

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Use Common Sense When You Meet Strangers

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is most unfortunate that in order to warn young, ignorant and unsophisticated girls against certain perils that beset them it is necessary to overestimate the danger and lay unnecessary emphasis upon it. They have not judgment enough to discriminate in different cases, and so to protect them you must warn them against the hazard entirely, as you would keep a child from falling out of the window by telling it to stay in the middle of the room.



For instance, it is well known that there are gentle, gray-haired, motherly-looking old women, apparently the very essence of respectability, who travel about on boats and trains for the sole purpose of scraping acquaintance with pretty young country girls going to the cities to seek employment. It is the horrible business of these harpies to gain the confidence of these girls, and to benevolently offer them shelter until they can find something to do, and thus to lure the poor innocents into places of infamy, from which many of them never escape.

For this reason the welfare societies for young girls, the Traveler's Aid society and every mother who is wise to the dark ways of the world, impress on the minds of girls the danger of making chance acquaintance when they are travelling with any woman, no matter how much like a mother she appears. Hence, when a benevolent old lady speaks to a young girl she is apt to be severely rebuffed, and should she artlessly offer the girl some peppermint drops the girl would decline, because she would be suspicious of being drugged. Nor, if the old lady should faint, would the girl rush to her rescue, because she has been told that that is a favorite trick.

Now, obviously, most of the garrulous old ladies who are travelling about, and who would like to fall into conversation with the girls they meet, and who remind them of their own granddaughters, are guileless and harmless as babes. But how is the girl to know which old lady is a leader in the church in Bird Creek and which is a white slave? She don't tell, and so in the interest of her own safety she has to be taught to be suspicious of all strange women.

Precisely the same thing is to be said about the girl's dealings with men. The great majority of men are chivalrous toward women, and a girl would be as safe with them as she would with her own brothers. But there is that terrible minority who are wolves in sheep's clothing, and who ruthlessly prey on innocence, and to protect herself against them the girl has to be taught to "ware every strange man."

She has to be taught the danger of what seems an innocent flirtation; not to risk acquaintance with men who have not been properly introduced and vouched for; not to enter into conversation with men she accidentally meets; not to eat or drink with a man who is not introduced; not to accept courtesies from men she doesn't know. This strenuous rule often brings about idiotic and ridiculous results, as in the case of a kind-hearted and polite gentleman I know, who seeing a young woman having a flu he had about to be melted down into a pulp in a sudden shower, and mindful of how his own wife would feel about such a catastrophe, gallantly proffered his umbrella to the lady. "Sir," she exclaimed, haughtily, "I will call the police if you speak to me again."

Still another man of most innocent intention who seized a girl by the arm and switched her from sudden death under the wheels of an automobile got "Wretch! How dare you!" for his pains.

Of course, this is carrying the matter to a silly extreme. Still, in order to protect the ewe lamb against the wolves it has been necessary to endeavor a distrust of all wolves in her confiding breast.

But while these sweeping rules apply to young girls, women of mature age are not bound by them, and they should have enough intelligence and knowledge of the world to know when and where to make exceptions, and to be able to discriminate between men who are deep, gray-eyed, and who look upon women, not from the point of sex, but as fellow human beings.

This point of view is emphasized by the experience of a young woman of my acquaintance, a woman of 32 years and a level-headed business woman, who spent a recent Sunday afternoon in the park. A middle-aged man occupied the other end of the bench on which she sat, and after a while made some casual remark about the passing throng. She answered in the same spirit, and they drifted into the most interesting conversation that they both enjoyed, and they parted without the man making the slightest attempt to find out who the young woman was.

It was all so innocent and friendly and impersonal as two ships that hail each other as they pass at sea, but the young woman's family gave her a terrific scolding when they found out, and considered that she had committed a grave indiscretion.

This is utter nonsense. A woman of 32 years has enough sense to take care of herself unless she is an imbecile, and should not be allowed out at all. Also a business woman learns mighty quickly to size a man up and tell what his intentions are, even before he knows himself. Whatever the society woman and the come-keeping woman may think about it, the woman who works with men soon finds out that every man isn't trying to flirt with every woman, and that no man has sufficient attractions to make men pursue her after she shows them that she doesn't wish to be pursued.

After all, the best discipline in the world is good, hard, honest work. The woman who uses that can size up any situation, and tread the safe path between prudence and prudery.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Celestia comforts the weeping girl.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests of the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and bring her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to protect to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, an angel come forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hide in the mountains. Later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. The morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. Tommy at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking her to New York, where he places her in Stilliter's hands. Four corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter, after he had leave Bellevue. Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But he persuades her to let his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

SIXTH EPISODE.

As for the man, Grady, she had looked into his eyes just once, and he, too, believed. But dark thoughts tormented him. There were upon his conscience for one had just been born in him, many sins of hard-heartedness, brutality and work. In that building there was not one girl whose life he might not have lightened a little if it had pleased him. It had pleased him to do the reverse. Suddenly he felt moved to take the whole world into his confidence, and to promise amends to those whom he had injured.

