

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Many Children Unfitted for College Education

Parents Should Take Into Account Temperament and Ambition of Boys and Girls Before Spending Time and Money in an Effort to Make Them Scholars.

By DOROTHY DIX.

In a certain family of limited means there are a boy and a girl who have just graduated from high school. There is money enough to give one of the other of these young people a college education, and the parents are anxiously asking which one shall it be.



Shall John go to Harvard and Mary stay at home and wash dishes? Or shall Mary go to Vassar and John go to work? Of course, it is only within the last few years that such a problem could have vexed any family council. If there was money enough only to send one child to college, there would have been no arguing on the subject. The boy would have gotten it. But the world has come to see now that a woman has quite as much need of an education as a man has, and that a daughter is even quite as likely to have a career as a son is. Therefore, the question of sex must be eliminated in deciding the matter.

It seems to me that the answer to this conundrum of whether the boy or the girl shall be given the college education is very simple. It is to give the one who has the most definite ambition the education that will help him or her to best realize that ambition.

Also the child's temperament must be taken into consideration. There are plenty of children who have a head full of good, hard, horse sense, but who lack what we call book sense. They are hopelessly unlettered, and you can no more make scholars out of them than you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

One of the most pathetic things on earth is the sight we continually observe of parents in meager circumstances slaving themselves to death, and sacrificing every comfort, in order to send boys and girls through college who are constitutionally incapable of acquiring any education above the three R's.

All that these boys and girls ever bring home with them from college are a college yell, a sorority pin, swelled heads, and the habit of loafing. A tragic price has been paid for such junk, and it's a pity that parental affection prevents a man and woman from sitting down and coldly sifting the mental ability of their children before they make their heroic offering to the fetish of a college education.

There's John, bright of a new dollar, quick as they make them, capable and alert, the first to catch on to every new thing, but who never reads a book if he can help it, and whose only interest even

in the daily papers is in the comic literature. What is the use in sending him off to college? He's the kind of a boy that will get his education in the great school of life. He'll get his knowledge of mathematics from account books and ledgers. He'll get his philosophy from experience. In the end he'll know more than any college professor, but he'll get it through the sweat and toil of living, not from printed pages.

It is my firm belief that unless a boy is going to be a professional man it is a handicap, and not a help to him, to send him to college. The four or five years that come just after a boy has left high school are the formative ones of his life, and they should be put in on learning the rudiments of whatever business or trade he is going to follow. For proof of this, observe that 90 per cent of the successful merchants and business men you know went to work from the high school and had no college education.

As for girls, why should her parents sacrifice themselves to send Pluffy Rufles to college? One look at her peaches and cream complexion, and the way she rolls her eyes at men, shows that nature destined her to write Ma before her name instead of M. A. after it.

Of course a college education won't here, nor hinder her from making just as good a wife and mother as she would be without it, but nobody can deny that it will lessen her chances of matrimony. For men have not yet gotten to be altruistic enough to desire wives that know more than they do. Besides which a college course keeps a girl immersed within college walls during the very time when the dew is on the rosebud, and she is most attractive to the opposite sex.

On the other hand, if a boy is a scholar by nature and instinct, if from his childhood he has evinced a strong bent in the direction of any of the professions, his parents should move heaven and earth to give him the very best possible education that they can. There are men who are scientists in their very cradle; men who play at doctoring and surgery when they are nothing but kiddies; men who are painters, authors, actors from their youth up. These have a well defined ambition and their parents should help them realize it if they can.

And precisely the same may be said of girls. The studious and ambitious girl whose thoughts are centered on a career instead of beaux, and who is more interested in Browning than she is in the latest cut of skirt, has a right to a college education if her parents can possibly manage it.

If there is a choice between sending a bookworm girl and a base ball boy to college, give the girl the preference, because she will make the most out of her opportunities. That's the whole question in a nutshell, not what the college can give us, but what we can take from it, and as a matter of fact, we all do get just what education we can assimilate.

## Club Life in Flamingo Land

Queer Birds, Whose Tongues the Roman Epicures Greatly Prized



Flamingoes as they appear in their haunts in the Museum of Natural History. This group taken from an in the Bahamas.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If you want to look at one of nature's oddest freaks in animal life go to the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park West and ask to be shown the way to the "Flamingo Group." There, in a large recess, at the corner of two hallways, Mr. Frank M. Chapman has reproduced in the most realistic fashion a scene in the Bahamas islands which is so strange that you might imagine that it was a view encountered, somewhere in his wanderings by Sindbad the Sailor, but not a part of the wide-awake world.

It is a vast city of what, in spite of their outlandish form and attitudes, you recognize as birds, whose legs are like stilts, whose necks are like rubber siphons, whose beaks are like nothing in the world, and whose bodies flame with amazing color, a light vermilion, varied with harmonious tints. Away before you, apparently for a mile, the extraordinary red spectacle stretches, down to the edge of a bay, or lagoon, beyond which runs a long, curved coast, backed behind with nodding palms, and a mass of tropical vegetation, which, in the air a mile-long line of flamingoes in flight form a chain of great triangles traced against the sky, after the geometrical habit of those queer birds. The realism is astonishing. You have to search carefully before you can trace the shadowy lines where the modeled foreground, with its set figures, blends into the painted background, and produces an illusion of profound perspective, which ought to teach you never to believe your eyes unless their evidence is corroborated.

