

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Comedians of the Antarctic

Sir Douglas Mawson Found Creatures That Outdo Man in Farce

A Penguin at close quarters on an Antarctic ice floe



A group of funmakers of the southern ice-bound wastes as Sir Douglas Mawson caught them with the camera.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Let not man imagine that he alone is the purveyor of farce-comedy. No, indeed, there are animals and birds who apparently have a sense of humor all their own.

South of Australia, the existence of which was doubted, until the recent explorations of Sir Douglas Mawson proved its reality, the queerest birds and animals in all creation thickly populate the frozen shores and live their lives in an atmosphere of continuous comedy.

water and secure their food by catching fish. The powerful locomotive force they exert in the water is shown when they land: coming from below the surface, they project themselves twenty feet into the air and alight on breast, wings and feet on the floating ice.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper, a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

So that was how one woman solved her money problem, and her burning eyes told with what bitterness she had resorted to this bold step. Of more value than her husband, even in his low profession, she was still his supine inferior in the rights of possession. What she had was a gift from him, and as June had heard him put it himself, he gave her what was good for her.

liberally poured a fourth of its contents over Big Ben's face. "Excuse me," she laughed as he sat up, startled, and with the same motion jerked a revolver from his pocket. He gazed at her sheepishly as he saw the sparks of mischief in her eye, and he wiped his face with his sleeve. "You come it of purpose," he speculated, chuckling.

SYNOPSIS
June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches destructively for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

The woman? She was coming up the ladder! The fugitive hidden in the attic was stunned by this unexpected action. Nearer and nearer came the woman's head, and nearer and nearer to the edge of the trapezoid extended June's strong young hands!

"Nothing doing," she sadly decided, then she slowly turned and looked at her husband and walked away. There was a softening in Big Ben's eyes as she walked away, and then he, too, glanced at the sleeping Flub. He stroiled to the door and came back. Suddenly he stopped. The gleam of something yellow had caught his gaze. He walked close and bent low. He pulled the cigarette holder out far enough to identify it and pushed it back; then he gave the sleeper a kick.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.
In the Clutch of the River Thieves.
CHAPTER III.
The woman below was sitting strangely as she cleared away the remains of the breakfast and washed the dishes. From time to time she glanced over her husband, bending over slightly, and finally she dropped beside him and listened to his breathing, but she shook her head and went away. Big Ben was quite plainly fast asleep, sprawled in complete relaxation, while June lay with her eyes staring at the ceiling. The woman stopped and touched her husband's shoulder. He moved slightly, and she went back to her station. The next time she could be seen did not even touch at the touch, and with six fingers she reached into his vest

"What?"
No answer. The man was still sound asleep. The woman stood over him for a while, to make sure of this, and started for the ladder again. Halfway across the room she hesitated, turned, walked swiftly to the end of the hot and hid the little chamber bag beneath a loose stone behind the stove.
She was putting away the last of the dishes when suddenly she stopped, turned, and a slow smile spread upon her lips. Her eyes burned with a smoldering fire. She went over to Big Ben and deftly secured a long, slender cigarette holder. She crossed swiftly to her husband and inserted the holder in his top vest pocket, so that its shining tip protruded. The water wash stood by Big Ben's head. With a glimmer in her eye the woman went west, filled the rusty tin cup and de-

"Get up, you thief!" roared Big Ben as he saw the protruding tip of the holder and jumped up. He was halfway to the ladder before he realized that this was not a real, and June, divining his intention, rose swiftly and put her hands on the loose clapboards of the roof. Ben jerked the cigarette holder from Flub's pocket. "You stole it!"
Ah, so, Ben protested the woman. "I want out of the house five minutes. Flub was asleep when I went out, and he was asleep when I came back."

The Palm Beach Girl



Mrs. John E. King of New York City, who is sketched in an evening gown she wore a few nights ago in the Royal Poinciana Hotel at Palm Beach. It created a genuine sensation by its diaphanous beauty.

A fashion panorama may be seen any evening in the rotunda of the largest hotel in the world, the Royal Poinciana, at Palm Beach. Here congregate well-known society women from all over the country, augmented this winter by notable women from Europe, who have preferred the American Riviera to the uncertainties of the present day fortunate at the usual French and Italian winter resorts.

