

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Nursing Own Opinions

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

The average man is more given to nursing his opinions than to searching for the truth. His opinions may be more or less according to the truth or not at all so. That is not what particularly concerns him. His interest is in what he thinks, rather than in the sufficiency or insufficiency of the grounds that his thinking is based upon.



What a man thinks is very considerably a matter of accident. He is likely to absorb his opinions from his parents. Emerson expressed it in his terse way by saying that "every one is a quotation from his ancestors." It is easier to take opinions that to make them, just as it is easier to inherit money than it is to earn it.

Or it may be that he breathes in his ideas from the atmosphere of the times. Certain notions are floating in the air and caught up in the process of respiration.

Opinions also take their shape and complexion from one's natural temperament. It is easier to go with the temperament than against it. It is natural to believe what it is least difficult to believe. The spirit of intolerance runs through a man's entire system, physical and intellectual—more the latter than the former. Where one can find ten men who are not afraid to work not more than one can be found who is really willing to use his mind. Mentally, therefore, he follows the line of least resistance.

The disposition with which one is born goes far, therefore, to determine with what school of political or religious doctrine he will ally himself. In that sense one can be said to be born a republican or a democrat or a naysayer, born a Protestant or a Catholic. We can go still further and say that some people bring their Presbyterianism or their Wesleyanism or their Episcopacy into the world with them. They may suppose that their particular denominational affiliation has been determined by some independent deliberation of their own. Their opinions are probably mistaken. The presumption is that they have slid into their denomination by the brainless operation of some kind of gravity.

As a natural consequence of all this, the influences under which we put ourselves will be those that are congenial to the opinions that have been accidentally or temperamentally developed in us, and thus instead of being made more and more broadly wise, we are made more and more narrowly opinionated. So that if I happen to be a republican I shall subscribe to a republican newspaper, and

he made, day after day, more deeply set in the groove that parental influence or native disposition carved out for me; and therefore if I read such a paper 36 times in the year and follow it up for ten or twenty years I become practically incompetent to appreciate any thought that is not cut to the republican model. The same holds, of course, of journals of any other political complexion.

The same restricting influence is exerted by limiting one's regard to any one specific type of religious literature. It becomes necessary sometimes to declare war against our constitutional proclivities. It is with this matter of mental appetite as it is with the kind of appetite that a man brings with him to his dinner table. For him to confine himself to those dishes which he particularly relishes is unhygienic. It will result in the over-supply of certain parts of his system and the under-feeding of the rest. If a person is ill and consults the medicine his physician prescribes because offensive to his taste, the remedy made is that it is just that distasteful quality that adapts the medicine to his patient's condition of invalidism.

If you read the market copy of a friend's book you learn to know your friend, for he marks only what he likes and that of which he was already sufficiently and perhaps over-sufficiently possessed without reading the book.

Likewise, church-goers screen the contents of the discourse through the meshes of their doctrinal disposition, taking home with them the portions which agree with their opinions and which therefore they did not need, and rejecting such as do not fall in with their theological taste, which were probably the only parts of the discourse that they did need. So that addressing congregational disingenuousness becomes to the preacher a process that is very much like wading up stream.

The same difficulty confronts a managing editor. When he has built up a constituency on the basis of a certain set of ideas unless he is possessed of more than the usual independence of purpose he becomes the slave of that constituency. His readers expect to have those ideas served out to them from day to day and resent the presentation of anything different. They are like a man who goes to a restaurant and orders terrapin and the waiter serves him herring. He gets his next dinner elsewhere.

That constitutes considerable of the charm there is in talking to children. Their minds are full of interrogation points. There is in them none of that mass of accumulated opinion that serves as a wall upon which words of instruction beat fruitlessly, or rather, as a battery that empties its guns in retaliation upon doctrinal or educational assault.

It is for that reason that children gather knowledge so much more rapidly than adults. When they ask questions they ask because they want to know. There is in their minds no theory that they have already become interested in and therefore attached to. With the door of their understanding kept wide open everything is glist that comes to their little mind.

## Music as Beauty's Handmaid

So Says Ruth Chatterton and Urges Beauty Seekers to Worship at Its Shrine



By RUTH CHATTERTON.

I know that a great many people have denied any meaning in personal beauty, but somehow I feel that I must emphasize that fact to tell what I think beauty really means. Beauty to me is the psychology of one's self. Of course that means that I believe firmly in person magnetism, and I do, because it absolutely forces unattractive points into the background, subordinating unpleasant things, so that only the more pleasing points are visible. If I say that someone is visible, to me that person really appears so. If there happened to be a question of unattractive features in a case where I had insisted beauty was plainly visible, I should probably be looking a great deal further for what I saw to admire.

