

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How Intra-Mural School Saves Prisoners

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A former Washington lawyer and business man was convicted of embezzlement of funds of which he was secretary-treasurer. He was sentenced to twenty years in the Maryland penitentiary and began his term in December, 1913.



As soon as he entered the penitentiary he became interested in the Intra-Mural school just started and in a short time was made superintendent. Recently the Baltimore grand jury made an inspection of the penitentiary, and his work became a subject of special inquiry. The school system was considered so unusual and had achieved such remarkable results that the prison rule was broken and permission given him to publish under his own name the article herewith describing the school and its effect.

When one wishes to get the trend of another's mind he watches his unguarded utterances. It is through language that "prisoned thoughts are released." He who said "language was invented to conceal thought" must have been a diplomat.

The men who are groping for mental light in the Intra-Mural school are too little acquainted with world subtlety to fall into the insinuations of diplomacy. The work of the men in the school for illiterates at the Maryland penitentiary has elicited editorial commendation. Trained educators concede astonishing results. Evidences of progress, as exhibited in penmanship specimens and general written and oral declarations, have lured the mentally cleft to its seasons.

But those qualities which make for good citizenship may not develop correspondingly. Has the school touched the deepening of the men's spiritual nature? If so, its influence should be observable in speech not directly related to assigned lessons, and in conduct inspired by logical thought. Are these men through this school's influence making a successful effort to fit themselves to enjoy those blessings organized society offers all her devotees?

Remember, many of them have never had a chance. They are in-prison because they didn't think—they didn't know how to think. Improbable, not stupid, has dictated physical action. They have never before been governed by thought standards—just emotion standards.

Out of eighty new men—total illiterates—brought into the class room last September, citizens of Maryland, not one could say whether George Washington was an American or a steamboat.

Think of 150 in a room, between 20 and 60 years of age, sprung from one of the most imaginative races, who had never heard of "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella" or "Alladin." And when they were told the story of "Jack" and "Alladin" the first president's life was sketched they vied with one another for days outside the school in repeating the fancied and historical incidents presented.

Think of the possibilities of a school in which a 30-year-old man defined "poetry" as "chickens" the first night he entered and smiled in bewilderment when shown his own name written—sending a well-learned letter home in three months carrying this thought:

"Every line I write you tonight is a stroke from my heart!"

For 100 years the prison had been maintained solely as a place of punishment. No attempt was made to improve the inmates. The first-timers came back in numbers. They had seen no virtue in dominating man or system. Punishment narrow. Expansion of views had been checked. The futility of warring against system comes only with the appreciation that "the stars themselves obey a law."

One hundred and ninety are nightly in the big school room, with only one officer present. There has never been a disturbance—no unnecessary commotion. Only the hum of earnest workers—each class unaffected by the recitations of its neighbor. Encouragement, kindness maintain where once physical and spiritual suppression were monitors.

The teacher, with twenty years of prison monotony hanging over his head, spends half an hour daily communing with a tree. It is many city blocks away and visible only to the raised eye from a certain spot in the prison yard. All about him are wells and towers and barred windows. Beyond is the heart of the city, but to him the city is only a mass of ugly roofs as far as the vision extends.

Just this tree towering to heaven and spreading its branches to the four winds breaks the wearying view. It stands upon

Cocoon Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, the less soap you use the better.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulified cocoon oil (which is pure and entire greaseless), is much better than soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly and leaves it fine and silky, bright, glossy and easy to manage.

You can get mulified cocoon oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Advertisement.

an eminence, certainly, for among monuments of masonry it alone is distinct in form and height.

In winter it is like a desolate giant. In the fullness of summer its summit and branches are covered with a vast crown of leaves. It seems the growth of centuries. Storms have failed to make it bow-age has brought greater strength. It is more wonderful to him than the old "Dolly Barber," the legend tree of his home town, which civil engineers accepted for generations as the hub of local surveys.

He had hidden in the great hollow of that tree, from whence, the folk talk goes, the beautiful Dolly and her lover, on elopement bent, watched the irate father dash by, they then doubling on their course and outwitting him.

The tree beyond the walls furnished food for penitive thought. Is it oak or giant maple? Does it grace a rich man's garden, or is it a public tree? It engrosses his interest. It represents to him the great world of venture where nature speaks with a thousand tongues.