Helping Husbands to Success

How Wives Can Easily Make or Break the Business Careers of Men

By DOROTHY DIX.

A few days ago a man who, at 34, had gone to work in one of the largest manufacturing plants in this country as an office boy, took his seat in the president's chair as the head of it. He had risen by his own ability from the very bottom to the very top of the ladder that he had started out to climb, and he gave much of the credit of his success to his wife.



"She helped me at every foot of the way," he said. "She was always behind me, urging me on. She never put any obstacles in my way. For instance, for many years I spent every minute when I was at home, and not eating or sleeping, in studying to try to remedy my defective education, and to find out all that had been written about the particular line of business that I was engaged in."

"Many a woman would have objected to this and demanded that her husband entertain her on an evening, or go out with her, but my wife always saw that I had a quiet place to study and that nothing interrupted me. She even studied with me when my interest showed signs of flagging. Any man with that kind of a wife is bound to get on."

Which is too true. Any man with that kind of a wife is bound to succeed if he is not a hopeless idiot. Let a man have an ounce of energy or ambition, and that kind of a wife will pull, or haul or shove him into some sort of success. Every woman in the world desires above every other earthly thing for her husband to succeed. First, because it realizes her ambition. No personal success that a woman ever achieves brings the same thrill of gratification to her that she experiences when her man is acclaimed a big man among other men. Secondly, a woman wants her husband to succeed because it means the prosperity and well being of herself and her children.

This being the case, it is passing strange that the average wife never really sits down and tries to figure out how she can help her husband to be a success instead of a failure in life, and it is more than strange that her vision is so short that she cannot see how you must sacrifice the little things of today in order to gain the big thing of tomorrow.

For instance, take a young couple who are just starting out in matrimony. The first five years of their life together absolutely settles whether the husband is going to be a prosperous, successful man at middle age, or whether he is going to end his days as a clerk in somebody else's office.

If the young wife is willing to not only live well within their means, but just as economically as health and comfort will permit, if she helps her husband to save his money, if she takes care of his health

by making him physically comfortable at home, if she is interested in his business and ambitious for him to get along, he is just as sure to succeed as the sparks are to fly upward.

But if his wife is bitten by the society bug, if she tries to keep the pace with people better off than they are, if she drags her husband about to parties, and sends him dull witted and sleepy to work the next morning, that man has no more chance of getting on in the world than a snow-flake has to exist on a red-hot stove.

The fear of the bull collector is the deadly fear that takes away a man's courage to fight, and no man who lives with that dread always hanging over him can win in the business struggle. No man who has gone to bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, even if he has been innocently playing bridge and dancing the tango with his wife and his friends, is a match in energy or wit for the man who has gone to bed at 10 o'clock and who arises mentally and physically refreshed. Domestic unhappiness is another handicap that will keep almost any man from winning success in life. The man who goes to his business after having been napped half of the night, or from a breakfast table row with his wife, goes with his nerves on edge, his soul surcharged with bitterness and his temper at the boiling point. He is in no condition to deal calmly, dispassionately and wisely with any situation. On the contrary, he is irritable, morose and surly. His point of view is warped and he is in a state of mind in which he alienates clients and throws up a position he has been working for years to attain.

Many a man's prospects in life have been blighted by a foolish quarrel with his wife, and if women had no other reason in the world for trying to make their husbands happy they might find it in the selfish one that only the happy man and the quiet and contented one can give the full measure of his mind and his energy to his work.

A woman who loves her husband well enough to die for him if necessary often makes her very love a burden that crushes him down into defeat. She won't be separated from him for a few months, so he must forego some great opportunity. She cannot deny herself the pleasure of his society, so he must talk to her of a night when he should be studying or working. I heard an old physician once advise a young one never to marry, because every time he tried to do the reading that was necessary to keep up with his profession, his wife would have hysterics and declare that he loved his nasty old books better than he did her.

Other women blight their husbands' careers by their inability to understand that Pegasus cannot be used as a plow horse. Many a great poem has been lost to the world because a poet has had to walk the floor at night with a howling infant. Many a man has wasted the energy in hanging pictures, and matching samples and cutting the lawn that should have carried a big business enterprise to success.

