

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1922.

Don't Depend Upon Your "Don'ts" to Teach Child Right and Wrong

Must Test Truth Out for Himself, Says Head of Hebrew Orphan Asylum—Playmates Teach Him to Mould Character Right Way.

By Fay Stevenson.

ALL the "don'ts" and "musts" and "what will happen to you if you do" in the world won't make a manly man out of a boy or a womanly woman out of a girl half as quickly as the youngster's own playmates, athletics and competitive games.

This is the practical philosophy of Lionel J. Simmonds, Superintendent of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, Amsterdam Avenue and 138th Street. Mr. Simmonds' charges number 1,200 and there is very little about girl and boy nature he has not studied and weighed and measured.

"You can tell a child that 'honesty is the best policy' every minute in the day," Mr. Simmonds told me as we sat in his office overlooking the well kept grounds of the asylum, "but this means little to him unless you can test this truth out for him.

"His playmates will soon bound this into him, athletics will spur it into him and even the competitive games played upon the streets will teach him how to mold his character the right way. The disapproval of his fellows when he violates the traditional rules of combat is worth more in the process of making him honest than all the precepts of his teachers and all the discipline of his elders."

"After all, doesn't a child always cry that his parents 'don't understand him'?" I asked.

"That's the old, old cry," replied Mr. Simmonds. "I believe there is a tendency, which I think quite natural, on the part of youngsters to resent the intrusion of adults into their affairs. But let juveniles discipline juveniles and you find things very different. Put a boy in a ball game and the chances are good that he will not deliberately violate the rules more than once. That is the wisest way to illustrate that 'honesty is the best policy'.

"Judge Newberger, President of our athletic club, says that athletics mean the life of a nation. Personally, I believe that our boys were able to do so well in the war because most of them knew how to play a good game of baseball. They had the physical background and courage needed to push ahead. This may also be said of England, who goes in for sports with the same energy that we do. But the great feature to athletics is the fact that it teaches a boy to play square."

"Did you say boy?" I asked. "How about all our athletic girls who are making such wonderful records of late?"

"I am coming to that," said Mr. Simmonds. "I believe that is one reason why girls are doing so well in the business world to-day—because they have learned to play basketball, tennis, to win swimming records and to even go in for baseball. By playing these games and winning athletic titles they gain physical background, self-reliance, team work and learn to shake the hand of the winner."

"When you come to think of it," summed up Mr. Simmonds, "all life is a game and in order to play it well we need practice work and plenty of good, substantial tests. We go in for every athletic game in this institution with the exception of football, and we consider that a dangerous game, inflicting too many accidents to make it worth while. Baseball, soccer, basketball, handball, tennis, swimming, rowing and even the more insignificant competitive games all help to give a boy or a girl character, perseverance and that spirit to beat next time even if you lose at first."

Although Mr. Simmonds believes in team work and the co-operative spirit which most athletic games develop, he advocates swimming as the most valuable outdoor sport to mould character.

"Swimming tests the individual more than any other sport," he said, "because it gives him courage and throws him entirely upon his own resources. A good swimmer soon learns that it is not enough to 'keep your head above water' but you must learn to battle with the dashing waves and overcome many obstacles. Since all life teaches us it is not enough to 'keep our heads above water,' or literally just to keep breathing, but to forge ahead, swimming develops an independence and courage in girl and boy nature which probably cannot be gained any place else."

Mr. Simmonds believes that the

boys and girls who play such competitive games as they may arrange in the city streets also learn how to be honest and fair and play square. He strongly advocates what he terms "twilight play" or games after dinner, when it is coolest.

"From 5.30 to 8.30 it is still light," said Mr. Simmonds, "and that is the time for city boys and girls to indulge in good, healthy games like 'Cops and Robbers,' 'Hide and Seek,' 'Tar Baby,' 'Prisoners' Base,' 'Kick the Can,' and 'Red Rover.'"