In midsummer he wonders whether tree crickets are among its branches, and, if so, what story their loud calls interpreted would tell. Does the tree cove with his long tall and curved bill, find it as secure a retreat from the sun as he from the hot prison yard has reason to believe it to be? The mere toad, with his adhesive toes, he thinks is more fortunate than he. Nature has fitted him to climb from ground to summit and investigate. He recalls that some tree toads, like chameleons, change color to elude enemies, and he speculates as to this species flourishing there.

This prison teacher, whose name is J. B. Miller, says of his work:

"No one who has known from the inside the past and present of the penitentiary but marvels at the temperamental change the school has effected. There is hope in every man's breast and preparations are going on to realize it. Abraham Lincoln's ambitious announcement on one of the blackboards has impressed all:

"I will study and get ready—and maybe my chance will come." Thank God for hope! The clouds in the sky never seem scudding to the sunset now. It is always—just before the dawn!"

"The strangest school in the world" they call it. Perhaps it is. Polak, Greek, Spaniard, negro and white American—shoulder to shoulder, youth and old age—staring nightly with wonder's wide eyes at the unfolding of this new influence-education!

Two years ago over 30 per cent of the prison population—more than 200 men—were total illiterates. The only illiterates today are the few recent arrivals on the waiting list.

When a man gropes for his soul he is on the path leading to decent citizenship. Initiative will help him to find it—the initiative inspired by interest and endeavor.

If in eighteen months men have been brought from absolute ignorance to the intelligent application of the principles of arithmetic, writing and credible composition of letters and an interest in geography and history that indicates continuous delving, it is a safe conclusion that the school is exerting an influence that tends toward future stability.

Five thousand library books are now in active circulation through the prison! Intra-mural advancement does not cease with the nightly suspension of lessons.

What of the teachers in this school within the walls? Hope is leading them upward and on. Listen! Opportunity speaks:

"They do me wrong who say I come no more. When once I knock and fail to find you in For every day I stand outside your door. And bid you wake, and rise and fight and win!"

Do You Know That

Most spiders have poison fangs, but few are dangerous to human beings.

A sheet of paper 2,000 feet long and six feet three inches wide was made at Colyton, Devon, in 1860.

Monaco possesses the smallest army in the world. It consists of seventy-five guards, seventy-five carabinieri and twenty firemen.

The tide of the Bay of Fundy is the most remarkable in the world. It rises at the rate of a foot every five minutes, the water sometimes attaining the height of seventy-five feet.

Polynesian mothers mould and flatten the noses of their daughters, and think that the long, thin noses of English women are the result of being pulled out in infancy.

The brain is divided into two parts. If you are right-handed you think with the left side of your brain, while if you are left-handed you think with the right side of it.

Nearly every spectator at a Spanish bull fight carries a whistle, which he blows if he considers a torador to have broken any of the rules of the "game."

So powerful are the vibrations caused by the explosion of a twelve-inch gun that they are sufficient to shatter windows at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

Microbes are never found on gold coins, while paper money is an ideal home for them. The reason is that gold acts as a bactericide.

A curious butterfly exists in India. The male has the left wing yellow and the right one red; the female has these colors reversed.

It has been established that the duke of Wellington at Waterloo never uttered the famous words, "Up, guards, and at them!"

Lloyd's derives its name from a man who kept a coffee house in which merchants used to congregate 200 years ago.

His First Glimpse of the Sea!

By NELL BRINKLEY
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Cavemen of Our Modern Age

By GARRETT P. SEHVISS.

The art of architecture in stone, the most glorious achievement of the building instinct in man, had its origin among the prehistoric cave dwellers. The germ of the magnificent Parthenon and the other Greek temples, and of the great Gothic cathedrals, "the stone bible" of the middle ages, was nourished by the human contemporaries of the saber-toothed tiger and the cave bear.

As the caverns in the rocks were his first homes and refuges, so the dwellings of the prehistoric cave dwellers, with their distinguishing features of those natural shelters, and the material of which they were composed, impressed themselves upon man's mind, and when he began to construct more elaborate dwelling places for himself he imitated and reproduced the things that he had been accustomed to from the childhood of his race.

The dim ancestral memory of the rocky homes in which his remotest predecessors dwelt leads civilized man today to prefer stone to any other kind of building material. It is not merely that he knows stone to be more enduring, but he feels that no other material is equally suitable in texture, plasticity and appearance.

