



Winged Black

THEY are forming Girls' Protection Committees out in San Francisco now, getting ready for the big fair a year ahead of time. The Girls' Protection Committees are made up of ladies who are very much worried for fear that girls who come to the fair will get acquainted with the wrong people and have the wrong sort of things happen to them.

So the ladies on the committee are going to go down to all the trains and meet all the boats coming into San Francisco for the next twelve months, early and late, at midnight or at dawn, and tell every girl they see to be good.

Highly commendable, this idea, isn't it?

One of the members of the committee told me all about it the other day. "Five thousands girls dropped out of sight at the World's Fair in St. Louis," said my friend of the Girls' Protection Committee. "We don't propose to have anything like that, or anything near like it, happen at the San Francisco fair."

"Girls are so ignorant, so innocent, that they don't know how to take care of themselves at all. They let any sort of stranger, man or woman, scrape acquaintance with them, and don't seem to have the faintest idea of the hideous danger therein."

"Somebody has got to take care of them, and we of the Girls' Protection Committee are going to do it, if it takes every minute of our time from now on until the fair is over."

My friend of the Girls' Protection Committee is a fine woman, a good woman, a kind woman and a public-spirited woman.

**Who Are the Unfortunate Ones?**

I have for her the deepest and most profound respect and admiration, but I wonder if she isn't worrying just a little bit too hard about the girls who are going to run such frightful danger the minute they step off the train in San Francisco, from now on till the fair is over.

I wonder if the kind women and the good men of this country aren't all of them worrying a little more about what's going to happen to the girls and what is happening to them right now than is really quite necessary. Where do all these girls come from who are going to be dragged and kidnapped on trains and in boats and along the public streets of a great city? Who are they, and what's the matter with them anyway?

I hear so much about these "ignorant" and "innocent" girls who are dragged into the most hideous cesspools of vice right in broad daylight. But, somehow, I have lived in large cities all my life, and I have never heard a single girl scream for help either by day or by night. Have you?

Has nobody ever told them anything about how to take care of themselves at all?

If I had a daughter 16 years old who didn't know enough to walk fast when a leering brute tried to keep up with her and get her to talk with him, I'd lock her up in a kindergarten and keep her there the rest of her life.

If I had a little sister, anywhere from 12 to 40 years of age, who didn't have sense enough to keep away from strange women who tried to get her to dine or to lunch with them at strange hours in strange restaurants in strange parts of the city, I'd have a guardian appointed to keep her out of trouble.

I never saw a girl 11 years old, in my life, who didn't know enough to know that she was doing a silly thing and a wrong thing when she talked with strange men or allowed men to talk with her.

I know from one end of this country to the other some thousand or so of girls who work for a living.

Pretty girls, young girls, attractive girls—they go out about their business alone at all hours of the day and night, and I have never yet heard of one of them being kidnapped or "abducted."

I have never known of an instance in my own personal experience of a single girl of all the thousands of girls I know in every rank of life who has ever had to cry aloud for help in any public street in any city in the United States of America.

**Associations Not Infallible.**

I've a friend, an elderly woman with a charming, graceful, girlish figure and an air about her.

She went out the other night to post a letter, and, as she approached the letter box, two men stepped up to her and lifted their hats.

"Oh, you beautiful doll!" said one of the men.

"Aren't you lonesome out alone so late, honey?" said the other.

Did my friend scream and call for the police; did she rush wildly through the streets palpitating with terror?

She did not.

She lifted the flap of the letter box, dropped her letter where she wanted it to go, turned so that the light fell upon her gray hair, and said: "Skat—I'm old enough to be your mother."

She missed a great abduction story, didn't she?

The women I know who are always afraid somebody is going to kidnap them are three.

One of them is over 40, and never was good looking in her life.

One of them is cross-eyed and has absolutely nothing about her which could interest the most hardened abductor in the world.

And the other is a young person who never saw a man pass even on the other side of the street without giving him a look which said "follow me" as plainly as any look ever said anything in the world.

There's no doubt in the world that young girls going alone to a big city need some sort of protection. So do young girls going about alone in the country.

All hired men are not graduates of the school for angels—nor are all Sunday school superintendents saints, even if they live a thousand miles from the bright lights.

But there is just exactly one protection for a young girl that really protects, and that is in her own heart and in her own brain and in her own good, plain, common sense.

If she is not so protected, all the protective associations in the world will not keep her out of the market.

Good luck to you, ladies of the Girls' Protection Committee. I hope you'll do a whole lot of good work out there in San Francisco between now and fair time. But, whisper, I hope that good work of yours isn't really needed half so much as you think it is.

