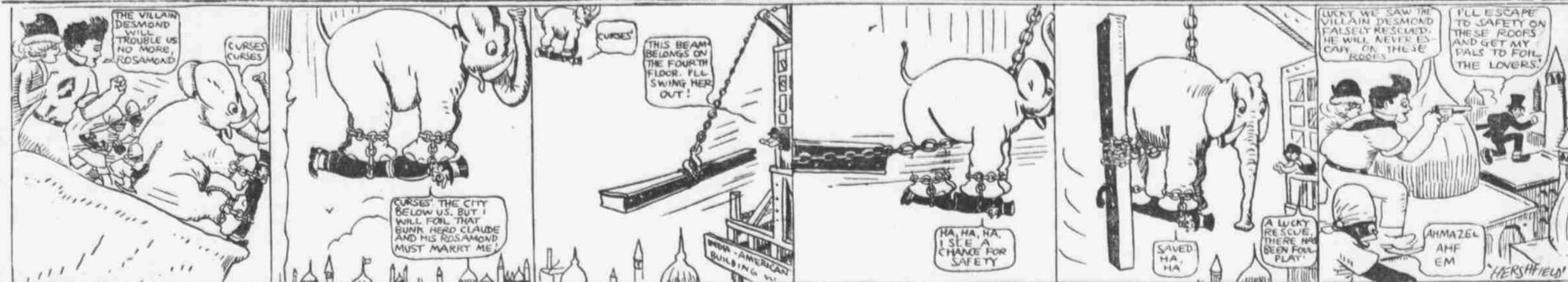


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Desperate Desmond

## American Building Operations Save the Villain from Being Crushed by the Elephant

## By Hershfield



At last it looks as if Desmond, the Great White Villain, were about to end his life—not voluntarily, of course, but on the orders of Claude. When the elephant to which Desmond is bound goes over the bluff, good-night!

Even for Desmond, who has passed through so many perils, his present situation is not one to make his nerves steady. Tied to a large, heavy and helpless elephant which is falling to the city apices, he may well tremble.

Far below a live construction company is at work. Indiana have done all their building by hand power, but this company from America has derricks and steel construction. Our methods of building mark those of the Oriental countries look alike.

It is worth noticing that this is a municipal job, otherwise there would not be such a display of speed. This must be a regular contract job, and as the men hurriedly swing out a huge steel beam it passes between the elephant's chained legs.

As the beam turns up, the elephant is hooked as securely as a fish, and the brave steel workers, seeing the form of Desmond bound to the animal, at once suspect foul play. Quickly they release the villain, and he at once starts over the roofs.

"I'm the boy!" cries Desperate Desmond. "And I'll make Claude admit it." Little does the villain know, however, that Claude, gun in hand, is even now striking him. Perhaps the villain may escape. It seems doubtful, but to-morrow's pictures will show. And see how—

Little Philip, Rosamond's schoolboy brother, is again disappointed in his attempt to capture Gorgotz.



## The Problem of the New Girl

The Little Fledgling of Today Has Got to Try Her Wings, Which Parents Must Realize.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Within the last few days the police have been asked to search for two young girls who have mysteriously disappeared from home, very much after the fashion in which Dorothy Arnold did.

In both of these cases, as in the Arnold case, the girls belong to fine families, who were more than comfortably rich. They had good homes, kind and loving parents; they were surrounded by luxury, but they were restless and dissatisfied, and had repeatedly expressed a desire to earn their own livings, and to have some definite occupation in life.

This idea the parents poo-pooed. Absurd! Ridiculous! Thank goodness, Mamie or Susie didn't have to work. She could have all the pretty clothes and go to all the parties she wanted to, and what in heaven's name could a girl desire more?

But Mamie and Susie happened not to be girls with pink tea souls. Also they were very young and foolish, and romantic, and inexperienced, and so Mamie and Susie committed the incredible folly of running away from home, and their frantic parents are trying to find them.

Let us hope that no harm will befall these little feminine soldiers of fortune, and that they will go back home having learned a lesson, and that their parents will also have learned another lesson.

For the moral of the affair is this—that modern conditions, modern education, modern modes of thought, have produced a new girl, just as they have produced a new woman, and that she has got to be dealt with on a new platform. The old, medieval bread-and-water, lock-up-in-a-room-until-she-comes-to-reason method of treatment won't do.

The new girl is a condition and not a theory that confronts her parents, and they are just as much addled and flustered over her, and know as little what to do with her, as the old hen that hatched out a swan.

