

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

School Teachers Building Up Characters in Children as Well as Instructing Them in Grammar, Arithmetic, Etc.—Moral Nobility Must Have Attention.

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

What can be done to a boy in order to make a man of him and to a girl in order to make of her a woman? That is the most serious question that we have to face, for every young child who is born into the world depends on the quality of the parents in the home and the teachers in the school, the superintendent of schools, the Board of Education, and the state commissioner of education.

Does the character of the product warrant the belief that those to whom the problem is committed have any adequate sense of its supreme importance, and that it depends mostly upon them to determine what the social, moral and political condition of the state and the country shall be during the coming half century? I doubt it. The evidence of it is not apparent.



been stated is accepted by teachers as being true, one aspect of school discipline will be more heavily emphasized by them than seems at present to be the case. What we have a right to expect from our public schools is that they shall be the producers of personal efficiency and contribute to the building up of character capable of sane, practical and beneficent effects, that is to say young manhood and young womanhood in the best sense of the term.

Now it should be understood and practiced upon, all the way down from the state commissioner of education to the humblest teacher in the primary department, that solid personal efficiency is a composite thing, made up of trained intellect and cultivated integrity. Reading, writing and arithmetic, with geography and grammar added, are absolutely incompetent to yield the kind of product that we have a right to expect as return from the state's large amount of financial outlay. Complete manhood and womanhood cannot be constructed of that sort of material.

The studies just named, if properly taught, may help make a pupil intellectually bright. But that product, taken by itself, never has and never can secure that personal stability and that firm and masterful grasp upon life's problems essential to success in the best meaning of that word and essential to the well being of society. It does not appear that that fact, in all its critical import, is recognized by those whose official position in the department of education makes them responsible for getting the best results out of school training.

If boy, on graduating from school, shows himself competent in the studies he has pursued, it does not seem to be felt that the school has been at all a failure, even if he be sorely deficient in those qualities of heart and those graces of conduct without which he is bound to prove himself a public curse instead of a public blessing.

The Board of Education is probably not indifferent to matters of moral character, and its members are presumably moral themselves. Those to whom pertains the delicate responsibility of electing teachers are unquestionably pleased to have the boys good boys and the girls good girls, but in making their appointments, what proportion of the emphasis is laid upon a candidate's ability to teach the studies laid down in the curriculum and what proportion of it is laid upon the candidate's capacity for working at the foundation of manhood and womanhood and developing into fullness of growth those latent energies that shall make the boy and the girl strong for the battle of life—and heroic for the encounter with the world's forces of evil? Mental discipline, unaccompanied and unsupported by moral nobility, only makes increased capacity for mischief.

Furs--For Early Fall .: Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



Furs, already worn all summer, are to be the fashionable craze in the early autumn and the new models are already out. Some of them are shown here. The styles will quickly call for more than the summer neckpiece. The new models may be made in relatively inexpensive, as well as costly varieties. The first model at the left is an unusually clever walking coat of two contrasting fur materials.

The beauty of line is revealed in a most appealing manner in the second model, in the center, a long coat of Alaska seal which reaches quite to the bottom of the skirt. The quaint little sloping collar of ermine has given to it the name, "Pricilla," and there are cuffs of the same fur as unusual in shape as the collar. This model may be copied in Hudson seal with beaver, and in seal with skunk.

There is youth in every line of this third model, at the right, a jaunty little jacket with a saucy flare in the back and an implied ripple at the bottom. It is just the garment for the young girl. In the original model moleskin has been banded in beaver, but it may be copied in seal and the dreadnought kimmer, seal and beaver, or seal and skunk, or cheaper materials of similar contrasting effects.

The Parade of Faces

Each is the Mirror of the Mind—Study Your Own.

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Do you ever study the faces in public conveyances—trolleys, stages, railroad trains, omnibuses?

It is interesting and instructive. Each face is a diary of the thoughts, ambitions, habits and diet of an individual.

And how few attractive faces are found after the owners have passed 40, 50 or 60 at latest. Not one in 100. That is because so few people think, hope, live and eat on a proper and wholesome basis.

Wrong methods do not betray themselves often until after early youth passes.

Youth is a beauty mask which life lends to each of us at birth. At 30 we are obliged to return it to its owner and walk forth with the face of our own making.

The mouths of children almost invariably turn up at the corners. Occasionally the mouth of a young girl or youth keeps this fascinating dart.

It is rarely found on the middle-aged. Not because time causes a change—time is powerless to do more than make nature what God has bestowed. It is the work of our minds, this transformation of features at middle age.