"These games call for little apparatus or paraphernalia but force a child to keep within certain rules and above all to play fair. Let a boy or a girl try to cheat in these games or to take an unfair advantage and the disapproval he wins after the first trespass is enough to force him to remedy his ways."

Besides his numerous charges at the asylum Mr. Simmonds has a small

son to bring up, and instead of pointing that dreaded finger to the unpleasing music of "don'ts" and "musts" he believes in letting his son partake in games with children his own age. As time goes on this young man will probably go in for baseball and the athletics which will train him how to play fair far better than all the maxims and gentle reminders from adults.

"The abstract principles of religion, taught to a child in the home, school or church," declared Mr. Simmonds, "mean little unless you can put that child in a position where he is faced with temptation. You must teach him the advisability of keeping those commandments and show him 'why' like the man from Missouri. When he stands up in the baseball field his comrades see to it that he plays according to rules, and because he is taught to mould his character along these lines he will play the game of life fair and square."

A Gentleman

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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HE is—a gentleman, who never fails a friend.

Nor engages against a foe—but squarely.

Recognizing the equality of man and woman

Yet never failing to remember that she

Belongs to his mother's sex.

And then tempers the trend of the times.

With the chivalry of days gone by.

He is who is never out of class with the lowly

No matter how he has walked with the peers.

He lets you learn of the heroic things about him

Rather than tell himself.

He is ever a "good fellow" because

He never misses the opportunity to be one.

Such a one stands up for his friend publicly

But calls him to task in private.

Nor does he seek to know what you do not wish

To tell him.

He is who realizes that marriage involves two and not one.

Who gives the word of praise and appreciation to the woman

He has married—as he does to all others.

Who, knowing he is right,

Never insists on proving it is so.

Such a one ever parts company with the snob

Who boasts of his conquests of woman.

He believes you innocent until you are proved guilty.

Neither loud clothes nor loud talk are part of his make-up.

He is always the man "higher up."

Who grasps the hand of the man "lower down."

He understands that to be honest is not a virtue

But an innate quality that must be continued.

He refuses to live on the labor of others.

And knows always that kindness is the keynote of life.

He never neglects his wife on the excuse

That she does not understand him.

He always overlooks trifles that if argued become magnified

And most of all, a gentleman proves himself one

By action rather than by word.

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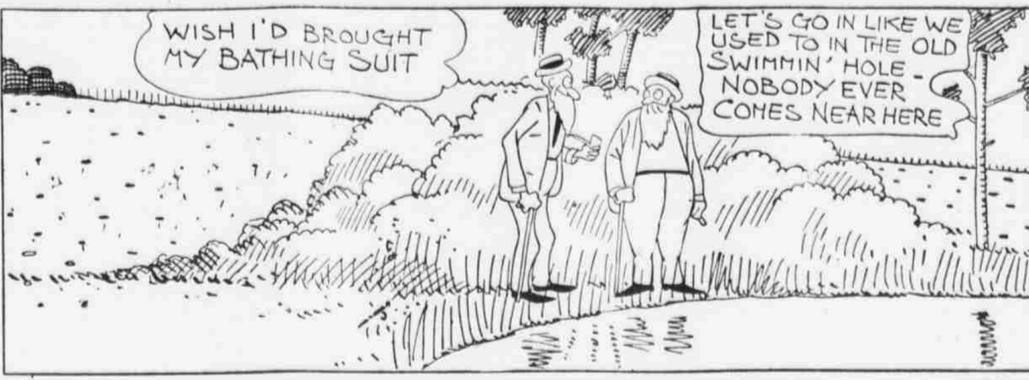
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Can You Beat It!

Copyright 1922 (New York Evening World) by Press Pub. Co.

By Maurice Ketten



Kick in "Caapi" Puts Kick in the Feet!

One Swallow and You Do the "Devil-Devil" Dance—Discovered in Brazil by Gordon MacCreagh.

By Caroline Crawford.