Sometimes I think one has to delve into things for beauty, because the obvious is not always the universally sought for and desired thing to be attained. I believe that there is always beauty if one looks hard enough for it, and after we find a thing beautiful it never again appears ugly and sordid. Perhaps if we narrow a thing down we find that after all beauty is nothing more nor less than love, because love glorifies a thing so wonderfully.

The most satisfactory medium for beauty is music. Music is all embracing and soul satisfying. There is nothing in the world like it, and it drapes its color and warmth about everything so that even a semblance of physical perfection is embraced by it. Music seems to embrace everything, too. It speaks of the inner self when the medium of speech is inadequate. I have known personally of people who were plain almost to ugliness, but who had been given the saving grace of music to express character.

A personality can be poured out of one's fingertips or through one's throat, and the less fortunate people who have not talent of their own can still absorb the wonders of sound and retain them for their own use.

I should advocate music, then, for the beauty seekers. There is nothing like it, and to worship at its shrine is an unbelievable privilege, while to learn of its wonders so as to use them again for one's personal benefit is a gift from the gods. Work out an outlet for yourself, a medium to show your character in its true light. Mold this combination of color and sound so as to benefit yourself to the greatest extent, and I believe and know that it can be done.

## Do You Know That

When whipping cream add three or four drops—no more—of lemon juice, and it will soon become thick. A slight sprinkling of sugar also has this effect.

A famous entomologist says white ants have attacked the lonely home of an Indian farmer, and in a short time have eaten many of the sills and doors of the house.

In the savings banks of the Royal English navy there are 34,656 accounts, and the amount due to depositors exceeds 250,000 dollars.

During March the period of daylight increases by one hour and seven minutes in the mornings, and by fifty-three minutes in the afternoons.

Brush the inside of a jelly mould with the white of an egg before using, and the jelly will turn out easily.

The hump of a camel is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs. It is white like veal, but tastes like beef.

Baked potatoes are more quickly done if put in very hot salted water for fifteen minutes before baking.

On some railroads rails are being loaded and unloaded mechanically instead of by hand.

The famous old city of La Paz, Bolivia, located in a valley more than 12,000 feet above the sea, is the highest capital in the world, overlooking Laasas, the far-famed capital of Tibet, in Asia, by several hundred feet.

Ruth Chatterton, who as the star in "Daddy Long Legs," has won an enviable success.

## Love and Spring Bonnets

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Do you know why there is always such a bunch of weddings just after Easter?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," quoted the Stenographer.

"Um, yes," replied the Bookkeeper, "but there is still another reason."

"Well, to speak perfectly frankly," confessed the Stenographer, "I've always had a hunch that perhaps the men get so worn-out by the long, hard winters and the grips that they sort of slack up in their speed and were easier to catch in the spring than they are in the fall, when they've just had their vacations and are full of pep, and ginger, and go."

"Rights," smiled the Bookkeeper, "but all of that doesn't explain fully why a man who is bridal shy and who balks and kicks at the very thought of being led to the altar the balance of the year, saunters up and sticks his neck in the halter in the spring."

"Speak, oh prophet," implored the Stenographer.

"Well," said the Bookkeeper, "I'm going to tell you, and in so doing I'm going to reveal one of the deep, dark secrets of the masculine heart. The reason men rush into matrimony in the spring is because of the spring millinery."

"Those little gill-box turbans perched on your right eyelash are the nifty goods, all right, and make a girl look"—began the Stenographer.

"Make a girl look," your grandmother's cat," interrupted the Bookkeeper. "It isn't the way the girls look in the new hats that get a man. It's his desire for the hat itself that turns a man into matrimony. He wants to buy dinky little pink and blue things with what-you-may-call 'ems on them, and, as he can't wear them himself, he has to get a wife to do it for him."

"Not many men will admit it, but believe me, kiddo, when women walk along the street and see in the shop windows all the hats that bloom in the spring for women, and think that we've got to go and buy us a lid that looks like the under-side of a section of stovepipe, or a hard china dinner plate, or a fuzzy drowned cat, we would burst into tears if we weren't ashamed. We've got pink and blue ribboned souls, and we yearn for girly gingham, and hats garlanded with tulle and lace just as much as women do."

"And what do we get? Just a lot of tubular garments in which every man looks as much like every other man as he possibly can. Why, the only way a man knows the difference between his old suit and his new suit is his tailor's bill. Just think of that, when you're disposed to believe that men get the best end of life."

"Oh, I never envy a man in the spring time," said the Stenographer. "I wouldn't miss the sacred ecstasy of buying a spring hat that would make all the other women rubber to be the president of the United States."

"You're on," agreed the Bookkeeper gloomily, "but what I want to know is why women should have a monopoly of all the pretty clothes? I'm going to organize a men's rights party, and demand our share in the pink rosebuds and chiffons."