Of course, if a girl is a little milk-and-water, pink-and-white piece of femininity who asks nothing of life but frilly clothes and plenty of beaux, and to nibble chocolate creams, and go to the matinee her parents have it easy. They can keep her in a satin lined box and she will be happy and contented, and get married in due season, and her father and mother

will have no problem more serious to consider than paying her bills.

But there is another kind of girl, a girl who has an intellect, a girl who thinks, who has a bold and courageous spirit, a girl who has taken a good education, who is, perhaps, college bred and an athlete, and who looks at life very much with the eyes of a boy.

This girl, when she comes home from school, finds nothing adequate to her wants in the life she is asked to lead. She can't satisfy herself with the rapid rounds of society. She can't absorb herself in the hunt for a husband, for, while she means to marry if the right man comes along, marriage is not the be all and the end all in life for her, as it is for the Pluffy Ruffies Girl.

This girl has no occupation at home, because servants do the actual work, and her mother naturally is not going to abdicate her throne as ruler of the house for a child of a daughter. Also the girl yearns for financial independence. She doesn't want to go to even the most indulgent of fathers for every penny.

It is easy to meet at this girl for her restlessness and discontent, and to tell her that she doesn't know when she is well off and that she should be thankful that she has a good home to live in and parents able to support her, and this is exactly what her father and mother do, and they accuse her of being a wicked and ungrateful girl when she persists in wanting to go out and try her own wings.

If her parents were wiser they would try to look at the girl's side of the question, and to realize that she is bound to have some outlet for her energies, and young strength, some occupation for her idle hands, some object upon which she can expend her bottled-up enthusiasm.

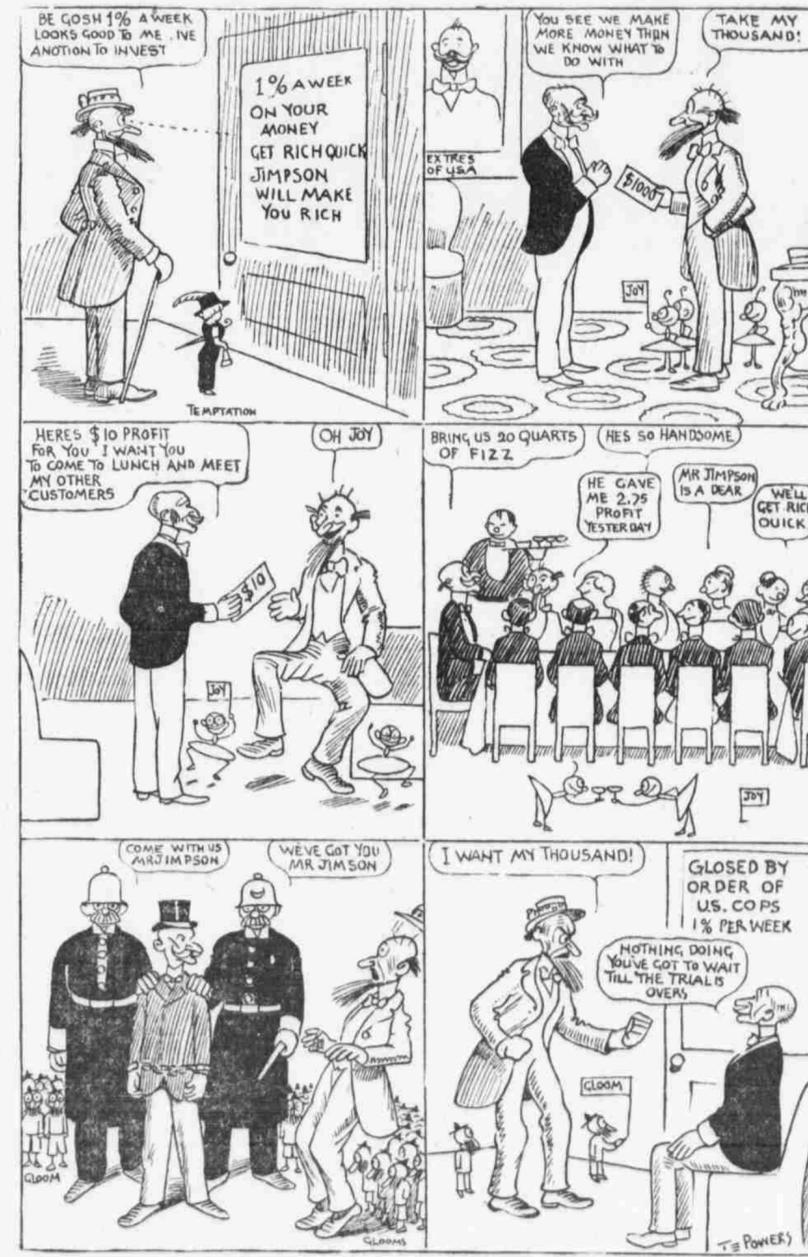
Some girls can find this in society. Some can't. To be able to make a career of bridge, what you have to be born that way and the sooner parents realize this, the sooner we shall put a stop to tragedies that darken so many homes.

