, can't she? Go and see the restaurant man about it, have a table decorated, and send the little seamstress to dine in style for once. Won't she be proud to show her friend what fine friends she has up there in the big world where people wear real furs and ride in real automobiles?

What has become of the old French teacher who used to say "bon jour" so cheerfully every time he came into the house? He looked a little pale the last time you saw him. Why not send him a bottle of French wine and a Merry Christmas to gladden his heart?

What a time it is, what a time! No one can possibly be offended at any sort of kindness now. The stiffest ramrod on earth must bend a little in the wreath season, the friendly season, the joyous season. Isn't it a good thing it comes once a year, anyhow?

He is here, the man with the wreaths. Hurrah for him and the wares he brings!

## Outside the Asylum

## Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



I LOVE YOU, ETHEL, WITHOUT YOU, LIFE WOULD BE A MELLOW MCKERRY.

YOU ARE THE GUIDING INFLUENCE OF MY LIFE - MY SOUL YEARS FOR YOU.

BE MINE SWEET CREATURE - LET ME DEDICATE MY LIFE TO CARING FOR YOU YOUR SWEETEST WISH WILL BE MY LAW!

IF I EVER FAIL IN TENDERNESS TO YOU, MAY THE MOST PUNISHMENT BE VISITED ON MY SOUL!

I NEED A NEW HAT, DEAR.

OF COURSE YOU DO - YOU'RE ALWAYS NEEDING A NEW HAT, WHAT OYE DO WITH 'EM? EAT'EM?