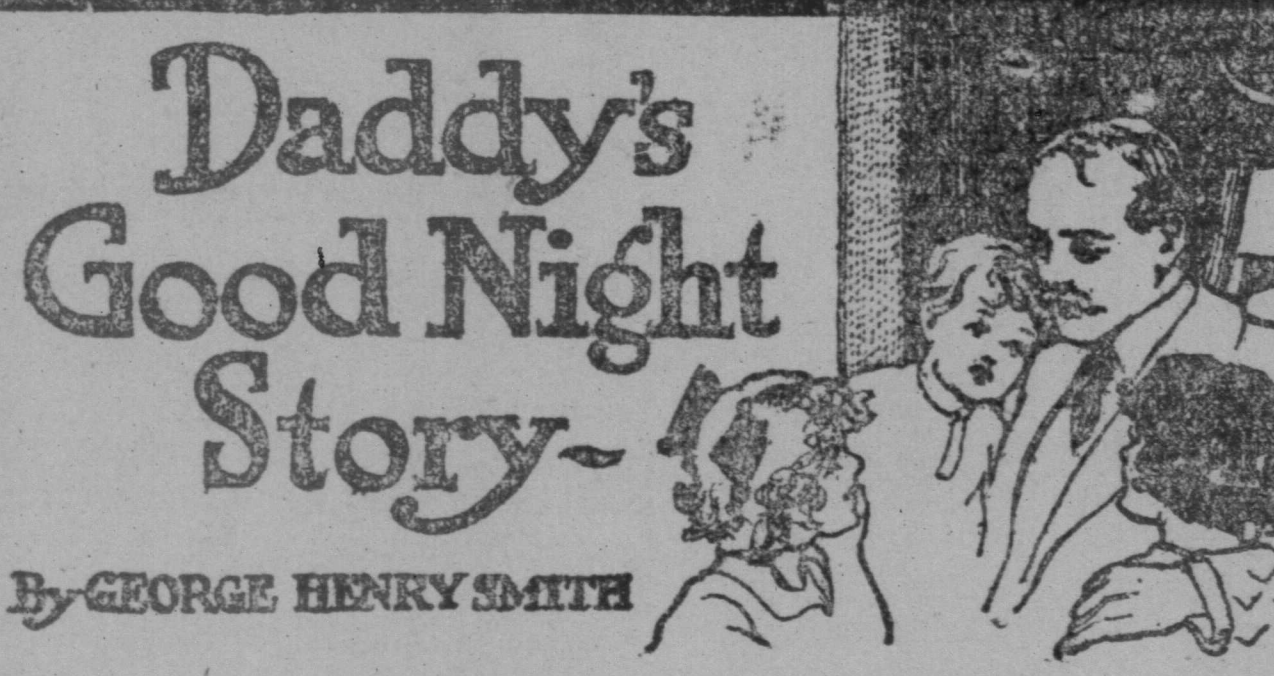
And It Convinces, Too "I wonder why successful politicians so seldom are great talkers." "They must believe in the adage that money talks."	Cautious. "They say that he has money to burn, but he is not starting any business." "No. He says that smoke hurts his eyes."	Too Rough. "Your conversation did not seem to run smoothly." "No. We were both using plain words."	Entirely So. "He was pretty fresh when he went to the West, wasn't he?" "I should say so. He bought a saluted the first thing."
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**Panchard's Selected Recipes**

By M. Panchard  
Chef of the Hotel McAlpin, New York.

**PUDDING METTERNICK.**  
Fill up little puffs with chocolate cream, to which add a piece of butter. Four yolks of eggs, one quart of milk, four leaves of gelatine, one vanilla bean and sugar. Make a cream with this, which you finish when almost cold with whipped cream.

**CRAB FLAKES EXQUISITE.**  
Requirements—Catsup, chili sauce, two finely minced shallots, tarragon, chervil, two spoonfuls puree of red pepper, one-half pound of butter, four egg yolks, cream, whole white pepper and cayenne. Put the shallots in a pan, together with some good vinegar, crushed white pepper, the stems of the tarragon and a little chervil, place on the fire till the vinegar evaporates; then add the catsup, chili sauce and red pepper puree. Allow to cook until reduced to half of the original volume; then add some of your fish broth and bind with the egg yolk. Finish your sauce with good butter, strain and serve.



**Daddy's Good Night Story**  
By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

"It's pretty hard to tell a story as good as those you fellows made up," began Billy. "But I will try."

"In the Great Forest there lived a Little Tree which was very, very lonesome. Beside the tree grew a Forget-me-not and the Little Tree used to talk to the Forget-me-not and try not to be lonesome.

"Some day you will grow to be great and grand," the Flower used to tell the Tree.

"I suppose so," said the Tree, "but it will take a long time and I get so tired standing here all day long. I want to see the great big ocean over there. I want to feel the waves dash against me."

"Some day you will get your wish," answered the Forget-me-not.

"Years went by and one day some wood choppers came. The Little Tree had grown quite tall and its topmost branches were above the other trees and looked out upon the ocean.

"Here is the tree we have been looking for," said one of the woodsmen. With that they set to work and chopped down the Tree. As it lay alongside the Forget-me-not the little Flower said:

"Now you will get your wish."

"Sure enough," the woodsmen were from a ship yard and the tree was taken down to the ocean and made the keel of a big vessel.

"One day the ship slid into the ocean and the Tree felt the swish of the waves and—"

"Got it wish," broke in Sammy Squirrel.

"Of course," answered Jack.

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**Jeff is "Some" Inventor. -- By "Bud" Fisher**

WUTTY CONGRATULATE ME, I'VE DISCOVERED THE GREATEST INVENTION OF MODERN TIME. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IT FOR DAYS. MY NAME WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY ALONGSIDE EDISON, FULTON, FRANKLIN, AND ALL THOSE GUYS.

WELL WHAT IS IT?

THERE IT IS RIGHT THERE, A HEADLESS MATCH. YOU KNOW THREE FOURTHS OF THE COST OF MAKING MATCHES IS IN THE SULPHUR. NOW I USE NO SULPHUR OR HEAD OF ANY KIND, SIMPLY THIS SMALL STICK.

LET'S SEE IT

THERE'S JUST ONE LITTLE DETAIL I HAVE TO PERFECT AND THEN IT WILL BE READY FOR THE MARKET. AIN'T THAT A GREAT INVENTION

THE BLAMED THING WON'T LIGHT!

WELL THAT'S THE PART I'M WORKING ON NOW

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