There is but one solution of the problem of the unoccupied girl, and that is to occupy her. It is even more true of women than men that Satan finds work for idle hands to do, and the only way to keep a girl out of mischief is to keep her busy.

If a girl wants to be of some use in the world and to work, her parents are not only foolish, they are criminal to refuse her the right to try her powers, and they have only themselves to blame if, in an excess of boredom at having nothing to do, she runs off from home to find the natural liberty of action that she had a right to, and that has been denied. Perhaps she may find out that she is not the inspired genius that she thought she was, perhaps when she finds out how hard it is to earn money with her own hands she may be glad enough to come back and let papa give it to her, but even so she will be wiser and better contented the balance of her life for having made the experiment.

## Yet It Might Have Been Worse

But Oh You Temptation! BY TOM POWERS. Copyright, 1911, by International News Service.



## The Inconsiderate Mother

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"My daughter is completely spoiled since she went downtown to work."

"She used to be so sweet and obliging, and now she sulks if we just ask her to match a skein of silk for us, and she goes right by the store every day, too. I don't know what in the matter with her."

I heard a woman say that about her daughter the other day, and she looked as if she'd lost her last friend when she said it.

Tell me, good mother, do you stop your husband on the step and try to get him to match a skein of yarn for you on the day he is going to try a big case in court? Do you make him wait till you can run in and get a sample for him to go by when he's on the way downtown to make a real estate sale? If you do you're a good deal of a failure as a wife.

That husband of yours is making a living for you and your children. You know better, or you should know better, than to put hurdles in the way for him to climb over before he can get to the place where the money is.

He needs his brain? Every bit of it, and his energy and his nerve force, and if he fritters it all away matching worsted or finding samples, what's he going to have left to make a dollar or two with, pray tell?

Why shouldn't you look at your daughter's work the same way? It's had enough for a woman to have to go downtown every day, rain or shine, hot or cold, sick or well; but when it comes to carrying her mother's worsteds and samples around with her, cluttering

up her handbag, why, she might as well give up and do tarring for a living. A woman's brain isn't any more complex than a man's, but her work is.

What man on earth would ever amount to anything in business if he had to wash out his own shirts, press out a handkerchief or two, do his socks in the wash bowl, mend his gloves, put a braid on the bottom of his coat sleeve every other night before he went to bed, and spend half his lunch hour racing from one crowded shoproom to another looking for bargains in decent shirtwaists and sales in shoes?

"Tat thousands of women do these things right straight along, and run all the downtown errands for a whole family of thoughtless time wasters besides."

That girl of yours needs every ounce of brains she has to compete with the young fellow who doesn't do a thing in life that he doesn't like to do—except the work he's paid for. Why do you try to handicap her still further, and then wonder why Mary, who is so much cleverer than John, never gets ahead as fast as he does?

"Mary is going right past the butcher's, let her order the meat," says Mrs. Married Sister, where Mary boards. "Mary passes the grocery, why telephone? It costs a nickel; let's take a dime's worth of Mary's time and a quarter's worth of her strength and make her order the things for luncheon."

"Mary can run into Thread Needle's and get those little things the seamstress wants. She can take time at noon," and poor Mary does all these things, and her head feels like a waste paper basket full of odds and ends of other people's letters and other people's bills, and other people's affairs in general, and there isn't room left in her brain for the business she's paid to do, and do quickly and clearly and efficiently.

"Changed," is she, that daughter of yours? Well, then, there's some hope for her. She may make a success of business in spite of you, oh, foolish, selfish, inconsiderate Mother.

## The Penalty of Prominence

Lysander John Appleton, as Kin Commissioner-General of the United States, Held in Contempt.

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

The man lower down in life finds his greatest enjoyment in turning a searchlight on the man on the hill, that he may call attention to his mistakes. The higher up the man on the hill, the oftener the searchlight is turned his way.

There's Lysander John Appleton, Kin Commissioner-General of the United States.

For many years he has devoted his energy to handing down weighty decisions governing the disposal of a feather bed when a mother and daughter both want it; who shall have mother's things when she dies, her daughters or father's second wife; the rights of the second wife to hang the enlarged picture of the first wife in the attic; and when; the time limit on visits of first degree cousins; who inherits the teapot, etc.

