

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Quick Thinking as an Asset

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

All minds ought to be trained to act quickly. No matter how great your power of logically reasoning out big problems, no matter how capable you are of slow constructive thinking, your mind is thoroughly useless to you unless it can grapple quickly with the sudden problems placed before it in everything living.

All through life emergencies arise. They demand almost instantaneous action. They have to be met and faced on the spot. And the mind that cannot adjust itself to a new set of circumstances and react on them promptly is rather useless to its owner.

One of the stories that delighted my youth was the tale of a little Dutch boy who was walking along the dikes of Holland and beheld a tiny hole through which the water was trickling. While he gazed the trickle became a stream. He realized at once that before he could get help the stream must become a torrent. So promptly the little Dutchman put his fist into the hole and stopped it. Of course he saved the country, for though it was hours before any one came along the lonely road, and though his arm was numb from the cold water, the living plug had stopped the hole and the country was not flooded.

All life is full of accidents that need never have happened if the first person to become aware of their danger had acted promptly.

The tendency in case of sudden emergency is to rush about wildly screaming and lamenting and seeking some blind way of escape. In useless action energy is wasted. If there is a minute or two to spare in emergency, a wise way of meeting it is to sit down very quietly and think over possibilities for action. But if there are only twenty seconds, and those twenty are spent in quick thought and not in blind manifestations of fear or excitement, the emergency will be better met.

All sorts of decisions are put up to one and immediate answer becomes necessary. If you are incapable of quick thinking—or rather too lazy to exert yourself to hard, careful thought—you will follow the idle line of desire of impulse and lead your whole future astray.

"Oh, yes, that's all very well, but I'm naturally slow and none too clever," says James. Well, James, when you took to lasting in the shoe shop what was your daily capacity? Your output is about twenty times what it was, isn't it? And that is because you found it important to "speed up" if you wanted to make a decent living.

Do you know of any reason why you can't "speed up" your thoughts? The reason you can't think quickly is probably because you aren't in the habit of thinking at all. You look at things dully and with no more observation than the beasts of the field bring to life. You look and do not take the trouble to study out what things are about. You look or listen to what is presented to you. Do you ever try to reason about it?

Get in the habit of observing carefully everything that is put before you. Suppose you were riding down in the subway and across from you sits a man reading a Greek newspaper. Don't grin to yourself derisively because he is a little different from you. But stop to notice how he is different. Observe the character of his newspaper. Get the feeling of patriotism as deep as your own. Wonder about him. Try to imagine how our cold northland must impress him and what he thinks of the differences between our progressive machine-made country and his own land of romance.

Observe everybody about you. Think about people and things. Imagine their lives and their actions. Wonder about yourself, too. Form and dismiss all sorts of "snap judgments" about things until you have worked out one that is worth keeping to.

The habit of thinking and wondering about things and reacting to them, the tendency to cultivate your imagination will serve you well all through life, for once you have forced yourself into the habit of thinking you will be able to think more and more quickly. And so you will be armed against emergency and able to act wisely and well on short notice.

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.

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### FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

"At Last, My Love!"

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"That was a great idea!" Blye was very enthusiastic. "The man, the woman and the money! It will appeal to every class and condition of people. We're spending a fortune in advertising. I look at this new twenty-four sheet poster." And, moving a piece of scenery, he displayed a big lithograph of "The Runaway Bride." By Gilbert Blye. Portrayed by the Blye Stock Company.

"Why was it necessary to bind and gag me and leave me all night in the woods?" the husband demanded.

"Ned, what do you mean? Did some one do that to you?" June was half sobbing, and there was general surprise on the part of the Blye Stock company.

"Oh, Miss June, I didn't mean it to go so far!" the high-cheek-boned maid, Marie, cried, and she was pulling her thumbs in rapid succession, while Aunt Debby gazed fascinatedly at her.

## Joke of the Arctic Seas : Here He Is—the Puffin. To Look at Him is to Laugh

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

It is a curious fact that the far north and the far south each has a sea bird peculiar to itself, and in both cases these birds, although unlike one another in general appearance, are among the oddest looking members of the bird family that the world contains.

The characteristic bird of the Antarctic regions is the penguin, whose strutting companies, gathered on an icy shore, look like assemblages of little men, in long-tailed black coats, and spotless white waistcoats, waiting to sit down at ceremonious dinner.

The characteristic bird of the Arctic regions is the auk, a thickset, awkward creature, fond of fishing, like the penguin. The largest member of the family, the "great auk," or "garefowl," has been driven into extinction within historic times. Another member, which the Audubon societies are trying to protect, is the queer-looking, laughter-exciting, and yet very grave and earnest native citizen of the North Pacific shores and islands, called the tufted puffin.

When the tufted puffin is looking his best (which is, of course, during the courting season) he wears a big red beak and a white mask, through which his green, red-rimmed eyes gleam strangely, and shows a pair of bright vermillion legs and feet. From the top of his mask, on each side, over the ear, curls a long golden-white "feather horn." It seems that no description is able to convey the ludicrous impression which these birds make upon the beholder. Sailors seeing them for the first time break into gusts of laughter. They call them "sea parrots," and on account of their drooly grave manners they have also been nicknamed "quakers."

Says Mr. William Leon Dawson: "It is difficult to exaggerate the gravity of these tranquil birds, always absolutely silent, save that, when caught and harassed, they may emit a low, hoarse growl. They spend much time standing demurely at the entrances of their burrows, their little plumes nodding like tassels on so many caps."

Like all the auks, the puffins are especially remarkable for the great size of their beaks, and the changes which their heads undergo at the breeding season. Some of the horny plates of the big beak fall away at the end of the season, the white mask on the face, together with its nodding plumes, disappears, the red eyelids fade and the whole head becomes blackish.

