

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Should You Whip a Child the Way He Should Go?

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

MRS. HARRY HASTINGS, of the far and boundless West, says that children ought to be whipped—when they need it. "Some children can't be ruled any other way," says Mrs. Hastings, "and children must be ruled—they must not rule."

"The greatest virtue the finest child in the world can have is obedience—obedience to the letter—blind, dumb, absolute obedience. I know a little boy who was playing on a railroad track. His father suddenly shouted to him, 'Lie down between the rails.' The little boy lay down between the rails and the train passed over him and did not hurt him. 'Now, if that boy had stopped to reason or argue, or even to wonder, he would have been killed. He had been taught to obey—and that teaching saved his life.'

"Yes, I believe in whipping children—for their own good. The best children I know are children whose parents whip them—when they have to be whipped to make them mind. This country is full of careless parents and spoiled children. Let's go back to the old-fashioned spanking and see if we can't get some old-fashioned children."

How interesting—how enlightening—how sweetly reasonable—and, furthermore, how civilized.

I always like to meet a woman who says she whips her children to make them mind. She's always such a dear, simple creature—so easy to understand. One look at her, one half-hour spent in her society, always tells me just exactly why her children won't "mind" without a whipping.

Ruling by Fear.

Now that highly intelligent father who told his little boy to lie down on the track and let the train pass over him. If he'd been any kind of a man with any kind of common sense, he would not have let his little boy play on the track at all.

Of course, if you're going to be the kind of man or woman who allows the children to take such risks as that, the rest follows, as a matter of course. You don't have to tell us any more about that particular father, Mrs. Hastings. We know all about him right this minute.

Now, it seems to me that the man in this story would have made a better job of being a father if he had taught his boy that a railroad track is hardly the place to use as a playground, and had relied upon the child's common sense to keep him out of such danger—or, if he got into it, to show him the quickest way out.

The most obedient child in history was Casablanca—the boy who stood on the burning deck. And we know what obedience brought him.

I never could get up very much sentiment about poor little Casablanca. He may have been blindly obedient—he certainly was blindly stupid, too. Probably his father whipped him to "make him mind"—and that's why the poor, dazed little fellow, who had never been taught to think for himself, couldn't save his own life without an order from the father who had taught him such blind obedience.

I know a cousin of Casablanca—oh, yes, he's a real cousin, he'll tell you so a dozen times a day—if you'll let him. All about how his great-grandfather emigrated from Corsica, and all the rest of it that is such a romantic story—in a poem—and such a commonplace affair of third class tickets, a loaf of black bread and a bunch of garlic—in real life.

Casablanca's cousin carries out Casablanca's idea of obedience. He obeys, implicitly, any one who can shake a big enough stick at him. He's rather a good sort of chap, naturally, this Casablanca of today—but those who rule him are not good. Some day poor Casablanca is going to find himself on the burning deck—alone—and what in the world will he do then—poor thing?

So you believe in whipping children—for their own good—Mrs. Hastings? Well, then, I don't agree with you.

I never saw a child who was whipped for his own good in my life. And I never knew a child who was whipped at home who wasn't a demon to manage away from home. The minute the whip is put away the child is unmanageable—and you really can't keep whipping every minute.

Character by Training.

I asked my friend, the school teacher, about it the other day, and she said that the worst children she had in school were children who were whipped at home.

Sullen—defiant—defiant—sly—cowardly—bullying—oh, she called those children terrible names—and I believe the names she called them were all true. Why not? Rule a child by fear, and what shall you make of him but a liar, a coward and a bully? How can he be anything else?

No, no, Mrs. Hastings—you're wrong, you're all wrong. Your idea of things may have been all right back in the days when people were nothing much but children themselves, and had to have kings and whipping posts and ducking stools, and things to make them "mind."

And two or three generations ago in this country people were too busy to stop and explain things—a cuff on the ear is a good deal easier than a good, sane, logical talk.

You can't blame a pioneer mother for cuffing one of her children under the bed—when she heard a queer noise at the door and was afraid to look out of the window for fear of seeing a befeathered head looking in. But nowadays the Indians are not on the warpath, and mother has time enough, and strength enough, and she ought to have sense enough, to learn how to rule a little bit of a child—without being helped out by a whip.

