

High School Girls to have a "Foster Mother"

What the New "Dean of Girls" Believes Should be Made of the Position.

"SHE'S our darling D. O. G." When you hear that, however, it will not mean anything disrespectful, but will refer only by abbreviation to the new job of "Dean of Girls," a sort of foster-mother to all the high school daughters, which Jessie M. Towne has been appointed to fill.

Miss Towne is a young woman who laughs—laughs all over her face when she laughs. Most women can laugh (accent on "can"). But a lot of them laugh only occasionally or semi-occasionally or rarely.

It is not a long distance back along the well known corridors of Time when it was considered quite "de trop" for a school teacher to laugh—almost as bad form as for a minister to do so.

Happily that time is past. Nowadays the teacher who laughs is the popular teacher. Some of them even giggle—and are beloved.

Miss Towne does not giggle. But she laughs with her whole person. Her face lights up and her big eyes dance with amusement, merriment and sometimes she rocks to and fro. She laughs with perfect freedom. She laughs with girlish glee.

The sage who said something to the effect that the woman who laughs easily is "all right" and always well-liked proved by that statement, if by nothing else, that he was entitled to his membership card in the Amalgamated Union of Sages.

But, mark you, the new dean of girls does not laugh continuously. She has serious seasons. She laughs only when there is occasion and she sees many occasions because she has a goodly sense of humor which the above-quoted sage or one of his brethren stated truly to be a noble quality in woman.

New Dean Has Taught Twenty Years

When the interviewer called upon the dean-to-be, she laughed and entered zestfully into the rather novel experience of "being interviewed."

Tall and slender and dark of complexion is this young woman with the dignified-sounding title. Her eyes are big like those of the "ox-eyed Athene," to quote from Friend Homer.

"Yes," she smiled, "I've been a teacher here in the high school for twenty years."

"Eh—I beg pardon," gasped the interviewer. "I began teaching here in 1895," she repeated.

"Well, well," said he, "I didn't know they teach at the age of 10 or 12 years."

The dean of girls laughed right out.

"And I haven't a college degree," she continued. "It's a standing joke among us that Miss

Kate McHugh and I are the only ones that never had college degrees."

"Perhaps that's an argument against colleges and college degrees," ventured the interviewing gentleman.

Another little laugh and then seriousness. "I went to Radcliffe for two years," she said, "and after that I had to go to work. Later I spent a year at Leland Stanford and I was going to college again, but I decided to take a trip abroad, which I think was of more value than a year at college would have been."

"The appointment as dean of girls came to me as a complete surprise. I wasn't even aware they were going to create the position, aside from the fact that we had talked of the subject here at school and had mentioned among ourselves that there ought to be someone to whom the girls could come with their troubles and difficulties. Miss

McHugh rather filled this position unofficially while she was principal, but since then no one has done it."

Just ask high school girls about Miss Towne. "Oh, she's a dandy." "She's a good fellow." "She's all right," say they.

Will Be the Students' Steady Chaperone

When there are student "doings" and a chaperone or helper is needed, Miss Towne has often been selected for the place. And, though she is naturally busy with the work and responsibilities of her position, she has always cheerfully accepted, though it has meant many hours of extra work for herself. This year, for example, she chaperoned the rehearsals of the 1915 class play, which proceeded every afternoon and evening for over a month. She helped to prepare for the senior banquet and for the graduation. She has been the in-

timate friend and confidante of her girls—and her boys.

"I like girls," she said, and there was something in the way she said it that made it plain that she meant "I love girls."

"You like the boys, too, don't you?" we inquired, as the Japanese schoolboy used to say.

"Oh, yes, of course I do, but I love to help the girls. You see, they have so many problems. Especially difficult is it for the incoming freshman class every year. Their grade school ties have been broken and they find themselves suddenly in a vast building, with halls and rooms full of strange faces. All seems more or less confused to them."

"Even those pupils who have come with them from their several schools are more or less lost in the crowd. And they feel lonely and are apt to get discouraged. I shall make an effort to get into close personal touch with those girls without



any delay and to make them feel at home. Poor, lonely little things, they often have gone back to their grade school teachers for comfort during the first days and weeks of high school.

"Then there are a thousand little difficulties that come up in girls' lives when they need advisers and it has always been a pleasure to me to help them solve their problems—which are usually quite simple and easy for grown-ups."

"In some cities they have tried to bridge the gap between the grades and high schools by means of a 'junior' and 'senior' high school. In Chicago they are trying to keep the incoming students in groups, retaining those from each school together as much as possible when they enter the high school."

