

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Where Are the Old-**Fashioned** Folks?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Has the old-fashioned father begun to

disappear? Billy Sunday says the old-fashie mother has gone, and Dr. Henry New man, of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture society, supple

ments Mr. Sunday's statement by saying that the father has lost the old ideas and that he deperids too much upon the mother for the training of the chlidren.

I wonder if these things are true. both of them, and if the fact that they are true is reason that old-fashioned daughter and the old-fashioned son disappearing. are 1007

For they are; there's no doubt of that,

not a doubt in the world. Where's the old-fashioned started out at eighteen to make his own living and send home a dollar or so to help ma get a new black silk for Sunday and pa to buy a new cultivator for the forty acres of the old wood lot?

ng to college, of course, and join ing fraternities, and spending mon ey in a month than his father ends in a year.

Where's the same boy at 237 Spending his summers ate the seashors and his autumns in the mountains and his Springs in Florida and his winters learnthe new dances and telling his other what she really must do to get his sister into really smart society. Where's sister, who ought to be the d-fashioned daughter?

making angel cake for home, amas's ten parties? On the plasma emroldering dollies for Aunt Susie's birthday? In the garden cutting roses for the table? Upstairs mending father's socks? Downstairs preasing out brother's neck-

She's in college, too, learning all about Heator and Priam, and higher matheatics and the difference between asrology and astronomy, Or she's out of college; she's in a set-

somewhere showing somebody ther how to keep house and tellwhat to do when the baby has roup and going down to the jall to acbody's cise's husband out, so e'll be able to kape the family going Or. if she ian't in a settlement, she has o somewhere and is leading the life of puinting pictures or planar suffrage parades; anywhere, doing wthing, so she won't have to stay at

Brother is the only youthful mem f the family who stays at how nowa-



Spring, with her sweet rain-washed eyes, snaps her | shakes his fearsome white mane at her and grumbles, | yet under my hoary-frost breath!"

She loves to have brother at home, where she can lean on him, and she's so wroud of the way he dresses and she just imply can't get over it to think that he's really her own whonever he makes a protty little talk at an afternoon ten. And she lixes to have her daughter "inking her place in the van of progress" and to tell how daughter is the leader the "onward and upward movement." She diesn't quite see how daughter can be so much interested in the queer peo-ple also seems to know, but, on the whole, she takes a vicarious pleasure in daugh tor's wide activities, and is, as a general thing, breathlessly delighted with both son and daughter-and here if. The only one of the family she doesn't

quite approve of is father. Father is so mercenary, so humdron

so reactionary. Why, he doan't even know what you mean when you say that a thing is bourgeoise, and as for "sabotage," he never even heard of it. She and her son are a good deal embarrassed over father's atitude toward the world in which

Father is pursied, and sometimes he'd be old-fashioned, plain American mad about it all if he dared.

But what's the use? The old-fashioned father! There lan't

He's gone out with the old-fashioned mother who made jelty and had chicken salad for Bunday night lunch, and though it was important to remember which sort of tarts father preferred and whether he liked the dressing in the turkey made with oysters or with chest-RUIS

Copyright, 1915, by the Star Co. All For-eign Rights Reserved. The cid-fashioned mother has wone out with the old-fashioned son, who wouldn't let a man light a cigar in the presence of his mother and who would soon think of jumping off the roof as telliny a risque story to his own sister. The old-fashioned sister has gone out, ton. She tells risque stories herself and the innuance she uses when she's excited about a "cause" would make an old-fashioned brother sit up nights to worry over her.

wonder if the old-fashioned father mother, who brought up their oldfushioned families in the old-fashioned way, really did some rather good work in the world after all?



finger in white old Winter's face and trills a mocking little laugh in his fierce old eyes. And old Winter, drawing his white samite robe about his meager shoulders,

to walk slowly.

as a boy amiles.

Stilliter

ANITA STEWART

as The Goddon

Written by

Gouverneur Morris

(One of the Most Notable Fig-ures in American Literature)

Dramatized Into a Photo-Play by Official and the W. GODDARD, Author of "The Ferlis of Fashine" "The Replote of Misine"

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

FOURTH EPISODE.

