

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

How Should Parents Regard Their Children?

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

THE teachers have started a league. Have you heard about it? They call it the Parents' League—but it's really the teachers in disguise.

One of the teachers who's helping to start the league in one part of the country has just been telling me about it.

"We can't stand it another minute," said Teacher. "We really can't. We're willing to make the girls brush their hair and the boys brush their teeth. We don't object to finding out whether the girls have anything for breakfast at all or if the boys really go home to luncheon, or just play ball and then come back too hungry to work."

"We don't mind trying to teach not only the lessons in the books—but all the lessons outside the books as well—kindness, courtesy, morality, honesty, ambition. These things are not down in the curriculum, but we're supposed to teach them just the same. We don't mind it in the least; we're used to it."

"It wasn't so hard a few years ago; but now, with the moving pictures and the cheap theatres and the vulgar songs and the queer dances, we really don't know what in the world we're going to do with our children, unless the parents consent to take some sort of slight interest in their own children."

"That's what the league is for—here is what is says in the bylaws and constitution about the object of the league:

"The object of the league is to unite parents in an effort to promote the moral, mental and physical well-being of their children by establishing wholesome standards in matters affecting their education, amusements and home life."

What the Parents Want.

I began to laugh, but Teacher looked at me reproachfully.

"How can you laugh?" she said, "it's no joke. I can tell you. I teach in a private school and I have in my special classes 35 children, boys and girls, and I don't know if one of those children ever says one word to either father or mother beyond 'good morning' and 'good night' and 'I wish I had' or 'why can't I get.' My children come to school at 8:15—the parents insist upon that. They breakfast alone—mother and father are not up yet; they bring their luncheon, and they stay till 6 o'clock."

"Mother and father insist upon that, too. And it is better than letting them go home—there's nobody there to look after them."

"Mother is at a tango class, or she's playing bridge, or she's motoring, and father is out on the links or down in the gymnasium, or over at the club talking polo ponies."

"My sister teaches in a public high school—"

"Her children have just about the same kind of a time, only they're left to themselves more. The public school teachers won't take any responsibility for their pupils personally after 4 o'clock."

"My sister says her parents are busy, too. Father's down town at business and mother is studying Strindberg or joining a culture club, or reading a paper on 'The Moral Effect of Women on the Business World,' or shopping, or having tea at one of the department stores. And Teacher has to take the entire moral as well as the mental training of the children in her school upon herself. And Teacher is getting tired of it. Besides, we're afraid, we Teachers."

"We do everything we can, but we're afraid."

Teacher showed me the constitution and the bylaws of the new League, and she told me that they were forming it all over the country, and that it was sometimes difficult to get the parents to join—because parents seem to be such busy people and to belong to so many leagues already.

Do you believe it, all this that Teacher says? Teacher is a good woman and a clever woman, and a woman who speaks the truth, but really I wonder—

Can it be possible that we're all going, just the least little bit in the world, crazy—we American mothers.

I met a woman the other day, and her eyes were shining and her face was like the face of a happy little child.

"I'm going to see 'The Blue Bird,'" she said. "Have you seen it?—oh, no, that isn't seeing it. Come with me, I'm going with the children."

And I live with the woman, and we took the children, and never, so long as I live, shall I forget that afternoon.

Trading Gold for What?

They weren't mortals who sat there with us in the stuffy theatre—they were Faith and Hope and Charity—and Love and Trust and Fidelity—and they laughed and they cried and they clapped their little hands and were not ashamed—and they believed it all—the beautiful, beautiful story of the search for happiness and the finding of it in the little kitchen in the little home of the humble, simple people.

And when we went out of the theatre I looked at my friend and she was smiling and the tears stood in her eyes—and I understood then why she alone of all the women I know has the face of a happy child.

Once when I was a little girl my mother gave me a ring of gold for my birthday, and I went to school, and a clever child who always was at the head of the arithmetic class persuaded me to trade the ring of gold for a ring of glass beads she had made herself and a handful of parched corn. I did not want to make the trade—I almost cried at the thought of giving up the shining ring of gold—but the clever child was a good talker and she lived in a fine house—and I let her have my little ring of gold.

And my mother looked at me reproachfully—but she did not make me go and get the ring again.

