

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Two Men and Lessons They Unconsciously Teach

By ADA PATTERSON.

Are you rearing a paranoiac? Recently the newspapers have given to the public, which because of their social position and the halo of great wealth that tops them, is interesting, tidings of the latest outbreaks of two men afflicted with paranoia. It sounds very dramatic, but careful and readers are apt to shake their heads, look awed and begin to talk of the strange ways of Providence, as they lay down their papers and prepare for the day's work.

First, oh, much bearing, much abused Providence. In this case Providence, upon which lazy minds heap all the blame for everything unwelcome that happens, is not guilty. These paranoiacs are merely spoiled boys, grown into intolerable men.

It isn't the fault of men, but their parents. Have you a child that screams when he isn't allowed to touch the cat? Or kicks when he is not permitted to stick his finger into the pie? He is a paranoiac in the bud and it is your duty to nip him.

So called ungovernable rages, inordinate vanity, unscrupulous ambition, are all symptoms of paranoia. If allowed to go to their heads they dash wildly on as a colt runs away with a cart.

And unless a wise hand seizes the reins the result will be the same in both cases. The colt will kick the cart to pieces and the unreined traits will make havoc of the life that is their playground.

Let your child have his or her own way, whether that may be good or bad, parent, and you may be raising a paranoiac that will annoy the community and be a heavy burden upon the state.

I know both of these paranoiacs, one of them very well. When he "has his own way" he is as gentle as a cooling dove, but if anyone "crosses him" he behaves as a lunatic which he is. He believes he hangs the table with a powerful fist, he talks loudly and at random, he is argumentative and abusive. It was a happy inspiration of some one who designated a jail as a cooler. "This man needs a long season in the cooler." Everyone whose acts disturb the peace of the community and should have a long season of "cooling."

The other cuts the queer capers of a king with a paper crown, rules of a realm of imagination, his poor, scrambling brains conceive himself to be boss of the universe.

The precious pair have many traits in common. They make and unmake decisions a hundred times a day. They veer and back and bob and float as a derelict ship. By their talkings and veerings and bobbing and floating, they cause anguish to their families and distress to all who are unfortunate enough to know them.

And the pity and moral of it is that all this human waste could have been prevented. A firm hand on the bridge of these human coils would have guided them into safe and reasonable paths. If they had been trained to think of others they would not now be presenting pitiable spectacles for the sight of the reading world. If they had been taught to see things in their proper proportion they would not now be seeing them as a child sees lightning. The spoiled child imagines himself the most important person in the world. An alienist defines the paranoiac as "a man with delusions of grandeur." The spoiled child is the cause. The paranoiac is the effect.

Don't spoil your child. You are spoiling him when you allow him to defy his own way.



"My, but You're Funny!"



Just a few days ago, in the subway, I saw two smart, trim, little Gotham maids, with sleek hair, spots, perfect composure and darling pretty faces, commit that "commonest" of all by-plays—make hidden fun of a thin little person opposite them. Of course, you and I tuck in our chin and whisper that it is a pity when girls do that that they cannot know how they are covering themselves with ridicule and a sign that calls aloud then, "I am unattractive, and ill-mannered, and I do not know very much!" For there the sign hangs, demurely, plain for any one to see, when you whisper behind your hand and flash amused eyes at odd-looking folks.

But do you know, if they had been twice as wise again and had looked carefully into the plain little country person's eyes they would have stubbed the toe of their minds on something—an amused little glint that lurked in her grey eyes. She thought they were funny, too! Don't you reckon they would have stretched their blue and brown eyes if they had known that? Always remember, for this is what I thought while I watched and found a picture in it all, that there is an old fable about the pot calling the kettle black! When the perfect little 1915 maiden in tiny hat and lidded-down hair, wild feather, skins and skins of fur enough to pack the shelves of a Canadian trading post, gran-

mother tonic, melon muff, "debutante-slouch," spats, and tripping walk, confronts a row of girls from other lands and lips, "My, but you are funny!" perhaps the maiden from Araby, the Pueblo Indian girl, with her blue-dyed feathers, her bound feet and legs and her elk-tooth necklaces; the Moor in her trousers and veil, the Eskimo in seal fur and polar bear skins, with only her bright, broad face "peeking" out; the East Indian with her toe rings and the diamonds set in her curved brown nostril; the little Chinese with long nails and rubbin feet like the sure little under-planning of our mountain burros, perhaps all these breathe out in broken English, "But you are funny too!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

A Case of the Kettle Calling the Pot Black

By Nell Brinkley
Copyright, 1935, Intern'l News Service

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement 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 made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also to see the moving picture illustrating our story.

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FOURTH EPISODE.

Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER II.

