

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

Animals Prove Divinity by Their Love for Man

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Here is a pretty story about a pigeon; a true story; taken from the columns of the New Haven Register:

"A pet dove, owned by the Avery family on Hemmaway avenue, is attracting much attention these days. The dove is very fond of the boys in the family; he follows them to school flying in the air, resting at intervals, until the school is reached, and at times it is noticed sitting on the window sills of the school, peering in the windows, looking for the boys, which is getting to be a daily occurrence. It later returns to the home, watching their return.

"If any of the boys go to the postoffice the dove flies along, taking its usual rests at different points, and finally is seen sitting on the postoffice building, until the boy is ready to return home with the mail. This, indeed, is a very interesting sight."

This little incident gets hold on one's heart; more, it identifies itself with the spirit and awakens reverence and love for the Great Father and Mother, the Creator of all things.

It is one more proof of the divinity which dwells in every form of life. And all that is needed to bring forth that divinity is love. There is evidently some very sweet and beautiful quality in the nature of the Avery boys who own this dove. The divine element in them is well developed and so the bird has responded in this marked degree.

Some years ago a large exhibition of blooded cats took place in New York City. It lasted three days and the exhibitors were much in evidence. The striking similarity between the cats and their owners was amusing to the on-lookers.

The haughty dame with the snow-white Persian ribbon winner was reproduced in her haughty cat, which sat in its cage casting cold looks on the would-be admirers; the fussy little woman who had all the attendants confounded with her many demands was represented by a pussy cat that paced its cage and made many plaints; the merry woman who kept all the people about her laughing, exhibited a trick Angora, whose capers were the delight of everybody in the hall, and the pussy cat which rubbed its pink nose against the bars and asked to be caressed by every hand was owned by a big-souled woman, whose humanitarian and humane work had made her beloved by the world.

Animals are possessed of a ray of the divine soul; and it is our work to help that ray develop to a greater strength and power. They are all on the way to a higher incarnation; and so are we. We are reaching toward Godliness; we are all they know of God; and it behooves us to give them high ideals of love, compassion and protection.

Unconsciously to themselves, these New Haven boys who own the pigeon are elevating their own natures toward real religious standards, while they create in this feathered brother such a sense of confidence and loving trust. It is from the youths, the boys and girls of our land, that we must expect the lifting of the world to a more humane standard.

Edward Packard, Watertown, Mass., a humane worker whose activities in the field of animal protective work and humane education advances are attracting wide attention, gave an illustrated address on humaneness at the Melrose High school before invited guests of the Melrose Humane society, under whose auspices he spoke, and pupils of the high school.

He advised the youth to specialize as publicists, stating that many of the world's great problems would be solved by men and women who knew how to translate knowledge into the language of the day, namely the pictorial and newspaper vernacular. In fact, all educational and humanitarian work, in fact, all educational work, would be simplified and extended by publicity experts.

Mr. Packard, who was formerly general field agent for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and American Humane Education society, is himself a designer and publicity man. He displayed many striking innovations in the humane slides and educational newspaper propaganda that he exhibited; they illustrated the gripping power of up-to-the-minute publicity.

The slides shown were combinations of art subjects, humane educational text and pictures of animals, psychologically arranged to build up what the designer calls a "self-lecturing" humane educational entertainment to teach and spread the gospel of kindness. He said this sort of education would be in great demand, if available, and offered to create, catalogue and distribute it free of charge for his own work if some one would finance the project.

Speaking in regard to the everyday care and treatment of animals in home life, and illustrating the matter with many handsome slides, he showed how a little thoughtfulness for household pets, fowl, or other captive creatures would make their monotonous lives more comfortable and would bring a reward in happier life for those who exercised this consideration.

"It is the cultivation of this habit of kindness," he said to the teachers, "which constitutes the mission and the work of humane education and is the hope of the world." A kind and just nature, developed in youth, makes them more sympathetic and humane in all the relations of life.

In-Shoots

The skirt is undoubtedly the modern devil's most alluring bait. A thick union suit has stood between many a modern fashion slave and the foolkiller.

Man might better give his wife a little taffy at home than brag about her when out with the boys.

It is well for the husband to be sociable when at home, but he should draw the lines at talking in his sleep.

When a woman cannot love her husband there is usually some fellow handy who is willing to accept the affection.

Reform will sometimes change a man's politics without stifling his hunger for office.

Opportunities of the other fellow usually make a rosy sunset look like a puff of smoke.

School in the Home

Parents who encourage their children to carry out experiments learned at school, and generally to utilize the knowledge gained there at home, are doing a wise thing. There is, on the whole, too great a gulf between home life and school life.

It is a constant cry, nowadays, that the children do not learn anything at school. After many years of what is considered the best education, we find much to be desired in the child's equipment. The boy is often a disappointment to his employer, and the mother is surprised to find that her daughter knows less than she knows herself.

One of the chief reasons for this failure is to be found in the fact that too much is attempted during the child's school life. Another reason is that there is little interest of a practical nature taken in the child's work at home.

The cry, "Have you finished your lessons?" is often heard; but there the matter ends. The parents seldom take the trouble to ask, "What lessons have you done this evening?" and the children do not often volunteer the information. Very frequently the child is stopped in his recital of the day's doings at school by an impatient request to "be quiet," and the telling of the tale is never completed.

Those who have had experience in teaching, know at once when there is any interest taken in the child's lessons at home. Such children, though they may not be quite so bright as others in the class, always get on more rapidly, and have a clearer understanding of their work. Where a child is naturally gifted, and where at the same time there is an intelligent interest taken in his work in the home, his progress is made very rapidly indeed.

