

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Golden Rule Works in Sing Sing

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Warden Osborne says: "The best preparation for liberty is liberty."

Every good citizen in New York, men and women, should uphold Governor Whitman in his desire to reform the prison system.

Strong men succeed through utilizing the service of other men.

The measure of a man is shown in his ability to select the right men and to trust them.

Governor Whitman in selecting Thomas M. Osborne as warden of the largest prison is supposed to handle the most difficult of prisoners—has done wisely and well.

Warden Osborne is working out an experiment great and far-reaching, excellent beyond words to express.



When you can get so-called criminals to adopt the golden rule as a working policy you have made a big stride to the front.

Some one asked George Bernard Shaw if he believed in the golden rule, and he said he didn't know, for it has never been tried.

The old-time prison keeper in the course of years got arteriosclerosis of the ego, and his heart became a petrification.

He knew nothing but the law of force. Cruelty was his plaything, violence his indoor sport. The prisoner had no appeal.

Beatings, hanging up by the hands, the dark cell, bread and water—sometimes no water—were all at the whim and notion of these officials beast in human form.

The keeper was accountable to no one. All this now has been changed. The officers in Sing Sing I noticed were young men, kindly, courteous, intelligent, in sympathy with the management.

They themselves were interested in carrying out the golden rule. And when you can get a prison keeper to practice the golden rule you have done far more than when you convert a prisoner, for in degree you have made the golden rule a state policy. They cooperate with the inmates. Practically the keepers here are teachers.

Warden Osborne gives his prisoners unlimited use of the United States mail. Until very recent times the inmates in Sing Sing were allowed to write only one letter a month.

After five years in prison, if there were no black marks against you, you were allowed to write one letter a week.

Needless to say, a man in prison who is only allowed to write one letter a month has lost all of his friends outside of five years, and there is no one to

write to. He is dead to the world.

If the intent of the old prison system had been to render a man absolutely unfit for a useful life as a citizen it could not have done better.

It stabbed the soul of the man, and he became a helpless walking mummy.

Any prisoner in Sing Sing who transgresses the rules is tried by a court composed of his peers.

Prisoners apprehend him, prisoners try him, prisoners find him guilty, if such is the case.

He then has the privilege of appealing to a court of which the warden is chairman. But thus far every sentence of the court, made up of inmates, has been affirmed by the warden with but one exception.

The men in prison seem to have a better sense of justice on the whole than the men who are out. One thing they have time to consider, a case from every standpoint.

A single prisoner exalted to a position of power might be tyrannical, but a jury made up of prisoners is always lenient.

Yet these men realize that their happiness turns on making life tolerable for the warden and his immediate assistants; that if they make life difficult for the people the state has placed over them they, in turn, will suffer.

The inmates are more interested in making the honor system a success than is the outside world. These prisoners have more at stake than Warden Osborne has, and they cooperate with him in every possible way.

The intelligence and influence among the inmates is focused on making the dreams of Warden Osborne come true, this just as a matter of self-respect.

They realize that they are trying out an experiment which is being watched by every warden in the United States.

So far the honor system at Sing Sing is a success.

That a revolution may possibly occur and wipe it out is possible, but not probable.

A revolution may come to New York City, and howling mobs may run through the streets and sack the stores and destroy property, but we do not expect it.

Nevertheless, while there are a few people in New York City who deliberately stir themselves, "ready for the revolution," they are in a very small minority and do not have the respect of intelligent citizenship.

It is exactly the same in the city of Sing Sing, which is presided over by a mayor who has quite as much intelligence, quite as much right intent, as the mayor has in the average American city.

And I also believe that in every state penitentiary in the United States there are a few men who rank high in the point of initiative, intelligence and a general ability to influence men and to influence them in the right direction.

It is just a question of rightly focusing and directing the energies of men who have made mistakes. In the Golden Rule, "practicable."

Sing Sing says: "Yes."

Germ of a Fatal Heart Trouble

By Nell Brinkley

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Reduced slightly from her normal size. She is the wayward creature who inhabits the world as the winds that blow about it. And not even the grumpiest bachelor may find a spot on the fair earth where he is liable to have her smiling her way into his heart and there destroying him utterly. Students 'ware! For she reaches out from the plate whereon you coldly study her and attacks your heart with deadly surety. The symptoms are—if you've never suffered thus, young man—a heady-head whose thoughts circle madly

'round the fancy of one face like a merry-go-round around its gifted music; a body that no longer needs food and drink, but floats gently about like a red toy balloon; a heart that is honey-combed with moods and lies one moment like a ball of fire in your breast and the next flutters like a bird beating its wings in a box. When you get these the matter with you, and a flock of other things as well—then you have come too close to the harmless-seeming, smiling, glowing germ of a fatal heart trouble.—Nell Brinkley.

