

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Thoughtless Parenthood is Society's Crime

By ADA PATTERSON.

New York, a city it is hard to interest, still harder to excite and almost impossible to shock, has been shocked indeed. A young couple, the man 25, the wife 26, abandoned their four children, who had been born in five years. One of the children died from the exposure. The parents said they abandoned them because they had found it impossible to support them.



There was a stern of condemnation, of lectures, of advice. Scraping the surface of the truth some thought this, others thought that. And, as usual, when we hazard an opinion growing out of little knowledge of the subject most of the guessers and theorists and they who condemned were wrong.

I spent an hour in the old Tombs prison sitting beside the strange young mother, hearing the story as it came from her heart and limited understanding. And during those sixty minutes, ticked away by the prison's clock, I gathered these truths.

That we would all act differently in given circumstances did we but know. If we but knew.

"When I found that my husband could only get work now and then or not at all and everything looked so black, I went to a newspaper that was trying to keep some families together, but they said they had all they could take care of for a month. And I didn't know where to go," she said. "Then I took the children to a day nursery, but they would only keep them for one day. That was because we weren't of the same religion. I didn't know where to go. And my husband didn't know."

There were many avenues of helpfulness in the city had she but known, or had she but known enough to inquire, or had known where to inquire. A few rebuffs from careless, hurrying passersby, and she gave up. She didn't know.

"My oldest boy wanted everything he saw other boys have. He used to ask this and that until I was nearly crazy. I sympathized with him, for I had been the only child at home and I never knew what it was to ask for anything and be refused. If I wanted a new hat or a different pair of shoes or a dress, I had seen in a shop window, I always got it, and so it hurt me terribly to hear Richard ask and have to refuse him," she said.

There again was one of the causes that led to a crime that shocked a crime accustomed city. The lack of self discipline and home discipline. The lack of teaching a child that what we enjoy we must earn. The lack of teaching a child to earn by work and saving.

"My mother said she never wanted me to have any thought about money or to know any trouble. It was time enough after I was married," she said. I wish we have all at some moment expressed, and yet uttered by that young woman prisoner how terribly false and superficial it seemed. Even a child should learn what responsibility is and grow through bearing its weight as an Italian woman straightens her spine by bearing great baskets upon her head.

"Did you think of trying to get some work so that you might help your children?" I asked.

"I had never learned to do any but housework. I tried to get it, but it was no use."

These again a mistake, an error of society. Another case to point the truth the truth that every girl should have a training of livelihood. Had this girl known something of the institutions in the city of her adoption, for she was not a New York, but a Philadelphia product; had she been taught to save and earn money; the pair against whom the cry "Unnatural parents! Punish them! Lynch them!" has been raised would have gone to their commonplace way in happy obscurity.

Or had the growing public sentiment grown to that stature at which it forbids persons unfitted by home and school training and unable to reason of deficit in money or brains or character, or character to marry, the crime of abandonment would not have been committed.

The cry uttered by the fright-dazed and hunger-dull mother: "I did what I thought was best for my children. I thought I could get them good homes like what I read about" was doubtless true. And society would have prevented her mistake. Let us train girls not all for motherhood, but for livelihood. They may not need one and they more than likely in these shifting times to need the other.

FRECKLES

February and March Bring Out Unpleasant Spots. How to Remove Easily.