"You'll learn," she said, "my little girl—you'll learn." And oh, how bitterly I learned.

Are we trading a ring of pure gold for one of cheap and sordid making when we give up the companionship of children for anything that this world can possibly give?

Sometimes it seems so, doesn't it, members of the Parents' League?

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Annie Laurie:

I guess you are used to hearing of folks' troubles, at least I hope so if you think I am too much to love with him. You see I have such a dear boy cousin, but the trouble is every one thinks I am too much to love with him. I try not to show that I really care, but the more I try the more I show up the true side. Don't you think it is horrid for others to interfere with us? Do you think I should persist in acting indifferent to him or should I show him that I really care?

I hope you won't laugh at me, for I want your candid opinion. I am just 20 years old, and I feel that it is such a responsible age.

RUTH.

WHY do you dear little Ruth, what a character you are to be sure. You write just exactly as you talk, don't you. I can fairly see you standing right before me.

"Every one" seems to be right in this affair. You really are in love with your agreeable cousin—very much indeed, too much in love, if you ask me.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

INTO THE OPEN :: :: By Michelson



THEY have danced all winter and all spring under ballroom lights, in the cleared spaces of dining halls, in home impromptus, and not a few in solitary practice.

And now comes the lure of outdoors. The spell of new steps is still upon them. The bubble of music—any old music—is sufficient incentive for that other music of motion, to which youth and age alike are giving themselves over as never before since dancing began to happen. All nature is piping its syncopation. The birds are twittering a tango; the breeze is murmuring a hesitation. Wars or rumors of wars have never stopped such music or such response. It seems that it is always dancing time.

Poor old "brides" is forgotten. There is only one season to an enthusiasm. It is the season of NOW.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By Leona Dalrymple

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about 'the girl in the case' distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

What "Forgetting" Meant.

Oh, Peter!

O wailed Mary. "I've forgotten the fire!"

I didn't say anything, and it was considerable contumeliousness for Mary to be forgetting fires. They go out with systematic regularity, Mary seems to have a blighting glance with fires. Sometimes she has but to look at glowing coals and shortly after they expire. Then, of course, Peter dutifully trots about and builds them over again.

Such are the privileges of matrimony and civility. If I let the fire go out, I build it again myself. I wonder just how much profanity and cynicism fires have incited.

On the way downstairs I noticed a rickety step and spoke of it immediately. Marriage teaches a man to voice his most trivial complaints with startling promptitude. No matter how modest and shy and agreeable he's been in pre-nuptial days, there's something about marriage that gives him real courage. And when anything's wrong through the fault of his wife, his tongue takes up his biting task with marvellous facility. So with the cellar step.

I spoke some of carelessness, some of the immediate need of a carpenter, and some of the likelihood of my breaking my neck and leaving Mary a widow. This evoked another no response from the kitchen, and I stopped sarcastically and inquired if Mary desired to be a widow. All of which was very foolish, but marriage seems to provoke a certain type of wrath—a futile, childish, unreasoning sort of wrath, and the house was cold and the fire was out, and I was freed.

From the kitchen came Mary's voice, airy controlled, though I fancied I detected a shadow of guilt in it.

"Peter," she said, "I simply shall not answer you when you speak in that unreasonable manner. The fire's out and that's all there is to it. And if the cellar step's rickety, that's no reason why you should stop on the broken step and grumble about my becoming a widow. If you stand on the step long enough, likely I'll be one before the fire's built."

Which wasn't bad for Mary, but it made me exceedingly wrathful, and I went on down and flung sticks about. Then I built a fire so hot that she had to throw open all the windows to cool the house.

Now this is a record of the slipshod way in which Mary ignores important things that need correction. My answer avoided a good thing. I was not called upon to build a new fire for weeks. I thought with a glow of relief that Mary was learning the science of heating until I discovered that she was coaxing the croaker boy into building a series of fires and permitting him to put his charges on the bill.

When next I descended the cellar stairs to build a fire I did not halt on the rickety step to discourse upon Mary's potential widowhood. I crashed heavily through it and nearly made the potentiality a reality.

I struck my head and wrenched my ankle and lay there biting my lips with pain and rage. My temper is growing worse by the day.

From the kitchen a startled scream had followed my crash.