Are You Superstitious?

Are You One of Those Girls Who Visit Fortune Tellers for Advice in Love?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Do you torture yourself with fears and predictions? Do you turn back with a black cat crossing your path, and do you throw a pinch of salt over your left shoulder after spilling, spilling, and prepare for company when a rooster crows?

Then you are afraid of your shadow. Having no real worries or troubles you get about to build up some on the sayings of some toothless old dame who sat in a chimney corner centuries ago and talked like a child. You are superstitious and the superstitious man or woman never gets anywhere in this world because he or she begins every day's journey weighted down with a burden of signs, omens and predictions. It is the handicap of the heaviest of all burdens, for one who believes in bad luck never goes forth and never goes.

Vivian writes: "A friend of mine wishes me to be her bridesmaid. Now I have had that honor twice before, and while not superstitious, I don't care to take unnecessary chances in remaining an old maid. Three times a bridesmaid—never a bride—is there anything in the saying?"

A Much Troubled Girl asks: "I am a poor working girl, and am about to be married. I have a new, black serge dress, which I have never worn, and as I can't afford to get a new dress I thought to be married in this. But my friends say it will bring bad luck. They think it would be better for me to get another dress, even though I would have to go in debt for it. What shall I do?"

"I was engaged to be married," writes a woman whose name, to the sweetest girl that ever lived, we had been engaged three months when one day she consulted a fortune teller who told her she was engaged to a married man. I proved to her that it was not the truth, and for a time all went well. Then again she consulted a fortune teller who told her to beware of a lover who had a wife, and she thinks that is I, and has broken the engagement. I have proved to the satisfaction of her family and friends that I never had a wife, and am of good character, but she believes the fortune teller and won't believe me. My heart is broken."

If a girl is left a widow, the number of times she has been bridesmaid is not responsible for her condition. I am sure that 25 per cent of widowers were once bridesmaids of all and equally sure that the former a girl officiates in such capacity the better her chances for being a bride. Do you ever appear at a wedding in haste to make some man realize that while she looks sweet as a bride's attendant, she would look much sweeter as a bride.

A black dress for a bride is not in the best taste, its somber color appearing more mournful occasions, but it is better luck to wear a black dress than to go for that to wear a white dress which could not afford to get into a black dress to go in debt. It is unfortunate that the superstitious do not tremble more before the bad luck attaching to debt, and how before some imaginary worry. Debt is real bad luck. A black wedding gown when had luck attached except that which is imaginary.

If a girl in an ally she will let a fortune teller convince her that her lover is a villain, she is too ally to be worth courting. She will become the sort of wife who will believe her husband guilty of every crime in the calendar because he happened to look the wrong moment in the face. Which, as every foolish person knows, means "open disgrace."

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may be seen at the leading picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of each.

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SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent.

June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows to marry her.

After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "spirit of the March," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE

Trapped.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

The black Vandyke man talked earnestly with the high cheek boned woman for an instant and gave her some money, hurried up the steps and let himself in with a latchkey, while the woman ran down to the basement door and pushed past the servant who opened it.

At that moment the family car swerved around the corner and flashed by, still pursuing the elusive limousine. It had lost this scene of alighting through having stopped long enough to take on the handsome coiffe, which now sat on the front seat with the driver. There was no mistaking that luxurious limousine, with its black curtains tightly drawn and a bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door and the faithful Bill Wolf still stooped on behind.

So it was that beautiful June Warner came into the boarding house of Mrs. Russell. In the parlor to which she was abruptly introduced there were three young women and a young man. With a swift motion the white-mustached man drew from June's shoulders the voluminous black coat.

"The Spirit of the March!" he laughed by way of introduction, and the shrinking June clutched her draperies convulsively about her as she met the frankly admiring gaze of the young man and the critical inspection of the young women.

The voluminous black coat was suddenly jerked from the hands of the white-mustached man, and the man with the black Vandyke stood there with a scowl on his dark, handsome face. Swiftly he wrapped the cloak around the shrinking arm of the young girl and drew her out of the room.

"Marie! Marie!" cried June, and she turned the woman with the high bones, who stood at the head of the stairs.

"Just then there came springing up the stairs the white-mustached man. June

darted into the room, but the black Vandyke man detained Marie and talked earnestly with the maid. At first she kept shaking her head. He showed her some money, and she still shook her head. He gave her some more, and she smiled and went downstairs.

