

Schoolgirls Sometimes Are Too Ambitious

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Is there such a thing as useless knowledge—knowledge which is in itself rubbish, only fit to be stowed away in the lumber-room of the mind?

I suppose teachers will take exception to the statement, but I am more and more inclined to think that a great deal that they laboriously teach, and schoolgirls laboriously learn, might as well be dropped wholly out of the curriculum. We are all aware that what remains to us a few years after we have finished our school education is, so far as facts are concerned, excessively small. What the schools have done, if they have wrought well, has been to give us mental facility and disciplined powers. The question is pertinent whether, for girls, they do this in the best way.

What ought you, a schoolgirl, to acquire in order to be prepared for your work in life? It depends, of course, somewhat on your future. If you are to earn your bread by the toll of hands or brain, you must be taught application, concentration, perseverance and punctuality. Without these good working qualities no girl will succeed in any trade, from dressmaking to novel writing.

Woman's great weakness lies in the direction of inattention, inconstancy and irresponsibility, and these defects hamper her in the world of business and fatally retard her progress. The schools should cultivate in girls these forceful and indispensable qualities as part of the equipment for fighting the world-battle. If arithmetic, algebra and geometry or Latin and French or physics and economics are best calculated to promote this sort of mental and moral growth, by all means let our young girls study them. But one young girl should not have to spend all her time and all her strength during the golden years of school and college work in mastering them all. For the practical purposes of life the school should teach a little and crowd it into too short a time in the education of girls.

Schoolgirls are naturally aspiring and ambitious. They respond swiftly to the spur of an enthusiastic teacher's desires. They are always ready to undertake anything that is suggested and to work until the point of exhaustion. I am not speaking of the idle or the inert or the apathetic type of girlhood, but of the girlhood in the mass, when I assert that it does not hold back from the pace that kills.

Boys cannot easily be pressed beyond a certain mark. Girls see the mark and try to go beyond it. And in doing so they often accumulate a lot of useless and worthless knowledge which never does them or any one else a particle of good, and which might better be let alone, especially as it gathers dust and rust in forgotten pigeonholes.

If a girl is to spend her maturity as a home-maker, as a home daughter, or later as a wife or a mother, she requires not so much an enormous amount of erudition as whatever tends to promote common sense, self-restraint and genuine kindness, and to eliminate egotism. Women at home must be altruistic. Then, too, a girl who would shine in the home and hold her own in society must have culture and charm. If the schools help to form her character on strong and simple lines and to give her often accurate and to give her courage as well as sweetness, they do more for her than if they enable her to pass puzzling examinations on multifarious difficult subjects.

Far be it from me to blame either girls or their teachers for the great and foolish waste that is forever taking place in matters educational. Primarily parents are the people most at fault.

The other day an advertisement appeared in a widely read weekly periodical, which ran to the following effect: "The words are not precisely quoted, but here is the gist of the advertiser's 'wanted':"

"To take the entire charge of a little girl of 10, a young woman who is a college graduate. She must be fond of children, in robust health and between the ages of 25 and 30. Must have had experience in similar positions and be

able to furnish the highest references. She must be familiar with modern methods of teaching, and besides the usual branches her work will include music, drawing and nature study."

The mother of the little maid of 10 evidently expected that her child was to tackle music, drawing and nature study, in addition to the "usual branches." These, at a rough guess, may have been history, geography, English grammar, spelling, reading, and possibly French or German. I was surprised that so grasping a mother did not require the college graduate who should apply for the vacancy as her daughter's governess to be an accomplished cook and an adept in manual training, so that her child might receive initiation in these mysteries, too.

The mother who advertised was laying out too wide a plan for her daughter, and was demanding an impossibility of some unfortunate young woman of 25. The average age of the college alumna is 22. To have gone over the work prescribed in an ordinary college course, likewise to have attained distinction enough in music and art to instruct in these exacting departments, and to have learned the alphabet of nature study would be feats of herculean achievement that would send a girl to a sanitarium or her grave. To look for robust health after all that effort would be absurd, and as for the experience in actual teaching, where would be the time for it? The advertisement is a straw that shows where the wind blows to.

Girls, what you need and must have at any cost, is a good working knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, some love for and acquaintance with good literature, and this springs from good reading; and the accuracy and clearness which come of writing a good hand, and the honesty which is the product of fair-mindedness and well-balanced arithmetic. Don't be persuaded to spend precious hours in studying sciences that do not allure you, and annexing to memory vocabularies which signify nothing to you. But for pity's sake learn to spell, learn to write a decent, straightforward letter, and learn to converse not only fluently, but correctly, in clear, well-chosen English. Avoid useless learning. Life is too full to be handicapped by needless impedimenta. Time is too brief to be mortgaged to ambition. Health is too precious to be ruthlessly sacrificed.

