

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Old Faery Tales Made New"

"The Princess of the Swineherd"

By Nell Brinkley

Do you remember that old Hans Andersen tale—and the picture that always goes with it? A Princess ringed about by the outspread skirts of her pretty maids, while she bends her royal lips to the herder of her father's swine?

Do you remember its simple beginning? A heart-story in a tiny sentence—that might well make any modern young chap who is one of the night-and-morning tide of workers on Nassau street or at the Grand Central smite himself on the chest and say, "That's me!"

Here it is: "THERE WAS A POOR PRINCE WHOSE KINGDOM WAS QUITE SMALL, BUT STILL IT WAS LARGE ENOUGH TO MARRY UPON AND THAT IS WHAT HE WANTED TO DO!"

"There was a poor Prince"—ah-h-h. But the Princess preferred a swineherd.

In the faery-tale—which is also the plainest fact—the Prince was poor, but he had a rose to offer the Princess—and a nightingale. Now the Princess was an angel—flower-face gold heart—but by some strange twist in her mind (any one but he who loved her would have called it "narrow-mean hearted"), she pouted when he laid the rose and the nightingale at her slipper-toes and wished it was a "pussy-cat!" She would have none of the rose and the nightingale—and with her back on the Prince and "pussy-cat" thoughts in her head, her eyes fell on the swineherd—shock-headed—unlovely! But in his hands he held two toys. And the Princess coveted them with all her heart!

So she sold her kisses and her heart to the swineherd in a trade for a brace of toys!

And the poor prince clutched his heart and said, "You would not have an honest prince—you did not value the rose and the nightingale, but for a plaything you kissed the swineherd and gave him your heart!"

So many a princess in heart and soul gives herself to a swineherd for a handful of toys (a bag of gold and that trifle "position"), while a Prince-among-men pockets his offered-and-scorned gems and takes the trail alone.



"So many a Princess gives herself to a swineherd for a handful of toys—(a bag of gold and that trifle 'position')—while a Prince-among-men pockets his offered-and-scorned gems and takes the trail alone." (The little story by Miss Brinkley that accompanies this picture is printed in the first column of this page.)

Grafting Girls. Meanest in the World; Their Work Sends Many Men to Jail Yearly.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Not long ago I said in this column that I thought that the gentleman who is entitled to receive the medal for the meanest man was the man whose attentions were without intention. I mean the man who just to amuse himself and to gratify his vanity deliberately wins a girl's affection, monopolizes her society, and keeps her from marrying some other man, although he never has the slightest intention of marrying her himself.



A man, who agrees with my estimate of the meanest man, asks me whom I consider the meanest girl in the world. If I were called upon to hand out the medals for pure, unadulterated meanness I should bestow the decoration on the girl who is a grafter, the girl who is a hater, the girl who is a sneak-thief at heart, but who is too cowardly to do her own pocket picking and take the risk of it, but makes some man do it for his love of her.

There are many bad and wicked women, many women who ruin the lives of men through their evil influence, but there is not one who is worse, or who does more harm than the grafting girl. She occupies a fine place in society, and considers herself a model of virtue, and yet there is many a bedridden woman of the street who has a kinder and nobler heart than she, and many a woman thief serving her term in prison who is more honest.

The girl grafter is young. She is pretty. She looks soft and tender, but a marble statue has not less feeling, nor less sympathy. She is determined to have things, and she does not care how she gets them, nor what suffering the getting of them entails on other people.

Her first victim is her father. You see him often. A shabby, weary, worn man, with bent shoulders, who tells far beyond his strength to supply his grafting daughter with finery. He is being killed by inches to buy her silks and satins, and send her to places of amusement, but no pity for him ever stirs her stony heart. She would sell his very body and soul for thirty pieces of silver—or thirty cents—if she thought it a good bargain, and the most she could get out of him.

But the grafting girl is only trying her "gentle hand" on father. She gets in her great and perfect work when she is grown and when she can use all of the charms of her womanhood to decoy unwary victims into her parlor and rob them.

Of course, the grafting girl is always on the lookout for some rich man to marry, but in the meantime, while she is waiting for the money bags to come, she does not disdain small gains. She will go to a bookkeeper on a salary of \$200 a year, and so steady, she will make a fortune for herself in the long run.

She can't talk two minutes with a man without decanting on how she loves the theater and longs to see some particular play, and how she dotes on sitting in a box, until she backs him up into a corner where he has to have superhuman courage to refrain from asking her to go with him to see the play that she has determined he shall take her to. And if he does take her she forces him to take her in a taxi, and he can no more get her by a restaurant without stopping for supper than he could change the color of his hair.

When she has a birthday, or Christmas rolls around, she holds up every man she knows and forces him to send her the expensive presents she wants, and that she has already picked out for him to give her.

