

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Milestones to a Girl's Heart

By DOROTHY DIX.

A discouraged young man asks me to tell him how to win a woman's affection. He says that girls like him well enough, that they eat his candy and go with him gladly to places of amusement, from which he gathers that he is not obnoxious personally to the fair sex, but that when he poses the question, the young woman is so surprised, and never dreamed that he thought of her in that way, and is so sorry, and she'll be a sister to him, and so on.



But, says this young man, the Lord has already provided him with all the sisters that he needs, and that what he wants is a wife, and so he asks me to erect a few signposts along the road to a woman's heart that a fellow may follow and not get lost.

Of course, to a certain extent, lovers are like poets. They are born, not made. Your real, Simeon-put Romeo knows instinctively how to get around a woman. He's got a way with him that no woman can resist, just as there are women who have a come-hither look in their eyes that's a magnet that draws every man who meets them. These men and women have the genius for love making.

But those of us who are not endowed by nature with the romantic talent can make a very good substitute for it if we will. It's just a matter of playing the game, and while it may be possible that not every man can win the one woman of his desire, it is certain that every man can make himself popular with women if he chooses.

As for the leads in the game—Once upon a time I was sent to interview a man who had married forty women, one after another, each of whom he had robbed of her little fortune and then deserted. I asked him what was his secret formula for winning a woman's heart, and he replied contemptuously, "Aw, that's dead easy. Just talk to a woman about herself, and you'll get her going every time."

These were words of wisdom as well as the testimony of an expert. Talk to a woman about herself and you'll get her going, especially if you will talk to her as if she were an intelligent human being.

Men rarely do this. Most men talk to a woman about themselves. If you'll eavesdrop any conversation between a man and a woman, you'll find him monologuing along about his business, his automobile, his score at golf, whatever he's interested in, without giving thought as to whether the woman is being bored or not.

Or, if he talks to the woman about herself, he is telling her what soulful eyes she's got, and what a willowy

figure and wonderful hair. Of course we are all vain and we eat up whatever kind of compliments that are handed us. But women are not particularly keen on being praised for their attractions. What they are pining for is for some man to show a little recognition of the fact that they've got minds and souls, too. So, son, if you want to make a hit with a woman, talk to her about herself, and show a real interest in her thoughts and opinions. That's the flattery that will hit the bull's-eye every time.

The second play in winning a woman's heart is to act like a grown-up man instead of a spoiled baby, or a tyrant. Most men who fail with women fall over one or the other of these stumbling blocks. It doesn't make a girl think what an agreeable life companion a man would make to see him sitting up grouchy and sulky every time he happens to find another man calling on her, or she dances with some one else. Nor does the independent, high-spirited modern girl relish the idea of a man trying to boss her. Freedom is the fetish of the feminine soul in those days, and the man, whether he be sweetheart or husband, holds a woman tightest who holds her on the easiest rope.

The third lead in the game is the sentimental card. Study a girl's tastes and gratify these, and you've got her. Men always say they can't understand women. That's because they have never thought it worth while to give more than a casual observation of the subject. For instance a man has a general idea that the way to please a woman is to send her flowers, and candy, and books, and take her to the theater.

So far, so good. But he could get double the value out of his money if he'd make his gifts personal. A man will spend dollars buying American Beauty roses when a girl has told him a hundred times that violets are her favorite flowers. Or he'll purchase expensive boxes of chocolate creams after he has heard her say, if he'd only thought it worth remembering, that she hates candy and dotes on salted almonds. It's the man who sends a girl panes, because they are like her eyes, or jonquils because they met in the spring, who has studied her tastes so that he knows just the book and the play that will go straight to the inmost part of her soul that can win any woman's heart.

Whether the best way to win a woman is by watchful waiting or by a whirlwind campaign depends on circumstances. Sometimes the caveman method of wooing appeals to a woman, but it is not to be denied that the man who has the persistence to camp on a girl's footsteps also generally gets her.

The main thing is never to let a woman make a doormat of you. Be useful to a girl, but never let her use you. Be generous, but not easy. Work for her, but don't let her work you, because all love is bound to be founded on respect, and no woman respects a man who isn't a little cleverer and stronger and foxier than she is.

Of course, there are a million other roads than these to a woman's heart, but any one of these followed straight will land you at your heart's desire.

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. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnaped.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

Huge Jens Janssen stopped Ned from falling. The chauffeur laughed, and, springing from his seat in the touring car, he jumped up, cracked his heels together and snatched the fingers of both hands. "I have the grand plan to dispose of our friend, the interloper. We shall teach him a ride of joy." He pointed to the car.

Jens Janssen stooped and circled one arm around Ned Warner's middle and supported his violent load in the tangle.

Marie in the pantry hall stood wringing a corner of her dainty little lace

apron; then she dashed back into the servants' hall and folded her arms tightly upon the hollow of her waist. She dared not leave Mr. Ned where he was. She dared not do anything, and yet she must. She burst out of the rear door, was across the porch in two strides, down the steps in one jump and went swishing for the garage. As she came the touring car shot from the opposite door and went whizzing up the drive, Henri in front and in the tonneau Ned and the huge Jens Janssen.

