

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Censorship for Parents Needed

Too Many Fathers and Mothers Allow Girls to Grow Up as They Please, Without Restraint or Even Advice—Present Day Conditions Are Not Properly Met

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright 1914, by the Star Company.) A little group of men and women sat around a dinner table in a refined metropolitan home.

Four men and four women, all travelers, readers and thinkers, and the arts, the professions, finance and social experience and specialties were all represented in the party.

They were discussing the ever-old and always-new subject of the relations of the sexes in domestic and social life, and the growing frequency of divorce in America. It seemed to the majority that civilized society was degenerating, but another recalled the Roman period, where women frequently married ten husbands, and cited the case of one who, according to reliable history, married her twenty-third husband, he himself having possessed twenty-one wives.

Then the discussion drifted to the tragedies which befall young girls. The recent suicide of one girl who had been pursued by a married man in whose office she was an employe, brought other similar and sadly true stories to light, until the reputation of man, the master, seemed to be torn into shreds.

Whereupon one man said: "You women have not the slightest comprehension of what men encounter from a certain class of young girls. In every American city and in many small towns hundreds of girls in their teens are allowed absolute license by their parents from the time they are old enough to play in the streets and attend public school until their minds are bold and their ideas of life mercenary."

"These little girls, with short skirts and hanging hair, frequent the streets at will, loitering on the way from school and shop and factory, and with deliberate intention pursue men who possess automobiles, or who sit in club windows. They plant themselves in the automobiles, in fact, and when the owner appears greet him with a bold laugh and give us a ride, mister, please." I have known this to occur to more than one man, and known men to be assailed by villages of investors when the little girls were almost forcibly put out of the car and sent upon their way disappointed."

It was a bachelor who spoke; a bachelor whose name so far has been unmentioned by scandal, and another bachelor and a landolt added their testimony to a knowledge of similar events. "What would you think," asked one of the ladies, "of a woman who found her car occupied by two or three attractive young men and who consented to drive them about and then to dinner, rather than disappoint them? Would the fact that they pursued her along a husband's wounded pride and confidence?"

And then, of course, the discussion wandered into the eternal channel of the different code of conduct and morals created by custom, if not by nature, for man and woman. "But, meantime, leaving the little party to end their discussion, does not the whole subject hark back to the first source of all things, the parents? It cannot be denied that scores, if not hundreds, of bold and vicious young girls are to be found in every American city today."

When not vicious their boldness and loud manners and slangy language indicate the ease with which they may descend to vice. One meets them everywhere, as frequently coming out of school with their books as from shop or factory; and, again, a little older and a little more subdued in manner, but scarcely more in deportment, in the summer hotels and walking the beaches of seashore resorts.

What are the American parents thinking about, that such utter indifference is shown in the matter of guarding their girls? Would it not be well to establish a censorship for parents in America? And would it not be well to restrict the much vaunted liberty of the young American girl?

An American gentleman, old enough to be the father of a pretty child of 18, was on the point of going to her rescue recently in a trolley car, where she was agitated and openly given cause for annoyance. If not fear, by three young foreigners. Before the man had entered into a fracas with the young rowdies he was horrified to see the American school girl smile encouragingly at their familiarities. Something is wrong in our whole system of education here in this land of the free. Why not look into the causes of so much shame and crime, and why not do a little common sense, systematic training of parents?

Many of these parents are country born and bred, and know nothing of the snares and temptations which surround our city life. They believe their girls will "come out all right"—as they did—and consider a few childish "frictions" and trivialities as only natural diversions of youth. They are unconscious of the fact that nowhere in America today exists the safe, simple life which surrounded the earlier generations. Motor cars and trolleys, newspapers, magazines and vaudeville have carried the life of the metropolis into remote places. Teach parents to guard their girls! Reform must begin at home.

If Wishes Came True



Then the little person of 'leven, pouting and dreaming, would be grown-up and covered with glory of tribute and



costume, and Gran'mother, sunk in reverie, would be of all things in the world—just 'leven! That's a story most as



old as the oldest one (which is of Love), the story of Wishes, and how, while Childhood agonizes for years, Age sorrows for its childhood back again.—NELL BRINKLEY.