B EWARE of the Caapi, a Devil-Devil dance, and also the drink which is used to inspire one on in the dance!

No, we are not talking about flappers or hooch or anything nearly as tame. Our above warning comes from the lips of Gordon MacCreagh, ethnologist, who has just returned from South America, where for eighteen months he has been a member of the Mulford Biological Expedition which explored the Amazon Basin.

Although this dance was believed to be extinct by scientists, Mr. MacCreagh related the story of the Caapi which he witnessed on the Tiqui River among the Indians who were conquered by the Incas on the Waupes, a tributary of the Rio Negro, in Brazil. As this young explorer told his picturesque story a small family of wildcats played about his studio at No. 21 East 14th Street, jumping upon the writer's lap with all the assurance of tame kittens.

"The Caapi takes its name from the drink which is used in the dance," explained Mr. MacCreagh. "The drink is made from a vine which is cut down and boiled. It is a thin drink and tastes like any drink made from green things, rather bitter you know and so on."

"But you didn't take any of it did you?" I interrupted.

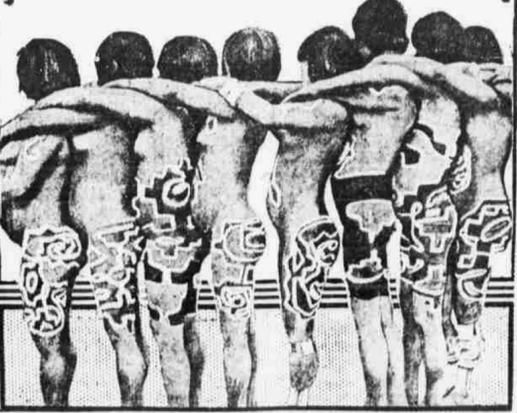
"Indeed I did," proudly corrected MacCreagh. "And I felt so brave and so inspired that I got all topped up like the rest of the Indians, I did, I did!"

"And then?"

"Then I did as the Indians did for a whole day, but that is nothing to my credit for the women danced for a day and a night. When it came time to go in for the Devil-Devil dance where you challenge the devil, the effect of the caapi wore off and I dropped out of the dance."

"Is this drink intoxicating?"

"No, there isn't the slightest bit of alcohol used," declared Mr. MacCreagh. "It simply makes you feel terribly strong and brave. I had no intention of entering the dance or making an idiot out of myself, but after I drank the usual portion given to the Indians—about a quart—I simply felt so brave that I insisted on joining in the dance. I can't begin to say what there is in the drink so I brought some of this caapi, for



Above, Weirdly Painted Indian Women Ready for the First Day's Dance—At Left, Gordon MacCreagh Dressed for the "Devil-Devil" Dance.

dancers then settle down to a serious mood, and at dusk each dancer takes a reed pipe which makes a sound like an owl. Then begins a long rhythmic dance, each man blowing for all he is worth upon his pipe. Forty men were in the dance I saw besides six chosen ones, who went through a secret ceremony.

"All this takes place about midnight, when the woods are pitch dark, with only an occasional star to brighten things up. Hour after hour of this dance, accompanied by this weird music, makes everything most ghastly. I was decidedly glad I had not taken any more caapi. Then suddenly the six special men appeared, winding their way among the other dancers. Because they had been through a secret ceremony one of them was supposed to be the devil, but none of the forty dancers knew which one he was.

"These Devil-Devils carry long horns and are known as the Justary men. They also make a very loud, deep noise which blends in with the pipes the dancers use. Then comes the challenge. The bravest dancer hits one of the six men upon the shoulder. For all he knows this fellow may be the devil. Every one of these six men carries a long whip and when he is challenged he lashes the challenger with a lash which sounds all through the woods."

"And this is the test of the dancer is able to keep right on dancing and still continues to blow

his owl-like pipe with the very same strength the devil will not harm him for the coming year. If he gives in under the lash or allows his pipe to become the least tone falter he is lost and the devil will surely get him the coming year."