"Oh, Peter!" cried Mary, "did you fall?"

Did I fall? Great Snakes! What a bromidic torture such phrases are! I was too mad to answer, and Mary came rushing down the stairs and narrowly escaped a tumble herself.

"Oh, Peter," she wailed, "are you dead?"

This was even less sensible, and I didn't answer. Mary halted on the bottom step and bent solicitously over me.

"Peter," she said firmly, "you're not unconscious—you're merely sulking. I'm sorry I forgot the step. Honestly I meant to say to send for the carpenter, and—and I just forgot—and—and now I'll send for the doctor."

There was surely an inferential sermon in her speech.

With the Bark on—By W. Bob Holland

Competition may be the life of trade, but it sometimes means starvation to traders.

Practice does not make perfect when following an imperfect model.

One of the inconsistencies of human emotions is shown when a man desires a wife in order to commit bigamy.

Politicians should remember that political lies which have been nailed too often will not hold water.

The gas jet that will not take the chill out of the room in the winter will make the apartment unacceptably hot in July.

You must settle down if you would settle up.

No man knows how fast he can run until he is pursued by a bigger man.

The roof that leaks attracts more attention than the one that keeps the rain out.

Forethought may be as good as hindsight, but it is never so convincing.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What Hydrophobia Is; How to Treat an Attack

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

NOT every man who was mad had rabies, not every dog that fears water has hydrophobia. None the less, the bite of a dog is just as liable to originate rabies in you in the winter as it is in the summer, or in the dog days.

Many who all come to physicians and hospitals and say, "I have heart disease." Another comes and she says: "Oh, doctor, I am paralyzed." Yet another comes and speaks thus: "Doctor, I cannot swallow; I have a furious aversion to water. I have not been scratched, licked or bitten by a dog, yet I have hydrophobia."

Yet it is not so. All of these who are ill have read or heard or thought about the distempers they insist upon having.

Often, indeed, unguarded medical men of easy dispositions fall in with and agree to the patient's personal—yet wrong—diagnosis. Thus little acorn errors into mighty oak fallacies grow.

Odd it is and sad besides that intermingled with the public conception of hydrophobia there should be a thousand and one misunderstandings and dangerous superstitions. This variety of human error is not the spice and flavor of life, but the ignorant poisoning which leads to death.

Not only clean pet dogs, but cats, rabbits, mice, rats, cattle, horses, birds, guinea pigs and every known animal from mankind down can inoculate the Noguchi microbe of rabies or hydrophobia into you.

Fear is no Cause.

This vicious and always fatal scourge—if not prevented by the Pasteur vaccine—cannot be caught by fear. No matter what newspaper accounts you may read to the contrary, rabies is a microbe, which is only real when these ultra-microscopic animalcules enter your tissues by way of the bite, the lick or the saliva of a rabid creature.

Hydrophobia, or the "madness" of rabies, does not drive people crazy. There is no more firmly rooted error in the popular mind than the one which makes your friends think that hydrophobia "drives people crazy."

It does nothing of the sort. Human beings with this "madness" are perfectly sane. That is until they die.

Any one bitten by a mad dog must at once have the wound burned out with nitric acid and immediately begin the Pasteur preventive vaccination.

Rabies does not develop at once. The Noguchi microbe begins to incubate and hatch for three and more weeks.

It is during this "latent" or "germ growing" interval that the Pasteur preventive vaccine gets in its work. It forces the tissue juices to make an antivenom which kills the hydrophobia virus.

Five Days Limit.

The Pasteur treatment is a preventive vaccination and not a "cure" as the un-believers in this crowd persist in assuming. Dr. Moon of Chicago has lately cured a couple of dogs of rabies, but there never has been any human being who escaped death from this "madness."

It kills everybody once hydrophobia develops. Furthermore, it kills within three days. If you hear of any "victim" of "alleged rabies" still suffering after five days, you may be sure it is not hydrophobia, and therefore, possibly not

Answers to Health Questions

MOTHER—My little girl is 2 years in May. She is getting the whooping cough.

Keep her away from other children. Her chest must be kept warmer than usual. Despite the usual medical advice always to keep her out of doors, do not do so in damp, raw days. In the hot sun for an hour or so in dry, mild days will be all right. The whooping cough may last three months, so be very careful that she is not exposed too much. Pneumonia is the real dangerous complication.