It is the drooping, dependent thought which curves the mouth down at the corners, not the flight of time.

Were I a man, I should study well the shape of the mouth before I asked its kiss at the altar. I should wed the up-curved mouth, and then I should make it the business of my life to keep its corners curled upward afterward.

It is a curious and overwhelming thing, this study of faces. I looked at a man the other day in a public conveyance. He was well dressed, middle-aged and busy reading his paper. I said to myself: "You are no doubt a husband and father, on your way home after business."

"I wonder what you represent to that home? Are you a mere money-making machine during the day and a combination of nerves and whims and notions and tempers at home? Do you carry depression and worry and nervousness into your home, or love, light, mirth and good cheer?"

Then I look at a well-groomed, attractive woman hanging on a strap (the man was sitting), and I queried: "What do you represent to the home where you belong—love, peace, repose, order, kindness, sympathy and patience, or hysteria, petulance, extravagance, frivolity and jealousy? Have you any realization of all you may do or can mean to your family or to the world?"

Each human being is like an engine rushing down life's track.

It depends upon its driver—the will—whether it goes on its way crushing and destroying and maiming, and ends in a ruin, or whether it glides straight and harmlessly to its goal, a vehicle for good thoughts, purposes and deeds.

After you have finished reading this article, go to your mirror and study your face. If you have any old photographs taken in earlier days, compare your reflection with them. Find out what your mind is doing with your features. For it is not time, trouble or sorrow that is changing you—it is your own mind.

Christ's face is sorrowful yet beautiful and illuminated, because He radiated love from within.

Each one of us carries an aura, a reflection of our deepest and most permanent thoughts. All who come near us feel its influence—for better or for worse, for cheer or despondency.

To the very spiritual, the clear-seeing souls, it is visible, oft-times. Those who cultivate love thoughts and broad sympathies and wide charity and high hopes carry an aura of light and radiance and worth which is an inspiration to all who come near them.

Do you? Ask yourself that as you study your face in the mirror.

Do You Know That

At each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air.

In places the thickness of a whale's skin is two feet.

Aspen leaves were once considered a great remedy for ague.

Originally the floors of churches were of clay, beaten hard.

Biscuit comes from the Latin words "bis cotus," twice cooked.

FREE ADVICE TO SICK WOMEN

Thousands Have Been Helped By Common Sense Suggestions.

Women suffering from any form of female ills are invited to communicate promptly with the woman's private correspondence department of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established a confidential correspondence which has extended over many years and which has never been broken. Never have they published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which they have to draw from, it is more than possible that they possess the very knowledge needed in your case. Nothing is asked in return except your good will, and their advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass.

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock. She is taken by a doctor, a friend, and the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is nursed in a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just returned from the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted power-woman, but is able to win over the latter and attract Freddie, the ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of a ticket that Stilliter has, which entitles Celestia, who has been trained to think of heaven. The first place they send her to is a mining town, where she meets her old friend, Tommy. She goes there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he spurns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by convincing the miners that they are being deceived through her jealousy. Kebr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mrs. Gundorf bribes Mr. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder is averted.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

"Far from here!"

"Dunno."

"But you must know in a general way?"

Freddie shook his head.

"Look at me, Freddie! You do now."

But the ferret's spine stiffened. And he met Tommy's eyes without flinching. He, too, had his standards of right and wrong. Let the evil doer suffer!

"I know," he said, "but I don't tell."

"But, good God, Freddie—a blind man—in this wilderness—"

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



The most Impassioned Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

"Can go to hell," said Freddie.

"Now, look here—"

"What are you two talking about?"

The man and the boy wheeled toward Celestia as suddenly and with as much wonder as if she had pointed a gun and shot at them. She had spoken in her natural voice. She spoke again.

"Stilliter?"

"Yes, Celestia; we were speaking of him. He is in awful trouble."

"He was in awful trouble," her voice was sweet and gentle, but very serious.

"He's been trying to get me to help him, but Freddie wouldn't let me go, and he couldn't make me understand just where he was. The fire was after him. He couldn't see, and he got hurt trying to get away from the fire. But it chased him and chased him, until he fell into a lake and drowned."

Her words carried an astounding weight of conviction. She felt the horror of her knowledge, and she had suffered while her enemy suffered, and yet she was so sure that Stilliter's departure had left the world a little better off.

"We'll have a look for him, when we've had a bite to eat," said Tommy. "I'm all in, at the moment. Freddie, run down the trail till you come to a big square basket, and bring it back here, will you?"

"What are we all doing here, anyway?"