"Go slow, young woman! I may nip the flower in your cheeks and blight the gold of your hair, and the early butterfly you sport on your latest hat (1) may shrivel

But, oh! Spring; keep coming, honey, on your dancing feet. For we adore and need you!-NELL BRINK-LEY.



His first words were of reproof. hut, all silver in the moonlight, he began "Celestia, dear," he said, "you mustn't In his hiding place close at hand, no do that."

word or motion had been lost on Prof. "Mustn't klas you?" White with reluctance and

"Of course not." antipathy, but strongly resolved, he rose Her great eyes assumed an injured on one knee, cocked his Winchester and aimed at the small of Tommy's back.

'In heaven," she said, "an angel always wakes me with a kiss." But Tommy stopped short with a kind of jerk, as a tethered animal stops when

Tommy was wide awake now. with a kind of cold suspicion in his voice. landed in the "Oh." she said carelessly, "any one that happened to pass by, and thought

"Not room enough for two in there," mans?" he said. "But if you get frightened or

want anything, just call. I'll head. Andgood night." It semed darker when she had closed the door of the hut and no longer gleamed in the fire light. Prof. Stilliter lowered his rifle with a suppressed sigh or relief and sank down among the bushes. And when Tommy, healthfully tired, had

comes to the end of its rope; for he

say clearly, and all in a moment, that it

was not a woman who invited him to

share the shelter of the hut, but a little

child. He stopped short then and smiled

fallen into a sound sleep, he withdrey to a distance with his followers, sad passed a night of supreme discomfort upon the hard ground. Celestia was safe in Tommy's care, and there was no use

eparating them before morning. Celestia dreamed all night, not of that heaven from which she had so recently come, not of the wicked world she was to save, but of Tommy, Dreaming, it seemed like she was neither a child, nor maid, nor a goddess, but a young woman

whose imagination had been strongly worked upon by a young man.

ped from the hut into the cold, still head. Adirondack dawn. Tommy, his feet to the fire that had almost died, still slept. She knelt by him and studied his face at teisure' Presently she touched his hand cautiously with the tip of her finger and found that it was cold. Then, happy as cry of astonishment to the kettle, which the opposition. "Now, you turn in there and make a child to be of service, she puts wood had just holled over. yourself county. Good night." on the fire and blew the embers into Tommy hurried aw

the hut. Tommy stood looking at the fire. He laugh, bowed her lovely head and kissed on a tree-limb, and then he swung his But in a bank, department sto stood for quite a ling time in a deep him. reverte. Celestia's voice brought his out . Tommy was dreaming of her. She had

promised to marry him as soon as he had killed the horrible dragon that lived

What was she? Was she the most in- ate battle, in which he was armied only ocent and guileless creature in the world, with a can-opener, had just succeeded was she something quite different? in opening the dragon's juguiar vein,

"What kind of an angel?" he inquired think she had orthodox perdition.

They would hook that I had slept long enough. But then her away from the Celestia liked to be kissed. Don't hu- salt, chase her from the water, "Yes," said Tommy, "sometimes. I and the

liked it. Only among us it's a sacred horned ones for sort of thing, and grown-up humans re- several weeks serve their kisses for celestial moods, or would lose no opportunity to give for children who are always rather heavher vigorous digs. enly." As he spoke, he began to prepare breakfast, and Celestia smilled upon him, pokes and prods. With horzes" it but not as if she was very much inter-ested in what he had said, or indeed unwas quite the same, And I rederstood it. Suddenly she said: member one par-"I want to cook."

"You do, do you? Do you know how " ticular little black "I've watched you." Torumy rose with a laugh. "Then you shall," he said, "and Fil from one pasture

have a awim to wake me up." "A swim?" "You do it in the water." said Tommy

gravely, and he made swimming motions with his arms.