E. K.—(1) A spot in my throat burns and hurts whenever I eat or drink hot and cold water.

(2) Have had gravel and now have a sharp pain on left side. Gravel has not returned.

(3) This may be an enlarged tonsil, swollen gland, or merely attention to some point in the throat. Forget the "germ" is another absurd name for "rhumatism," "turns of life," and their congeners. The sharp pain may be due to many things which might be eliminated by purgatives internally and a mustard plaster externally. "Gravel" might mean stone in the bladder and it might mean nothing but "madness."

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Where Common Things Originated

The father of the piano was the harpsichord, and its grandchild the spinet. The piano was first used in a public concert on May 16, 1772, in the Covent Garden Theatre, London.

The first English book on stenography, so far as known, was written by Dr. Timothy Bright in 1588. Its earlier invention is attributed to the Latin scholar, to Seneca, Cicero and several others.

The buttons on the backs and sleeves of men's coats are reminders of the time when the coat skirts and sleeves were buttoned back when walking or driving. The flaps have disappeared; the buttons have remained.

Pliny describes a boat he had seen which was propelled by wheels driven by a pot of hot water and some machinery which he did not understand and could not explain. It was probably the first attempt at a steamboat.

Cans are said to have been used by the Chinese before the beginning of the Christian era. The oldest dated piece of European artillery bears an inscription declaring that the gun was cast in 1503.

Coats of arms were first employed in England during the reign of Richard II, and became hereditary in families in the following century. They originated from the painted banners carried by knights and nobles.

Pasquines took their name from the shop of a Roman tailor named Pasquin, the square in front of which contained a celebrated statue, on the pedestal of which all sorts of quips and lampoons were posted.

Costuming the Actress

By Madge Marvel

PLACE a union label on the actor and give him the same right for justice in his work that the bricklayers and other workers enjoy.

Do the same for actresses and save them from nervous prostration brought on by having to worry their young lives out over going in debt for dresses only to wear them a few times in some theatrical failure.

That is the system which Fola LaFollette, daughter of the senator from Wisconsin and wife of George Middleton, loved in her ardent feminist, hopes to see put into operation through the newly formed Actors' Equity Association, in which she is a lively factor.

"The time has come when acting is a part of big business," exclaimed Mrs. LaFollette-Middleton to me, her blue eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, and her fluff of golden hair seeming at strange variance with the seriousness of the big progressive problem she is facing and tackling.

"Every other trade has the protection of the union. Theatrical workers, with the exception of the actors, are beautifully organized. The time has come when the actor must be unionized. He is losing many liberties and much business progress by not being protected."

"Of course my sympathies are directly with the stage women and their clothes problem. So much is required of them from the standpoint of dress, and they have such dreadful struggles to keep their almost any makeshift would do."

"But how, the actress has become the demonstrator of the newest and smartest fashions. She sets the mode. No longer can she pin some cotton flannel rags on a piece of white cloth and call it ermine. Furs must be just as real on the stage lady as on the society woman."

And the actress pays for all this perfection of dress. She takes the chance of the play being the success the manager is always sure it will be, and gets just the right clothes for the part she has to play. Frequently she goes in debt for them. If the play is a success this is not a serious matter. But if after five nights it closes it is different. There are the dresses with their freshness intact and the bills for them to be met. They are not fit for any occasion in private life, and they will not be worn in any other production in which she may be fortunate enough to find an engagement. They are declared identified with the other play, though they may not have been seen a dozen times. There is another set of new clothes to be bought.

"Let's do a bit of figuring."

"The salary she receives is sufficient to let one could be sure of a long season. The leading woman may receive \$200 or \$250 a week. She is sure in even the less important productions to get \$100."

"That sounds very magnificent to the girl who is struggling along on \$15, but when everything is considered it is pitifully small."

"It will take at least calculation every cent of four or five weeks' salary to pay for the gown. But there may be no such length of life for the play. Then what?"

"It is delightful to think that the stage has reached so important a place in settling the styles for the feminine world but it sets them at a frightful cost to the actress. Worry over finances is so conducive to Art. Justice, a union organization seems to me to be the solution."