By NELL BRINKLEY

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Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protegee wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. After death Prof. Stilliter, an expert of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 2-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. As the girl of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where adults of the interests are ready to exploit 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 from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia remembers each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they have in his own house. Celestia, the girl for whom Stilliter had escaped to an island where they spend the night.

Celestia's mother was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any news of her. Just at this point her costume, but later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Kehr. 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.

Celestia enters work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here 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" overhearing 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 seen a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

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

THIRTEENTH EPISODE. Presently Celestia's breathing sounded slow and regular. "She's asleep," thought Mrs. Gundorf. "The time has come," and she began cautiously to edge herself out sideways from under the bed. But Celestia was not quite asleep, and the noise Mrs. Gundorf made woke her, and just as Mrs. Gundorf was beginning to rise from the floor, Celestia slipped from the bed, eluded a hand that clutched at her dress, snatched from the bureau a heavy silver hand-mirror, the only weapon of defense that was in sight, and darted into the observation compartment.

eyes of her assailant, but could not, so bound was Mrs. Gundorf by the knowledge that she must look anywhere but at those eyes.

Followed a time of stillness, tenseness and quick breathing. Then efforts by Mrs. Gundorf to get on the same side of the table with Celestia, and calm reasoned thurwarings of these efforts by the latter.

Mrs. Gundorf was at a disadvantage. Not much older than Celestia, she was heavier, less alert, and she dared not make a full use of her eyes. Her face averted, so that with the tails of her eyes she only had partial glimpses of Celestia, her rushes were more or less at random. Once she threw herself headlong half across the table and stabbed, as a snake strikes—only to find that she had miscalculated the distance entirely.

There was another pause. "Why do you want to hurt me?" asked Celestia. "Why won't you look at me?" Mrs. Gundorf's only answer was another rush. Celestia threw a chair in her way and once more succeeded in keeping the heavy table between them.

She was getting angry. What right had anyone to chase her with a knife? If the woman would only look at her! Mrs. Gundorf thwarted, and murderous was nonplussed at the ease with which, so far, Celestia had eluded her fier eyes, downward, had for their momentary range of vision, a pile of reviews, just in front of Celestia, and a portion of Celestia's dress.

Quick as thought, Celestia laid the hand-mirror with which she had armed herself, face up upon the pile of reviews, and beyond in the depths of the shining refracted, the eyes of the two women had met at last.

So great was Mrs. Gundorf's dread of those wonderful eyes, so greatly had the memory of what they had once done to her, worked upon and grown in her imagination, that the sudden sight of them gazing commandingly up into her own from the depths of the mirror, numbed and dazed her like a blow on the head. With a great effort to collect her winking senses, she jerked her head up, and found herself looking into the eyes themselves. Catastrophe was upon her; she had no longer the power to look away.

First hatred of Celestia was wiped clean from her heart, she did not know why she had come, what she was doing in that observation car. Then the knife fell from her nervous fingers, and she felt peacefully drowsy and as if many heavy troubles had been lifted from her shoulders.

But Celestia, having about her something of the sternness of a just judge, picked up the knife and put it back into Mrs. Gundorf's hand. "You shall go away thinking that you have what you came to do—Celestia, who has done you no harm in this world, but whom you wish to stab to death with that knife is asleep on her bed in her state room. She is very tired and very sound asleep; still you must move cautiously."

And Mrs. Gundorf, her eyes fixed and dead, but the rest of her features wearing a wicked, murderous expression, began a horrible, grotesque, fisted advance toward the open door of Celestia's state room. Then, in her hypnotized brain she seemed to see Celestia, asleep upon her bed; and then she was driving her knife many times to the hilt in the beautiful white breast.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Dr. Pankhurst's Article

On Simplifying Legal Process so that Justice May be Better Served According to the Understanding of the Layman with Common Sense Cites Both the Leo M. Frank and the Harry K. Thaw Cases

By DR. CHARLES H. PANKHURST.