"On, but I'd rather swim, too, than cook," said Celestia, and she prepared Bright and early she waked and stop- to follow him. But Tommy shook his

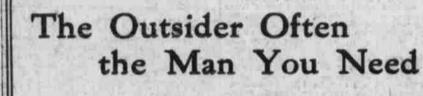
> and so it would be selfish of you"-"You were nicer to me yesterday." said

Tommy hurried away chuckling, and would do well to take the initiative, like flame. Still Tommy did not wake, and just before he came to the Narrow Island that little black mare, and meet the first

arms about wildly like a cab driver, and ratiroad office this cannot be done. So leaped and ran up and down to got his the next best thing is to endure, and win circulation going, and then with an ath- out by an attention to business to which lete's scorn of pain and cold, he ran into the place is unaccustomed.

then dove.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the

Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for The Bee to be used in his

absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest

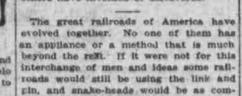
no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

By FLBERT HUBBARD

When I was a farmer lad I noticed that The idea of civil service reform-prowhenever we bought a new cow and motion for the good man in your employ turned her in the pasture with the herd rather than hiring new ones-is a rule there was a general inclination on the which looks well on paper, but is a fatal part of the bunch to make the new cow policy if carried out to the letter.

The business that is not progressive is sowing the seeds of its own dissolution. harmony, stand by your new man, eve 53-T-60-70-Life is a movement forward, and all thing in nature that are not evolving

into something better are preparing to return into their constituent elements. One general rule for progress in big One general rule for progress in big business concerns is the introduction of new blood. You must keep step with the business would be you have babled the business world. If you lag bebind the for new lobs, Isn't that so? outlaws that hang on the flanks of commerce will cut you out and take you captive, just as the wolves lie in wait for the sick cow of the plains. To keep your columns marching you must introduce new methods, new inapiration, and seize upon the best that others have invented or discovered.



up for criticism, opposition and resent-

nent, and he is forgotten.

mon as in the year 1800. The railroad manager who knows his business is ever on the lookout for excellence among his men, and he promotes those who give an undivided service. But,

besides this, he hires a strong man occasionally from the outside and promotes him over everybody. Then out come the hammers. But this makes but little difference to

your competent manager. If a place is to be filled, and he has no one on his payroll big enough to fill it, he hires an outsider.

That is right and well for every one concerned. The new life of many a firm dates from the day they hired the new foreman.

Communities that intermarry raise a fine crop of scrubs and the result is the same in business ventures. One of America's largest concerns falled for a tidy sum of five millions or so a few years ago, just through a doggod policy that



extended over a period of fifty years,

of promoting cousins, uncles and aunts,

whose only claim of efficiency was that

they had been on the pension roll for a

If you are a business man and have a

position of responsibility to be filled look

carefully among your old helpers for a

man to promote. But if you haven't a

man big enough to fill the place do not

put in a little one for the sake of peace. Go outside and find a man and hire

him. Never mind the salary if he can

swat the pill; wages are always relative

As for civil service rules -rules are

made to be broken. And as for the long-

horned ones who will attempt to make

life miserable for your new employe, be

natient with them. It is the privilege of

everybody to do a reasonable amount of

kicking, especially if the person has been

a long time with one concern and has

But if at the last worst comes to worst!

do not forget that you yourself are at

the head of the concern. If it fails you get the blame. And should the anvi

chorus become so persistent that there

is danger of discord taking the place of

though it is necessary to give the blue

So, here is the argument: Promote yout

deserving men, but do not be afraid to

hire a keen outsider. He helps everybody

envelope to the antediluvians.

to earning power.

received many benefits.

long time. This way lies dry rot.

bad complexion

If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, nine chances out of ten



will clear it Just try Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment regularly for a week

and see if they do not make a blessed difference in your skin. They also help make red, rough hands and arms soft and white.

Sold by all druggists. They contain marsh or interious insertilents. harsh or inj

In the lumber camp the newcome

But in a bank, department store of

He turned and looked her in the eyes, under the hill Tommy, after a desper- the water until it was waist deep, and Unless he has the power to overawe everything the more uncomfortable will be his position, until gradually time amooths the way and new issues come

19mare that we boys used to transfer to another just to see her back into a herd of horses and hear her hoofs play a resounding solo on their ribs as they gathered around to do her mischief. Men are animals just as much as are cows, horses and pigs, and they manifest similar proclivities.

long-

The introduction of a new man into an "Somebody has to cook." he said. "and institution always causes a small panic I was the first to think about swimming of resentment, especially if he be a person of some power.

Even in achools and colleges the new Celestia, and she turned with a little teacher has to fight his way to overcome