Tact, Sympathy and Hard Common Sense

"Just what qualities go to make up the ideal dean of girls is hard to say. Should she be a society woman in the best sense of that term who will be a model for the students? Should she be a learned woman who represents the best in higher education and ranks high in her chosen field? Must she be a woman with human sympathies who will 'win' her girls? Must she be an administrator? Should she be a 'dragon,' a policewoman?"

"I should answer decidedly no to the latter two. Undoubtedly she should be a woman of tact and deep sympathy. These, I think are the two most important qualities. Tact and sympathy with good, hard 'common sense' will do more for girls than anything else I know of."

"Jollity and good comradeship go far with girls. But they must be judiciously leavened with firmness. A dean of women or girls should know each girl personally and by name and should have, also, the ability to draw out those that are abnormally self-centered or backward as well as to tone down those that may be too 'forward.'"

"There was once a member of a board of trustees of a certain college who, in casting about for a dean of women, stated that he wanted 'a woman of the type of Mary Lyon, Emma Willard and Alice Freeman Palmer.' He didn't want much, did he?"

"Girls are critical and they are quick to detect artificiality on the part of a teacher. Naturalness is here, as elsewhere, a golden quality."

"I do, indeed, look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the duties of the position."

Miss Jessie M. Towne, "dean of girls," did not comment on the fact that it looked like rain, which would seem to indicate that she is a practical young woman who doesn't waste words.

She has plenty of ideas on live subjects. She has opinions, but doesn't force them on people, expressing her ideas decidedly and concisely, but with the pleasing effect that she believes your own opinions may be just as good, or even better.

It's all right, oh, trembling freshmen and wise sophomores and dignified juniors and worshipful seniors. It's all right, girls.

Ask Miss Towne.

A Sensitive Soul

A minister must be very careful in choosing his words if he is to give no offense to any of his flock.

In a certain congregation there was a dear old lady who loved flowers and who had a beautiful garden. Each Sunday it was her bouquet that adorned the pulpit. She was especially fond of sweetpeas, and she once brought them for several Sundays in succession. Suddenly other flowers appeared. The minister noticed the change and after the service asked the old lady why she brought no more sweetpeas.

She smiled sadly and answered: "You don't like them. Last Sunday you pointed right at my sweetpeas and said, 'God loves even the meanest flower that grows.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gutzon Borglum's Fine Life Mask of Bryan

What the Lines on His Face and Hands Indicate to Those Who Study Them

A FEW DAYS before William Jennings Bryan tendered his resignation as secretary of state in President Wilson's cabinet he submitted to having a plaster mask of his face and a cast of his hand made by Gutzon Borglum, the well known sculptor and artist, presumably for later use in connection with the modeling of a bust or statue. Gutzon Borglum is well known in Omaha as a member of the Borglum family, who made their home here for many years, some of whom still reside here. Gutzon Borglum, himself, was a visitor to Omaha last year, delivering an address upon progress of American art at one of the Commercial club luncheons at which he was the honor guest. Mr. Borglum has briefly analyzed in his own words the features and traits disclosed by the Bryan life mask, and the cast of the Bryan hand has also been read by a palmist who has attempted to draw conclusions from its lines.



THE BRYAN FACE

By Gutzon Borglum

MR. BRYAN possesses one of the most dramatic faces in American life. As revealed by the cast, it is one of exceeding strength and determination. Ambition, however, is not the word with which to describe its traits. It is a face remarkably mature. Lincoln's countenance was old in some features, but in other respects it was immature. Mr. Bryan's eyes, and especially his mouth, are finely mature. For twenty years he has been one of the great American orators, so that his mouth, which has uttered millions of phrases, has been shaped into a beautiful maturity. His face is that of a consummate artist.

THE BRYAN HAND

(Analyzed by a palmist unaware that it was Bryan's.)

AS A WHOLE, the hand denotes great emotional qualities, executive ability and utter freedom of expression. The width of the waist of the thumb indicates complete lack of tact, and the idealistic effect of the index finger is damaged by the inward slope of the top joint—which means commercialism.

The distance between the index finger and the second finger is indicative of independence of thought; independence of action is denoted by the distance between the third and fourth fingers.

The distance between the heart-line (which runs from the outside of the palm up under the second finger) and the headline (which runs directly below and parallel to the heart line) bespeaks a thorough broad-mindedness, with a leaning toward mysticism.

The Mount of Luna (extending on the outside of the palm from below the heart-line to the wrist) is over-developed, and is a mark of an exaggerated imagination.

The slight taper at the end of the thumb denotes refinement. The first phalanx of the thumb indicates a vigorous will; the second, sound logic, and the third strong affections.

The peaks in the middle of the first phalanges of the fingers indicate genius, but the absence of squares between the bases of the finger marks the owner as one who is easily carried away by his own eloquence—one who forges ahead without fully analyzing things.

Finally, the little breaks and lumps in the heart-line denote poignant disappointments.