One or two subjects thoroughly assimilated are worth far more to culture than a mere smattering of a dozen, and the effect of the first on character is much more enduring than of the second. I wish I could convince every schoolgirl that thoroughness in little is a higher virtue than diffuseness spread loosely over large things. Attempt less and gain more, should be your rule.

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INDIA'S MOHAMMEDAN MONUMENTS.

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this is unrivaled among palaces. The marble baths, the jeweled bed chambers, the pillared halls, the graceful porticoes—all these abound in rich profusion. But it was upon the great Hall of Private Audience that he lavished taste and wealth. The floor is of polished marble, the pillars and the arched ceiling of polished marble inlaid with precious stones, so set as to form figures and flowers. Each square inch of it speaks of patient toil and skill, and the whole blends harmoniously. For this magnificent audience room he designed a throne fit for the chamber in which it stood. "It was called the peacock throne because it was guarded by two peacocks with expanded tails ornamented with jewels that reproduced the natural colors of the bird. The throne itself was made of gold, inlaid with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Over it was a canopy of gold festooned with pearls supported by twelve pillars, all embellished with gems. On either side stood the oriental emblems of royalty, an umbrella, the covers being of crimson velvet crusted and fringed with magnificent pearls." Thus it was de-

scribed. It was too tempting a prize for greedy conquerors to leave undisturbed, and was carried off some two centuries ago by a Persian, Nahir Shah. Shah Jehan, after contemplating this audience chamber and throne, had inscribed upon the wall in Persian characters a verse which has been freely translated to read:

"If on earth be an Eden of bliss, it is this, it is this, it is this."

And yet, in view of his sad fate there seems as much irony in the lines as there was in the delicately poised scales of justice which he had inlaid on one of the walls of his palace after he had put his relatives out of the way.

But of all the works of art that can be traced to his genius, nothing compares with the tomb, the Taj Mahal, which he reared in honor of the best beloved of his wives, Mumtaz Mahal, "the Chosen of the Palace." This building, unique among buildings and alone in its class, has been described so often that I know not how to speak of it without employing language already hackneyed. When I was a student at college, I heard a lecturer describe this wonderful tomb, and it was one of the objective points in our visit to India. Since I heard of it, I had read so much of it and had received such glowing accounts from those who had seen it, that I feared lest the expectations aroused might be disappointed. We reached Agra toward midnight, and as the moon was waning, drove at once to the Taj that we might see it under the most favorable conditions, for in the opinion of many it is most beautiful by moonlight. There is something fascinating in the view which it presents, and we feasted our eyes on it. Shrouded in the mellow light, the veins of the marble and the stains of more than two and a half centuries are invisible, and it stands forth an apparition. We visited it again in the day time, and yet again, and found that the sunlight increased rather than diminished its grandeur. I inclose with this article a photograph, but am aware that the camera cannot reproduce its loveliness. I am bringing an alabaster miniature home with me, but I am conscious that the Taj must be seen full size and silhouetted against the sky to be appreciated.

Imagine a garden with flowers and lawn, walks and marble water basins and fountains; in this garden build a platform of white marble 18 feet high and 300 feet square, with an ornate minaret 157 feet high at each corner; in the center of this platform rear a building 180 feet square and 100 feet high, with its corners beveled off and, like the sides, recessed into bays; surmount it with a large central dome and four smaller ones; cover it inside and out with inlaid work of many colored marbles and carvings of amazing delicacy; beneath the central dome place two marble candelabra, inlaid with precious stones, the tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife, and inclose them in exquisitely carved marble screens—imagine all this, if you can, and then your conception of this world-famed structure will fall far below the Taj Mahal itself. It is, indeed, "a dream in marble." And yet, when one looks upon it and then surveys the poverty and ignorance within its shadow, he is tempted to ask whether the builder of the Taj might not have honored his wife more had he expended on this tomb been expended on the elevation of womanhood. The contrast between this artistic pile and the squalid tenements of the people about it brooks the structure of half its charms.

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The Bismarck

Handles the genuine imported Bavarian Beer, in bottles, which is recommended by all leading physicians for women in delicate health. It is very strengthening and nutritious.

ALL UNION MEN TAKE NOTICE.