CHAPTER II.

At parting Gilbert Bye held June's hand between his own and patted it gently, his black eyes glowing down at her, and he was smiling upon her with that suave smile she had come to trust. "Tomorrow night at dinner," he said, lowering his voice the slightest particle as if the remark were addressed in confidence to her, though the others were crowded eagerly around.

There was an instant of hesitation. "Then aboard the yacht!" exclaimed Tommy Thomas. She was looking at June, her deep red lips parted in a smile, June's cheeks paled. After all, as Mrs. Villard's companion, it was her duty to go on this trip.

"Shall we take Bouncer?" suggested the pleasantly modulated voice of Bye. "Of course Bouncer shall go!" June declared, and this time the handsome colt on his feet in an instance, wagged his tail so vigorously that his hind feet slid. There was instant gratification in the faces surrounding June.

"Awayward," the night Henri was speeding northward. Every now and then he turned to look back and laugh, where Jens sat stolidly puffing his pipe, one immense hand constantly on the arm of the knee of Ned Warner.

"Volta!" cried Henri in high glee as the sharp night wind cut past his face.

"Well," grunted June in huge content. June put herself into the hands of the initiated Marie very thoughtfully after the visitors had gone.

"What is the matter, Marie?" June's tone was quite solicitous. She became suddenly aware that Marie had been in such a state of nervous excitement as she had never exhibited before.

"Nothing, Miss June; nothing at all! I'm afraid of burglars!"

"Why, Marie, come here!" Marie came slowly over, nervously kneading some knotted pink thing in her hands. "Your eyes are feverish. You must go to bed, Marie. Wait. Bring me my medicine case and a glass of water."

Meekly Marie took what June gave her, but later she dashed down the stairs and streaked across to the garage. Empty!

At that moment Ned Warner, his hands and feet still bound and his mouth still gagged, was being gleefully deposited in a deserted woodcutter's shed in the middle of a vast, bleak grove.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

"The Root of All Evil" By Nell Brinkley

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Poor Eve! She might as well make eyes—for everyone accuses her of it, anyhow.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Men and Women

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I am sure that knowing how to treat a husband is far more important than dancing or bridge, but not half so much instruction is given on the subject.

The first year of married life is—well, it's a first—a particularly difficult period to meet. It is part of a woman's "job" to make a success of her marriage. The man earns the wherewithal that makes marriage possible. His partner is his wife—the more successfully his wife, the more she is his partner. And her end of the responsibility is not only to make the home, but to make the marriage worthy the name.

The very first thing that a successful wife must remember is that it is easier for a man to give way in big things than in little ones. If an important decision is at stake and you talk it over with him, he is open to conviction and (if he is a gentleman) ready to make the sacrifice or concession once he is convinced of the rightfulness of so doing.

But as for little things a man is not constructed to remember them. He does not feel or see the wrinkle in the lining of his shoe. A woman sees the point in trifles and feels it too.

Just make up your mind to endure masculine carelessness in little matters—to endure forgetting and not to make yourself miserable about it if the man you love does over and over again the particular trick that drives you nearly insane. He would not do it if he remembered. If he were another woman he could apprehend how you feel about it. But he must be to the end of life merely a man—and so he will never be able to comprehend that you mind or why you mind.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will say with utter amazement each time the bone of contention appears on the family dinner table, "Why, dear, if I had known that it made any special difference to you whether I wore red ties or not, I never would have bought any but black ones." And he will no more know why you object to his wearing red ties than you will know why he doesn't know.

Men are not conscious that the comfort of living depends on little things. Through long generations women have been managing and looking out for the ease of men in the creature comforts of home life. The sense of perception about the importance of having delicious muffins for breakfast every Sunday morning goes after a dozen Sundays of having them.

If they do not appear on the menu on the thirtieth Sunday John may grow a bit—but about the fifteenth Sunday he is likely to forget that he ever had

TO REMOVE DANDRUFF

Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little into your hand and rub it into the scalp with the finger tips. By morning, most, if not all, of this awful scurf will have disappeared. Two or three applications will destroy every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair.—Advertisement.

Curiosity of Motion Illustrated

How the Top of a Wheel Moves Twice as Fast as the Hub and Stops for an Instant at the Bottom

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"R. C. H.," a railroad man in California, and "Miss Dorothy J. O." in California, both ask the same question, viz., whether during the revolution of a wheel any portion of the circumference is traveling faster or slower than any other portion, and, especially, whether the top travels faster than the bottom.



The speed, or "magnitude of velocity," of any point on the circumference of a wheel rolling on a straight base may be found by comparing the velocity of translation, or forward motion, of the wheel as a whole with the rotational velocity of the point around the axle. This rotational velocity is the same, in magnitude, as the velocity of translation, but while the translation is always in one direction, the direction in which the rotating point moves is continually changing. When the point is at the top of the wheel the direction of translation and that of rotation coincide, while when it is at the bottom they are diametrically opposite.