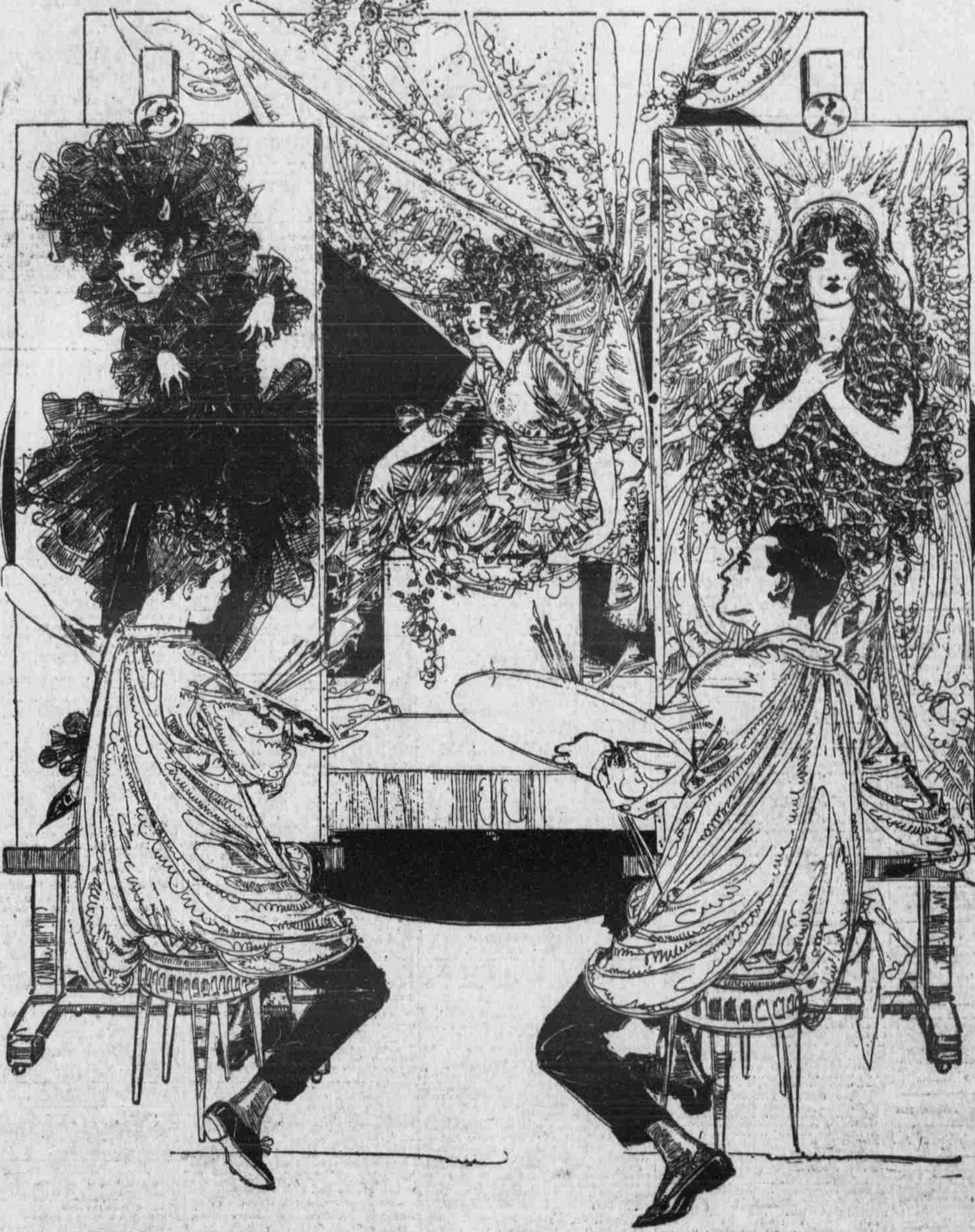
The woman with tender skin dreads February and March because they are likely to cover her face with ugly freckles. No matter how thick her veil, the sun and winds have a strong tendency to make her freckles.

"A Difference of Opinion"

(Sometimes)

By Nell Brinkley

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As Her Brother Sees Her

As Her Sweetheart Sees Her

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 afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SEVENTH EPISODE. The Tormentors.

CHAPTER III. Gilbert Blye suavely approached June, and Mrs. Villard went into an adjoining office to talk with Mr. Picknam. Following Blye came Oria Cunningham, Tommy Thomas and a white-haired man with heavy lidded eyes.

Then June received the greatest shock of her life—Blye offered a trip on a private yacht. He had a photo of it with him. She gasped in amazement and refused it.

Then Cunningham drew out a check book and asked her how much money she needed. June's cheeks paled. She burst into the office where Mrs. Villard sat with the firm Picknam.

"Did you bring me here to be tormented by those people?" she demanded. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes snapping.

and into the hall. Blye and his companions followed them.

At that moment Ned Warner's taxicab drew up in front of the Bond Securities building, and close behind it came the electric of Honoria Blye, that lady driving it herself, bolt upright.

June darted into the first elevator, and her pursuers crowded in after her. Mrs. Villard put an arm around June in a corner of the elevator, and there were tears in her eyes as she talked to the distracted girl. It was that which brought sympathy to June. It was her greatest weakness, sympathy, and by the time they reached the ground floor she half consented to return to Picknam's with Mrs. Villard. She would not talk to the others, however, and they very wisely held their peace.

As they emerged on the main floor, however, Cunningham turned to her with twinkling joyfulness in his eyes and, leaning over, whispered something into her ear just as she was about to step into the adjoining upward bound elevator. At that instant Ned Warner strode into the rotunda, closely followed by Honoria Blye. He saw his beautiful bride in the company of the black Van Dyked man, who was watching her with that suave smile upon his dark, handsome face, while a debonair white mustached man bent over her familiarly and whispered in her ear. He saw June flush; he saw her step back; then the lady with her drew her into the elevator. Blye and the others crowded after her, and as Ned raced vengeance through the corridor, with the shrieking Honoria behind him, the door closed with a bang, and the car shot upward.

They rushed into the next car, Ned black-faced and silent, and the shrill Honoria jabbering incessantly. The car had scarcely started to move when a sudden idea came to Ned, and he turned

to Mrs. Blye with the first words he had spoken to her.

"We might miss them," he snapped. "They may have seen us and not go to the office you named. I'll go back down and wait."

As they left the elevator at the eleventh floor the door of a down car clanged. If Ned had got out at the first stop, which was the ninth floor, he would have caught that down car. But more than that. He would have come face to face with June and the one person whom all the people in this world he most longed to meet, Gilbert Blye.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Do You Know That

Fifty per cent of London boys engaged in street trading sell newspapers and 29 per cent sell milk.