In his feeble way he has brought order and peace where there was chaos. Yet with it all, these lower down in life are

"I could enumerate a dozen relatives I would like to lose, and give the names of a hundred men who are sober and industrious and who pay the tax to meet your princely salary as kin commissioner general, who also have kin they would like to lose, but did you ever hand down a decision that would help me or them? Never!"

"On the contrary, you devote much time in assisting the idiotic, asinine person who hasn't heard from an uncle in forty years, and who is so blind to his good luck he asks your assistance in finding him."

"A prize piece of ingratitude grieves because he can't find the whereabouts of his father's third cousin, and you pull every string to find this missing kin instead of devoting that time and energy to assist those people of intelligence who are taking care of parasite relatives (they can't lose.)"

"All over this country there are men and women who are kin-burdened, and who know no legitimate and honorable means of getting rid of the burden, but

hand down a decision that will help them? Never!"

"A man who makes a public office of as little service to the people as you make yours, Lysander John Appleton should be impeached."

"Who is there?"

"Don Diego de Mendoza Silva Ribero (Guama) Rimetal Quario Ponce de Leon Guama Acorra Telez y Giron," replied the grandee.

## Quaint Questions

In England it is regarded as a lucky omen for one to have money in his pocket when he hears the cuckoo in the first time in the season.

Virgil was esteemed a magician and conjurer by the ignorant, who thought that the groto of Posillipo was excavated by the incantations of the poet.

Romans averted hail by holding up a looking glass to the dark cloud. Seeing its reflection in the mirror the cloud, it was believed, would pass without injuring the crops.

At the wedding of the daughter of the house in Germany the old nurse presents the first shoe worn by the bride to the bridegroom, who, to insure a prosperous and happy married life, fills it with gold coins.

## Too Small for Him

Spanish grandees delight in numerous names, even appropriating those that belong to their wives' families. One of these distinguished dons, wandering too far into the country, went astray on a lonely road late at night. He knocked at the door of a small inn, the landlord of which from an upper window shouted: "Who is there?"

## Worst of All

There is in a western town a judge who occasionally hits the flowing bowl until it puts him down and out. One morning, following an unusually swift encounter with the alcoholic foe, he appeared in his office looking sad and shaken up.

## The Superior Class

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The use of power to form a self-appointed superior class is the one thing that has made calamity of so long life.

This superior class has ever been a menace and always a curse to itself, at least its distinguishing feature is to exclude. It is confined selfishness, or caste, as opposed to enlightened self-interest.

It has its rise usually in humility, often coming in the name of liberty, and by bestowing a benefit gets a grip on things; then its second generation consumes largely and ceases to produce.

The country that has the largest army and the greatest number of preachers, doctors and lawyers is nearest death.

The superior class is a burden. No nation ever survived it long, none ever can.

This volunteer superior class has always thought that good is to be gained by side-sleeping labor, by wearing costly and peculiar clothing, by being carried in a palanquin, by being waited on by servants; by eating and drinking at midnight; by attaining a culture that is beyond the reach of most, through owning things that only a few can enjoy—these are the ambitions of the self-appointed superior class.

Most of the colleges and universities of Christendom have withered mankind by inculcating the idea that to belong to the superior class was a very desirable thing. Every college professor, until yesterday, urged us to attach ourselves to the superior class by hook or crook—mostly crook. All who do not belong want to belong, and look forward to the day when they may. The example infests, then pollutes and poisons.

The superior class lives by its wits or on the surplus earned by slaves or men who are dead. You are dead yourself when you live on the labor of dead men—you are so near drowning that you clutch society and pull it under with you.

To exclude is to be excluded. When the superior class shuts out the poor and so-called ignorant, it is deprived of all the spiritual benefit the lowly have to give. Caste is a Chinese wall that shuts people in as well as out. If you can make people kind, not merely respectable, the problem of the ages will be solved.

This bogus chief tender of gentility, which is the chief asset of the superior class, can never be done away with through violence and revolution. This has been tried again and again. Revolution is a surgical operation that ever leaves the roots of the cancer untouched.

The remedy is a new method of education which will teach men to be, not seem—that will give pupils diplomas on what they can do, not on what they can memorize.

At a guess, I will say that the millennium will come in this way: First—Men will decline to affiliate with a social club that offers a reward for blind credulity.

Second—Men will refuse to enlist as soldiers for any other reason than to protect from an immediate invasion threatening their homes.

Third—Parents will refuse to send their children to any school, college or university where the curriculum does not provide that at least one-half of the school day shall be spent in productive work.

"How are you this morning, Sam?" inquired a friend.

"Worse than I've ever been," replied the judge, with a groan. "I'm in bad at home. When I left the house a little while ago the children were calling me Sam and my wife was addressing me as Mister."