The child with an unsympathetic home circle, or an apathetic or unintelligent one, loses very often the interest that he would otherwise have in his work. He feels that at home it matters little or nothing how he gets on at school. He cannot discuss his work with anyone there, and he cannot get help when it is wanted, or give information—for this last is never needed.

We all know that a fact once heard is soon forgotten. We know, too, that a fact heard, and then repeated once or twice to others, will linger for a long time in the memory. The child learns by teaching, and if we will allow our children to teach us what they have learned at school, if we will allow them to use their knowledge at home, we shall find that they make much more progress, and are far happier in the bargain.

Some parents, on the other hand, take if possible, too great an interest in their children's school life. They ask all the questions, without waiting to be told anything. And, worse even than this, they "drive" their offspring, to such an extent, that jaded and worn, the children can never hope to do themselves or their parents credit.

It is not "taking an interest in the children's work" to command them to sit hour after hour over their lessons, and to act the martinet generally. It is not of the least use, from an educational point of view, to pump a child as to what he has learned each day. The information must be spontaneous, to be worth anything, and it will always be forthcoming with the average child.

Once prove that you are an interested listener, wanting to learn something, and your child will certainly take the opportunity of instructing you. That you are able, now and again, to set him right on some point will not matter in the least. He will still be under the impression that he is teaching you, and that without the slightest danger of his developing into a prig.

There are endless opportunities for carrying on the work of the school in the home, without its being felt by the children that they can never get away from lessons. The boys performing their experiments in the attic were not under any compulsion to take their recreation in that particular way. They were just having a good time and when the visitor had been got rid of, their mother would join them, and be flatteringly interested and impressed by their performances.

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"Good Health!"



This is just little milk toast to remind you that this is Baby Week all over the United States. Mothers of babies, sisters of babies—even fathers of babies—are urged to

Telephoning a Man at His Office

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Floesie" has written to me on a subject which none of my readers has ever broached before. But it is one about which a great many of my readers would do well to think, and so I quote her letter exactly as it is written: "After a lengthy discussion on the topic of whether it is proper for a young lady to call up her masculine friends on the 'phone just for a social call, I still feel undecided. It is to you, my dear Miss Fairfax, that I turn for a decision. Do you think it is proper for a young lady to call up different gentlemen on the 'phone just for a little chat?" Most decidedly not, Floesie. Men who have any serious business are sure to be annoyed when women call them up just to pass the time of day. All men ridicule the feminine habit of visiting over the telephone. Any man who has anything serious to say to a girl will not discuss it over the phone. He will call her up and as briefly as possible make an appointment to meet her.

Do you know any worth-while men who make a practise of telephoning their women friends merely for the joy of conversation? The type of man who does this thing, describes his own proceeding pretty accurately when he says: "Guess I'll call up Mabel and jolly her along a little. It's easier than trotting out to see her."

Being "jollied along" by a man is distinctly not to a girl's advantage. It is a lazy man's way of amusing himself as insincerely and as much without effort as possible. It certainly isn't worth while wasting 5 cents to call up such a man! And as for the men of more worthy calibre—earnest, sincere men of the working type—to bother them with idle perflage over a telephone, is to estrange their best liking and most sincere interest. Don't do it. It annoys them and it places you in the category of tiresome chatterboxes completely obnoxious to the masculine soul!

He-But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present. She-I couldn't help it. That hateful Miss Olden said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me, so I up and told her you had.—Boston Transcript.

follow the suggestions of the Federal Children's bureau. One baby in every eight dies before reaching the age of twelve months, and the bureau blames this largely on Mrs. Don't Care. Here's how the bureau describes two rooms:

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| MRS. DO CARE. | MRS. DON'T CARE. |
| Clean wall paper. | Dirty wall paper. |
| Windows screened. | No screens. |
| No flies. | Flies. |
| Milk covered. | Milk uncovered. |
| Clean stove. | Dusty stove. |
| Dust cloths. | Feather dustier. |

Give Baby a chance. Remember, he—or she—may be President some day!



For those who drag thro' life

To the man who has known in the past the energetic pleasures of hard work but who today finds that almost every effort seems a burden, even downright illness would be preferable.

A change of scene, or prolonged rest, would help—if duties would permit. "You need a tonic," friends will say. Yes, but not a tonic that merely stimulates, but one that truly reconstructs, rebuilds what has been torn down.

The success that Sanatogen, the food-tonic, has achieved in giving body-strength and nerve-force, not as a loan but as a lasting possession, gives us the confidence to recommend it to all whose bodies thus seem to have lost their balance.

For Sanatogen, you must know, is a food that acts as a tonic. So pure and true that even the most enfeebled digestion can absorb it, so distinctive are its powers that it enables the digestion to get the maximum nutriment out of the ordinary diet, so decisive are its tonic effects that they seem "simply wonderful," as Arnold Bennett, the novelist, puts it.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the statesman-author, tersely sums up the benefits of Sanatogen thus:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to overworked body and mind."

So you may be sure that whatever promise of help Sanatogen holds out to you is based not merely upon plausible claims, but upon actual performances in the past, proven and guaranteed a thousand-fold by the testimony of actual users and the medical profession itself, as expressed in signed letters written by over 21,000 physicians.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists, everywhere, in three sizes, from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

Sanatogen

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Send for Elbert Hubbard's New Book—"Health in the Making." Written in his attractive manner and filled with his shrewd philosophy together with capital advice on Sanatogen, health and contentment. It is FREE. Tear this off as a reminder to address THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 27 J Irving Place, New York City.

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