"I tell you what," said the Stenographer, "we women want the ballot, and you men want the real thing in spring millinery. We'll split with you fifty-fifty."

"That goes here," said the Bookkeeper, "then we men won't have to stand before a display of flower hats and knock 'em for being foot head pieces just because we are so envious that we can't wear 'em. And neither will we be driven to the dread expedient of getting married to get somebody that we can roll up in the flub-dubbery we would like to wear ourselves, but don't do it."

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your Plan is a Good One. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 22 years old and dearly love a girl of 20 years, on whom I have been calling steadily for the last two years. Her family is very nice, and she is in moderate circumstances. I am earning 20 per week and have saved \$50 in the last two years. We quarreled and she accused me of immaturity, upon which I immediately proposed that we become engaged. But she was not to have more than the result of due deliberation. In answer, the girl said we could not get along on \$20 per week, and I told her before her that I did not anticipate being married for at least two years, during which time I expected to save more and earn more. Do you think it wise to care for me she would accept, as she knows I have no bad habits, and my "poverty" is all that stands between us?

A. Z. K. If the girl really loves you she will be willing to wait a short time to see if the incentive of her love and encouragement spur you on to climbing the ladder of success. But two years is quite long enough, as lengthy engagements generally result in a change of heart on the man's part and disappointment for the woman.

Have a Clear Understanding. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 33 years old and the girl I love is 20 years old. I am a widower and have two children, and very much in love and told her that I wanted to marry her; she said she loved me, too, but what would you think of the following remarks she made to me: "I don't want to be a servant to your children, and 'people are curious step-mothers.' The situation concentrates on the following two points. I love her dearly and would not want to lose her; I love my children so that it breaks my heart to think I might do an injustice to them."

J. E. K. The girl you love has no conception of the beautiful relation possible between a mother and the children she can keep from feeling like "step" children if she tries to win their love. Talk it all over with her and try to persuade her to love your babies and feel that these children of the man she loves belong to her, too. The whole situation is in the girl's hands. Discuss it with her and make certain of being fair to her and your children, too.

Talk to Him Frankly. Dear Miss Fairfax: Would you kindly advise me? I am a girl of 18 and have been keeping company with a young man of a neighboring town for over a year. We are engaged and a short time ago he promised me a diamond ring for my birthday, which I refused, for I did not want the engagement known, for various reasons. He then promised me a locket, but my birthday has passed and he has never mentioned that matter since. Do you think he would be "square" in larger matters since he has acted so small about this and would I be wise in keeping my engagement?

DOLLY. Don't pass this by. Your fiancé has done a thing that is stingily called "fourflushing," and you must not allow him to get the idea that you will permit him to treat you in so cavalier a manner. Talk it over with him quietly. There may be a very good explanation.

## 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" every week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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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 desperately for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist.

## TWELFTH EPISODE.

### The Spirit of the Marsh.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I am to remove these tapes, sir," he reported, setting his ladder up by the side of one of them.

"The dickens you are!" exclaimed Durban in surprise. "Get out!"

"It was the madam's orders, sir."

"Oh!" Durban looked at his wife slowly. "You may take them down, Oscar," said Mrs. Durban quietly, and both the artist and his wife were silent while the tapes were removed.

"Viv! I don't understand," puzzled her husband. "I don't see why you'd remove important things without consulting me." And he glanced at June, who had returned to the house to resume her nap. Her eyes were closed, although she was not sleeping.

The woman's chin went up. "Bennet, dear, this is my house."

"Oh, yes, to be sure!" He walked very quietly back to his big canvas and studied it for a long time without seeing it at all.

June was not only shocked, but filled with compassion. She understood as the man could not read the reason for the astounding change in the woman. The sudden acquisition of property had transformed her entire nature, had given her a dizzy haughtiness, had twisted her view until she placed an utterly false valuation upon herself and upon everything around her. Money again. Always money!

Officer Dowd walked into the police station just as the desk sergeant with the sausage-shaped red mustache gave way to one with a blue eye and a blue chin, and the new incumbent greeted Officer Dowd with effusive cordiality.

"What's bringing you into my district? Or are you off duty?"

"Dad, you got a girl here by the name of Rose Hesper that claims to know me, and I just dropped in to mug her."

"You can look them all over if you've time," granted the sergeant, and Dowd walked back into the cell room. "Rose Hesper" is cell 4.

"What you in for?" Marie looked up with a jerk. "There's a little friend of mine here,

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## "The Meat of the Future"

will not be the Belgian hare or the Angora goat. It will be the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible and palatable form. The best "meat," made by the best process ever discovered, is

# Shredded Wheat

It contains more nutriment, pound for pound, than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. The best cure for liver and uric acid troubles is a meatless diet. Make Shredded Wheat your meat for ten days and see how much better you feel.

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