"How many of the forty dancers gave in after their challenge?"

"Not one," rather proudly replied Mr. MacCreagh. "I was astonished at their strength and self-control under the stinging lashes of this great whip. The whip raises terrible welts but not a man gave in."

"All of which proves the power of their caapi," I laughed.

"But MacCreagh shook his head and firmly declared he was very glad he had not taken another quart."

"For ordinarily I am a very dignified type of man," he smiled, "but this stuff makes one so brave that it amounts to recklessness."

"And yet if you took some of this powerful caapi and then ventured forth in New York you might be brave enough to have the town at your back and call. You would no longer be afraid of investments, coal strikes, floods, crossing the street in front of six cylinders or slipping from your best friend's pocket book," I wagged my tongue.

"That's just it," agreed young MacCreagh. "After all it is a good thing to be afraid. My, I'm hungry and I didn't drink but one quart of the old stuff and dropped out of the Devil-Devil dance just in time."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"O H, the poor man!" cried Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith sympathetically, as the plain-clothes detective burst into tears as he told the sad story of how a policeman's life was not a happy one because the Federal authorities were always snooping round to confiscate the Ex-hibits A whenever a good big seizure of liquor was made from the ubiquitous rum-runners.

"He good to me, folks," said the detective weakly, and he put his arms around Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith and kissed her absent-mindedly.

"I don't want to stir up no trouble," said Mr. John W. Rangle. "This ain't my house and it ain't my party. It's Mrs. Jarr's house, and the party, as I understand it, is being given to the two Misses Cackleberry of Philadelphia, who are Mrs. Jarr's guests. But one of the Cackleberry girls has run off with Dr. Gilbert Gumm in Jack Silver's machine, and the other one has got Jack Silver out in the hall, necking him to suffocation, poor guy."

"As I say, I don't want to accuse anybody, but it seems to me that some fiend in human form must have put furniture polish in our fair hostess's Prohibition punch. And this bull in plain clothes here—and at this Mr. Rangle indicated the detective with a scornful glance—"has been given three glasses of the punch and is overcome by his libations. He thinks this is a petting party. I'll be one of the local Ku Klux Klan that will give three whistles and a groan, and break his hold on Mr. Smith's bride and throw the interloper out of the window!"

"Oh, it's all right, it's all right!" piped up old man Smith. "I'm sure the officer means it all very respectfully. And, then, my wife is used to admiration. In fact, she expects admiration, she insists on admiration, and I am rather proud of her being so universally admired. Besides, my health ain't what it used to be."

"But if the Janes—I mean the ladies—are to be admired catch-as-catch-can, let it be done by those of our own set," said John W. Rangle, while his wife gave him a hard, suspicious look.

"In matters of admiration," Mr. Rangle continued boldly, "let it be done by home talent, so to speak."

"Now please don't create a scene!" Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith objected with a simper. "I'm sure the officer means nothing but courtesy and respect," and she gazed complacently at the detective, who seemingly had gone to sleep standing up, with his head on her shoulder.

"Of course he does!" chimed in all the other ladies.

"Somebody must have put something in my Prohibition grape juice punch," said Mrs. Jarr, looking around. "Why, Mr. Pinkfinger has fallen asleep at the piano, too."

"She ran to the kitchen and returned with a bottle of household ammonia and soon revived the detective and Mr. Pinkfinger. Whereat Mr. Pinkfinger began to pound the piano with 'The Awakening of the Lion,' by Kontsky, one of the most deafening compositions known to music, and it being 3 A. M. the tenants in apartments above and below began again to pound the floors and ceilings and hammer at the radiator pipes."

"Hey, youse!" cried the now aroused guest detective, going to the window and calling out of the window: "I'm Detective McFongle of the Bow-leg Squad and if you don't quit that noise stuff I'll pinch youse all for disorderly conduct and having booze hidden away in your flats, and youse I know all have got it hid away, too, and most of youse has got still in your kitchen also. And I know it."

