

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Meeting

By JANE M'LEAN.

It was a lady that I met,
All scarlet-gowned and fair,
Who made me all my pain forget
With perfume from her hair.

She bore a goblet in her hand
Brimmed deep with ruddy wine;
Her eyes I could not understand,
But, ah, her smile was mine!

"Give me to drink," I anguish'd sought,
"From out the chalice rim";
Instead her own cool hands she brought
My fevered sight to dim.

"Who are you?" starting back, I cried;
She smiled and said, "I came
From that land where men's souls have fled,
And Polly is my name."

Few Working Girls Desiring Flirts

Wives Who Suspect Stenographers, Secretaries, Etc., Should Think of Their Own Daughters Before Making Accusations—Employers Are Often to Blame.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman sends me a letter in which she asks me to write a scorching article to working girls, scolding them for making themselves so attractive to their employers. She says it is the stenographer, and the salesgirl, and the factory girl who constitute the real home-wrecking crew, and that they fuss up their hair, and paint their faces, and wear up-to-the-minute clothes, and flirt with their bosses, and go out to dinner with them, and that this breaks the hearts of the poor neglected wives at home.



And this jealous wife thinks that something awful is going to happen to her, with boiling oil in it, ought to be done to these giddy girls, and that a law should be passed against permitting them to look so pretty, and be so young and so white, while their old and worn and careworn husbands are dressed up.

Perhaps, heaven knows, the business girl who has a sentimental affair with her employer, and who goes about with him to places of amusement when he is a married man, does a foolish enough and a wrong enough thing, and one for which she pays dearly enough in the end.

But why blame everything on the girls? What about the recreant husband who takes the girls about? No girl can go out to dinner or to the theater with her employer unless he asks her to go. She can't compel him to treat her to such diversions or to make her presents or to spend money on her that should be spent on his wife, as any elderly and plain and homely working woman can testify.

Moreover, it is the privilege of the employer to have only those about him of whose conduct he approves, and if he didn't want little Miss Stenographer, he would send her packing at him he would send her cante in his direction. A girl can flirt with a stone saint on a monument in the cemetery as easily as she can with a man who isn't flirtatious himself, and you may be very sure that any husband who gets stolen away from his own household is bound guilty of, at least, contributory negligence.

When you come to think of it, it is cynically amusing to hear a wife accuse a little 18 or 19-year-old girl with no experience of life, no knowledge of the world, of kidnapping a man old enough to be her father, if not her grandfather, and bearing him, struggling and protesting, away from his once happy home.

According to the wives the husbands, no matter what bear-eyed old rounders they appear to be, are mere innocent, unsophisticated infants, entirely unable to cope with the arts and wiles of any little girl behind a counter or before a typewriter.

Undoubtedly the reason that wives cling to this theory of their husbands' inability to resist the hypnotic power of their female employees is because it saves their own faces. In their hearts they are bound to know that in every affair between a man and the girl he employs the original instigator is the man. He is the aggressor, and he is the one to blame, because he strikes the note of the relationship between himself and those he employs.

He can make it purely businesslike, as is the case in the great majority of offices. He can nip any sentimentality in the bud. He can dismiss any girl who shows flirtatious tendencies. He can do more. He can form the manner and the morals of the girls he employs and

teach them to be dignified, self-respecting, gentlemanly, who will know how to avoid even the appearance of evil.

The man who is honorable and straight himself is in no more danger from the arts and wiles of his girl employees than a lion is from a sick mouse.

As a matter of fact, it is not the wicked little girls who prey upon their employers, but it is the wicked old employers who prey upon helpless little girls. And this is the more dastardly because the girl who works is not free to resent familiarities and insults, as is the young woman in society. The working girl's bread and butter, and often that of those nearest and dearest to her, depend upon her holding her job, and her job only too often depends upon her complacency to her employer.

Many a stenographer listens with disgust in her soul, while her fat and amorous old employer tells her how unhappy married he is, and how happy he would be if he only had a sweet young thing like her to console him. Many a salesgirl and factory girl loathes the attentions that a bald-headed old married floor walker or superintendent forces upon her, but she has to summon up a smile and look pleased and flattered and jolly along the man whose favor means her keeping her situation.

It is as cruel a dilemma as life offers, for if a girl is willing to work it shows that she, at least, wants to live honestly, and the pity of it is that she so often finds it so hard to do so.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the wife who hears of her husband's attentions to some pretty employee will ever be big enough to see that he is the one to blame, and not the girl. Nevertheless, such is the plain case, and he is the one on whom the vials of her wrath should be emptied, as she will comprehend if she will reflect how helpless her own young daughter would be under similar circumstances. She would know who would do the leading astray if it was a question between her own little Sadie or Mamie and some experienced, worldly-wise man in whose office she was employed.