The following is a complete list of union barber shops in Salt Lake City: W. C. Lockington, Cullen Hotel shop; Matt Lyons, Templeton block; Haslam & Hill, 12 W. James; James C. Squires, 22 E. 1st South; John E. Shorten, 82 E. 2d South; Charles E. White, 67 E. 2d South; J. E. McGinniss, Commercial block; Parlor barber shop, 204 S. State; Peters' shop, 14 E. 2d South; Sorce & Gillilan, 335 W. 2d South; Hendrick & Knowlden (Lyric shop), 321 S. Main; John C. Squires (Imperial shop), 4 E. 1st South.

HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP

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peace" to these. Hagar was implacable and urged revenge, but Margaret—weak, sweet soul—leaned to the side of charity. Waiting the arrival of her false friend, her lost lover, she prayed for guidance and for strength to sustain her in the coming ordeal. It was the last and most painful phase of her long, long martyrdom.

Mrs. Mask arrived an hour later, as Hagar had announced, but alone. Her husband had been detained by business, she explained to the girl, and would come later. Like herself, he was anxious to see their dying friend.

"Does he know the truth?" asked Hagar, before admitting the visitor. Jane was now a large and prosperous woman, with an imperious temper, and in an ordinary case would have replied sharply. But the discovery of her treachery, the knowledge that her victim was dying, had broken her down entirely. With a pale face and quivering lip, she shook her head and sighed that she could not bring herself to speak. Hagar stood aside and permitted her to pass in silence. She would have lashed the perfidious woman with her tongue, but desisted the more just that the traitress should be punished by the friend she had wronged so bitterly. Mrs. Mask entered the room and slowly walked over to the bedside. The blind woman recognized her footsteps; yet recognized it even after these many years.

"Jane," said Margaret, reproachfully, "have you come to look at your work?" The prosperous lady recoiled as she saw the wreck of the merry, happy girl she had known thirty years before. Tongued-tied by the knowledge that Margaret spoke truly, she could only stand like a culprit beside the bed, and like a culprit await her sentence. Hagar remained at the door to listen.

"Have you nothing to say?" gasped Margaret, faintly—"you who lied about me with your accomplice—who made my John believe me faithless? My John! alas, he has been yours—won by dishonesty—these thirty years!" "I loved him," stammered the other woman at last, goaded into defending herself.

"Yes, you loved him and betrayed me. For years I have suffered hunger and cold; for years I have lived with a broken heart, alone and miserably!"

"Sorry! Can your sorrow, give me back thirty years of wasted life—of long enduring agony? Can sorrow make me what I should have been—what you are—a happy wife and mother?"

"Margaret," implored Jane, sinking on her knees, "forgive me! In spite of all my prosperity I have suffered in secret. My sin has come home to me many a time, and made me weep. I searched for you when I returned to England; I could not find you. Now I am willing to make what expiation you wish."

"Then tell your husband how you tricked him and ruined me!" "No! No! Anything but that, Margaret. For God's sake! I should die of shame if he knew. He loves me now; we are old; we have children. Two of my boys are in the army; my daughter is a wife and mother. What you will, but not that; it would destroy all; it would kill me!"

She bowed her head on the bed clothes and wept. Margaret reflected. Her revenge was within her grasp. John was coming, and a word from her would make him loathe the woman he had loved and honored these many years—would make him despise the mother of his children. "No, she could not be so cruel as to ruin the innocent to punish the guilty. Besides, Jane had loved him, and it was that love which had made her sin. Margaret raised herself feebly, and laid her thin hand on the head of the woman who had martyred her.

"I forgive you, Jane. Go in peace. John shall never know." Jane lifted up her face in amazement at this Godlike forgiveness. "You will not tell him?" she muttered. "No. No one shall tell him. Hagar, swear to me that you will keep silent."

"I swear," said Hagar, a little sullenly. "But you are wrong."

"No, I am right. To gain forgiveness we must forgive others. My poor Jane, you were tempted, and you fell. Of Lucy, I shall say nothing; but will bring home her sin to her in—ah! dear Lord! Hagar! I—I die!"

Hagar ran to the bedside and placed her arms round the lean frame of poor Margaret. Her face was gray, her eyes glazed, and her body fell back in the arms of Hagar like a dead thing. She was dying; the end of her martyrdom was at hand.

"Give! Give!" she whispered, striving to raise one feeble hand. "The teapot!" said Hagar. "Quick—give it to her!"

Jane seized the teapot, ignorant that it contained the letters which proved her guilt, and placed it in the hands of the poor soul. She clasped it feebly to her breast, and a smile of delight crept slowly over her gray face. "John's gift!" she faltered, and—died. A moment later the door was pushed open and a portly man with gray hair entered the room. He saw Jane sobbing by the bedside. Hagar kneeling with tears in her eyes, and on the bed the dead body of the woman he had loved.

