

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Business Girl

Presents

A Beautiful Face to Admiring Eyes—Let Her Guard her Reputation

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.

The girl in the business block is an important factor in modern life. When the clock waits blows, or when banking hours are over, one may see a beauty show on any of our great thoroughfares in the big cities; for then the stenographers and the bookkeepers, and other assistants in business offices set forth to obtain a little fresh air and exercise, or to do shopping.

Rarely on the fashionable driven can so many beautiful faces be seen as these business girls present to admiring eyes. And when we realize the continuing close association into which these girls are thrown with men, day after day, and week after week, and month after month, we can only wonder that so few scandals occur in our land, in which the business girl is the unfavorable leading lady.

Nevertheless, many tragedies occur in the lives of these girls which are not known to the world; and more than one wife owes her peace of mind to the good sense and strong will, and high ideal of some business girl who refused to act the affinity role for a weak man.

Again, the naughty and disagreeable wife or daughter who calls at her husband's office and treats the business girl as if she were a fly upon the wall or a speck of dust upon the desk, has been known to arouse in the girl's heart a sudden impulse of retaliation.

Perhaps she has seen in the eyes of the employer a too great appreciation of her youth and beauty previous to this incident, and has ignored it.

But when he pays her a compliment the next morning upon her attractive appearance a little thrill of gratified vanity, not unmixt with a sensation of revenge upon the wife and daughter who ignored her, takes possession of her mind.

When he asks her to lunch or dine with him, it seems to her a step toward social advancement—a peep into the fairy world where his cherished ones dwell.

But, instead, it is a step down and away from dignified and lovely womanhood.

She is entering the common arena of the vulgar adventures—the ante-room of the divorce-court, where the awful role of co-respondent may await her.

The moment she accepts gallant attentions from married men she is starting on the road which nine times out of ten lands all who tread it in the ditch of disgrace or in the hospital ward.

No married man ever pays court to a young woman with the intention of befriending her, or helping her socially. He knows his attentions are compromising to her. He knows that every time she appears with him in public she is jeopardizing her good name and injuring her chances of marriage with an honest and earnest lover.

No matter what he may tell her that contradicts this assertion, he knows that what I state here is true. He knows that his interest in her is selfish and dangerous.

Every girl, however young or unso-phisticated, is conscious that she is doing wrong to her own best interests of true womanhood and lowering her moral and social standard when she permits a married man to escort her about.

I know that hundreds—probably thousands—of girl stenographers do not need these words of mine. They have just as lofty standards of conduct as any lady in the land, and adhere to them with as much dignity.

But I know also that scores of young women who read these lines do need the warning, and I send them forth to the vast audience it is my privilege to address, hoping they may help all such to resist the alluring temptations which beset them, and to summon all their best qualities to the rescue of name, fame, honor and peace of mind.

Do not for an instant, my dear girl, believe that you have been placed in this peculiarly tempting situation through your personal charms and fascinations. Stop and realize how many such affairs you have read about in the daily papers—they are exceedingly common. The average man is weak, morally, and society has encouraged him in the idea that he is privileged to indulge this weakness.

Nature has made the close association of man and woman dangerous, unless both possess a fine sense of honor or a noble absorbing occupation or an engrossing pursuit outside of each other's society.

Even then the situation has its dangers. Many a man who really loves his wife, and who has principle and refinement, is susceptible to a magnetic attraction of an hour, which, if the woman is vain, mercenary or silly, may lead to a life-time of regret for both.

In your peculiar position you should be constantly on your guard, and save not only yourself, but protect the man against himself.

"Weaker sex" that she is called, yet this is a woman's work in her association with men in the world over.

"All of Which I Saw and Part of Which I Was" By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1913, by Journal-American-Examiner.



(Copyright, 1913, by Journal-American-Examiner.)

"And when you see a Man and his Sweetheart you can know Cupid is on the job adding another story to his long chronicle of the world."

By NELL BRINKLEY.

Once upon a day, an old-time chronicler of events to show that he knew whereof he spoke, appended to his story the sentence: "All of which I saw and part of which I was."

In the story of the world Cupid is the prize mover and the prize historian. He knows more about the inner causes of great wars, why kingdoms rose and fell, why boundaries were changed, why great victories were won, why the names of men have come bounding down the centuries, why humble lives were filled with sweetness and the wonder of living and great lives were a mockery and a nightmare for all of their greatness—'cause he was and is responsible for nearly all that goes on in this old world of ours.

Cupid is a youngster alongside of some of our graybeards, but he is as old as human nature—and human nature really becomes nature through

him. He has been in on everything—and most of all does he influence the lives of those who live today.

The crusty old bachelor—or the angular spinster may deny his power, but most times those who deny the loudest know his secret influence over their lives, and their conduct better than those who are avowedly his devotees.

He makes of this earth a paradise for the man and the maid—and when you see a young man and his sweetheart together you know that Cupid is on the job—whether they be poor or rich—of low estate or of high—and he is adding another little story to his long list of chronicles which show why the world and the race really continue—and he says that with true love comes peace, content and a broadening human sympathy and understanding.