However, there is no denying that the advent of the attractive girl into business has introduced a new rival into the domestic arena. Beside the other charming women that her husband might casually meet in society, there is now the trim figure of the business girl whom he meets intimately in his own office or store, and who is paid not to argue with him or contradict him, as is the habit of wives, and so perhaps the jealousy of the wife is inevitable.

But let her remember this—that faithfulness is from within and not from without, and that there will never be any danger to her from her husband's employees until he lets down the bars. He's to blame, not the girl.

Do You Know That

More lunatics are caused through drink than through any other vice.

Carp have been taught to come and be fed on the ringing of a bell.

To convert Centigrade to Fahrenheit, multiply by 9, divide the result by 5, and then add 32.

Since their discovery, in 1870, the diamond mines at Kimberley have yielded an average return worth over \$20,000,000.

A "sauterier" in the old days was one who had made a pilgrimage to the Sainte Terre, the Holy Land. The connection between the word and place is clear, per annum.

Australians are the greatest letter writers in the world. During 1914 the postal department dealt with over 500,000,000 letters and postcards, and registered letters and parcels raised the total to 800,000,000.

King George's wine glasses cost from half-a-guinea to thirty shillings apiece, and, notwithstanding the great care taken in handling them, about 200 worth gets broken in the course of a twelve-month.

Non-commissioned officers and men who have the Victoria Cross conferred upon them enjoy a pension of \$50 a year; but at the option of the authorities the pension may be increased to \$250 a year in cases of necessity.

Among books which have had enormous sales are "Webster's Spelling Book," 5,000,000 copies; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 1,200,000 copies; "Pickwick Papers," 30,000 copies; and Longfellow's poems, 120,000 copies.

The Goldress

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created. Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Barclay Summons Gundersorf and Leaves Celestia to Settle the Strike.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protracted wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 19-year-old baby girl and brings 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 attend to find her.

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, as she comes 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.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any notice to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the island he finds her gone, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son, Freddie, returns he finds Freddie in his own house, Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. She shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overbearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is scorched to the ground. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Hanky Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia would like to go with him, but he is not to do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a circle of wealthy people who agree to send Celestia to the college.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He is offered a job as a miner, but he is threatened with being taken to see Barclay, who refuses to listen to him. He is then taken to Tommy and discovers a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun loose on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

The wife of the mine's leader involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

His answer was a flying trip to Bitumen.

He was very sharp with Kehr, humbled him and browbeat him, caused Gundersorf and the others leaders to be released, and then, after a long, secret conference with Prof. Stilliter, he gave Celestia the power she asked for.

Before returning to New York he sent for Gundersorf et al., made a personal peace with them and obtained their political allegiance.

"Celestia," he told them, "is right. The troubles between labor and capital are only one symptom of the great national wastage that has gone on since the beginning of things. But it doesn't work as it was meant because of the politicians. We can't get a new constitution without a revolution. But that revolution need not be bloody. We must give up electing men to high office as promises of efficiency, and elect only men with records of efficiency. We must be a nation and no longer a collection of states—pulling the government every which way for local interests. We must see to it that the country is run like a trust bank or a great industry."

asked for, and you will get it. But as the cost of living keeps rising the advances which you are to receive will no longer spell luxury. You'll be in practically the same box you are in now. No permanent good will come of makeshift adjustments. Labor will find no permanent content under present conditions. I look to your individual and collective support for the new constitution. I believe that as a platform it will sweep the country in November, for its advantages to both labor and capital are so obvious that these two will be on the same side for once and henceforth, and when they are on the same side there is no resisting them.

Only Tommy and Mrs. Gundersorf held out against Celestia's influence. Tommy had never been affected by her hypnotic sway, and Mrs. Gundersorf had devised a trick to thwart it. Having learned that there was something in Celestia's eye, some power which she could neither fathom nor resist, Mrs. Gundersorf maintained her own independence in thought and action by the simple expedient of never meeting Celestia's eye.

Mrs. Gundersorf was violently opposed to Celestia's theories. This opposition was not arrived at by elaborate mental process. The two women loved the same man. And the man very obviously loved Celestia (for when he wasn't with her he was trying his best to be with her). This was enough to place Mrs. Gundersorf on any side of any question if only it was the opposite to Celestia's. Twice, when Celestia was addressing meetings of strikers (in interest of peace and progress), Mrs. Gundersorf succeeded in creating such violent disturbance that she had to be removed forcibly from the room.

The strikers' favorite place for meeting was in a large, shabby dance hall, in the meanest and most squalid section of Bitumen. Having been ejected from this hall Mrs. Gundersorf stood upon the outer steps, a picture of important and jealous rage.

