

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Flirting Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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There was a handsome Spaniard passing along a New York street, and he glanced, no doubt, admiringly, at a beautiful woman, sitting in her carriage before a shop entrance.

The woman met his glance with a half smile. The man opened the carriage door and took a seat beside the woman.

She screamed and ordered him out. "But you smiled at me," the man said. "When a woman smiles at me, I think she likes me to sit beside her."

"You fool, I was only flirting," the woman retorted. "I am a Spaniard, and we do not understand the word flirting," the man replied. "And I am no fool. The woman who flirts with a strange man is the fool."

The man was quite right. Only in America is that type of woman found—the woman who claims to be respectable, and who in reality is not vicious; yet who, by her conduct in public places, and toward strangers, compels an observer to question her morality and respectability.

There are women who do not seem to know the fine distinction between man's admiration and his curiosity to test her good sense. Such women not only encourage the attentions of strangers, but frequently boast of these attentions as a proof of their own powers to attract admiration.

The wife of a successful business man, and a woman possessed of every earthly blessing—a good man's love, a beautiful home, health and youth, was heard relating her experiences on a railroad journey.

As she had stared at her continually; finally he had walked past her two or three times; and at last had offered her a newspaper. She had accepted it, and the man had talked to her until she reached her destination. Again she had been followed on the street by a man for blocks; and still again a man had met her, and stared at her, and after she passed he had continued to stare.

"Don't hear, she says, 'knew,' she was asked, 'unless you turned and looked at him? It takes four eyes to make a stare objectionable.'"

Every decent looking woman, under 30 years of age, is subjected to more or less of this experience on the streets of American cities. But if she conducts herself in a seemingly self-respecting manner she will not be annoyed by its continuance.

No man will presume to address a woman who is traveling alone if she does not return his glances.

No man will follow a woman many blocks if she gives him no encouragement—not unless he is a highwayman or a fanatic. If she refuses to look at him he will give up the chase finally.

There are many men of a cheap type who make advances to women in public places without any cause. But if the advance is ignored or resented it is not repeated.

Let no woman imagine she is possessed of peculiar or unusual attractions because she has these experiences.

And let her rest assured, if she responds in any way to the advances of strangers—of men to whom she has not been properly presented—that she will be regarded lightly by these men, and her name will be used by them in ways which would bring the blush to her cheek could she listen.

Fathers, brothers, husbands are always indignant when women of their own are subjected to such attentions from strangers, even when they are subjecting other women to such attentions.

It is a curious fact that most men have higher ideals for their daughters, sisters and wives than most women have for themselves. This is because women so frequently allow their vanity and self-conceit to blind their judgment.

Over in foreign lands (in all foreign lands) a woman who permits any man to show her the least attention in a public place (any stranger) at once brands herself a woman of light character.

And that is what she is, here or anywhere else; reality; even though she may be guilty of no immoral thought or act; yet she is so devoid of the finer instincts and attributes which make up worthy womanhood that she is light-weight in character.

## The Lover and the Walnut

Sometimes It's a Hard Nut to Crack—Where Violence Fails, and Only Soft Appeal and Cunning Will Bring Her Out of Her Shell and Into Your Arms!

By Nell Brinkley

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I know a chap—a darling young chap—who's a winner at all things. Or he was until he ran face to face with the "Golden Girl." The girl who made his heart a house of pain—who made all other girls in the world look like the glass set in the brass ring you get in a "prize" candy box alongside of a blue diamond!

He has tact and sweetness, honesty and tenderness, and he's a "crack" at every game that takes personal bravery, mental courage, skill and patience. And just the sort to take a girl's eyes and heart with him every move he makes—if he'll only "act natural"! In this—his biggest game—he has still his courage, but his skill and tact, his sweetness and patience, have gone off and left him right in the spot on the highway where he needs them the most. He's trying to win

the Golden Girl with a club like a cave man. He bullies her and scolds her, and he tries to prove to her where she's "mad" not to love him, and he calls upon all the gods of a man in love to witness how cold her heart is! And the girl, while he's breaking his heart for her, is all tight in her little shell and won't come out. He is still sane enough to have a sneaking notion that she loves him a little—to know that she isn't really such an icy little woman—and to wonder dimly why she is holding out in such fashion. So he agonizes and fumes and raves and goes after the nut with a sledgehammer! And there isn't a sound from within, and the shell holds tight without a crack!

If he'd only remember the fairy story of the gnome who loved and wanted the pixie in the walnut. He pounded and toiled and sweat with his heavy stone sledge. And then he sat upon the nut and wept bitter tears that tasted salty where they ran close to his lips. Now wielding a sledge wasn't the only thing the gnome could do. He could play so sweetly on a tiny violin that even the shy tree frog would lean and listen. So he dried his tears and rubbed his face with his red coat sleeve and managed a smile, and tucking his music box under his chin, he drew the bow across the singing strings and played. And lo! after a few sweet measures the crack of the nut grew slowly wider—it yawned wider to the blue sky. Out of it, into the happy gnome's heart, crept the timid pixie who lived therein.