"Girls," he said, in a loud, strong voice. "Just one or two words, please. I don't know what the talk we've been listening to has done to you. But it got me. I charged this—I don't know whether to say lady or whether to say angel—a big price for the privilege of speaking to you for ten minutes. I want to say, first of all, that it won't cost her a cent. And if she needs money to carry on her good work in this world she can have my pile. But that's not all I've got to say. Be a little patient. Don't crowd her so. If I'm any judge of faces she won't go without letting the last least one of you touch her hand. Girls, I've been a slave-driver so long that I got hardened to the work. If there was ever any kindness in me it seemed to me that I had to stamp it out to get results. I've driven you and driven you till you hate me and fear me, and till you can't call your souls your own. I might have been different and got the work done just the same. But I wasn't. Well, I'm going to be. She said things would get better some time. They're better right this minute. Can't you feel the difference? Can't you feel that I'm sorry for the things I've said

and done to you? I tell you I'm ashamed. I don't know what keeps me from sinking down through the floor. The hardest things I've got to say comes next. Some of you girls know me for a hard, cold-hearted man. Is there any girl here who can say worse than that of me?"

He paused as if waiting for a reply. Then he went on:

"Well, there is one girl here who could say worse than that of me, if she would. But she won't. She won't squeal. So I'll have to do the squealing. Molly Bryan! Step forward please. Molly Bryan! I've something to say to you that I want all your friends and well-wishers to hear."

Very slowly a slender girl, with tragic haunted dark eyes came forward.

"Stand alongside of me, Molly, and turn so's everybody can see you. Some of you," he went on, "have known Molly a long time. Was there ever a better hearted friend, or a cheerfuller worker? Look at poor Molly now! She looks as sad as the East river on a winter day. It's no news to any of you or I wouldn't go into it. But Molly's got no big brother, or no heavy fluted father to look after her. All she had was herself to look after herself and a heart that trusted everybody. And you know as well as I do, as well as she does, what's come over her to make her look the way they do. Look here—"

He took a much crumpled paper from his breast pocket.

"Girls," he said, "this here is a license for me and Molly to get married. It's four months old now, but it's a perfectly good license; in perfect good working order. I fooled her with it. That's what I did—"

He turned abruptly to the girl at his side.

"I don't ask you to forgive me now, Molly, not this moment I don't, not till I've made good with you by kind words and thoughtful deeds. But I do ask you to step out with me right now to the office of the nearest magistrate, and— and I'll always be good to you."

Celestia stepped swiftly forward, took the girl's thin, pretty face between her two hands and kissed her.

"I know you'll be happy," she said.

After Celestia, many others, some crying with excitement, came forward to kiss Molly and wish her well. And then the manager made Molly take his arm, and he led her the length of the room, looking proud and manly, and out of the door. They passed very close to Tommy, and, of course, he could have stopped them and told them about the two young men smoking cigarettes, but he didn't.

The scene which he had just witnessed seemed to have wiped the matter from his mind. As for Celestia, she seemed to have disappeared under a wave of girls, and Tommy turned on his heel and moved toward the door with the intention of waiting for her outside the building where she had told him to wait. He had his hand on the door knob, and had started to pull the heavy zinc-swathed door open, when from the outskirts of the crowd came a very young, sick-looking girl said suddenly in a loud, piercing voice:

"I smell smoke! I smell smoke!"

There was a dead silence. And then another voice spoke.

"It's coming through the floor. Look at it! Look at it!"

Tommy, a sudden great dread in his heart, hurried toward Celestia. He had traversed half the length of the room when the girl who had spoken first screamed at the top of her lungs: "Fire!"

Others took up the cry, and upon the instant pandemonium broke loose. Wild

with fear and excitement, girls ran this way and that, screaming and howling. Sewing machines were overturned, girls fell and were trampled on in the rush for the door, the room's sole exit. Tommy was almost knocked down.

There was no longer any doubt that the building was really on fire. Just how the smoke got into the sewing machine room could not see, but there was plenty of it, enough to make Tommy cough and to fill his eyes with tears. Celestia, after a desperate attempt to calm the girls, had not moved. It seemed almost as if she was waiting for Tommy to come and get her.

"Come, Celestia," he said, "let's get out of this."

As he spoke a billow of smoke shot up between two planks, and for the first time the crackling of burning wood could be heard.

By this time really horrible things were

happening at the pine-bound door. It opened inward. The first girl to reach it had flung herself against it, of course, and tried to make it open outward. That same girl now looked as if she was trying to climb over the top of it. The pressure of her frenzied companions had lifted her head and shoulders above them, and it was doubtful if there was any more life left in her. The noise those poor girls made was frightful. They were maniacal with terror. They screamed that the door had been locked, they yelled, they howled like wolves; they bit, scratched, hit and pushed, pushed, pushed to get at that door.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Keep on Thinking.
Cholly—Before I met you I thought of nothing but making money.
Ethel—Well, don't stop. Father is not as rich as people think!—Philadelphia Record.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

Discovery of Ancestor of the Horse in California Brings Up the Whole History of the Strangely Suggestive Development of the Man's Most Faithful Slave

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

A recent dispatch from California tells of the discovery in the southern Sierra Nevada mountains, in strata of the Miocene age, of a fossil three-toed horse, which is described as a long-sought "missing link" in the evolution of the horse.