"I am too late," said he, approaching. "Poor Margaret!" "She has just died," whispered Hagar. "Take your wife away."

"Come, my dear," said John, raising the repentant woman; "we can do no good. Poor Margaret! To think that she would not marry me! Well, it is best so; God has given me a good and true wife in her place."

"A good and true wife!" muttered Hagar, in irony.

With Jane on his arm the former lover of Margaret moved toward the door. "I shall weep, of course, see to the funeral," he said, in a pompous tone. "She shall be buried like a princess."

"Indeed, Mr. Mask! And she lived like a beggar."

A faint flush of color crept into the man's cheeks, withered with age. "That was not my fault," he said, haughtily. "Had I known of her wants I would have helped her. Though, indeed," he added, bitterly, "she deserves little at the hands of one whom she wronged so deeply. I loved her, and she was faithless."

"Ah!" cried Hagar, and for the moment she felt inclined to tell the truth, but the memory of her promise restrained her; also a glance at the white face of Jane, who thought that her secret was about to be revealed.

"What do you say?" asked John, looking back.

"Nothing. But—the silver teapot." "My gift. Let it be buried with her."

He passed through the door without another word, leaving Hagar alone with the dead. Had he known of the contents of the teapot which the dead woman had clasped in her arms he might not have departed with his wife by his side. But he went out ignorant and happy.

Hagar looked at the retiring forms of the married pair, at the white face of the dead woman, at the bare, bleak room and the silver teapot. Then she laughed.

Next week, "The Seventh Customer and the Mandarin."

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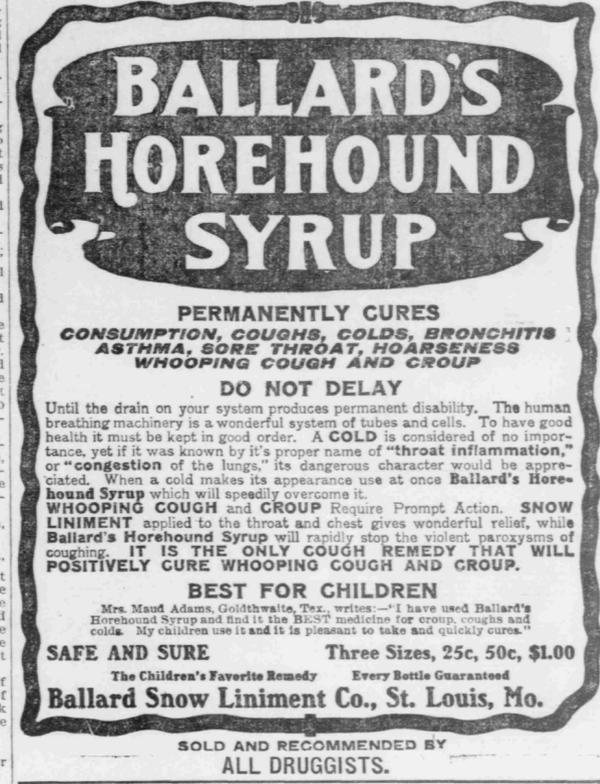
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A Wonderful Feat of Endurance.

(Leslie's Weekly.) All the automobile endurance contests are thrown into the shade by the remarkable performance of Emil Bouhours of Paris, who rode a bicycle 815 miles and 291 yards in twenty-four hours, at the remarkable average speed of thirty-four miles an hour. When one considers the delay and stops entailed in such a race, it means that for hours the rider must be pedaling his bicycle at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and sometimes even faster than that. The old record for the time was 634 miles and 57 yards, or about seven hours slower than Bouhours' record. It is true that Bou-

hours was paced by a motor cycle, but he rode without a wind shield, and for a large part of the time he made his own pace. The weather was intensely cold and seriously affected Bouhours in the last four hours of riding. He says that under better weather and pacing conditions he would have been able to cover 1,000 miles in twenty-four hours.

IN LOVE AND WAR. (Philadelphia Ledger.) "I notice," said the young man, "that soldiers speak of battles as engagements, but all engagements are not battles." "No," replied Henpeck, "but most marriages are."



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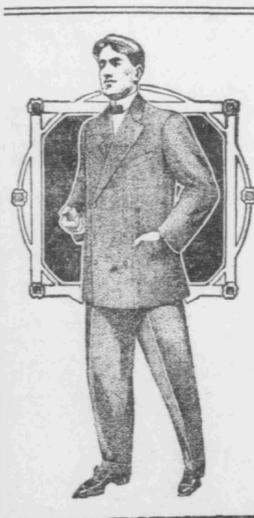
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