At these words a dead silence prevailed, and as Mr. Jarr remarked, you could hear a pint drop—if any one had been so unfortunate as to drop it.

"The pair of youthful provocateurs? Not any believed each other but actually worked themselves into such a state of self-hypnosis that they ended by believing THEIR OWN lies! When they weren't dancing, or plinking, or petting."

They were POSING as rich and rare representatives of America's Younger Set. They laid on the "local color" by the paint-potful. Was not each of them a prize product of the great, democratic, free American educational system of "society" novels and "society" Sunday supplements? It lasted until the night before each of them left the summer resort. Then—under an August moon—Ananias Woke Up.

There is something I want to say to you, darling," he gulped. "But there is a secret in my life which you can never know!" (He meant his Office Job.) Sapphira responded, tearfully: "If you could speak, dearest, I could not listen."

There is an obstacle that must forever part us!" (She meant her Office Job.) So they passionately parted. They never met again! Sapphira married ANOTHER thing, clerk. And she could always tell him, in their heated moments, that she MIGHT have wed a young millionaire. Ananias went to the altar with ANOTHER stenographer. He was too much of a gentleman to say so.

But he could always THINK that a daughter of wealth and fashion MIGHT have been his bride. You see—the story has a happy ending, after all!

Going Down!

DEAR ANXIOUS ONE: Others around you are getting a head—succeeding. Some are moving faster than others. They are the workers. If you have never learned what work is, NOW is the time to learn.

Hard work is preceded by clear thinking. Make up your mind what you want to do and then do it. The time to commence anything is NOW. Yours truly, ALFALFA SMITH.

Fables for the Fair

Ananias and Sapphira—Summer Model

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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MORAL: One Good Lie Deserves Another.

ANANIAS looked like something drawn by Christy, and he was a Snappy Dresser.

Never, out of the movies, had Sapphira seen such magnificent sports clothes. And she wouldn't have liked his ties better if she had chosen them herself. They ALWAYS

matched his socks! His pompadour. Had the well known gloss of the raven's wing—

Or, if you prefer the metaphor, the shine of a greased cat. On his patrician upper lip. He wore one of those trick war mustaches.

He had a neat taste in canes. And carried the latest thing in silver flasks.

Finally, he talked about "his people" in Europe for the summer; about cabling "the old man" for more funds.

About "the car" which he expected "his chauffeur" to bring up almost any day—

It had broken down just before he left town. And there was some hitch about the repairs.

Oh, I assure you, Ananias was the hotel's prize cake-eater. And Sapphira knew she was The Lucky Girl to be the other member of his petting parties.

As for her. She combined the smart sophistication of society flappers, unapproached for Vanity Fair.

With the softer and more melting charms of the heroines of the screen. Her bobbed hair aureoled her young head.

Although she apologized for it (the hair, not the head). And said she intended to let it grow again in the fall—

"Nobody in our set wants bobbed hair, now that Broad Street and West End Avenue have taken it up!"

Her eyebrows were seductively shaved. Her sport sweaters were silken rain-bows.

Her bathing suit was nothing much—quantitatively speaking—but qualitatively it was all to the Long Beach.

She smoked gold-tipped cigarettes, and she wielded a wicked lipstick. As in the case of Ananias's chauffeur, her maid was temporarily among the missing.

"Life had been such a mad whirl at winter. That Sapphira had told Mother she wished to go away for a few weeks quite by herself.

Mother, of course, was horrified—but Sapphira should worry! As if a Modern Girl couldn't cut out the chaperon stuff when she pleased!

One good lie deserves another! If anybody ever had a better time together than Ananias and Sapphira.

The fact is not on record. This pair of youthful provocateurs? Not any believed each other but actually worked themselves into such a state of self-hypnosis that they ended by believing THEIR OWN lies!

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