This can be best seen with the aid of a diagram. Suppose that a train is traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Then its wheels will rotate with a velocity of thirty miles an hour about their axes. But, at the same time, the axes are being carried forward with the train at thirty miles an hour. Consequently, a point on the circumference of a wheel which happens, at any moment, to be at the top will be moving forward thirty miles an hour by virtue of the general translation of the train, and another

thirty miles an hour by virtue of its rotational motion about its axis, making a sum of sixty. Or, to put it another way, while the point is moving thirty miles an hour in a forward direction with regard to the axle, the axle itself is moving thirty miles an hour in the same direction.

This coincidence of the two velocities last only for an infinitesimal instant, because, after passing the top, the point must curve downward, and then less and less of its axial, or rotational, motion will coincide with the forward motion of translation, until, when it touches the bottom, the two velocities, equal in magnitude, will be exactly opposed in direction. Their algebraic sum is then zero, and for an inappreciable instant the point will be at rest with reference to the ground.

To show how the speed of the rim of a wheel may be calculated at any point around the circumference take, in your diagram, the point which lies directly ahead of the center of the wheel. Here the rotational velocity is, for the instant, directed straight downward, while the translatory velocity remains uniformly forward. They are at right angles to one another and they are equal in magnitude. Hence they may be regarded as representing two adjacent sides of a square, each side being equal to thirty units. Now, by the principle of the composition of motions, the resultant of the combination of the rotational and translatory velocities will be represented, in magnitude and direction, by the diagonal of the square.

To calculate the length of the diagonal we have only to add the squares of the two adjacent sides and extract the square root of the sum. The square of each side is 900, the sum of the squares is 1,800, the square root of 1,800 is 42.426, which represents the speed, in miles per hour, of the point on the rim, when it is in the position shown. A similar method will show the speed and direction of the resultant motion at any place on the rim.

Suppose that it is the front wheel of a carriage with which we are dealing; then how fast will the tire of the wheel be passing the "elbow of the driver?" You may be tempted by an inspection of the diagram to reply, "Sixty miles an hour," but that would be wrong. The true answer is thirty miles an hour, because the driver shares the general motion of translation, and the rim of the wheel passes his elbow with only its velocity of rotation.

The motion is space, with reference to the ground, of a point on the circumference of a running wheel is a very curious subject of mathematical study. The combination of the two motions, which we have been considering, causes such a point to describe a very peculiar curve, called a cycloid. Starting with the point in contact with the ground, the cycloid rises, with gradually decreasing curvature, until the point is at the top of the wheel, immediately it begins to curve down again until it once more touches the ground. Every point in the rim of the wheel is continually moving in a cycloidal curve, and the directions and velocities which we have calculated in the case supposed are those pertaining to a cycloid at the point designated.

Among its other peculiar properties the cycloid is the "curve of quickest descent." This means that if two points are situated one above the other, without being in a vertical line, a heavy body will descend from the upper to the lower point along an arc of an inverted cycloid quicker than along any other curve, and quicker even than along a straight line.

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—Can you explain the reason why one is able to see to a greater depth in water when he is at a considerable height above it than when he stands on a level with the water?

A.—Absence of pronounced refraction by the molecules of water. One above the surface of perfectly still water, looking exactly downward toward the center of the earth, will see an object deep in the water by means of rays of light that have been reflected vertically upward. Therefore, there is no refraction or bending the rays out of their straight course from object to eye.

But if you attempt to see the object at the bottom of the lake when standing on the bank, the light has to traverse a much greater thickness of water, which quenches a portion, or maybe all, of the waves of light; and all not quenched are bent to quite a distance out of the original straight line. And the wall known index of refraction of light (if of one kind) from water to air is 1.33, or the ratio of the sines of angles of incidence and refraction.

Proof—Place a straight stick in a basin and it will appear to be straight as it really is; pour in water and the stick will appear to be bent by the phenomena attending refraction. For without refraction of light by glass, for instance, we could not have telescopes and microscopes.

dealers in trifles rather than in the big facts of fighting the world.

By some inscrutable law of Providence not one man in a thousand has any consciousness of trifles. The thousandth man is a nervous, petty sort of creature who may remember that we like yellow roses and detested red ones, but he could not steer us through a crowded street on the way to a foot ball game, or get us out of an excursion push or make us feel safe just to be with him in a panic on the subway.

Any woman's future comfort is likely to depend on her schooling herself not to care because John forgets his wedding anniversary year after year—and never sends her flowers when she is sick. A many man is fairly sure to neglect your taste in little things.

"Such Stomach Comfort"

is rarely known as that which comes to him who drops food follies and starts upon a diet of

Shredded Wheat

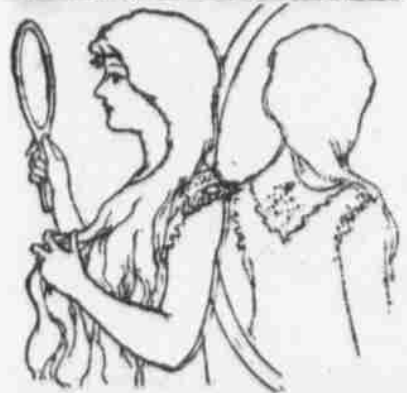
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