And she's so subtle and insidious in her way that the men who have been nuptial never know how it happens that they are always sending her candy and jewelry and silk stockings, and taking her to expensive places of amusement. But she knows. She is perfectly aware of how to work them by hints and cajolery, and playing one man off against another, and sweetly it was of Tom to give her that silver mesh bag, until Bob feels that he will be a piker and a tightwad if he doesn't come across with a hand-carved silver vanity case.

The grafting girl is the meanest girl in the world, and here's one of her meanest stories of her meanness, and it's a true one, for I personally knew all the people concerned in it.

As fine a young fellow as God ever made fell in love with a grafting girl, who was as beautiful of body as she was hideous of soul. The boy was poor, because he was willing to supply her with theater tickets, although he had to half starve himself to do it. One day the two were walking up the street and stopped in at a jeweler's to get the boy's silver watch that had been repaired. While they were waiting for it, the girl espied a diamond bracelet that was worth \$5,000 in the case. She asked to see it, tried it on her white round arm, and then turning to the boy she asked, with a languishing gaze into his eyes:

"Would you give this to me if I asked you for it?" "Oh, of course," he laughed, "I'd do it for you. Thank you so much." The boy tried to joke it off, but the grafter held on to the bracelet. The jeweler who knew and loved the boy, attempted to take it away from her, but she would not surrender the bauble, and in the end she got the trinket. With a face like death and a hand that shook, the boy wrote out a check for the price of it—for the money that he did not have—and that he stole that night from his employer.

His family paid the money, the matter was hushed up, but it killed his mother, and sent him out into the world a defaulter, who tried to drown the memory of his shame in drink. And the girl grafter wore her diamond bracelet with never a pang of remorse for all the trinkets it cost.

MEMORY'S MANSION

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In Memory's Mansion are wonderful rooms,
And I wander about them at will;
And I pause at the casements, where boxes of blooms
Are sending sweet scents o'er the sill.
I lean from a window that looks on a lawn,
From a turret that looks on the wave,
But I draw down the shade when I see in some glade
A stone standing guard by a grave.
To Memory's attic I climbed one day,
When the roof was resounding with rain,
And there, among relics long hidden away,
I rummaged with heartache and pain.
A hope long surrendered and covered with dust,
A pastime, outgrown and forgot,
And a fragment of love, all corroded with rust,
Were lying heaped up in one spot.

And there, on the floor of the garret, was tossed
A friendship 'too fragile to last;
With pieces of dearly bought pleasures that cost
Vast fortunes of pain in the past.
A fabric of passion, once vivid and bright
As the breast of a robin in Spring,
Was spread out before me—a terrible sight—
A moth-eaten, rag of a thing.
Then down the steep stairway I hurriedly went,
And far into chambers below,
But the mansion seemed filled with the old attic scent
Wherever my footsteps would go.
Though in Memory's House I still wander full oft,
No more to the garret I climb,
And I leave all the rubbish heaped there in the loft
To the hands of the Housekeeper, Time.

Easter Can't Come on a Fixed Date Because It is Governed by the Moon

If It Were Not, It Might Be Placed, Like Christmas, on a Certain Date of Each Year—System of Determining Its Date Made 400 Years B. C.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The great Christian festival of Easter, marking the anniversary of the resurrection of Christ, falls this year within one day of its earliest possible date. It comes on Sunday, March 23. Last year it fell on Sunday, April 7. Some years it occurs several weeks later still. All other anniversaries except Easter, and the holy days associated with it, fall on a fixed day of each year, and people who are not familiar with what is called the ecclesiastical calendar are often greatly puzzled to account for the wandering of this great festival, whose extreme dates may be as much as five weeks apart. A late Easter has more flowers and more sunshine; an early one, like that of the present year, sometimes feels the last chill of the departed winter.



The primary reason for the variable date of Easter is the fact that it is the only great festival in Christian countries that depends directly upon the monthly motion of the moon. At the same time, it is affected by the yearly motion of the sun, since its date is governed by the vernal equinox, which is the point in the year when the sun crosses the equator from the southern to the northern hemisphere.

age, about twenty-nine days, ten hours, and forty-one minutes. A year, which is measured by the apparent motion of the sun, is on the average 365.25 days. Now this cannot be divided by the period of a lunar month without a remainder. In consequence, a full moon may occur at any time in the course of an ordinary month.

But the rule for finding the date of Easter is that it must fall upon the Sunday immediately following the first full moon, which occurs on or after March 21, which is the regular date of the equinox.

Last year the first full moon following the equinox happened on April 1, which was a Monday. The next following Sunday, April 7, was then according to the rule, Easter day. This year the full moon of the equinox, or the paschal moon as it is called in the church calendar, falls on March 21, which is a Saturday, and the next day, the twenty-third, being Sunday, becomes Easter day.