Looked at in this way, the cave dwellings, ancient and modern, with which the earth is dotted over a belt that, as J. Walker Kawkes has shown, extends from China, across India, Asia Minor and Arabia, the Mediterranean basin, the Canary Islands, the West Indies, Mexico and North and South America possess a fascinating interest. Man has never given up the habit of living in caves. He has not been content with the caverns furnished by nature, but has both enlarged and improved them, and constructed other with his own hands.

Cappadocia, in Asia Minor, for instance, has always been a land of troglodytes, or cave dwellers. A recent traveler in that part of the world says that near Urub, over an area some fifty miles long by forty wide, the cliffs and rocks are riddled with strongholds and villages which swarm with people living of choice in the old way.

In Urub itself the traveler found that the town consisted largely of mere house fronts, which are no more than masks of masonry covering rooms hewed out of the solid rock of the cliff behind. When he entered the little rock-hewn apartment, about nine feet square, in which he was to pass the night, he found a mysterious door in the rear wall, and, opening it, heard voices and the clank of chains, and his imagination began to make a fearful picture of what might exist in the hidden labyrinth beyond, so that he passed the night heartened by the thought that he had his face toward the inner door.

The cliffs are honeycombed with rooms, stables, managers and chapels, and some of the latter have paintings on the walls, recalling the artistic efforts of the prehistoric inhabitants of the caverns of the Pyrenees, who likewise endeavored to represent the life of their times, as when, as the most recent discoveries show, something of its mythology and perhaps of its religious ideas.

There are other cave habitations in Cappadocia beside those visited by the traveler just mentioned, which exceed in strangeness anything that he describes. These are known to archaeologists as "cone dwellings," and are very curious in that they resemble recent discoveries in New Mexico. The "cones" are huge masses of soft tuffaceous rock, which has been shaped by erosion into the form of gigantic beehives. The interiors of these have been artificially excavated to form rooms, superposed floors, stairways and passages, while doors and windows are bored through the sides. Mr. Fawkes thus described one of the Cappadocian cone dwellings:

"On entering we find ourselves in a spacious chamber with shelves or niches excavated in the solid stone of the walls. The stairways resemble round tunnels, through which one ascends to an upper story through holes like those lateral openings by which one enters a room. The floors separate the upper from the lower stories were usually thick enough to hold the weight that might rest upon them, but occasionally these floors have given away and fallen to the floor below, thus enlarging both rooms and forming a lofty chamber. In one instance nine stories were counted, but generally there are one, two or four stories, the position appearing on the outside as small windows or peep holes."

A Real Flesh Builder For Thin People

WHO WOULD INCREASE WEIGHT? Thin men and women who would like to increase their weight with 10 lbs. or more, eating a little Barger's will tell you that it is a good test worth trying. First weigh yourself and measure yourself. Then take Barger's one tablet with every meal again. It isn't a question of how you look or feel or what your friends say, but of the weight increase of from five to eight pounds with continued gains under Barger's treatment. Barger does not of itself make fat, but mingling with your food its purpose is to help the digestive organs turn the fats, sugars and starches of what you have eaten into rich, ripe, fat producing nourishment for the tissues and blood—prepare it in an easily assimilated form which the blood can readily accept. A great deal of this nourishment now passes from thin people's bodies as waste. Barger is designed to stop the waste and make the fat producing contents of the very same meals you are eating now develop pounds and pounds of rich, healthy flesh between your skin and bones. Barger is non-injurious, pleasant, efficient and inexpensive. Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Cor. 16th and Dodge Sts.; Opt Drug Co., Cor. 16th and Harvey Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, Cor. 24th and Franklin Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, Cor. North 16th St. and other leading druggists are authorized to sell it in large boxes—forty tablets to a package—a guarantee of weight increase or money back as found in every package.—Advertisement.



The gypsying inlander—used to waving fields of pale green and yellow grain (and often he wondered, watching it under the prairie wind, if the sea was not like that); used to tiny bodies of water like a drop of a jewel, a chip off the great gem; used to whispering trees and flower fields; used to the broad road instead of the tossing indigo water and its invisible trails; used to the blue mountain in-

stead of the lowering sea where the great swells run; used to the soft murmur of the clattering creek instead of the great voice that fills the world around the coast; used to the unending vistas of land instead of the abrupt white line of land's end and the blue terror that moves beyond at his boat's toe—the gypsying inlander saw the sea! And he wrote home and said: "It is lovelier than ever I thought—sure—sure!"—Nell Brinkley.