Tommy told her. It was quite a long story. It was hard to make her understand at first, but it grew easier and easier. It was as if she was rapidly conceiving from that sickness of mind into which Prof. Stilliter's dark powers had thrown her. Freddie came with the basket, and he and Celestia ate ravenously, and Tommy less ravenously, because he had already broken his fast, and because it was so wonderful to be telling Celestia all about what had been happening and to have her understand.

"And that's the door of the cave where you say I was brought up?"

"Where you were brought up, Celestia—upon my word of honor."

She shook her head, but without conviction.

"I want to see," she said.

But Tommy leaped to his feet.

"You're the rascal that stole my clothes," he cried.

Old Man Smellgood grinned from ear to ear.

"Well, I'll forgive you," said Tommy, "and give you money if you'll find Prof. Stilliter."

The Indian shook his head and said, "No good."

"He's got a lot of money on him, and he'll give you some if you find him and he's still alive."

"Dead?"

"Maybe." And Tommy told briefly what had happened and what Celestia believed had happened. The Indian set off at a great pace toward the column of smoke which marked where the fire had been checked by the lake.

Then Celestia and the two others lighted candles and went into the cave. They went in silence from cavern to cavern. Here the electric plant still looked in good running order. Here a man might hide and pretend to be a voice. They did not explore the whole extent of the great subterranean; only enough to prove that someone had lived there for many years in a state of pseudo magnificence, something like the settings of an expensive Broadway production.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

By All Means.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am an American girl and well educated. I have been for the last two years deeply in love with an Italian clergyman of my own religion. He, I believe, sincerely reciprocates my love and is now asking to marry me. I do not see any obstacle but the difference in nationality, which, I think, would be insignificant. Please give me your opinion.

UNIVERSITY.

The difference in nationality does not count. You are both members of the same church. Since you are congenial and love each other there is no barrier to your marriage, which promises happiness.

He is Selfish.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly inform me of your opinion of a young man who insists that the young girl to whom he is about to become engaged shall not dance with anyone, even relatives or friends, no matter whether at a home party or

Changing Styles in Women

No Matter What Their Altered Work Is, Their Hearts Remain True Gold.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Said the cynic to me:

"Women aren't anything like what they used to be when my mother was a girl. They aren't sweet and womanly any more. They seem to be about half-way between men and their old selves. And I don't like 'em."

Said I to the cynic:

"My dear man, if women today hadn't moved ahead with the world in the forty years since your mother was a girl, life would be a very difficult thing for the man of today who isn't anything like the youth your father was when he was a boy!"

The woman of today is a product of our time. She is a little restless and uncertain of herself, but so is the world in which she lives.

Our mothers were compelled to do all the odd jobs which factories and canneries and various manufacturing concerns have taken out of her hands today. The spinning and weaving, and baking and canning, and preserving which occupied the women of olden times are taken care of on a large scale today by efficient and almost humanly intelligent machines. And woman finds herself turned loose with most of her occupation gone. She simply has to find herself new jobs to take the place of the old ones. And she does not fail to search for them.

It is this very search of something to do that makes woman seem so restless. She has gone down into the shop and factory and office and made a place for herself there along with the efficient machinery that calls her out from her home. Externally, she looks very different, but—

But woman through all the ages remains essentially the same, since fundamentally and biologically she has not really changed. If circumstances force her to alter her method and manner of living, if economic conditions sweep her out into the world and make her fight men for place there, if necessity compels her to fight like a man and with a man's weapons—none of these things makes woman feel like a man.

The most successful business woman in the world retains her longing for home. And in this longing for home lies the fundamental of woman's nature. It means a place in which she will be protected from the stress of living. It means a place where she can make comfort for those who love her, and, above all, to be perfect, it means a husband and children.

The woman of today does not sit at home and mope and die of unreciprocated affection like the poor little classic heroine of "How Ima Loved the King." Instead of that she looks life in the face, finds what she can have and does her best to be contented therewith, or at least to make the most of a half portion of happiness, if that is all she can have.

In my acquaintance there are vast numbers of "working women"—from the little shop girl who gets \$1 a week to the

Household Hints

For grit in the eye, apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves the irritation.

To prevent bluing from streaking clothes, mix one desartspoonful of soda in the bluing water.

White kid gloves can be dyed tan by dipping them in saffron water until the desired shade is obtained.

To stiffen hair brushes after washing dip them in a mixture of equal parts of water and milk and then dry before the fire.

Add a little ammonia to the water in which you wash your silver and glassware. It brightens both of them wonderfully.

10¢ TOILET & BATH

KIRK'S JAPANESE SOAP.

FRAGRANCE OF FRESH ROSE