Woman's Search for Beauty Ends in Exercise, Diet and Rest, Says Jane Cowd

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Miss Jane Cowd was explaining at considerable length to Miss Anna Marbie, the cleverest of publicity agents, that certain photographs of herself, when were not good looking at all were excellent likenesses and how this idea of her, Miss Cowd's being beautiful was an error of belief and a delusion.

"And the funny thing about that is that she really believes it," said Miss Marbie to me in an audible aside. Miss Cowd couldn't say anything because she was answering her cue on the stage at the moment. But I took the matter up with Miss Cowd later, when she sat beside her own hearstone while the light from an open fire played over a face that American audiences have acclaimed beautiful and that is even more so—it is full of varying shades of expression and interest and intelligence.

"You see," explained Miss Cowd, "every one has a favorite type of beauty and I am not my own type. No, I admire the woman with red hair, a very white skin and thin, thin almost to attenuation."

I was thankful that Miss Cowd's admiration for another type did not make her lose sight entirely of what was due her own, and that she had succeeded in a pair of long, coral earrings just the color of her lips and the only vivid spot on a dark, rainy day costume.

Miss Cowd looks even younger off the stage than on it, and her manner is so frank, so unaffected, she is so genuinely interested in things that have nothing to do with the theater or her own personality, that you have to remind yourself that this is next season's star, and the same girl who kept you sitting with your mouth open and your eyes staring out of your head with excitement in Bayard Vellier's play, "Within the Law."

Naturally as Miss Cowd plays the part of a shop girl we began to speak of the pretty girls who pour into shops and offices every morning.

"The girls who work for their living seem to be getting better looking all the time," said their champion.

"So much has been written on the subject that they have learned to take care of themselves. No one yet has taken credit for good looks is much higher than it was a few years ago."

"But while I think there are more pretty girls, there seem to be fewer great beauties. No one yet has taken Lillian Russell's place or has outshone Maxine Elliott."

Right here I might have mentioned that people expected a great deal of a certain Miss Jane Cowd, both as an actress and as a beauty, but Miss Cowd wears both her looks and her success with such unconscious and happy indifference that one does not want to insist, or spoil the charm.

"Think what a blessing it has been for women to realize that it is not absolutely necessary to remain as nature made you," she continued. "Not so very long ago the average woman if she were very fat or homely could do nothing



Jane Cowd as Mary Turner in "Within the Law."

but lament her fate or bear it with classic calm, according to her age and temperament. Now she has learned that she has herself to blame and not nature if she is not fairly presentable, or healthy, at any rate.

"Women have begun to realize that all this search after beauty comes back to a few simple things, proper exercise, diet, rest.

"A woman, if she wants to, can virtually make herself over, and she does it to suit the style of the moment."

"Who sets the fashion in beauty, Miss Cowd?" I inquired.

"Well, it depends, sometimes it is an artist, like Gibson, for instance, who took the broad shouldered athletic girl and made her the fashion. But where is she now? It's the sloping shoulder and not an extra ounce of flesh this season. Girls like Beanie McCoy have a lot to answer for. Everyone admired her type and she made us all long for the ribbed effect, a very slim, straight up and down figure. Women worked, dieted and exercised themselves to the door of the hospital to get as thin as that. Just the same, it has been a good thing, because while women may eat too little now, they certainly ate too much before. Anything is better than eat three meals a day."

"This desire to be beautiful has really been a great stimulus to women. They have learned something about hygiene. I suppose we are the scrubbiest nation in the world, for soap and bathtubs are not the privilege of the rich alone, as they are

Their Conditions Force English Suffragettes to Violence, Says Doris Keane

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"They say that every woman marches for some ulterior motive. If I marry I'm sure it would be with the secret hope that it would make a better actress of me."

And so you may be perfectly sure that Miss Doris Keane, who votes this cold-blooded sentiment, is a young woman who hasn't the slightest notion of marrying—at present anyhow.

Since Miss Keane dawned upon the town as the fascinating heroine of Shub-dyn's play, "Romance," playgoers have been rubbing their eyes at the transformation. Can this be the pathetic little girl who had to sit for hours crunched up on stiff stage furniture while all the characters in the plays told us that she was more stoned against than usual? In the temperamental Madame Cavalotti, with her inimitable wiles and graces, her bursts of bad temper and her morose, her sweet, seductive charm and dazzling beauty and relation to the little gray moth in the "Hyppocrites."

"You have no idea what a relief it is to get away from the kind of parts I have been playing. If any playwright wrote a part for a girl who has gone very far astray, that part was destined for me. I got fairly sick of them. It's much more satisfactory to play the temptress than always to be teased."

"Isn't it a wonderful time to be living in, especially for us women? And it's universal. No, I can't take an active part in suffrage work; one has only so much strength anyhow, and I think we can do the most in making the best of individual selves, in doing better work, and developing and expressing our own individuality."

Thus the daughters of Ibsen, whose strong and determined spirit and delicate physique make her so essentially and delightfully feminine.

Miss Keane's sympathies are with the militant suffragists of England, many of whom she knows.