"June!" It was the voice of Cunningham.

She sprang to her feet as the door suddenly opened and Cunningham came into the room.

CHAPTER II.

Far out on Broadway the luxurious limousine, with the black curtains drawn and the bit of filmy gauze fluttering from the door, turned toward the river, with the faithful Bill Wolf still stooped over the tires, his croak still freely clutched in the strap of the tire cover and his empurpled face turned partly up, so that the corner of one pink eye could gaze back impudently at the pursuing car.

In that car, strained tensely forward, Ned Warner sat with gritted teeth and clinched hands, never removing his eyes from the fleeing limousine into which he had seen his lovely runaway bride huddled by the scoundrelly Gilbert Blye. Again he urged the driver Jerry to greater speed. He was determined that this time the chase should not end until he had his fingers clutched around the throat of the dark, handsome man with the black Vandyke and had strangled him to death. He had wrecked Ned's life, this dastardly Blye, and nothing but life would pay. On the very day of Ned's marriage the fellow's evil machinations had begun.

The black curtained limousine just ahead wheeled around the corner and dashed up the hill with high speed, with the faithful Bill Wolf wobbling on behind like a Japanese balloon.

The girl in the sumptuously furnished room at Mrs. Russell's shrieked the name of Gilbert Blye, and he came hurrying into the room, a scowl upon his dark, handsome face. Gilbert Blye pointed sternly to the door, and Cunningham, after a moment of sullen hesitation, left the room, twisting his mouthache. At the door he turned and cast upon June a malevolent glare.

"Please! Please Mr. Blye!" begged June.

"Come!" His low voice soothed her. "You must rest for a few minutes, and I promise that no one shall disturb you. I shall return in ten minutes."

In the basement Marie stood with Gilbert Blye's money in her hand. She dashed up the door. She came back and started for the stairs. She turned again to the door, again to the stairs, then stood and looked at Gilbert Blye's money, her high cheek bones white and indecision on her brow.

Uphill and downhill rushed the black curtained limousine with the Moore family car still in hot pursuit.

Occasionally the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, loosened his clutch for an instant, but tightened it immediately.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Spoil Your Lives.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18, and have a girl chum. We have two boy friends, 19 and 20. The other day, while out walking with them, we were suddenly overwhelmed by a proposal of marriage from them. Their idea was to elope and keep the marriage secret for two or three years, we continuing to live at home. As we love these boys dearly and as they are very well financially situated we have been thinking the matter over seriously. We have not told our parents anything about it. Do you think their proposition advisable?

L. E. A.

Don't do such a rash and silly thing as these boys propose. You honestly are not old enough to choose partners with whom you will be happy for life—and marriage is a life-partnership—or ought to be. If in a few years your youthful infatuation and friendship has ripened into love, go to your parents and tell these best friends you have of your desires and intentions. A marriage with their sanction will be far more likely to succeed and be happy. Don't—don't elope.

No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young married woman and my husband seems to love me, but he confessed to me that he took another girl out to dinner and the theater. He says he cares nothing about her and does not know why he was so foolish. This has hurt me, and do you think if I did the same thing it would be a lesson for him if he really loves me?

ANXIOUS.

The best way to handle this situation is to show faith in your husband's declaration that he cannot understand his own folly by ignoring his blunder. Don't retaliate in kind—that would give him an excuse to repeat the performance. He is probably heartily ashamed of himself and feels that you are a sweet, little woman whom he treated rather cruelly. But if you seek a cheap revenge you will only lower yourself in his estimation and make him feel that he did nothing so very wrong after all.

Don't Wear It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged to be married to a young man for six weeks. I did not like him before I accepted his ring, but I thought I could learn to like him as he was very kind to me, but I find out now I dislike him more than ever. I have offered his ring back to him and he refuses to accept it, but I have lost my life and my own.

F. E. B.

Don't wear it. You did wrong in accepting it, and every day you keep it makes the wrong greater.

Tell your father of his threats. A coward of his stripe needs a man to deal with.

Living on a Dollar a Week

Of course you don't want to live on a dollar a week. No one wants to do the sensible thing when it comes to the selection of food—but it's easy for the person who knows

Shredded Wheat

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk, make a warm, nourishing, satisfying meal at a cost of not over five cents—a meal on which you can do a day's work and reach the top-notch of health and efficiency. Supplies every element needed for the perfect nourishment of the human body. Delicious with all kinds of fruits in season.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

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