## Great Mysteries of Science and Nature

Electric Connection Has Been Found Between Brain and Right Hand in Human Beings

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Electricity seems to be the great connecting link between the various phenomena of nature. If we could once thoroughly understand electricity we might understand all the natural forces, and life itself.

If you put any two unlike substances in contact a difference of electric potential instantly arises between them; one becomes positively and the other negatively electrified.

Whenever you bend your arm, or open or close your fingers, or strike a blow, or wield a pen, or play a piano, differences of electric potential, capable of measurement with modern instruments, show themselves at various points in the muscles that produce the motion.

Every beat of your heart has its electric accompaniment, and Dr. P. Goggin has shown that by means of electric instruments recording the differences of potential produced by the action of the cardiac or heart muscles, the state of the great pumping engine of the human body, as to health or disease, may be ascertained.

Messrs. Phillipson and Menzerath have carried this method further. They have applied it to the study of the electric effects of our thoughts and emotions.

If a sudden light is flashed into the eyes a change of electric potential occurs in the body. The same thing happens when a sound strikes the ear. These things produce emotions having an external physical origin. But like changes occur as the result of an internal emotion, arising from the silent passage of thought through the brain. If the subject who is being experimented

with is asked to make a simple arithmetical calculation, such as multiplying two numbers together, a measurable difference of electric potential is immediately noticed between his two hands. If this mental excitement is increased the difference of potential becomes more decided. Always it is the right hand which becomes positively electrified with regard to the left. This is true even if the subject is habitually "left-handed." The mental activity seems to engender a slight contraction of the right hand, the surface of the skin on the back of the hand is distended, and an electrically positive charge manifests itself there.

At present these facts are mysterious; their explanation is not evident. But that explanation may be found, and when it is found, a surprising light on the nature of the action of the brain, and of brain upon brain, will probably be the result.

The connection between mental action and the electrification of the right hand leads to many curious reflections. The right hand is the sceptre of the brain. When a command is given the hand is instinctively extended. That act, in critical circumstances—on a battlefield, for instance—is sometimes almost magical in its influence. It is as if the electric forces, radiated from the extended hand,

conveyed to thousands of brains the will and the mental energy of the commander. The soldier feels the electric impulse, all the cells of his brain set themselves in accord with the current of invisible force transmitted to them, he faces the way the pointing hand indicates, and, forgetting self, experiencing only the overmastering influence of the directing hand, he plunges onward to death or to victory.

The greater the mental force the more powerful the influence. When the brain of a Napoleon was behind the pointing hand tens of thousands of men were transformed into an irresistible on-rolling wave that nothing could withstand.

We do not need to seek long in the events of everyday life in order to find examples of the marvelous transference of one man's mental energy to hundreds and thousands of others, who go where he points, do what he wills, and, for the time being, become, as it were, mere extensions of himself. We have long been accustomed to speak of men who readily command other men—as possessing superior magnetic force, and we have always known that such men excel the majority in mental power. Now we, perhaps, are getting a clue to the nature of their influence, and, like so many other things, it reduces itself to electricity.

## Tangles of Love

Comments on Several Letters Received from "Lovelorn" and Good Advice

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Love, 'tis the despair of philosophers and sages, the rapture of poets, the confusion of cynics, and the warrior's defeat."

One who loves at first sight writes me: "I am a young lady 21 years of age and have money. I am infatuated with a young man of 23 whom I have met only twice. He is very bashful. How can I get better acquainted with him without letting him know it?"

Know what, my dear? That you are infatuated, or that you have money? For an impulsive young woman of 21, one will be as difficult as the other, for money has a way of making its presence known, and love has to know more years than you have known to be easily alienated.

Bashfulness is a good trait, particularly commendable where the girl has money. He is at least not mercenary; or he would babble like a brook to attract your attention. Ask him to call and show him that you are pleased with him, remember him always, for your own safeguard, that he is a comparative stranger, and that the sentiment which you consider love may be only a passing, childish attraction. Impulsiveness is a fine trait, but may the ranks of guardian angels be doubled around the girl who yields to it!

"I am 19," writes Pat Carey, "and am deeply in love with a girl named Agnes, who is just eighteen. My friend Tom is also in love with her, and keeps company with her. We have both told her we love her, but he went to a dance, met her there, and ditched me out. Do you think it would be mean if I tried to win her away from him, as I cannot live without her?"

The idea of a man named Pat stopping to ask such a question! He is not a true Irishman, or he would not stop to ask if he should try to win the girl he loves from some other man, even though the other man "ditched him out!"

It has always seemed to me that the lover who doubts if he has a right to win his sweetheart doesn't love her very much. Instead of a rival spurring him to action, he drops beside the road and wonders if he has a right to stay in the race!

Really, if the girl has any spirit in her she will accept the man who fights the longest for her, even though she may love the other man the more.

One who hesitates foolishly writes: "I am 17 and am employed in a wholesale house where a young man is employed who loves me. He would like to marry me, but he gets only \$11 a week, and wants me to wait five years. Another young man who gets more wants to keep company with me. I am not fickle, but want to do the right thing."