Ned Warner, standing diagonally across from the Hotel Daniel, where he could watch both the front and the side entrances, saw three short, thick men come up the side street and stop in front of the main entrance. Shanks McGee had felt strangely listless and forlorn these last few minutes, for there was nothing doing inside or out. Suddenly the three short, thick detectives rounded the corner, and, see, they were sinking! The world was once more a bright and happy place for Shanks.

"Say, kid," husked the shortest and the thickest—it was none other than Bill Wolf—have you lapped a lengthy drink around here with waltzed black chin-chills?"

"That observant young person of the world began at the beginning, but he was so minute of detail that he had not yet reached the middle when Bill Wolf, looking through the plate glass windows of the hotel Daniel, said, "Oh!" and drew his two assistant detectives out of the range of poor Shanks McGee's quivering gaze, and the three astute hounds of the law put their heads together in his best conference. Then Bill Wolf, in his best pose of a man who was waiting for somebody and didn't expect him to come, went into the hotel.

The Moore limousine drew up, and Ned went over to join the quartette. Helen the way to the desk and confronted the unemotional eye of the clerk.

"This is the father and mother of the young woman whose maid called here with her clothing. We do not know what name she used in registering, but I know that my wife is in this house, and if we don't get her I'll raise trouble."

"I'll produce the woman at once," the clerk agreed. "But if there's going to be a rumor I'll have to be on the side-walk on the other side of the street."

He called for 44. He called again.

There was no answer. The room was searched.

It was empty.

Sunny, the boy with the angelic smile and the blue eyes and the white teeth, was the first liar in the hotel. He had had a quarter and one of her compelling smiles from June and a glance from her lovely eyes, and he had run them down through the basement and out the rear servants' entrance and had told them a place to go where no one would ever find them.

Gene! The six shocked searchers for

the runaway bride hurried downstairs just as Honoria Blye stopped in, followed by Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis.

"Where is he?" screamed Mr. Blye.

Bill Wolf advanced to do his happy duty.

"There he is, lady!" he shouted triumphantly while Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis stunk up, one on each side of the culprit. "Nab him, boys!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the culprit as the four fat paws of Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis clapped down on his arms. The rest of the objection was an incomprehensible polyglot jumble as, shrieking his indignation, the black bearded Frenchman strove to wrench himself free.

"Is that the man you meant?" hissed Honoria.

"That ain't the guy!" yelled Shanks McGee, who was willing to be kicked out now. "Gilbert Blye shrank in here after the beautiful girl and ducked into the subway when his sport gives him the run! Gee!"

"This is the limit!" declared the clerk to one and all as strong porters and agile bell hops headed his way. "Get 'em out, Mike!"

Quite a little crowd had collected when suddenly a policeman appeared from around a corner and dispersed the mob, including Honoria.

That vigorous lady had barely turned the corner, heading for the avenue, when a brilliantly lighted, luxurious limousine stopped in front of the Hotel Daniel. Shanks McGee's eyes began to stretch as he saw the occupants, and he whirled in a complete circle in his efforts to locate without the loss of a second Bill Wolf and Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis. They were trading up the street in single file, heads down, hands in pockets. Even Blinky Peters had lost interest in the stars. The smacking footsteps of Shanks McGee surrounded them.

"Gee!" exploded Shanks. "Cripe! Gilbert Blye has doubled back with another swell Jane! Beat it to the Daniel! And one of youse hotfoot it after the electric showman and get the old woman! Gee!"

Wolf turned a commanding eye on Tavis.

"Blye!" he ordered.

Sneaky drew a long, jerking breath and pulled his belt around him, cast a despairing look up the side street where the little electric was twinkling, took the center of the car track and began to laboriously "hit 'er up."

In the meantime Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thomas had walked contentedly up to the desk. The clerk without the flicker of an eyelid bent forward politely.

"Is Mrs. J. Q. Day stopping here?" inquired Blye, with great anxiety.

"No; the lady is gone."

"Gone," protested Blye and leaned forward to look over the register. "Why, she only came in about an hour or so ago. She is!"

"Now, don't tell me who she is. I don't know whose wife the lady may be, and I don't want to know. She's gone!"

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Genius of Penance

By S. VERE TYLER.

Abraham Lincoln was assassinated in the most blood-curdling and theatrical manner that supreme power could conceive.

Zola suffered the pangs of hunger, was denied legitimate recognition and suffocation.

Wait Whitman was ordained to perform laborious and nauseating work in hospitals, and spent his later years as a hopeless paralytic.

Marcus Aurelius had to sit patiently by and witness the love affairs of his wife.

Catterton was condemned to suffer the pangs of hunger, and died of starvation.

Marie Bashkirtseff never knew a peaceful hour, and died in the horrible consciousness of mad effort unfulfilled.