Naturalists are a little puzzled to account for the size and stoutness of the

four and the gardener not to let Mr. Ned see you or speak to you, and the next thing I knew Mr. Ned was gone."

"I saw no cameras as Mrs. Villard's that night. And how he turned so quickly to Orin Cunningham. "Yet I saw this man distinctly making love to my wife. And I saw Gilbert Blye doing the same thing!"

"We were rehearsing, Mr. Warner," explained Blye quietly.

"Yes, Ned! June was crying; but, though Ned saw her, he paid no attention to her."

"We were to take the actual picture the next morning in the studio, and we were working out some scenes. It may help you if I tell you that Mr. Cunningham is the pursuing villain in 'The Runaway Bride.' I have been directing the pictures. I have taken the liberty several times of showing Mr. Cunningham how I wished scenes enacted. I also play the



puffin's beak. If the bird were fond of clam's its beak might be of use as a spell-breaker, but it seems not to be employed in that way. Neither is it used to dig the tunnels or burrows that the bird forms for its nest in the hard soil of sea-fronting cliffs. These are excavated to a depth of three or four feet, and apparently the only tools used are the sharp-nailed claws.

In some places it is estimated that several thousand burrows exist on a single acre of sloping shore. The rabbits and puffins engage in a lively competition for the possession of burrows on the Farallones Islands, but the big, pyramid-pointed beak gives easy victory in these contests. Mr. Dawson says a frightened rabbit will sometimes plunge hastily into a burrow without stopping to consider to whom it belongs, and when he comes out again, with more haste than ever, he is a subject for laughter.

The natives of the North Pacific islands depend largely upon puffins for both

food and clothing. The Aleutian "parkas," or feather coats, are made of the skins of puffins, with the feather side turned inward. Forty-five of fifty skins sewed firmly together make a garment which is said to be nearly impervious to cold. The birds are often caught in flight by means of nets at the ends of poles, handled like butterfly nets. Aleut birds that are more skilful and agile on the wing, the puffins fly straight ahead and are unable to dodge quickly.

Strange as the statement may appear, the puffins, like the auks generally, spend the winter at sea. At that season they are to be seen on land only when driven ashore by some restless tempest which strews the beaches with their battered forms, many dead and many hopelessly lamed. With the advance of spring and summer they approach the shores where they are accustomed to breed, and then the remarkable changes in their colors, forms and plumage that have been already described, begin to take place.

## Household Hints

To remove egg stains from table linen, soak the stained parts in cold water before washing in warm. If placed in hot water the stain sets and is much harder to remove.

To remove match marks from paint rub them with a slice of lemon, and then wash with soap and water.

Drink a glass of cold water before standing over the hot kitchen stove, and another directly the cooking is finished. It prevents that coarse, red appearance of the face that continues heat brings.

Should moths get into a piano, the best means of destroying them is to make up a mixture of turpentine, benzoline and oil of lavender, and squirt this inside the instrument.

## The Motor Girl



## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

### Meeting His Parents.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I was introduced to a young man about five months ago at a ball. Since then he has asked me out quite a number of times, but he did not introduce me to his parents, though I have introduced him to my mother. He cared for me, don't you think he would have done that already? MARY C.

You are exactly the right kind of a girl to have your parents met the men you know. In the case of a man the same necessity does not arise, as he feels more independent about making friends without the sanction of his parents. Custom has made this so, and yet I, too, like the idea of a man wanting his parents to meet his girl friends. However, etiquette does not demand this introduction until the man feels that he is introducing his future wife.

### Sister and Sweetheart.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young fellow for the last three months, and last week we came to a full understanding—that is, he has asked my parents for my hand in marriage, and they have given their consent. When I am alone with him he treats me with the greatest courtesy, but when my sister accompanies us he pays absolutely no attention to me, but seems to give her all. He has gone so far as to ask her to lunch with him on his day off, and she has accepted. He intends taking me out in the evening.

I am not of a jealous disposition, but what I desire to know is this: Is it proper for her to accept his attentions, or should she have refused it? MARION.

The man to whom you are engaged has shown his love for you in the form of the greatest compliment a man can show a woman—that is, he has asked you to be his wife. What is more, he has gone about his wooing honorably, by asking your parents' consent to the marriage. Don't you think you believe your love by worrying over the interest he shows in your sister? Perhaps he feels that she is his sister, too. However, I think there is no reason why he should invite her to luncheon without including you—in fact, the proper course would be to invite you to be his luncheon guest and suggest that he would like to include your sister.

### Go on Working.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a pretty widow of 35 and am the mother of three children. I am desperately in love with a man who is ten years my junior and he cares for me. The only thing that stands in my way are his youth and the fact that he makes a very meager salary and, having a mother and sister who are dependent upon him, I feel that it is an injustice to him to allow him to take upon his shoulders the support of four more. I am an ambitious woman, but am tired of working. PUZZLED.

He is far too young for you. Indeed, it would be an injustice for you to permit one poor, young man of 25 to struggle to support a mother, a sister, a wife and three children who are not his own. It will be for the happiness of everyone concerned if you don't yield to a last desire to be supported—for you might have to turn about and support even your poor, broken-down "provider" some day soon.

is confined by a demi-belt decorated with gun metal buttons in bullet shape. Tassel pockets are interesting because of their great depth, indicating convenience and comfort.

The wise motor girl will adopt one of the close-fitting hats, and as the latter are very much in evidence now even for wear with the street suit, she will not look unfashionable in any of the numerous snug little chapeaus which the milliner will doubtless offer her.

The motor veil is a necessity and many instances it really adds an additional charm to the smart motor garb.



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