Let women consider these things and realize that often when they know a wife writes her husband's price tag, and determines whether he fails or succeeds.

of white chiffon over cloth-of-silver, the latter giving a shimmering effect to the semi-diaphanous fabric. The shirt was very full and encircled by four tucks of graduated width. The bodice had a square décolletage, and posed from right shoulder to the left side of the waistline there was a spray of small pink roses. There were no sleeves to speak of, the beautifully moulded arms of the wearer being a sufficient apology—if such

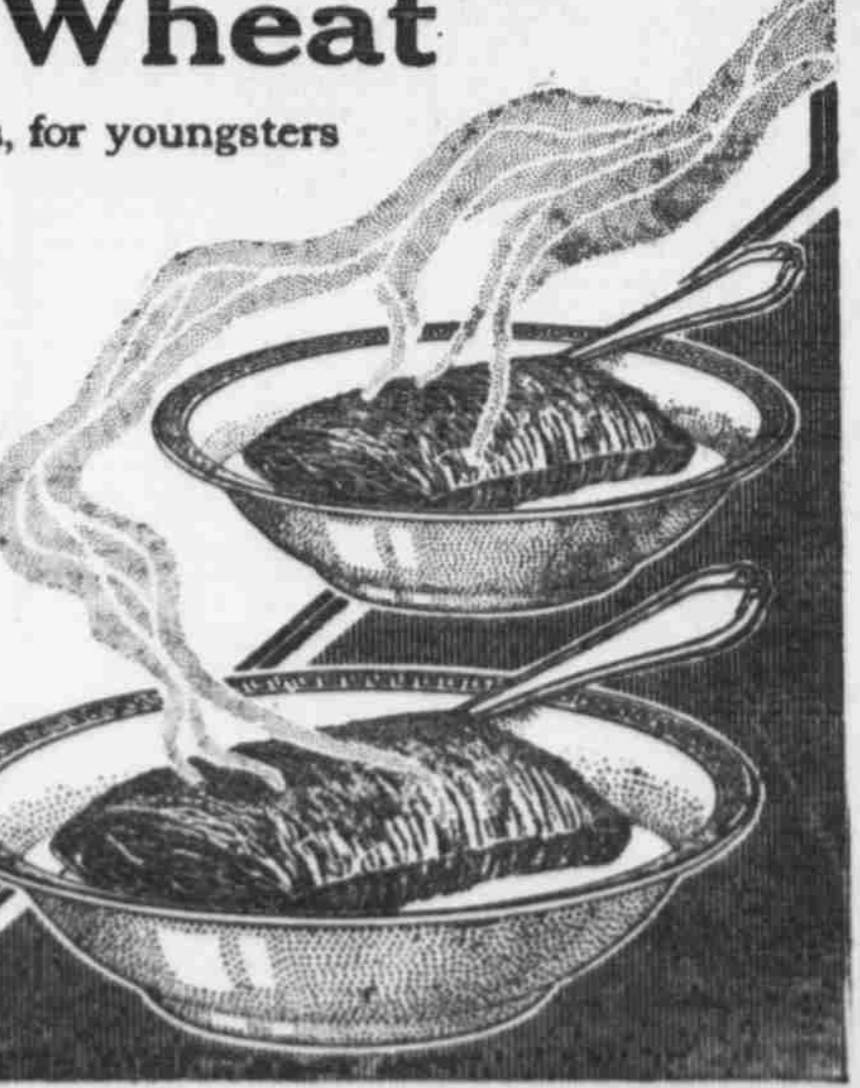
were needed—for the lack of arm covering. Mrs. John Rutherford of Tuxedo, who was among recent arrivals, wore on this same evening a gown of green-and-gold brocade made with slight silk draperies and train; and a bodice of flesh-colored maline combined with the brocade. A notable feature about nearly all of Mrs. Rutherford's toilettes is the absence of jewels.

The Strongest Man in the World

is only a baby when he lies on his back and takes orders from a rebellious stomach and a trained nurse. The best food to coax back the digestive organs to natural vigor is

Shredded Wheat

a food for invalids and athletes, for youngsters and grown-ups — contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. The delicate, porous shreds of baked wheat are retained and digested when the stomach rejects all other foods.



Made in America
Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a treat with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.
Made only by
The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.