While there is evidently some mistake here, as I shall presently show, nevertheless the discovery is of deep interest, if for no other reason than that it may serve to call general attention to the marvelous history, which exploration of the rocks of the earth's crust has brought to light, of the origin and development of the horse from a little animal no bigger than a fox, which lived some two or three million years ago, in the far western parts of our country.

If the fossil just discovered in California had five toes instead of three it would be, indeed, a missing link and one that paleontologists have long been desirous to find, for it is generally believed among them that the horse once had an ancestor with five toes, and they know that it had one with four toes, because a specimen of such a one, found in Wyoming, exists and can be seen in the American Museum of Natural History.

The story of how the original toes of

the horse were gradually changed into a "hoof," while the animal grew larger, stronger, swifter and more graceful, is as fascinating as a fairy tale and at the same time as authentic and undecipherable as a Roman monument. It is, perhaps, the completest and most convincing chapter in the book of evolution. Moreover, it is distinctively an American contribution to evolutionary history, for the "eohippus," the four-toed ancestor of the horse, as well as the "protophippus," the "mesohippus" and the "prototripus" (all of which had several toes, and an increasing tendency to merge them into one), have all been found in the rock strata of the great west.

If our five toes, or fingers, should by a process of evolution be merged into a single one, the nails at the same time blending into a uniform horny covering or hoof, the result would be what happened to the horse, as he changed from his early ancestral forms. Looking at this evolution, in its successive stages shown in the American museum, one is irresistibly impressed with a feeling that some guiding purpose controlled it, and one can understand the thought that this purpose arose like a soaring ambition in the mind of the little eohippus, as poetically expressed by Mrs. Stetson (quoted by Mr. Frederic A. Lucas in his "Animals of the Past"):

"Said the little eohippus,
I am going to be a horse,
And on my middle finger nails
To run my earthly course."

Of course, the changes undergone in the structure of the feet were not the only ones that the progenitors of the horse experienced. There were many others, conspicuous among which was the evolution of the teeth, fitting the animal to live on the grassy plains, where its further development was to occur, and where the speed imparted by the form of the hoof was essential to the preservation of this brave but inoffensive animal.

When the eohippus began his aspiring course there were no men, the coming friends, companions and teachers of his descendants, yet in existence. But our progenitors, too, had made their appearance upon the planet, although not in a shape externally recognizable as human, and the two genealogical lines, so widely different and yet destined to be so intimately associated, ran their separate courses upward toward their inevitable meeting point. At last when the posterity of the eohippus had become true horses, swift, strong, teachable, faithful, companionable, diligent and tireless, they were encountered, on the fields of this world, by the big-brained brood that still unrecognized brute ancestor of man, who caught the gleaming spark of mental fire, which flickered, inefficient, in the bony skull of some huge ape-like creature, and blew it into a flame that was to light the world.

To this predestined encounter the aspiration of the little eohippus had led the race. His highly organized and high-spirited descendants quitted their wild life at the call of a still nobler, more masterful, intelligence than theirs, and became the willing subjects of man, content to be subordinate in the empire of brain-power, and never seeking to escape from it, but, on the contrary, gaining, through their submission, an added acceleration to their evolution, for the nobler forms that the horse has taken under human care and training he could never have attained by the simple operation of nature's tendencies. The horse as he is today is partly the product of human intelligence guiding the blind forces of life.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Stage.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a daughter of 20, she has been working in factories for six years. She has gotten very thin and nervous and tired of working in this way. She is now doing everything possible to retain her health, also having her voice cultivated. Her teacher has already promised her a ten-week engagement as chorus girl. I am in favor of it, but my husband (her step-father) is much opposed. He would rather have her be a typewriter or telephone girl, but she does not like either. Now, what shall I do? Let her have her way, or talk her out of it? Kindly advise.

PERPLEXED MOTHER.

A self-respecting girl who has ability and the willingness to work can keep her head and save her dignity and reputation in almost any condition of labor. Don't force your daughter to take up unbecoming work. Stenographers and telephone operators have their temptations, too. A girl who has a good voice and the desire to succeed on the stage would be very foolish to lose an opportunity such as your daughter's teacher can offer her.

You Would Probably Be Happy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 41 years of age and five years ago my wife died and left me with three children. Lately a girl friend whose age is 22 years, has been trying to make love to me, and frequently talked marriage, saying that if she could ever become my wife she would take good care of my children. She seems to be honest, and all her people seem well pleased. Now, I like the girl but my only objection is the difference between our ages. LAWRENCE R. W.

Since the girl loves you and shows it so frankly, I think you are quarreling with your good fortune in hesitating, to make her your wife—if you love her. Don't do her the injustice of marrying her to get a housekeeper or a governess for your children. If you really love her you will be able to bridge the gap between your ages.

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