If my brain and my strength of character are not equal to the strain of training a weak, helpless, little tike of a rascal to do what I tell him, not because he's afraid of me, but because I've made him realize that what I tell him is pretty apt to be the best thing there is for him to do—then I think I'd better stop trying to raise children—and go to raising dogs. And I shouldn't expect to take the blue ribbon with any of them—either.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:

I am a girl of 19. I went with a fine young man having no bad habits, an accomplished young man. We went together for over a year, but not steady.

He was just as good friends, he went with other girls, and I with other boys, but I never enjoyed myself for thinking of him.

Five months passed, and he came back; both being happy again. I kept regular company with him for eight months. About two months ago he was away for three weeks, and I got acquainted with a strange young fellow that came to our town.

In some ways I liked him better. He made love to me, and I let him, but he proved to be a bad young man and has left the town. Trouble came between my old friend and me, but he says he loves me yet, and asked me to forgive him if he hurt my feelings; but, somehow, I can't like him as I did. SORRY.

DOOR LITTLE SORRY. I should think you would be sorry.

You took a perfectly good diamond out of a perfectly good ring and threw it away, and now the poor bit of

stained glass that you put in the diamond's place has gone, and what shall you do?

What do you mean when you say you can't like him as you did? Which one? Your letter is as confused as I'm afraid your mind is.

I don't believe you ever really cared for the first young man at all, and it is quite evident that the second young man never really cared for you. So it seems to me that the best thing you can do is to forget them both as soon as possible, and the next time you are lucky enough to be loved by a good, true man, go down on your knees and say your prayers and be thankful and very good—and very happy.

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 of this office.

EARS ARE NOW WORN AGAIN



BLACK and white once more insists upon recognition.

Here is a redingote of white satin trimmed with black lace and buttoned with black jet buttons. It is the very newest thing from Paris and illustrates again the recurrent trends of fashion to the garments of earlier days.

WELCOME!

IT'S long since verses have been penned To My Lady's shell-like ear; How could they be? Twixt you and me We've had a hateful fear My Lady had no ears at all. Because she did not show 'em; But Fashion's sway proves it today, And once more we shall know 'em.

THE ear has come into its own once more. Kept down, hidden in the tendrils of the hair for so long that we hardly gave them a thought, our ears have at last—shall we say—risen and demanded recognition.

Those of us who have not seen our own ears, except at bed time, for so long that we hardly know them, must now study the new hair-dressing style. We may no longer pretend that we do not possess them, for ears are now worn again.

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.

No. 130.

Marriage and Chivalry.

UNABLE to endure the electric tenacity of the atmosphere I seized my hat again and went forth to walk. The night was very clear and cold. A winter moon hung high above the town, silencing the snowy roofs and the church steeples at the end of the street. At the corner I met my father-in-law.

"Well, Peter," he said, "out for a walk?"

"Yes," I said uncomfortably, for I was not quite sure how he felt about my quarrel with his wife. "The night was so bright and keen I couldn't resist it."

He glanced at me a little quizzically, and all at once, I realized that he, too, was out to free himself from the married atmosphere of home. With the

maid and the doctor and his wife stirring things up, what wonder that he needed the relaxation of fresh air and solitude?

I glanced at his kindly face—it was heavily lined and his hair was grayer this winter than I have ever seen it. He realized again that his life he had been fighting this problem that I was facing now—the extravagance of a thoughtless, silly woman.

"Mr. Penfield," I blurted, for I have never made any secret of my liking for him, "I want to tell you that I'm very sorry I bolted into your house tonight and talked as I did. You're likely heard of it. But Mary and I are running behind in expenses, and when I found she'd been getting money from her mother—it, well, it seemed the last straw. I had to say something. I suppose a man ought never air his views to a woman as I did."

"Chivalry," said Mr. Penfield, a little bitterly, "there's nothing in it. Peter, Chivalry is the sentimental science that keeps a man from telling a woman what a rotter she is, when he's threatened by her. Chivalry is that gives a woman in silk and satin, who's been playing bridge all afternoon, the right to the only seat in a car, while the workman with blisters on his feet stands gallantly up. Chivalry—" but here he paused and flung his cigar into the road.

"Ah, well," he shrugged, "what's the use? Chivalry ought to be for mothers—not for women as a class—and only for mothers who've made good."