In England fire insurance originated immediately after the Great Fire of London, in 1666.

Inclusive of all ranks, 6,000 men are serving in the navy of the United States of America.

In the Japanese military air service there are twelve aeroplanes and two dirigibles.

During the year ending last July 808 persons in the United Kingdom were sentenced to penal servitude, as against 831 in the previous year.

In some of the small towns and villages of England the art of pillow-making has been handed down from mother to daughter for many generations.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

The Dowry. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years of age and for the last one and one-half years have been in love with a young man of 26, who has reciprocated my love.

My friend is a great spender, and has been unable to save any money whatsoever.

He had always reproved him for not doing so, but it seemed one of the great impossibilities for him to do.

About two months ago he suddenly surprised me by asking my father how much money he would receive when he married me, as he has no money saved, and when we were married he must have something to start a home with.

My father was so shocked at this greediness that he at once ordered him out of the house, and told him he would no longer be welcome if he called.

My friend waited three months, thinking my father would change his mind and admit him to the house, but he promptly returned all my letters.

It is now three months since I have seen him, and I am just going wild about him.

ANNA A. "The custom of the marriage dowry has never seemed to apply to the customs of our life in America. Even in Europe I think it has a tendency to make marriage a mercenary affair. The course of your friend was particularly reprehensible in that he fairly demanded a dowry as a consideration before he would marry you. Call your pride to your aid and refuse to let your mind dwell on this man."

BEATRICE FAIRFAX. "Be as Cool as He Is." Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a woman 25 years old, fair looking and divorced. A man who is four years my junior began calling attention to me soon after my divorce and said he loved me and wished to marry me. He was very much in earnest about it, but his mother objected to me because I was divorced.

man he claims to love. You are not children playing at love. In your particular case a man who takes such an attitude toward you may subject you to gossip and criticism.

Be Loyal. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and in love with a man of 21. We met about nine months ago and have been keeping company since. He has lost his position and he has had no success in getting another. I have received an offer from another young man, but have not made up my mind whether to accept him or refuse.

Perhaps if you are loyal to your friend now that he has met with reverses you will keep him cheerful and confident of the future and ready to battle for success. Try to encourage him and don't let him feel that you were merely a fair weather friend.

ANNA A. "Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a woman 25 years old, fair looking and divorced. A man who is four years my junior began calling attention to me soon after my divorce and said he loved me and wished to marry me. He was very much in earnest about it, but his mother objected to me because I was divorced."

Later on his actions became cool toward me and he said he must mind his mother, although he claims he still loves me and constantly writes to me.

FRANKED. "You must neither see nor correspond with a man of mature years who is not sufficiently firm in character at least to arrange for his mother to meet the wo-

Flower of Chivalry

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Is chivalry dead? On every side you hear the discussion as to whether chivalry went out with the hoopskirts and fainting and general feminine helplessness and the coming in of feminism and suffrage. The whole discussion is ridiculous, for chivalry is no more an exclusively masculine quality than are truth and honor.

Chivalry is after all, but noblesse oblige. The fineness of feeling that obliges one to do certain things and that would make it impossible for one to do certain others is chivalry.

Chivalry is not Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his velvet cloak over a puddle that Queen Bess may pass dry-shod; chivalry is not a knight in armor fighting all other knights to prove the superior charm of a lady who has tied a blue scarf to his arm. Chivalry is the spirit close within one's self that makes one think kindly of people and refrain even in the inmost places of one's own mind from criticizing or disparaging.

Chivalry is never showy at the expense of others. The day before Christmas I saw a poorly dressed woman, with bare, toll-worn hands, stumble out of a street car and drop great balls of cheap toys. With much elaboration a well dressed man rushed from the curbstone and stood, hat in hand, offering the woman advice about going into the nearest grocery store to get a box to hold her things. There was no chivalry in the condescension that offered cheap advice, although two women thought the man very fine not to be ashamed to be seen talking to the poor, shabby creature. A passing wagon driver threw his reins about the whipstock and, cap on the back of his head and cigarette drooping from his lips, went to the aid of the woman. He picked up the various toys and scattered bundles of cranberries and nuts and carried them to the curbstone.

Then he stood guard while the woman went into a store and secured a new box and some strong twine. Thereafter the shabby teamster helped the woman pack her possessions.

"Have you any kiddies at home?" she asked, and on finding that he had three she insisted on sending three toys to the children of the man who had helped her. "You're a good man," she said, and there was a blessing in her tone.

Kindness and gratitude—actual practical kindness and definitely expressed gratitude. Can you think of anything more chivalrous than the man who helped and the woman who spared some of her hard-earned Christmas in thankfulness for his kindness?

Chivalry is not dead. It does not "ride ailt" for the honor of its lady faire. It does not celebrate itself in minstrelsy and song. But the fine flower of it is in the kindness and gratitude common men and women show to one another.

Hot Tea Breaks A Cold—Try This

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless.—Advertisement.

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