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Be Patient.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old and have been married five years and have two children. A friend of mine introduced me to a neighbor who is also married and she offers me a job. He takes an interest in my husband. He has neglected his home, wife and children for her. She has made my life miserable and broken up my home and has broken the hearts of my people. I have warned her a few times, but receive no satisfaction.

A HEARTBROKEN WIFE.
Surely if you are sweet, gentle and forgiving your husband will recover from this one cruel infatuation that has ruined his loyalty. Anyone can be forgiven for one blunder. Don't appeal to a wicked woman, who will only laugh at you and glory in her power. Make your home and yourself as attractive as possible and wait for the return of love—love always comes home at last. If you must appeal to anyone, the manhood of your husband may respond to you, if you talk to him very kindly and pleadingly with no bitterness or anger.

Your Finance Is Right.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and engaged to a young man four years my senior. I am a stenographer, having an excellent position. I am earning an exceptionally good salary. He has decided not to give up my position for a time after I am married.

This has made my fiance indignant and he absolutely refuses to speak of it. He feels that inasmuch as he is well able to support me it would not be fair to either of us. Even though it may not be compulsory financially, I feel that it is a very good thing for a girl to continue in business for a time after she is married. We love each other dearly and I would not care to have anything stand in the way of our happiness, and still I am quite determined.

However, I would like to have your views in the matter, and wish to know whether you think it advisable to do as my fiance wishes or to do as I wish.

J. M.
Since there is absolutely no necessity for you to earn your own living after

a young woman, who, from her plain, neat costume, rather suggested that she might be a lady's maid, and whose features were not distinctly visible owing to a thick veil, turned from perusing a bill poster which announced to the passerby the purpose of the meeting, at that moment in progress, to look at Mrs. Gundersorf.

Mrs. Gundersorf in turn eyed the stranger, and her rage gave place gradually to curiosity. Neatly and smartly dressed young women were very rare in Bitumen.

"Is the meeting over?" asked the stranger presently.

Mrs. Gundersorf shook her head.

"Not likely to be as long as there's a foot left to listen. When she gets through speaking they yell for her until she has to speak again. Ever hear her?"

Mrs. Gundersorf shrugged her vicious shoulders with contempt.

"I never have," said the stranger. "I think I don't want to."

"Then what brings you to Bitumen? People are pouring in from all around to hear what she says. There don't seem to be any other reason for coming to Bitumen."

"But she doesn't seem to have impressed you favorably?"

"Oh! I don't! I don't say she hasn't got good looks of a kind, but what a man can see in a nabby, pummy, gobby, gobby like her gets me. Well, I'm going to move on. So long."

The stranger hesitated, then simply followed and overtook Mrs. Gundersorf.

"Do you mind if I walk with you? I-I was going your way."

"How do you know which way I was going?"

"I mean the way you are starting to go." The stranger laughed frankly.

"And that's not the whole truth. I came to Bitumen to find out certain things. I'm a sort of reporter and now at the business. The boss told me there was a big story here and for me to go and get

you are married I think you will be wise to do as your fiance wishes. I believe most heartily in the woman wage-earner continuing her work after marriage either when her help is needed or when she is engaged in some artistic pursuit through which she expresses herself. But I think it would be wise for you to devote yourself to the beautiful task of home-making.

Well Bid of Him.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a very dear girl friend. She and I have never had any secrets. I have been going with a certain young man two years, and I love him desperately. Now, this friend has made him crazy about her. It is raining my life, as we expected to be married in a year. But I have not seen him for two months, and am in despair. I go to my girl friend and beg her to give him back to me.

H.A.V.
This man is not a bundle of inanimate rage, to be handled from one girl to another—though his conduct may suggest it. The friend who won him from you almost on the eve of your wedding is disloyal—but far greater is his own weakness and inability to be true to the girl he had for two years loved. This sad awakening is better than the bitterness marriage to such a man might bring you.

Don't Marry a Gambler.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a young man of 21, and know my love is returned. There is one thing that troubles me and that is his great love for cards. He stays up until 2 and 3 in the morning, and sometimes all night. I do not like this and he won't advise.

CLAUDE.
The wife of a gambler is almost bound to know misery and unhappiness. Unless your admirer can be made to see the evil of his ways you will be most unwise if you marry him. Better bear a little unhappiness now than risk all of your future with a man who persists in his evil ways in spite of your pleas.

Why French Marriages Are Happy

By IRENE WESTON.

American parents and paras imagine that French marriages are horribly cruel and businesslike when they enter into a common sense discussion as to their daughter's future. But in reality the French are wise when he chooses his daughter's partner, and he is fully aware that he does so in maintaining his country's reputation for happy marriages.