And I knew from the way he spoke that Mrs. Penfield's hysterics and her fictitious faint had gotten upon his nerves—that he didn't entirely blame me—and that his own married life had been none too happy.

"Business is bothering me a lot," he said after a while. "And, to tell the truth, I've been dabbling a little in stocks. Don't do it, Peter. It's a fool's pastime. I'm always putting up margin lately. Somehow, when you find your income isn't elastic enough to stretch over a year's expenses, you immediately cast about in your mind for a way to make more money easily—and speculating sounds simple enough, but it isn't. I spoke of my nightly work over the factory books for extra money."

"You're beginning wrong, Peter," he said. "I've learned a bitter lesson. Mary's my daughter, and a sweet, pretty girl, but when she gets the money fever she'll drive, and drive hard. Half of the human runaways that end in jail are the result of a money-mad woman driving hard, and when the crash comes she weeps and doesn't understand why. Men are great, sentimental fools. The passion and pity that women awaken in them complicate their lives at times beyond endurance. Take a firm stand, Peter, and handle your own money. It's the only way."

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Hair-Cut Should Be a Sterile Rite

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

BARBERS, unlike other individuals, need not be judged by the company they keep. Nor need they be held as abominations because they continue to perpetuate the Pilgrim's mistakes of 400 years ago.

The herbs and other tonsorial messes, which the razor-handed myrmidon caresses as cure-alls of falling hair and baldness are the hair-rooms of a once dignified but now badly trained "profession."

Heaven has sent many a man a fine suit of hair, and the barber has deposited it from him. Not that the barber is wicked, or wishes ill to his patrons, but because barbers are notoriously unobservant and, unconsciously, avoid seeing the results that do not accord with their treatment.

Many barbers, nowadays, have fallen into a pit of ink. They cannot, it seems, be washed clean again. The arts and practices of barbers are even more antiquated than those of many doctors and merchants.

Take, for example, the filthy practice of shampooing the head with eggs. If there is a better nest for germs and microbes to make their home in it is unknown to bacteriologists.

If there is one germ or fungus of ringworm, itch, eczema or dandruff present before the egg shampoo is applied you may hazard a can of stale sardines with assurance that there are a centillion billion of them a few hours later. For if there is anything a microbe loves better than an egg shampoo it must be two egg shampoos.

Yet this tonsorial delusion is no worse than shampooing the hair to make them grow and stop them from falling. Singeing the hair—really splits them, dries them, and injures them almost beyond redemption.

Each time a barber sings a victim's hair he opens up the hair shaft and permits molds, microbes and other disease germs to be gradually squeezed downward into the hair. Thus, before day's detaching fingers have swept the lines where beauty fingers, the singeing process brings on baldness.

The haircut, though necessary, also has its dangers. It kills off the shafts almost as often as singeing. The reason lies partly in the fact that a barber's scissors are rarely, if ever, sterilized, and germs of disease, like the proverbial flea, jump from head to head without respect to color, race or previous condition of servitude.

We have become civilized enough to pass pure food laws and clean milk statutes, now let us get after the barber. Sterilization of every instrument in a barber shop should be compulsory.

Answers to Health Questions

Q. T. 1—What are causes of hydrocele?
A. 1—After getting it, what precautions measures will one have to observe in his mode of living to minimize the ill effects and get cured (if possible)?

1—They are too numerous to mention.
2—Have an operation done at once.

DAILY READER—Am troubled with stiff and painful jaw, cannot open mouth, put a little, and cannot bite down on anything. Have to dip all crusts of bread. Is it necessary to see a physician, or can it be remedied at home? Am losing weight.

Go to the surgical department of the hospital, have an X-ray picture made, and also a physical diagnosis.

ANXIOUS—Am 38. Perspire little, 18 any, during warmest weather. Slight damp moisture only from skin, and face becomes flushed. Had taken injection treatment during winter for tubercular lesion of right lung. Drink beer in evening and smoke moderately. What will promote healthy perspiration?

Keep your skin in good condition by cold rubs, shower baths, and eight to 12 hours in the open air.

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 one of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Skirts Are Short and Fuller and the Fitted Basque Is Here

By MADGE MARVEL

FOUNCE from ankles to hips and buttoned straight up the front from hips to neck, with her hair strained back and her ears sticking out under the folds of the basque, the woman of the summer looks like a stranger to those of us whose minds can't travel fast enough to keep up with the styles.