It would be gratifying for us laymen and contribute to our quietness of mind if law were so simple that we could understand it, and if judicial processes were so free from complexity that we could form some definite idea as to what it is they are designing to accomplish. We are not so lacking in discernment, or perhaps I should say in imagination, as not to suppose that in a general way they are intended to prove the guilt of the guilty and the innocence of the innocent.

But the way of going about it is sometimes so mystifying that we are obliged to walk a good deal more by faith than by sight; and yet we cherish a covert conviction that if we are normally intelligent, as a good many of us are, even if we have not studied law, we ought not to be obliged to assume the validity of so much that we are not allowed to comprehend.

We cling to the conviction that law is resolvable into a very few ultimate principles that it is not beyond the average capacity to understand. It is easy to have it retorted upon us that, if we are unable to see, it must be due to some defect in our vision. To that it is quite in order to reply that invisibility is just as likely to be due to darkness as to blindness. In a dark closet it is no fault of mine that I cannot distinguish the objects that are contained in it. In reading reports of court proceedings one finds that a good deal of stress is laid upon rules of evidence and that a good deal of testimony is excluded that is felt by counsel to have a direct and important bearing upon the matter in hand, and he is better prepared than any one else to know whether it has such bearing.

Now a mind legally untutored, but possessed of sterling good sense, would like to understand why anything of that sort should be shut out. It is a remark attributed to ex-Governor Stanton when he was about to take up the Frank case that he was going to take into consideration everything whatsoever that bore in any way upon the question in hand, by which it was understood that he was going to proceed without any regard to those technical limitations that, like barnacles, have fastened themselves upon methods of court procedure; and it was immediately felt that by going about it in that unhampered way he would reach results that would thoroughly approve themselves to his own mind, and that would admit of being similarly approved by an intelligent public; and in those results an intelligent public has gratefully acquiesced.

Studying law doubtless has the effect to strengthen the mind, but it sometimes seems to an outsider to have the effect to obfuscate the mind, and in such manner to so submerge the fundamental principles of law under a sea of technical minutiae as to emphasize details to the embarrassment and sacrifice of fundamentals. We have noticed that the study

of theology sometimes operates in the same way, and that the graduate seminary student easily allows the great master truths of religion to be swamped under a morass of petted particulars that are of only dependent value. It requires less mind to be busy with small matters than to be energetically engrossed with big ones.

A few months ago the press reported the case of a will written by a layman as follows: "All of the property of which I am possessed I herewith bequeath to my wife." Signed his name; two witnesses added their signatures. The probate court approved the will.

Now it is doubtful if any lawyer, after having experienced the diffusive effect of a full course in the law school would have compressed the testamentary wishes of that testator into anything short of a couple of pages of professional verbiage. Presumably it is not because of any idea on his part that prolixity will produce the impression of profundity. Nor would we be so discourteous as to suppose that so elaborate a style of phraseology is availed of as a means of preventing laymen from thinking they can write their own wills without help from the legal profession.

There appear to be three kinds of sense: common sense, super-sense and professional sense. This three-fold classification explains a good deal that is otherwise difficult, among the rest the legal profession.

The last trial of Thaw (that is to say, the last up to date) is a matter in which the lay mind finds food for perplexity. The jury was composed of men presumably of such quality as to satisfy the demands of the counsel, respectively, of the prosecution and the defense. After deliberating less than an hour, they brought in a unanimous verdict for the defense.

Due to our condition of legal unenlightenment, we supposed that that made him a free man, and that a unanimous verdict means either final acquittal or final conviction. It seems not. It appears that there are numerous appliances fitted to the judicial machine that are held in reserve for particular occasions so that when a man is acquitted it may mean that he is acquitted or it may mean that he is being held over for another grilling.

After the acquittal it was authoritatively announced that the judge might reverse the jury's verdict. We allowed ourselves to wonder why then the whole matter was not put up to the judge in the first instance instead of having it put through the tedious and expensive formality of a jury trial.

Still later it has been publicly stated that the prosecution is going to take an appeal. To the intellectually unengaged that would seem to denote that the prosecutor is going to keep trying the poor fellow till he succeeds in convicting him. Thaw has had eight years of it already. The future must look long to him.