Inasmuch as Christmas day, which is celebrated as the anniversary of the birth of Christ, comes at a fixed date every year, December 25, it would appear much simpler to keep Easter also at a fixed date as possible. It could not be absolutely fixed because of the settled custom of celebrating it on a Sunday, but, as the astronomer Clavius pointed out centuries ago, a reasonable degree of regularity could be introduced by making Easter the first Sunday after the equinox without regard to the phase of the moon. If that rule were adopted the date of Easter would still be a movable one, but its wanderings would be kept within a week of a fixed date.

The Rights of Parents Charleston Evacuation

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The great majority of parents may be divided into two classes: Those runnously indulgent and those who never remember the days of their youth.

Which means they are selfish and tyrannical, and that their children grow up knowing both oppression and suppression. The parents have their rights. The rights to quiet hours, undisturbed evenings and occasional possession of the "best room." The child has its rights. The right to dance and sing and be surrounded by its kind; the right to a home as that word is interpreted by youth.

These rights invariably clash, and instead of arbitrating the more modern parents go to the wall. They become at the end of their days a sort of parental dormat on which is printed the word "Welcome" for all the gay, noisy companions of their children, but which is turned with the blank side up when their own friends appear. Naturally they cannot welcome their own friends for the reason that the children occupy the parlor, overflow into the dining room and draw their parents to their rooms.

When the parents are less modern the result of this clashing of rights is even more disastrous; for youth is robbed of its joys, and the girls and boys are unnaturally subdued—quiet, troubled little men and women, knowing a mirth that is no more spontaneous than the mechanical laugh of a mechanical doll.

I have a letter from a girl whose parents are plainly not modern. Indeed, it would seem as if they had drifted down from the sixteenth century without the progress of time having made a change in them, and with their hearts as wrinkled as an apple that the winds have forgotten, season after season, to knock from the tree.

She says she is 15 years old; her sister is 23 years old. She makes a good salary; so does her sister. Her parents are in comfortable circumstances, yet they have no home where they can invite company, that which should be the parlor being given over to the transaction of the father's business affairs.

"If it were necessary," writes the girl, "I would not complain; but my father doesn't need the money, and we are growing up and want to have company, as all girls do, and he will not let us have a room where we can see them." Here is a clashing of rights that will drive these girls to the streets to meet the young men they are forbidden to ask to their homes. They want the right of youth—the supreme right of youth—and that is to love and to be loved, and to court and to be courted, and to marry. No man, if he is worth having, will ask a girl he has passed on the street several times to marry him. He wants to know her better. She has the right to demand a better acquaintance with him, and the only safe place in the world for this acquaintance to develop into love is in the girl's own parlor.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was forty-eight years ago—February 18, 1865—that the confederates evacuated Charleston, S. C., the chief city of the Palmetto state, the fountain-head of the doctrine out of which the war grew, and from the harbor of which was fired the first gun of the mighty contest.

On April 14, 1861, the southern flag was spread to the breeze above Fort Sumter, and there that flag remained until February 18, 1862, when it was hauled down by the hands of the men who had raised it four years before.

Charleston was never taken. From the beginning to the end of the great struggle it remained in the hands of those who, on that famous December 20, 1860, voted the Palmetto state out of the Union.

By all those who were unfriendly to the confederacy, it was hated by the northerners as heartily as Boston was by the southerners. For years it had stood for states' rights. It was the chief city of the state in which Calhoun had lived—Calhoun, the unassured and unanswerable champion of the "rear of rights," the Titan before whose logic even Webster had quailed like Apollon before the flaming sword of Christ.

Early in 1863, therefore, it was decreed by the federal government that Charleston should fall, and in April of that year Admiral Dupont was sent with nine iron-clads to capture the place. The attempt was a disastrous failure.

Probably there was not throughout the entire war such masterful gunnery as was displayed by the confederates on April 7, 1862. European artillerymen have declared that nowhere in the long story of war can there be found the account of anything finer than the work that was done by the artillerists in Charleston harbor on that day.

The following July (1863) the forts in Charleston harbor were subjected to a combined land and naval attack, the result of which, as in the former instance, was a failure. The fleet, at a safe distance, rained shot and shell upon Fort Sumter, while the land forces, under General Gilmore, landed on Morris island, attacked Fort Wagner.

The assault was delivered with the spirit and determination that usually mark the American soldier when in action, and was repulsed with fearful slaughter. Again the blue lines surged up against the wall of the fort, only to meet with a still more fearful declination. Gilmore then laid siege to the battery, approaching it gradually by sap and mine, and on the morning of the day on which the third assault was to have been delivered the fort was evacuated by the confederates.

And then, for eighteen long, weary months, from battery and wave, from cannon and mortar, a rain of shot and shell fell upon Charleston. But in the midst of the smoking ruins, the destitution and misery the city held out against surrender. By and by the news came that Sherman, with his big army, was coming down from Columbia and the confederate garrison in the harbor and city slipped out to avoid capture by Sherman. The next day Gilmore hauled down the flag that had been flying for four years over Sumter and entered the evacuated town. A month-and-a-half later came Appomattox.