

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Teach Your Child Songs Worth While

So Much Mental Effort Is Wasted Memorizing the Trashy Doggerel of the Street When Children Might Learn Ballads Hallowed By Associations and Now Rarely Heard.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

My attention has been lately directed to matters which pertain to certain phases of the education of children, and I have been struck with the needless waste of time and energy we are asking the children to use in the matter of memorizing certain useless material.

Teach Them Real Music. To forbid a child to sing these street songs is, perhaps, as unwise as it is useless. They seem suddenly to permeate every nook and cranny of the place.

Substitution is the only suggestion an experienced teacher can offer when I talked to her about this problem of keeping these street songs—at least the silly words—from the minds of the children.

There are so many exquisite songs for children, songs written for them and about them, which all children instinctively love, that it is a pity to seem to be a needless shock to the sensibilities, she declared.

A child's memory is such a sensitive thing; an early impression is so long retained that I think the co-operation of the teacher is necessary to keep the child's mind from being filled with the doggerel of the moment.

There are many old songs, hallowed by associations, some of our national songs, which are noble and inspiring. The children know perhaps the words of the first stanza, and an excellent memory text may be made of the entire song.

There are adorable nature and primary songs for the younger children, many of them real literature set to music.

Strength of will never kept a man from falling in love; more than a strong constitution kept him from catching a fever.

No man ever told a woman the whole truth. He hasn't enough strength left, after he has recovered from the storm and bolt together about her a little bit of the truth.

There never yet lived a man so commonplace that he didn't secretly believe that his wife was better than a book, if he cared to write it down.

Every married woman at least has three husbands; the one she brags about to her friends, the one she thinks she has, and the one she really has.

RECIPES

Crabapple Jelly. Wash the apples, cut off the stems and all bad spots, then put in a large enough kettle and boil in water. Cook slowly until all ingredients are soft and tender, then strain through a clean flour sack, measure the juice and add an equal amount of sugar and one-half a peck of apples use half a lemon that has been washed and sliced into the juice, and boil together about half an hour, or until it thickens on a saucer, at which time set aside to cool. This will make a clear dark red and give it a lovely flavor.

What They Say About Us

Miss Rankin's Election. Like a young Lochinvar out of the West, she came, she sang, she conquered, she suffragist, and she won!

So now it is in the vernacular, "up to Miss Rankin." When she takes her seat there will be plenty awaiting the chance to scoff and to deride. But it is safe to predict that her record in the future, as in the past, will redound not only to her own honor but to that of the thousands of women who, in her own State, have worked for her election and throughout the United States have eagerly watched her work and her present campaign, conscious that there was a woman who throughout her career as a worker for the public good has reflected nothing but credit on herself and the movement for which she stands.

Miss Rankin's campaign in Montana was one of history-making events. In the primaries she ran amazingly ahead of her opponents, and the forces of good all over the State flocked to her standard. Miss Rankin's adoption of a prohibition plank brought the same plank into the platforms of men who never before had allied themselves with women's reform movements.

Woman did nobly at the polls. She had more nerve and dignity than many a first year male voter. By the way, she gained one State, South Dakota, and was rejected by another, West Virginia, home of alleged prohibition and the Wheeling stogie.

The election of Mr. Hughes in Mr. Hughes' case, the count that the women of the State would doom America to a new era of four years of big government, the wide opportunity to privilege. The fact that the women of the State would doom America to a new era of four years of big government, the wide opportunity to privilege.

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Times Pattern Service, NOV. 20. Name, Street and Number, City and State, No. 558, Size Desired.

Nijinsky---Dancer, Director and Proud Parent, Is But Twenty-Eight

Though He Has Had the Technical Training of the Imperial Russian Ballet School, When He Was Twenty He Broke Away To Join the de Diaghileff Organization.

He Was Interned For Two Years As a Spy, and Came To the United States Just In Time For the Second Season of the Ballet Russe Last Spring.