All of this is a lesson to innocent people to try to keep innocent. It is also a lesson to all concerned that judicial procedure needs to be relieved from some of its technicality and simplified from some of its mystery before it will quite comport with the dignified simplicity of law or perfectly hold the confidence of the unprofessional sense of the public.

The Man Who Makes Love

Let Women Beware of the Pirate Who Masquerades at a Gentleman

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Hee who mine heart would keepe for loe, Shall bee a gentill man and strong." Quotes the heroine of a well known novel. How wisely she chooses her motto!

However love wanders for a time, however the heart of woman goes a-gypsying at the call of fascinating freebooters, in the end love comes home. And the "home" of a woman's love can be only in the harbor of a loyal man's heart. "The man who understands women" is all too often nothing more than a thief of love, a bandit and pirate. He studies woman after woman—to their cost. Each one he leaves, having "learned about women from her"—and then on to the next he goes, to give her a little brief fevered happiness and then to leave her sadder and wiser and either miserable in her disillusionment or clinging to a memory that is not worthy of a thought.

"The man who understands women" understands their emotions because he plays upon them. The most sacred feelings he examines and classifies. His game is scientifically conducted—but since it is a game it ought never be dangerous to the woman who will stop and think. Women ought never to cease to remember that in marriage their happiness is made for them by the love they accept. Any woman who lets a weak, selfish, unstable man gain power over her through his pirate gift to steal hearts, is preparing for herself an aftermath of misery to follow a harvest of weeds instead of grain. The weeds may be bright-colored and alluring to the eye—but they can bring nothing of permanent value into her life.

Too often a woman's love transforms a man until she does not see him as he is—but as she longs to have him be. To her self-deceived eyes, dross becomes clear gold. The pirate of love cleverly helps her keep up her illusions at first while the game is new and stimulating enough to make him feel the urge to play well. But after a time lassitude or weariness makes him too selfish and indifferent to struggle to preserve a woman's happiness. The woman goes on believing and believing—believing in the face of the evidence of her burning eyes, and the testimony of her aching heart. But at last one day her heart comes into the heritage she prepared for herself when she accepted the unworthy love of a moral weakling—and her "bread is sorrow," and her "drink is tears."

"Think of the women you see about you all too often—women with dull, cried-out looking eyes and an air of dejected hopelessness—women who are old before their time—women whose health is gone because they do not feel the urge of spirit and the uplift of faith that keep youth and health. A wickedly large proportion of them are suffering from the cynicism, the loneliness, the corroding longing that follow on giving a heart when with it cannot go respect and admiration and faith.

In the love of a true man a woman finds a haven and a home. It holds stimulation to be her best rest and do her best work. It gives her kindness and health. A wickedly large proportion of them are suffering from the cynicism, the loneliness, the corroding longing that follow on giving a heart when with it cannot go respect and admiration and faith.

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But the love of a true man holds simple joy and contentment and trust and tenderness. It may not key her so high as does the love-making of a practiced Lothario—but it will not drop her so low in despair and unrequited longings when once she has, with simple good faith, given faith to requilate its imitation. Women might save themselves heart-burning and sorrow and misery and

shame if only they would force their intellects to join hands with their emotions. The romance need not go out of life—but one may judge what is true romance and what play-acting. If a woman builds herself up short in time and listens to reason—listens to the voice of her instincts, of her sentinel soul—beholds the evidence and weighs it sanely, she may save herself heartache and agony.

Selfishness, dishonesty, cruelty, egotism—all give signs of themselves to any but wilfully blinded eyes. And though they be blended with a power to stir emotion and to stimulate wild affection, they are signs of shoals and reefs that must wreck the frail craft of love.

The Prince charming who rides up a-wooling in a sixty horsepower car may be a splendidly eligible party from the worldly point of view; the Adonis who thrills you at sight may be rich in emotions—but is either a man—a real man worthy of your best? Or your honest answer to that—on your honest abiding by standards of worth and fitness depends your happiness. "Hee who mine heart would keepe for loe, Shall bee a gentill man and strong."

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