Strictly chaperoned and without the smallest amount of the liberty which the New York or Boston girls enjoy, the French maiden grows up in obscurity until she reaches a marriageable age. Then her matrimonial affairs are discussed—but not in her presence—and a man with sufficient means and virtues to form, in the parents' experienced eyes, a just, if not model husband is found, contracts signed, settlements arranged, and the girl goes to her husband with a dowry, a bride to her bedroom not wholly an added burden on his exchequer, and with a feeling of independence and pride at her intrinsic worth.

Once married, the universe spreads before her, for the magic gold band again means to the French girl all the pleasures hitherto denied. The French husband takes the keenest delight in fettering his bride, never dreaming of leaving her "at home," and so the fairy gates of pleasure and freedom are thrown wide open to the French bride, not shut, as is the case in this "love in a cottage" land. Naturally, love follows closely on marriage's heels. Gratitude turns into affection, and affection into love. As it has been said, two people of opposite sex not absolutely requisite to each other will, constantly together, become attached. Financial jars are detrimental to conjugal bliss, but when they are absent the course of true love runs smoothly.

American girls may marry for love, but in at least fifty cases out of a hundred the experiment is an utter failure, for neither takes heed of material things. The bride has no "dot" and the man no savings, the two items necessary to a French alliance, and as the inevitable disagreements arise when the soul-grinding hand of poverty is felt.

The French woman looks upon marriage as her goal. Thrift and housekeeping ability and a naturally cheery disposition are her chief characteristics, and so, combined with a "dot," the French marriage succeeds.

In-Shoots.

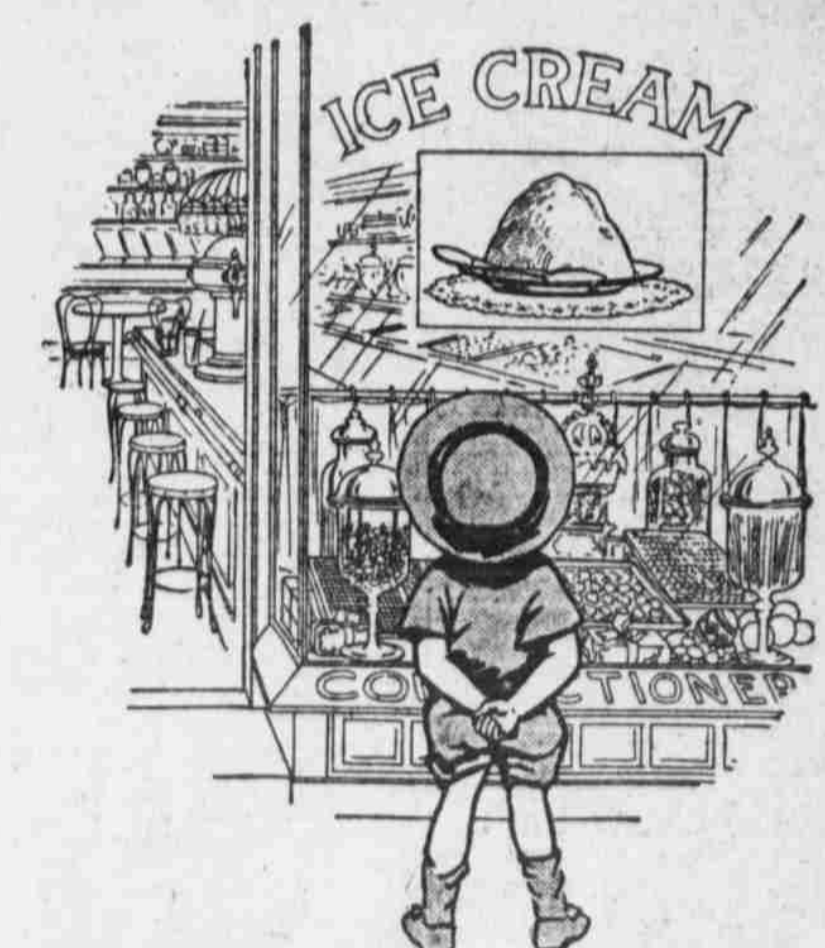
It is better in the long run to be admired as a private than worshipped as a hero.

You can never arouse sympathy by brooding over troubles in silence. It is better to howl.

A woman can often be busy without making much fuss about it. But with man it is different.

Dried apple pie never tastes as good when he observes the other fellows eating strawberry shortcake.

When the indifferent husband suddenly becomes attentive, it is time for wife to sit up and look around.



Harding's The Cream of All Ice Creams

Two smacking lips—two long eyes—one hungry tummy belong together! You just can't keep the kiddies away from the good stores, that serve their fondest favorite—

Harding's The Cream of All Ice Creams