AND Waslav Nijinsky is only twenty-eight. The man who has created a sensation in nearly every European capital, and is in a fair way to repeat his foreign record in this country, was born in 1888.

It was of Polish parents that the premier danseur of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe was born in Russia nearly three decades ago. His parents were dancers, and it was only natural that they should enter the little Waslav at the Imperial Ballet School, which takes the dancers to be long before they have reached their teens and promises them an appearance before the Czar if they work hard enough.

Just about eight years ago he joined the Diaghileff organization, which represented a new idea in ballet. Through recognizing the value of technique, de Diaghileff thought that the ballet should represent more spontaneity and vigor than the studied postures and prouettes of the accepted Russian school.

Of the group he drew about him, Waslav Nijinsky speedily went into first rank. To him was entrusted the choreography of many of the ballets that were introduced from time to time.

While the ballet organization was traveling in Austria Nijinsky married, and went to live for a time at the home of his mother-in-law, to work out plans for new ballets. His constant writing, his voluminous correspondence, and a certain amount of doubt regarding his mysterious profession filled the Austrian authorities with misgivings. It was deemed expedient to place him under police guard as a suspected spy, and even after his innocence was proved he was considered a dangerous person.

This period of surveillance lasted just about two years. Soon after he was set free he sailed for the United States, appearing at the Metropolitan Opera House last spring with the dancers from whom he had been an unwilling exile.

As soon as he had made his premiere appearance, critics hailed him in no uncertain terms as "the tenor of Russian dancing, to Mikail Mordkin's baritone." "The greatest dancer of his generation," and so on.

But who would think to see the "Spec-tre of the Rose" float mistily onto the stage, that the magic being is a very fond parent whose heart is quite wrapped up in one small girl?

Their Baby Also Interned. Kyra is still little more than a baby, but she tasted of Austrian internment with her parents. Mrs. Nijinsky explained when they first came to this country that the child was literally raised on a diet of German chocolate and food that would kill most children.

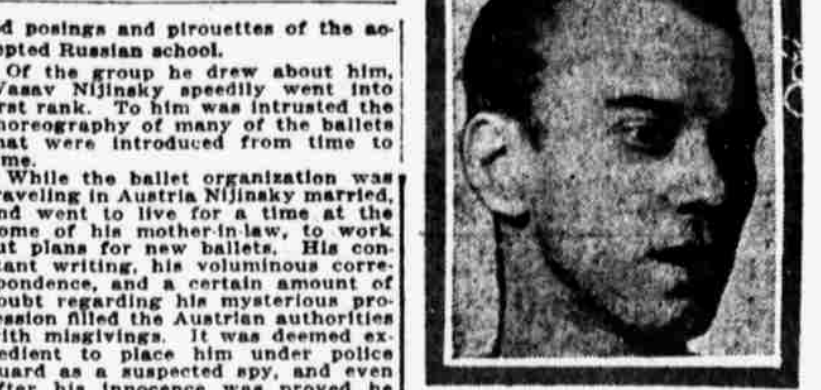
During the summer Papa Nijinsky found plenty of time to romp with his daughter at Bar Harbor, Maine; where he had a summer home and apparently devoted some time to the raising of acrobatic white rabbits.

Mrs. Nijinsky is the business man of the family. In spite of the fact that she was a dancer in her younger days, and that dancers, of all people, are supposed to be temperamental (as her husband shows), she has a sound head for finance and acts as her husband's representative in all matters of importance. She is a linguist of no small ability for she speaks seven languages. No wonder that she is the one reporter usually interviewed!

Mary Fenton, writing in The Craftsman for October, says of Nijinsky: "It is an account for Nijinsky's success through his extraordinary power of giving out his spirit through his dancing. To him it is far more than technique or color. He says: 'I lead a Duncan liberated dancing for me. Through dancing she is liberating all the arts, and, greatest of all, the art of living.'"



Nijinsky at his summer home, Bar Harbor, Me., with his daughter, Kyra, and part of the Nijinsky menagerie.