It is not the styles that are so ugly and muddled and incongruous. It is the adaptation of them. To be sure, we hardly know what is in style now, for no two makers of clothes seem to agree on many points, and every wearer of clothes tries to give them that ruling element of the times, individually.

Four style facts are apparent: skirts are short; skirts are fuller; basques are here; hats are larger.

Also there is a splash of bright color on nearly every dress. Also, there is such a conglomeration of periods that one's head seems in a hopeless historic whirl. To see 1880 basques, topped by early Norman collars, shadowed by paleolithic hats, shaded by oriental parasols, with military capes thrown over the shoulders, is a trifle disconcerting to those of us who have always cherished a belief in the eternal fitness of things, even of fashions.

Out of it all should come some interesting developments by fall. The basque and the redingote are the two garments

which, from this midsummer view, it seems we shall have to reckon with.

Personally I like the basque. Perhaps, they will not be so attractive when every one gets to wearing them, and they are made in all kinds of goods, and upon all sizes and varieties of figures and fashioned with various degrees of skill. But these first basques have the merit of being creations. They have good lines, are well fitted and have worlds of that desirable quality known as "chic."

Black satin is coming into favor with the advent of the basque. Some exclusive modistes are using it in preference to taffeta. It is quite the rage in Paris. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the beautiful young widow in whom all the world is interested, has worn black chiffon a great deal this summer, and her gown was charming in its simplicity. One in particular seemed to be draped on her figure, with a long tunic, a blouse which fitted rather closely, with no hint of bagginess at the waistline, and a simple plain effect. The sleeves were set in, which is somewhat unusual in such a sheer fabric. Also they were long and close fitting, and finished with small white organdie cuffs. The bodice was collarless and she wore her superb pearls. Her hat was a medium affair with a flare over the face, in the manner of the poke.

To go back to basques: Some are plain and fitted with darts, others are tucked round and round, leaving the shoulders plain in yoke effect, and others are wrinkled. All the sleeves are set-in at a normal place and are long and fitted to the arm. The buttons on the basques are large round affairs and make a conspicuous line directly up the front of the garment. They are often of rubies or jet.

The redingote is like the basque in front, but has long back portions which reach to the hem of the skirt and fall free. Plain redingotes, worn over a plaid skirt made of a series of founces, are novelties.

Masterpieces of the Cuisine

TWO EGG DELICACIES of M. LATTARD

Maitre d'Hotel of the Plaza Hotel, New York.

THERE is no more delicious food than the egg, and it lends itself to so many delightful combinations that the kitchen would be crippled without it. The two recipes that I offer you here together, you will find particularly pleasing these hot summer days. If you will follow the directions with painstaking faithfulness you need have no fear of "bad luck." You will have as good luck as I have myself.

M. LATTARD

EGG PUFFE.

HAVE some Bearnaise sauce ready. Prepare ahead of time the desired number of unwhipped cream puffs. Fifteen or twenty minutes before serving, in the meanwhile prepare a "ving put" these in an oven to stuff of lobster as follows: Two-fifths artichoke bottoms, two-fifths fresh mushrooms, one-fifth smoked salmon, all cut in small cubes. Fry these in butter and set aside in a warm place.

Now take out your cream puffs, cut the top off, scoop out, and inside, place a spoonful of lobster stuffing, over this a spoonful of Bearnaise sauce, place the top that you cut off over this and serve at once.

COLD EGG NUREMBERG.

A BOFT boiled egg placed on a little crab meat salad, made with some hashed green peppers and highly seasoned. Serve in a china cassiolette, glass with paprika cream sauce.

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July 23—(Via La- asking at a banquet for the federal, it must never be Mexicans are bro- he could not ex- rotherhood to those in the death of and Pino Suarez d, could be expect- ook an active part constitutional gov- and the murder of ice-president. me observed strictly, charged with per- me would be judge law.

SET FIRE

CHAM MANSION

atch. Eng. July 23—An militant suffragettes destroyed a large up- in this district to- cotton wool soaked distributed about flames were then set suffragette literature vicinity.

Hamilton Races

k Railway will op- to Hamilton races. 25 p.m. July 25, to ve, except Sunday, will be run on Sat- and August 1, leaving

on July 25 and return until Monday

July 27, 28, 29, 30 and

date of issue only.

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BE STOLEN.

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