Joan of Arc was burned alive.

Tolstol, born a nobleman, was ordained to live the life of a peasant.

Browning, with his sensitive nature, was burdened with the care of an invalid and made to worship at her shrine.

George Eliot was forced to outrage society and do her work like a condemned criminal.

Edgar Allan Poe was ordained to make a beast of himself through drink, and lie about the streets in unavoidable despair and self-contempt.

The greatest genius the world ever knew was called to the cross.

There is one compensation for geniuses: They are in the service of God, and are allowed glimpses of heaven not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals. They com-

mune with God, and, while the labor performed is for the benefit of man, no man can dictate to them.

His Neutrality.

"Beasley is painfully neutral, I'm told."

"I should say he was. When he gives his children a box of animal crackers he always keeps out the lion and the bear and the eagle and a half dozen other national trade-marks. He's neutral, all right."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Saturday Specials That Will Save You Money

- Choice Pot Roast, per lb. 12c
 - Choice Beef Stew, per lb. 9c
 - Mutton Stew, per lb. 8c
 - Leg of Lamb, per lb. 16c
 - Pork Loins, per lb. 12 1/2c
 - Neck Bones, per lb. 5c
 - Hamburger, per lb. 11c
 - Pork Butts, per lb. 12 1/2c
 - Lamb Chops, per lb. 12 1/2c
 - Salt Pork, per lb. 11c
 - Birchlin Steak, per lb. 20c
 - Round Steak, per lb. 18c
 - Choice Veal Roast, per lb. 12 1/2c
 - Choice Home Dressed Chickens.
- Our prices on Fresh Fruits, Vegetables and Groceries will greatly help you cut down the high cost of living.

OMAHA SANITARY MARKET
512 South 16th St. "500" Block.

Pig Pork Loins, 6 to 8 lbs., 10 1/4c

- 1914 Spring Chickens lower than wholesale prices.
- Steer Pot Roast 13 1/4c-11 1/4c
- Pig Pork Shoulders 9 1/4c
- Pig Pork Butts 11 1/4c
- Young Veal Roast 12 1/4c-11 1/4c
- Mutton Chops 12 1/4c
- Mutton Roast 6 1/4c
- Lamb Legs 12 1/4c
- Cudahy's Diamond C and Armour's Star Hams 15 1/2c
- Extra Lean Breakfast Bacon 15 1/2c
- Sugar Cured Bacon 14 1/2c
- Sugar Cured Hams 10 1/2c

PUBLIC MARKET 1610 Harney St. Phone Douglas 2793

Pig Pork Loins, 6 to 8 lbs. . . 10 1/4c

- 1914 Forequarters Spring Lamb 83-4c
- 1914 Hindquarters Spring Lamb
- 1914 Spring Chickens lower than wholesale prices.
- Steer Pot Roast 13 1/4c-11 1/4c
- Pig Pork Shoulders 9 1/4c
- Pig Pork Butts 11 1/4c
- Young Veal Roast 12 1/4c-11 1/4c
- Young Veal Chops 12 1/4c
- Cudahy's Diamond C and Armour's Star Hams 15 1/2c
- Cudahy's Sunlight Bacon 15 1/2c
- Sugar Cured Bacon 14 1/2c
- Sugar Cured Hams 10 1/2c
- Oysters, per quart 40c

THE EMPRESS MARKET
Opp. Woolworth 8c and 10c Store. 113 South 16th St. Tel. D. 2307.

Be Sure You GET Pure Milk

Many epidemics of disease in cities are daily being traced to the milk supply. Germs thrive in milk. They thrive in milk that has been pasteurized as well as in unpasteurized milk.

Chicago Health Bulletin No. 8 says that ten cases of typhoid fever were traced to one milk-wagon driver who stayed at work after he felt sick. This driver wiped the top of each milk bottle with a piece of cheesecloth and so spread the disease.

It's not enough to have milk start pure for your kitchen. For you to be protected it must be pure when it reaches you. Pasteurization of milk on the dairy farm is good so far as it goes, but all dangers in milk are not overcome by that process. There are still the exposures to contamination in bottling, handling and delivering the milk.

Your surest protection from the dangers of impure milk lies in



Sterilized Unsweetened

Cottage Milk is perfectly sterilized, and delivered to you in germ-proof packages. It isn't exposed from the time it is packed under the most sanitary conditions until you open it in your own kitchen.

And it is as good in every way and for every purpose as bottle milk. It has more than twice the food value of bottle milk. Cottage Milk is the richest milk from the best dairying regions of the country, with nothing added and with nothing taken out except water.

It is more economical, more convenient and more uniform than raw milk, as well as more sanitary.

Cottage Milk solves every problem connected with milk supply. Get some today and see how superior it is.

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