WASLAV NIJINSKY.

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The district attorney had hardly settled down to his desk early in the morning when his telephone bell began to jangle excitedly.

"Who is it?" he demanded as he took down the receiver. "This is Ira Lent," came the answer, "and want you to listen to me for a minute. Sometime during the night my house was entered and its up to you to find the burglar."

Why Growing Boys Eat More Than Is Needed By Most Laboring Men

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG.

If life's morning march, the gastronomic pouch should never be empty like the cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard. The boy needs better and more rations than the man.

Dr. Graham Lusk appeared recently before the Washington Academy of Sciences, with his researches upon the daily food of active American schoolboys. His conclusions are that growing boys of school age eat one and a half times as much food as a hard-working farmer is supposed to require.

Test Says' Food Needs. In one of the largest private schools in the United States, an investigation was made as to the amount of heat units—calories—each boy required, and the proper ration of fats, starches, and protein or albumens taken.

Answers to Health Questions. F. J.—I have a desire to swallow frequently. What is the cause of this? Habit, excitement, salivation, overactive stomach or thyroid glands, excessive emotions, large smoking, "speaker's throat" and other such things may cause this desire.

Seen In The Shops. No one ever would guess that the miniature logs of birch and pine, complete even to knots and perfectly reproduced in wax or candies until a closer examination showed an unobstructive wick at the top.

AMUSEMENTS. BURTON HOLMES. Sunday Night at 8:30; Canadian Rockies. Imperial British, Dec. 1. The German Fatherland, Dec. 18. La Belle France, Dec. 17.

CLIFTON CRAWFORD. Next Thursday "HER SOLDIER BOY". Biggest Musical Hit of the Year. ERNEST SCHELLING. America's Own Master Pianist. Thursday, Nov. 23, 4:30 P. M.

B. F. KEITH'S. Twice Every Day. The Beautiful Broadway Stars. DOROTHY JARDON. LEW DOCKSTADER. New Act, "The Political Boss."

LOEW'S COLUMBIA. Friday JULIA CULP. Co-starred V. Box at the Plaza. Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. T. Arthur Smith, 1506 G St. N. W.

Boston Symphony Orchestra. DR. KARL MUCK, Conductor. NATIONAL THEATRE. Tuesday, November 28, 4:30. Soloist, SUSAN MILLAR. Seats now on sale at ticket office in Droop's, 1314 and G.

Paderewski. NATIONAL THEATRE. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 4:30. Prices, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00; now on sale at ticket office in Droop's, 1314 and G.

LYCEUM. "The High Flyers". Extra-Hercule. Extra-Princess Arab and Kentucky Trio. Next Week—"The Girls of Monte Carlo."

MILLER'S. Beacon Theatre, Bill, P. M. 8:30. Dances for 1917. The "Too-Too," the London T.A.P.R. NITE Waits; private & class instruction by appl. Sat. eve. class starts Dec. 2 (limited).

WYNDHAM 521 1/2 St. N. W. Phone 2824. Private lessons. MISS FISHER. Class Tuesday Evenings. PHONE NORTH 5544. MISS FISHER. Private lessons only. 135 C St. N. W. Phone List, 285-3.

Boys and Girls Famous in World History

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Galileo, The Boy Scientist. Galileo soon afterward was obliged to leave the university, after all, when his doctor's degree, because he was too poor to pay for such an honor.

By the way, Galileo was born in the same year that Michaelangelo died. And Galileo died in the same year that Sir Isaac Newton was born.

He wanted to learn things for himself; not to accept them because other people said they were true. If you will remember that less than a century earlier people had laughed at Columbus for declaring the earth was round, you will understand why some of the "truths" taught at Pisa were so brilliant by Galileo.

At last in some way enough money was raised to send the lad to the University of Pisa, where he was appointed to study his beloved subject on the sly.

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The Dot Detective

By CLIFFORD LEON SHERMAN.



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