No doubt a flamingo does not seem to itself, or to its fellow creatures, to be a freak or a joke. It has a perfectly natural feeling. If it could see its enormous, scoop-shovel beak, its wire-drawn legs, its little, chunky, goose-like body, and its endless twist of a neck, in a looking-glass it would find nothing funny about them at all. It stands on its nest of dried mud, in shape like the stump of a tree, with the greatest gravity and patience, sometimes on one leg, sometimes on two, and sometimes unrolling its neck and letting its head down four or five feet, to give something to the baby, or to gobble something from the ground, with the top of its head turned downward, on account of the curious bend in the big beak, which looks as if its beak were broken.

By careful observation naturalists are usually able to discern the reasons why nature has given such extraordinary and fantastic forms to some of its creatures; but they can never drive away the impression that it has been, in many cases, a rule-of-thumb worker, trying experiments often in a very eccentric way.

### Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

No Harm.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I recently escorted a young lady to a dance, and during the early part of the evening I invited her to have something to drink. She ordered some lemonade, while I ordered beer. After the waiter had served us she politely informed me that she did not care to sit with anyone who would order an intoxicating drink in her presence. You think this was entirely too personal, as I am a very moderate drinker and failed to see where she could be offended if no offense was intended? I wish you would decide this for us.

SOBRIETY.

You did nothing discourteous in ordering a single glass of beer. However, I hope she voiced her objections very gently and quietly—since it is always very bad taste to reprove a friend publicly. Evidently the girl has splendid principles, but is a little over-sensitive about imposing them on others. Neither one of you has cause for a quarrel.

## The Disagreeable Third Party

Women's Ingenuity in Devising Ways to Be That Kind of a Third Part is Infinite

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The woman who is the faithful and tried friend is worthy of respect and praise, but the woman who can be the third party is worthy of still greater admiration, since the successful third party must be also the good friend.

The most sublime devotion of friendship brings its own reward, but the sacrifice and forbearance of the successful third party are seemingly without recompense. Yet their omission is the source of unlimited misery and trouble.

But the qualities make the woman friend seem inadequate to meet the exigencies of the third party's position.

The woman who loves to talk and the woman who loves to listen find each other's society enjoyable year after year. Let the talkative woman's friend appear upon the scene, however, and we find the usually good listener distrust in manner and bored in expression. Or let the listener introduce her friend, and the talkative woman becomes straightway dull and silent.

The ingenuity of woman in devising ways in which to be the disagreeable third party is infinite.

The woman of the sweetest nature and the sweetest disposition whom you have found unvarying in her amiability will suddenly develop the quills of a porcupine at the introduction of a friend whom you have long desired her to meet. You have described her as the essence of amiability and she reveals herself a monument of aggressiveness or frigidity.

Again, the friend who has ever been the incarnation of cheerfulness and good sense and whose quick responsive nature has been your delight, develops an obtrusive humility when she is called upon to play the third party. She makes herself conspicuous by her absence from accustomed places, and obliges you to send for her and in reply to your question says: "Oh, I felt I would be in the way. You did not need me, I would be

de trop," meaning you and your friend inexpressibly uncomfortable.

The woman who has always seemed to view the world through rose-colored spectacles and whose mantle of charity has been large enough to cover the sins of a multitude, will become the severest and most relentless of critics when she attempts to be the third person. She will call your attention to flaws in the appearance and manners of your friends, which you had never previously observed, and she will unearth hidden faults of character or disposition never before noticed by you.

Sometimes she does this openly and with an attempt at concealing her critical spirit.

Again she will sugar-coat her remarks, leaving the impression at first that she has complimented your friend, until a later analysis of her words undecives you.

"What a very pretty smile your friend has!" she will say. "I never saw a woman with such ugly teeth whose smile was so agreeable." Or: "What a very fine appearance she makes for such a sincerely person! After all, I think such people get along quite as well and received as much admiration as those who take more pride in being neat and orderly."

Of course, you are never able to think of your friend again save as slovenly and the possessor of ugly teeth—two points which had previously escaped your observation.

Then there is the woman who has always found ready to anticipate your slightest wish and thought, who alone with her, who becomes seriously obtuse in the role of third party.

She never thinks to leave you alone with the newcomer now and then, who may have sorrows or joys to confide in you alone, and you dare not suggest this to her lest she imagine you mean to talk about her or that you are shutting her from your confidence.

And if you talk to her about your friend she listens with a distrust, uninterested expression, which tells you plainly, than words that she would prefer some other topic of conversation.

In this kaleidoscopic life of constant-surprising changes the friendship which demands a monopoly is of practically little use. It is the friendship which will bear the occasional strain of intrusion, and which proves itself elastic enough to cover the position of third party without becoming threadbare, which we need.

## Last Night

By ANN LISLE.

Last night, far from the throbbing town,  
I watched the darkness streaming down,  
A mantle for the tired day;  
So all my work I laid away  
And watched know darkness soothe the light—  
Last night.

Last night up in the city hold,  
They dressed the dark in robes of gold,  
In silver dark I dreamed of you;  
Did your heart hold a vision, too?  
Which dwelt in darkness—which in light—  
Last night?

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