It is never the "right thing" for a girl of only 17, too young to know her own mind and heart, to be bound to a promise to marry a man five years hence. The chances are that he may not be in a position financially to marry at the end of that time, and that both will find their love cooled with the waiting. To accept the attentions of the other man is no

proof of fickleness. Fickleness exists only where there is love or its pretense. She has never claimed either. She is only 17, and has youth's divine right to accept the attentions of any honorable young man. And may love, with its wonderful gift, come to her some day, carrying with its offering no grudging condition of a five years' wait.

"I am 17," writes a little girl who is beginning to taste the bitterness of love early, "and deeply in love with a young man of 19. He said he loved me, but I see him going out with other girls. It makes me feel blue to see him go out with other girls."

Of course it does. It always has. It always will. The great tragedies of fact and fiction are evolved from that very condition. It makes your little heart ache, and no doubt you have made your nose red and your pretty eyes dim by shedding tears over his preflity.

You are paying the price of love, little girl, all too soon. One should not begin at 17 to shed the tears that are caused by a man's fickleness. One should at that age be merry and glad, and laugh at love, instead of weeping over it.

Don't say, "It makes me blue." Don't take a woman's pains before you reach woman's estate. Laugh and be glad that you care so little for the man who goes with other girls, and you will find yourself caring less.

No matter what the price and the love is worth all one endures, all one pays. Let us have faith in it, hope for it, welcome it. Let us regard it with the simple faith of childhood that led us to read with a sigh, and close the book without a doubt, firmly believing the gospel truth of the closing line: "And they married and lived happily ever afterward."

## Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid These Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. Here is a remedy that soothes the stomach, enables them to sleep without any strain upon the ligaments and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, vomiting, sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers.

There is no foetal diet to harass the mind. The thought do not dwell upon pain and suffering. For all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are natural. They know better, for in Mother's Friend they have found a wonderful, penetrating remedy to banish all those dreaded experiences.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was reading a story last night which was told by Master Walter Scott & it told about a grate fire named the Black Knight. It told how he was so big & gallant & strong & fast that nobody had much chance against him in a conflict. It said that when his long sword flashed in the air men were sure to fall on every hand.

I told Pa & Ma that I would like to be a Black Knight like that, but that there wasn't any chance to be a Black Knight any more.

There is a good deal of truth in that, Pa said. The only black flier that is flying now is Jack Johnson, and he is in jail half of the time. This isn't a fitting age, Bobbie, said Pa. This is a war every body has to work like blazes six days in the week, & on Sunday they sleep a hour later, look at the comic pictures & go for a trolley ride in the evening or a trip to Coney Island in the afternoon.

The age of heroes & knights is gone forever, Pa said. It seems too bad, Pa said. When I was a little girl I used to dream that

when I grew up I was going to marry a knight. Little did I dream what the future had in store for me, Ma said. If I had known that I wasn't going to marry a knight I would have married Herman Schultz. He was only a delivery boy then, Ma said, in our little town, but he is a millionaire out in Wyoming now.

Pa just laughed, because he knew Ma didn't mean it. I had been a knight if I wanted to, Pa said, but the only thing is that a knight can't get a job nowadays. Imagine a knight going into a store on Broadway and asking for a job. He would have to stand up in the subway all the time, Pa said, because no red knight could get down & let a lady stand up.

Another thing, Bobbie, said Pa, has often come to my mind. I think there was a awful lot of bunk written & printed about them old knights. The stories tell how they rode on their gallant horses into the thick of the foe, & cut down twenty & thirty men with their armor on. The knights was all dolled up in steel suits, Pa said, so a sword couldn't stick them, so they got

along fairly well & was one of them fell a lot of rugged soldiers fought back the enemy & helped the knight onto a new horse.

It was the rugged soldiers that won the battles then, the same as it is now, said Pa. The knights in them days was young aristocrats, Pa said, & even if they did learn how to swing a sword or throw a spear they didn't have hard muscles & they couldn't have lasted very long in a fight. It was the old roundheaded hunkies that did the real fighting then, the same as now, Pa said. They fought and died, but they fought like real men, & just because they didn't happen to know any grate riders or poets there wasn't never speak of a knight wud fite about ten minutes if he cud pick out a soft spot. Pa said, & then he wud talk a long haired poet hoam to dinner with him & the poet wud drink sum old wine & rite about Sir Lancelot, holding off part of a army. They fought, there battles the same way Teddy Roosevelt shot his gain in Africa, Pa said, with a lot of hunkies all around them to help them to a place of safety when the going got heavy. Doant tell me, Pa said, about them fiteing knights.

I saw you try to lick the janitor out, said Ma, & I doant think any poet wud ever rite anything about your fiteing ability.

## Girls! Grow Lots of Beautiful Hair!

Lustrous, Charming--25-cent Danderine

Removes every particle of dandruff, stops falling hair and is a delightful dressing.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is surely all matter of using a Little Danderine. It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25 cent bottle of Knoviton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, softness and an incomparable gloss and luster and try as

you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once. If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a Little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.