Possibility of Man Keeping Himself Young

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

Keeping young is a science, which means that perpetual youth is the product of certain definite and largely ascertainable causes. So many years have elapsed since the receipt of the Bible is: "Keep your body under." There is more in that than some seem able or disposed to find in it. The current disposition is to keep the body on top and make despot of that which ought to be slave and is meant to be. There is no frontier line between mind and body so hard and fast as to prevent the mind's exuberant fullness of life from infusing itself into the body and thus making a more vital thing of it and therefore a more long-lived thing. Life should be worked from a spiritual rather than from a physical end.

An old physician told me a while ago that it was by the exercise of his own personal influence upon his patients that he did more for them than by his pills and powders. He put his main work at the mind-center of his invalids and let it work out from there through lungs, stomach and liver. He was nominally an old-school doctor, but was not so the victim of tradition as not to realize that it is the immaterial side of a man—that we call mind or soul—that is primarily intended to be to him a center of authority and source of supply. All of which is good scripture, sound biology and good sense.

Which reminds me that it is in the region of the head and the heart that we need to put a lot of work if we are going to secure to the body that tone and fullness of life which means health, youthful freshness and longevity. If a person is well alive in the tone of his thoughts, in the flow of his feelings, in the strength of his impulses, in the wealth of his interests and in the warmth

of his devotions, these work in him a tide that will be likely to anticipate and preclude such physical tendencies as make for invalidism. If the body in certain ways ministers to the mind, the mind in vastly superior ways must be in condition to take care of and carry the body. Sickness is abnormal. Premature death is against nature. The vices which gnaw into the physical system and which precipitate death are due to the assumption that man is essentially an animal and only incidentally a soul. Comparatively few people take themselves at their true value. Their thoughts are rather upon the imminence of death than upon the prospect of life. Mortality is so present a thought with them as to hasten their own decay, for it discourages their entering into life in all the fullness of its meaning, and therefore makes them the easier victims of mortality.

There is sense in the expression we sometimes use when we say: "I am too busy to be sick." There is even finer sense in being able to say: "Life means so tremendously much to me that it seems to me I can never die; I am so immensely alive that death is a word that has no meaning for me." It is only upon experience of that kind that can be founded any sterling confidence in the doctrine of immortality.

The more it means to a man to live, the more power he has to believe that he always will live. The doctrine of perpetual youth easily prolongs itself into the doctrine of the endless life. There is more of that doctrine in printed confessions of faith than in practical experience. It is clearly evident why it should be so.

If the life we are living here is not realized as something immense, no impulse is given for conceiving of life's indefinite continuance. Indeed, if life as we have it today is fraught with so few fine fruitions as to be already burdensome, there is scarcely any thought more disheartening than that of supposing that it is going to go on stretching forth into an everlasting future. For life does not hold for us now and never can hold for us anything more than what we are fitted to find in it.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl of my age. Lately she has been acting queer, and as she does not want me to go to parties or dances without her she goes to parties and dances without telling me, and as I never asked her she does not know that I know that she is doing so.

The next time you know she is going to such a place, appear there yourself with another young lady. If your devotion has bored her, she will grow laborious when she finds you interested in another.

No. Dear Miss Fairfax: Would it be proper for a young lady to pay for a gentleman's meal at a summer resort when he is her guest? GENTLEMAN. It is most befitting to a man to have a girl pay for his meal if there is any money transaction. However, if a girl is a guest at a hotel and arranges in advance to have no bill presented to a man who takes a meal with her, but to have that charged on her bill, the man

has no reason to feel anything but pleased at her courtesy in entertaining him. Young Enough to Wait. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and in love with a girl of 18. I believe my love is returned. We are not engaged. Although we have no intention of marrying for at least three years, I feel downhearted because I've been out of employment for the last five months, and, although I try hard, I cannot place myself. My parents think a great deal of me. Do you think I ought to give the girl up while unemployed? I do not think it proper to ask the girl to wait for me to make good. My only prospect, in case I do not get a position soon, is that I am on a few civil service lists, and feel sure of an appointment before the year is up. DOWNHEARTED. You are a many young fellow who is surely going to win his way to success. In keeping with your frankness to me, have a talk with the parents of the girl you love. You are young enough to wait. Why not see each other once a week on a basis of friendship?

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

She is Tired of You. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl of my age. Lately she has been acting queer, and as she does not want me to go to parties or dances without her she goes to parties and dances without telling me, and as I never asked her she does not know that I know that she is doing so.

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