"One cannot understand their tactics over here because the American man is an entirely different creature from the Englishman. The American, even if he is opposed to granting the vote to women, will at least argue courteously. But over there the very subject makes the otherwise perfectly stolid men froth at the mouth. They won't hear woman's suffrage mentioned. And woman have to use violent methods to get them to pay attention. The militant suffragists for the most part are intelligent women filled with a spirit of immolation to the cause."

"Last year, when I was abroad, I met Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, a beautiful and charming woman, wife of the author, and the mother of several children. She, like most of the others, tried all quiet methods of suffrage propaganda and failed. Then she made her plans. Went to London, to the postoffice, sent a telegram to her lawyer telling him that she would need him at once and to come to her. After that she went outside and broke two windows with a hatchet. To the crowd that collected she made a speech and distributed suffrage leaflets. In a perfectly quiet and dignified way. She was arrested and taken before a judge, whom she happened to know personally.



DORIS KEANE, WHO IS PLAYING IN "ROMANCE"

"I am surprised to see you here, Mrs. Jacobs. Why did you do this?" said the justice.

"In order that I might be brought before you that my cause would be given publicity in the papers that the people and lawyers might understand the demands of the suffragists and that later on my girls might have the same rights and privileges under the law that my boys will enjoy," was her quiet rejoinder.

"Madame," said the purpling judge, "I shall have you taken away and your sanity inquired into."

"Now, do you wonder that the women have resorted to anything to shake up the English men?" finished Miss Keane. "Unwillingness to accept a new idea must be Miss Keane's idea of dullness of a completely uninteresting person. She herself vibrates with a tense interest in things, but feels a constant war between the desire to overdo, to overwork, overstudy, and the knowledge that she must conserve her forces for the theater, where her great achievement lies."

Enormous Wase of Time at Street Crossings is Great Problem Crying for Solution

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

It will be universally conceded that one of the most inspiring sights in New York is that of a traffic policeman at some busy corner, uplifting his white-gloved hand and stalling the madstream of this crowded street with the instantaneity and incredibility of a miracle.

Where can you find so vivid a symbol of the reign of law as that commanding, motionless stand? From it radiates, like an electric beam, the concentrated will of 5,000,000 people.

Away back up the line of the street on either side the glittering autos come to rest and pack themselves silently in waiting rows, pressing closer each moment, like the banking flakes of a snowstorm. At the same moment another torrent is let loose, flowing at right angles to that which has been arrested.

Then a sharp whistle, a wave of the potent hand, and the rushing currents are reversed again.

But this wonderful view of the life arteries of a great modern metropolis suggests certain thoughts relating to the details of the scene which call for careful consideration.

One of these thoughts I find expressed in the current number of the magazine called Motor. It concerns the great aggregate loss of time that the existing system of street traffic control involves. Where the vast currents intersect there is inevitable delay for one of the other. Each must wait in its turn. Hundreds of foot passengers must lose many valuable minutes while the impetuous torrent of vehicles flows across their way.

They take their lives in their hands if they attempt to traverse it before the arresting hand is raised.

Then, when the valves are closed on one side and opened on the other, the hurrying autos, in their turn, must lose an equal amount of time, every second of which has its value, either in money, convenience or pleasure.

Various suggestions are made of means of avoiding this double loss. One much advocated plan is to have certain thoroughfares devoted specially to auto traffic, but autos, like other vehicles,

must go everywhere in order to meet the needs of their owners.

Another suggestion is to change the grades of streets, or to span them with bridges, so that the conflict of crossing lines of travel may be avoided by carrying them on different levels. The difficulties, in either direction, are sufficiently evident, and I have no intention of offering a solution. A great deal of human wisdom will have to be concentrated on the problem before it can be disposed of. But it presents one of the crying needs of the day, and everybody ought to give some attention to it.

Another thought suggested by the scenes at the great crossings relates to the qualities of the men in control. Forty years ago, in the days of the old Broadway stage coaches, when New York was hardly more than a village compared with what it is today, and when autos had not been dreamed of, there was an oft-repeated story of a country magistrate.

This magistrate, upon visiting the metropolis, declared, in dismay, that it required more intelligence to cross Broadway than to be a justice of the peace in a country town.

Think, then, of the quick intelligence, the prompt judgment, the decision of character, required of the policeman who places himself in the center of a streets roaring with the multiplied traffic of these days and undertakes to control it all at his will and with a motion of his hand.

A thousand opposed wills meet him; muttered curses are flung at him; he is the center of a moral hurricane, but he must stand there immovable and master all opposition.

There is no image taken from the physical world that truly represents him. The lightning defies the storm, and sends out its warning beams through the flying acid, but it cannot arrest the rushing surges. This blue-clad lightning-bolt of the street not only warns, but protects, governing the tempest and directing the waves.

Here, amid all the storm of condemnation that has recently fallen upon the police system, appears the ideal representative of that system at its best. Graft does not touch him; he would have no time to be dishonest if he had the wish; his courage equals that of the soldier, and his power of instant, decisive action rivals that of the general on the battle-field. New York has reason to be proud of its traffic policemen, but it may be still more proud of itself when it shall have rendered their hard job no longer necessary.